





ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 02754 326 0

GENEALOGY
973.006
H234
1884-1885



HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 262.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE INDIAN CHILD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 2.

THE INDIAN CHILD.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

CHILD of pathless woods am I,
Where the mountain eagles fly,
Where the stealthy panther creeps,
Where the wolf a vigil keeps,
Tracking swift to nest and lair
Savage beasts or birds of air.
Child of pathless woods, for me
Naught is sweet as liberty.

I can wing the feathered shaft,
I can steer the pliant raft;
Patient all the day can go
On the trail of friend or foe.
Keen my eyes and strong my heart,
Proud I am to bear a part.
When the chase is wild and free,
There is happiness for me.

Simple is the faith I hold,
Taught to me by warriors bold.
Only women faint and sigh
When an enemy is nigh;
Only babies cry for pain:
Chieftains scorn a tear-drop's stain.
Far beyond this world is found
Many a happy hunting-ground.
The Great Spirit watches me—
I'm the child of liberty.

Hark! a rustle in the pines,
Where they stand in stately lines.
Look! a glimmer on the height—
Dawn arising out of night.
Better things one day shall be
For thy dusky race and thee,
Indian child, so sad and grave,
Boastful, ignorant, and brave.

TEDDY'S CHRISTMAS, AND MINE, AND MOP'S.

BY MRS. FRANK MCCARTHY.

I'M only a boy of fourteen, and Pop tells me every day I'd better wait till I cut my wisdom-teeth before I pretend to know much. But if ever there was a real live hero, it was Teddy Maguire that morning when he braced himself against the fence and kept a half-dozen boys at bay. Two of them got all they wanted and ran off to school, but a third picked up a three-cornered bit of slate, and sent it whizzing through the air so that it struck Teddy in the forehead. He dropped like a stone, the blood streaming over his face.

I didn't know what to do, and stood looking sorrowfully down on my champion, when Mop crawled from under an old brush-heap, and began licking his master's face. Then I remembered that Pop always bathed mother's face with water when she had one of her fainting-fits. So I swung myself down to a pond, and was back again to Teddy in less time than it takes to talk about it.

For there's one good thing about a crutch—when a fellow gets used to it, he can make better time with it than other chaps can with two good legs. But it isn't much good in a fight. When that gang of rowdies pounced on me that morning and began going through my pockets, all I could do was to clench my teeth and wish I had only one good strong set of limbs to match against all of theirs. Hardly was the wish framed than I heard a wild whoop behind me, and Teddy came up, sweeping them off like a cyclone, while Mop bit at their heels and barked himself hoarse. But that bit of slate laid the hero low, and it was a long time before I could bring him round. From that day out Teddy and I and Mop were inseparable. Where you'd see one you'd generally see the others.

I knew the reason why mother backed me up in going with Ted. He was as strong as a young Hercules, and she was always thinking, she and Pop, of that cumbersome leg of mine. So she crowded over Teddy, and filled his pockets with goodies, and kept Mop for him while we went to school together; and all the way there Ted kept telling

me how glad and thankful I ought to be to have such a beautiful, generous, high-toned, and altogether splendid woman for a mother.

Along that fall a lot of young goslings came out up at Granny Maguire's, and she didn't think they could live, because it was so late in the season. Granny Maguire was Ted's grandmother, and he lived with her. She coddled them night and day, and made more fuss over them than a little; and just as they got big enough to squeak, what did Mop do one fine morning but take them by their little fuzzy necks and sling them lifeless on Granny Maguire's bleaching plot! It wasn't Mop's fault. Granny said herself that those goslings were out of season. Mop knew well enough not to touch a gosling in the spring, but to hear them squeaking around in the fall was more than that dog could stand. Ted and I both agreed that nobody, let alone a dog, could tell a fall gosling's squeak from a rat's.

But Granny Maguire's heart was set on those miserable goslings.

"Wirra, worra!" she cried, wringing her hands over the fuzzy lumps that never would squeak any more. "Did that baste squeeze the life out of me darlins? Sorra the light of another day shall he see."

Ted didn't know what to do with Mop until his grandmother's wrath was spent, but I had plenty of pocket-money, and hinted to Ted that we'd better keep Mop out of the way for a while. I didn't know how Pop would like to have a dog around the house, so I thought we might better board Mop down to the dog-fancier's until the trouble blew over. His place was down-town, in a basement, and his name was Riggs. He was a short, thickest man, and wore a fur cap and red shirt the year round. He had all sorts of curious things there—dogs of every degree, and pigeons, and doves, and rabbits, and white-mice, and guinea-pigs, and parrots.

Ted and I used to love to go down and see how Mop was getting on; but we didn't keep him there long, because he took it so much to heart, and seemed to think he was in jail, or something. There was a gaudy peacock in the next cage to Mop that kept craning its head out of the bars, and Mop got so wild after a while with looking at it that he flung himself against the iron wires of his prison, fit to dash out his brains, and wouldn't eat or drink. Riggs said he'd get over it, but we didn't care to wait and see.

Granny Maguire wasn't one of that kind that turn a grudge over and hold it. She began to mourn over the loss of Mop, and couldn't do enough for him when he got home again. She said she was so glad the goslings were out of the way, for she was getting so stiff with the rheumatism that she couldn't have cared for them, and Mop was a rare good dog. She had a warm heart, and always looked on the best side, poor old Granny Maguire!

I'm getting on now to that curious Christmas present of Teddy's to my mother. It was strange how it all came about. Mother says there's a Providence in these things.

About the first of December Granny Maguire was taken down to her bed, and Teddy had to stay at home and take care of her. I couldn't get out to see Teddy very often. I never was strong in cold weather, and it worried Pop and mother to have me out of their sight. Since Ted was kept at home, they were always afraid some harm would come to me, and hadn't that faith in my sturdy crutch that had come to me through a long and close fellowship. It was the 23d of December, and a big snow-storm brewing, when a boy from Teddy's neighborhood called out to me that Ted wanted to see me that day sure, that something awful had happened; and all at once the boy blurted out, "Old Granny Maguire is dead!"

It seemed to me I should faint like mother did whenever she got a shock. I went out there as soon as I could, and, sure enough, there she lay, all white and still, the

room tidied up and filled with neighbors, and poor Teddy sobbing his heart out in a corner, with Pop's head buried in his bosom. Teddy threw his arms about me, and we all cried together.

"I want you to do something for me, Reginald," said Teddy. "Poor Pop keeps howling whenever I let him out of my arms. To-morrow is the funeral, and I want everything quiet, out of respect to Granny; and if you'd just take Pop down to Riggs, and let him keep him till everything's over—"

Here poor Ted fell to crying again, and when I went away that afternoon I took Pop with me. First I thought I'd take him straight home with me, but Pop was queer about dogs, and I didn't want Pop to take a prejudice just then against anything connected with Teddy. So I took Pop down to Riggs's, and left him in his old cage.

Every boy knows how a mother can take the smart out of almost any kind of pain, and what broke my heart was that Teddy hadn't any mother, nor Mop either, for that matter; but I felt better as we talked everything over, mother and I, the next day. That night was Christmas-eve, and I began to watch for Teddy. He had promised he'd come to my house straight from the funeral, and Pop came home early, with his arms full of Christmas bundles, and Christmas wrinkles around his eyes that I was glad to see.

And though he didn't say anything when mother and I began talking about poor Teddy—how that he had no home and no people, and of all nights in the year how dreadful it must be to be shelterless and friendless on a Christmas-eve—Pop didn't say anything, but the Christmas wrinkles gathered about Pop's eyes; they ceased going up and down the columns of the newspaper, and kept stock-still, and we knew he was listening to every word that we said.

All at once there was a ring at the bell. I flew to the door, and Teddy walked past me into the sitting-room, holding what I thought was a big turkey by the legs. He was dressed all in black, with snowy-white collar and cuffs, and what with the sorrowful air about him and the way he was fixed up, if his Granny could have seen him she'd have been as proud of him as I was.

He made a low bow to Pop, and I saw Pop's Christmas wrinkles gather more and more.

Then turning to mother, Teddy said: "I've made bold to bring you a Christmas present, ma'am; and a very expensive one it is, for it's cost me everything I had left in the world." Here Teddy's voice trembled, and putting the fowl on the floor, he began untying a long parcel he had carried under his arm. "They say," said Teddy, "that ladies are fond of these things as ornaments"; and taking out a big bunch of peacock's plumes, he gave them to my mother. "And Reginald has read to me," said Teddy, "how that one of the finest dishes in the olden days was the brains of a peacock. Mop got his share of this luxury last night down at Riggs's, and he and I have had to pay pretty dear for it. The poor fool of a peacock kept craning her head out at Mop, and what with the grief and all, the poor dog went crazy. With one big effort he burst his bars, and snapped off the head of his enemy in the twinkling of an eye. After everything was paid out there, I had scarcely more than would pay Mop's board, and Riggs said I could have what was left of the peacock, and he'd keep Mop—"

And here Teddy broke down and sobbed outright.

"Keep Mop!" cried I, almost bursting with rage and indignation. But Pop never said a word; he kept his eyes fixed on his newspaper, and after a while I couldn't stand it. I took Teddy up to my room. Pretty soon mother followed us, and there we sat mum as anything, for we didn't know what to do.

"Christmas-day, too!" says poor Teddy, choking down a sob; "it wouldn't seem to be quite so bad if it wasn't

Christmas-time. To think of dear old Mop shut up in that cage all Christmas-day! I can't stand it, Reg. I'll have to go down there and stay with him."

"So will I," says I; "we'll both go down."

I asked mother if I couldn't go too, and she said, Yes, I might, if we didn't stay too long, and Ted and I hardly ate a mouthful of supper. Pop kept looking at us, but he never said anything. It was enough to make a boy not believe in Christmas wrinkles, the way Pop acted. So off we went down to Riggs's. The snow began to pelt down, the shops were all alive with Christmas things and Christmas people; but what was Christmas to Ted and me, with poor Mop lying in that dungeon cell? We slipped and slid almost all the way, but we might as well have stalked along like ghosts for all the fun there was in it.

When we got to Riggs's he was shutting up for the night, and the bolts and bars and everything made it more like a prison than ever, and when we got inside Mop scented us out, and began to yelp fit to break a fellow's heart. And we couldn't seem to make him understand that he wasn't to stay there alone all day Christmas. He was only a dog, after all, and I told Riggs it was cruel to take advantage of a poor dumb animal.

With that Riggs got mad, and swore we shouldn't come there on Christmas at all.

Teddy and I looked at each other, and couldn't believe our ears. "Oh, Mr. Riggs!" says Teddy, and, "Oh, Mr. Riggs!" says I, and we began to cling to his stiff old pilot-jacket; but he shook us off, and began to swear worse than ever. "If you won't get out o' here," says Riggs, "I'll put you out," and he took Ted by the collar with one hand, and me by the collar with the other hand, and was hustling us to the door, when suddenly it opened, and there stood Pop, holding the dreadful dead peacock by its legs.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Riggs!" says Pop; "how do you do?"

Riggs's hands dropped to his sides. Pop is a big man in our town. I flew over to Mop. "Your deliverer has come," I said, and began hopping about on my crutch for joy, while big, solemn, happy tears rolled out of Ted's eyes.

I know those Christmas wrinkles around Pop's eyes weren't for nothing; but Pop always has a majestic way of doing things that takes considerable time. We left the peacock with Riggs. Pop said in these times a peacock was like a lion, only to be respected when it was alive.

Besides, we had plenty without it for our Christmas dinner. It was a happier Christmas, far and away, than any Teddy and I had had in our lives. Pop says he'll take Teddy in his office and make a man of him. Teddy has got the same "beautiful, generous, high-toned, and altogether splendid" mother that I have now. And as for Mop, ever since Pop's talk with Riggs that Christmas-eve, he thinks he killed that peacock in self-defense.

TWO ACCOMPLISHED LITTLE STRANGERS.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

PHUNGA and Quedah were little savages once, and ran wild in the mountains of Malacca. In those days they knew nothing about clothes, or houses, or chairs, or tricycles, or sugar, and, as far as was known, they understood no language but their own. Indeed, it may be said that they were very ignorant at that time.

They can not be called ignorant now, however; for if you only go about it the right way, you can make them understand any language. You may say sugar to them in any language you please, and they will comprehend at once—if you only hold out a lump of sugar at the same time. They are just as quick, too, to understand cake or

eandy. What they do not seem to be able to learn is when they have had as much sugar as is good for them.

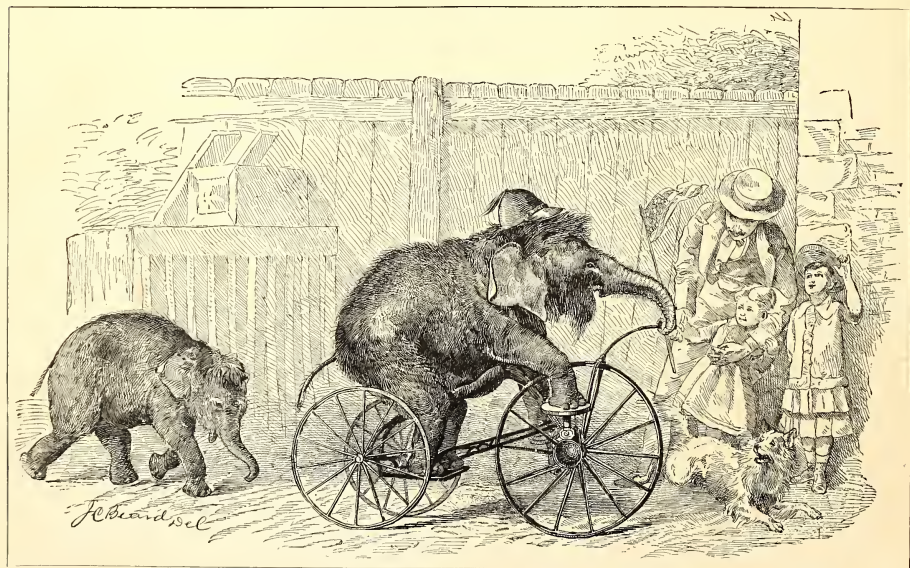
But, after all, little human girls are as bad in that respect as little elephant girls. Phunga and Quedah, you understand, are elephant girls—a very odd sort, it is true, but elephants nevertheless. The gentleman who owns them says they are mammoths, a species of elephant which existed thousands of years ago; and maybe they are. Whatever they are, they look very odd.

Phunga, who is the older and larger of the two, is about as large as a young baby elephant of the ordinary kind. She is covered with black hair about four inches long, and has so much of it on her head that if she would only use a brush and comb and some quince-seed mucilage, she might have a lovely bang. As it is, she has the most com-

was perfectly satisfied, except that Quedah played on the harmonica through her nose.

The next thing Quedah did was to put on a suit of clothes just like a restaurant waiter's, or, more correctly, the clothes were put on her. All at once a dinner-bell rang, and away went Quedah in hot haste.

We followed, and what do you think we saw in the next room? There in a great chair sat Phunga, gorgeously clad in a bright swallow-tail coat, her fore-feet on a table, and a big bell in her trunk. Quedah, however, went up to the table, and I suppose Phunga gave an order for a bottle of wine, for Quedah ran back into the other room and brought in a bottle, which she set upon the table. Then she turned to go away again, and you should have seen Phunga pick up the bell and ring as if the



"SHE RAN TO THE TRICYCLE AND MOUNTED IT."

ically frowzy head of hair that ever you saw. She is more accomplished than Quedah. But Quedah is the smaller; she certainly can not be taller than a large mastiff.

In some respects Phunga is like any human little girl. For example, she can not bear to stand still for a second, and she is very inquisitive. In most ways, however, she is like a boy: she wears boy's clothes, does the things that boys like to do, and takes great delight in loud noises.

This much, and more too, I had heard about the two sisters, and therefore when I went to call upon them, I took two little human girls of my acquaintance with me, so that they might see how much little elephant girls could learn, and perhaps be ashamed of themselves in consequence. I must confess right here, though, that Elsie and Bessie were not affected in that way at all. On the contrary, they were so rude as to stand by and laugh at everything those accomplished little sisters did.

The first thing Quedah did when she was brought out to display her accomplishments was to pick up a harmonica, climb upon a tub, and commence to make music. Elsie said she could play a better tune than that; but Bessie

house were afire! Quedah returned, took another order, and went away to bring back a plate of crackers.

Then Phunga commenced to eat and drink. Quedah, who had gone back to her own room, returned very quickly, and presented a bill. Phunga was too busy drinking to notice the bill, until Quedah snatched the bottle away. Then Phunga saw what was wanted, and pulling out her purse, gave Quedah some money.

When Phunga had eaten as much as was good for her she went out into the yard and began to walk a tight-rope; or anyhow it looked like a rope, though in reality it was only a slender pole painted to look like a rope. Pretty soon she espied her tricycle. She ran to the tricycle and mounted it. It is not a common thing to see an elephant riding a tricycle. At first Bessie was inclined to look upon the spectacle as very startling, but in a few seconds she became reconciled to it, and then she laughed until Phunga stopped riding. Indeed, Elsie and Bessie would have looked and laughed as long as Phunga and Quedah would play, but they retired finally, and did not come out again.

Bessie wants Quedah for a Christmas present.

WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER X.

A RUNAWAY'S STORY, AND ITS HAPPY ENDING.

DURING the three days that passed before Mr. Elmer's return the large field was made ready for ploughing, most of the post-holes were dug, the soil being so light as to make that an easy matter, and Mark and Jan had cut a number of cedar posts, and got them ready to be rafted down the river.

During this time, also, Frank March had improved so rapidly that he was able to sit up and take an interest in what was going on. He had become much attached to Mrs. Elmer, and seemed very happy in her company. Neither she nor the children had asked him any questions concerning his past life, preferring to wait until he should tell the story of his own accord.

On the third evening of his being with them he was helped into the sitting-room, and lay on the sofa listening intently to Mrs. Elmer as she read to Mark and Ruth a chapter from a book of travels that they had begun on the schooner. As she finished and closed the book, the boy raised himself on his elbow, and said, "Mrs. Elmer, I want to tell you something, and I want Mark and Ruth to hear too."

"Well, my boy," said Mrs. Elmer, kindly, "we shall be glad to hear whatever you have to tell, if it won't tire and excite you too much."

"No, I don't think it will," replied Frank. "I feel as if I must tell you what a bad boy I have been, and how sorry

I am for it. More than a month ago I stole father's gun and dog, and twenty dollars that I found in his desk, and ran away from him. Ever since then I have been living in the woods around here, hunting and fishing. When the weather was bad, I slept in the kitchen of this house, and when you folks moved in it seemed almost as if you were taking possession of what belonged to me. The first night you were here I crept into the kitchen and stole a loaf of bread and a duck."

"There!" interrupted Mark, "now I know where I saw you before. It was you who looked into the window and frightened me that first night, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Frank, "and I meant to scare you worse than that, and should have done so if the alligator hadn't caught me. I saw you and your father go down the river that morning, and heard him say he was going to Tallahassee, and I waited there for you to come back alone. I drew out the shot from one barrel of my gun, and was going to fire a charge of powder at you when you got close to the point. I thought, perhaps, you would be so scared that you would upset your canoe and lose the rifle overboard. Then I thought I might get it after you had gone, for the water is shallow there, and I wanted a rifle awfully."

"Oh, what a bad boy you are!" said Ruth, shaking her pretty head.

"Yes, I know I am," said Frank; "but I ain't going to be any longer if I can help it."

"How did that alligator get you, anyway?" asked Mark, who was very curious upon this point.

"Why, I pulled off my boots because they were wet and hurt my feet, then I lay down to wait for you, and went to sleep. I suppose the 'gator found it warm enough that day to come out of the mud, where he had been asleep



"FRANK, MY BOY" EXCLAIMED MR. MARCH, "CAN IT BE YOU?"

all winter. Of course he felt hungry after such a long nap, and when he saw my bare foot he thought it would make him a nice meal. I was waked by feeling myself dragged along the ground and finding my foot in what felt like a vise. I caught hold of a tree, and held on until it seemed as though my arms would be pulled out. I yelled as loud as I could all the time, while the 'gator pulled. He twisted my foot so that I thought the bones must be broken, and that I must let go, the pain was so great. Then you came, Mark, and that's all I remember until I was in the canoe, and you were paddling up the river."

"Was that the first time you were ever in that canoe?" asked Mark, a new suspicion dawning in his mind.

"No; I had used her 'most every night, and one night I went as far as St. Mark's in her."

"What made you bring the canoe back at all?" asked Mrs. Elmer.

"Cause everybody round here would have known her, and known that I had stole her if they'd seen me in her," answered the boy.

"And did you shoot poor Bruce?" asked Ruth.

"Who's Bruce?"

"Why, our dog. He came to us more than a week ago, shot so bad that he could hardly walk."

"Yes, I shot him because he wouldn't go into the water and fetch out a duck I had wounded; but his name is Jack. I didn't kill him, though, for I saw him on your back porch last Sunday when you were all over the river, and he barked at me."

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Elmer, "you have certainly done very wrong; but you have been severely punished for it, and if you are truly sorry and mean to try and do right in the future, you will as certainly be forgiven." So saying, the kind-hearted woman went over and sat down beside the boy, and took his hand in hers.

At this caress, the first he could ever remember to have received, the boy burst into tears and sobbed out, "I would have been good if I had a mother like you and a pleasant home like this."

Mrs. Elmer soothed and quieted him, and gradually drew from him the rest of his story. His father had once been comfortably well off, and had owned a large mill in Savannah; but during the war the mill had been burned, and he had lost everything. For some years after that he was very poor, and when Frank was a very little boy, and his sister a baby, his father used to drink, and when he came home drunk would beat him and his mother. One night after a terrible scene of this kind, which Frank could just remember, his mother had snatched up the baby and run from the house. Afterward he was told that they were dead; at any rate, he never saw them again. Then his father left Savannah and came to Florida to live. He never drank any more, but was very cross, and hardly ever spoke to his son. He made a living by doing jobs of carpentering; and, ever since he had been old enough, Frank had worked on their little farm, about twenty miles from Wakulla. At last he became so tired of this sort of life and his father's harshness that he determined to run away and try to find a happier one.

Mark and Ruth listened in silence to this story of an unhappy childhood, and when it was ended, Ruth went over to the sofa where her mother still sat, and taking Frank's other hand in hers, said:

"I guess I would have run away too, if I'd had such an unpleasant home; but you'll stay with us now, and let mother teach you to be good—won't you?"

For answer the boy looked up shyly into Mrs. Elmer's face, and she said, "We'll see when father comes home."

At this moment Bruce began to bark loudly, and directly a sound of wheels was heard; then a voice called out, "Hello! Go Bang, ahoy! Bring out a lantern, somebody."

"It's father! it's father!" exclaimed Mark and Ruth,

rushing to the door with shouts of welcome. Mrs. Elmer followed them, leaving Frank alone in the sitting-room.

"How glad they are to see him!" thought the boy. "I wonder if I should be as glad to see my father if he was as good to me as theirs is to them?"

While Frank's mind was full of such thoughts, he heard a quick step at the door, and looking up, saw the very person he had been thinking of—his own father!

"Frank, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. March, "can it be you? Oh, Frank, I didn't know how much I loved you until I lost you; and I have tried in every way to find you and beg you to come home again."

With these words Mr. March stooped down and kissed his son's forehead, saying, "I haven't kissed you since you were a baby, Frank; and I do it now as a sign that from this time forward I will try to be a good and loving father to you."

"Oh, father," cried the happy boy, "do you really love me? Then if you will forgive me for running away and being such a bad boy, I will never, never do so again."

"Indeed I will," answered his father. "But what is the matter, Frank? Have you been ill? How came you here?"

While Frank was giving his father a brief account of what had happened to him since he ran away from home, the Elmers were exchanging the most important bits of news outside the front gate. They waited there while Mr. Elmer and Jan unhitched from a new farm wagon a pair of fine mules that the former had bought and driven down from Tallahassee that day.

When the children ran out to greet their father, one of the first things Ruth said was, "Oh, we've got a new boy, father, and he's in the sitting-room, and his name's Frank March, and an alligator almost dragged him into the river, and Mark shot it."

Almost without waiting to hear the end of this long sentence, a stranger who had come with Mr. Elmer opened the front gate, and quickly walking to the house, disappeared within it.

"Who is that, husband? and what has he gone into the house for?" asked Mrs. Elmer, in surprise.

"I don't know much about him," answered Mr. Elmer, "except that his name is March; and as he was recommended to me as being a good carpenter, I engaged him to come and do what work was necessary to repair this house."

"I wonder if he is Frank's wicked father?" asked Ruth; and then the whole story had to be told to Mr. Elmer before they went into the house.

When he heard of Mark's bravery, he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, and said, "My son, I am proud of you."

As they went in and entered the sitting-room, they found Mr. March and Frank sitting together on the sofa, talking earnestly.

"I hope you will excuse my leaving you and entering your house so unceremoniously, Mr. Elmer," said Mr. March, rising and bowing to Mrs. Elmer; "but when your little girl said a boy named Frank March was in here I felt sure he was my son. It is he, and now that I have found him, I don't ever intend to lose him again."

"That's right," said Mr. Elmer, heartily. "In this country boys are too valuable to be lost, even if they do turn up again like bad pennies. Master Frank, you must hurry and get well, for in his work here your father will need just such a valuable assistant as I am sure you will make."

"Now, wife, how about something to eat? I am almost hungry enough to eat an alligator, and I expect our friend March would be willing to help me."

Aunt Chloe had been busy ever since the travellers arrived, and supper was as ready for them as they were for it. After supper, when they were once more gathered in the sitting-room, Mr. Elmer said, "I got a charter granted me while I was in Tallahassee, can any of you guess for what?"

None of them could guess, unless, as Mark suggested, it was for incorporating "Go Bang" and making a city of it in opposition to Wakulla.

"It is to establish and maintain a ferry between those portions of the town of Wakulla lying on opposite sides of the St. Mark's River," said Mr. Elmer.

"A ferry?" said Mrs. Elmer.

"A ferry?" said Ruth.

"A ferry?" said Mark; "what sort of a ferry—steam, horse-power, or boy-power?"

"I expect it will be mostly boy-power," said Mr. Elmer, laughing. "You see, I kept thinking of what Mr. Bevil told us last Sunday that what Wakulla needed most was a bridge and a mill. I knew we couldn't build a bridge, at least not at present; but the idea of a ferry seemed practicable. We have got enough lumber to build a large flat-boat, there are enough of us to attend to a ferry, and so I thought I'd get a charter anyhow."

Mark could hardly wait for his father to finish before he broke in with: "Speaking of mills, father, your ferry will be the very thing to bring people over to our mill."

"Our mill!" repeated his father; "what do you mean?"

"Why, Jan and I discovered an old mill about half a mile up the river while we were out looking for cedar. It's out of repair, and the dam is partly broken away; but the machinery in it seems to be pretty good, and the wheel's all right. I don't believe it would take very much money to fix the dam; and the stream that supplies the mill-pond is never-failing, because it comes from a big sulphur spring. We found the man who owns it, and had a long talk with him. He says that business fell off so after the bridge was carried away that when his dam broke he didn't think it would pay to rebuild it. He says he will take \$500 cash for the whole concern; and I want to put in my \$100 salvage money, and Ruth'll put in hers, and Jan'll put in his, and mother says she'll put in hers if you think the scheme is a good one, and we'll buy the mill. Now your ferry can bring the people over; and it's just the biggest investment in all Florida. Don't you think so, father?"

"I'll tell you what I think after I have examined into it," said Mr. Elmer, smiling at Mark's enthusiasm. "Now it's very late, and time we all invested in bed."

That night Mark dreamed of ferry-boats run by alligator-power, of mills that ground out gold dollars, and of "ghoses" that turned out to be boys.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I.—THE UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

THE voyage of the *Antelope* (or the *Antelope* packet, as the old narratives term her) is in some respects quite unique; there is nothing in the annals of shipwreck like it. The ship was in a manner lost, yet her timbers served to build another vessel and bring her crew home. She was cast away upon an island up to that time unknown, so that her voyage added something to human knowledge. Her people received such kindness from certain "savages" as is rarely met with from civilized folks.

What is still more strange, the friendship thus begun was continued by the mother country, and the heir-apparent of the native King became its honored guest. It is exactly a hundred years since the *Antelope* was wrecked, but it is not fifty since the memory of Prince Lee Boo was still green in England, and the narrative of his brief and blameless life formed a popular volume. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, with whose poems I trust my young friends will one day make themselves acquainted, speaks of the usual contents of an album in his day as being

"Autographs of Prince Lee Boo
And recipes for elder water,"

so that it is clear his dusky Royal Highness had at least learned to write his name.

The *Antelope* was a ship of 300 tons, belonging to the East India Company's service. Her crew consisted of fifty persons (who when at sea and in danger are always called "souls"), of whom sixteen were Chinese. She sailed from Macao on her homeward voyage in July, 1783. The time that was taken to cross seas in those days seems to us enormous; we find ships here in June and there in December, but by no means at home yet, and without any signs of impatience or tediousness in those on board.

Early in August, in a part of the ocean where, so far as was then known, there was no land, the ship struck in the night. The discipline was perfect. The people were only desirous to execute whatever the Captain directed them to do. And this was the case (a rather exceptional one, I am sorry to say) throughout with the *Antelope*. "The gunpowder, small-arms, bread, and all provisions that would spoil by rot were instantly brought on deck and secured by tarpaulins." The masts and lower yards were cut away promptly, yet without that haste which the poet tells us is "half-sister to delay." Though the wind was blowing a gale, the boats were hoisted out, filled with provisions, supplies of water, a compass, arms and ammunition, and kept under the lee of the ship, with precautions against their being saved.

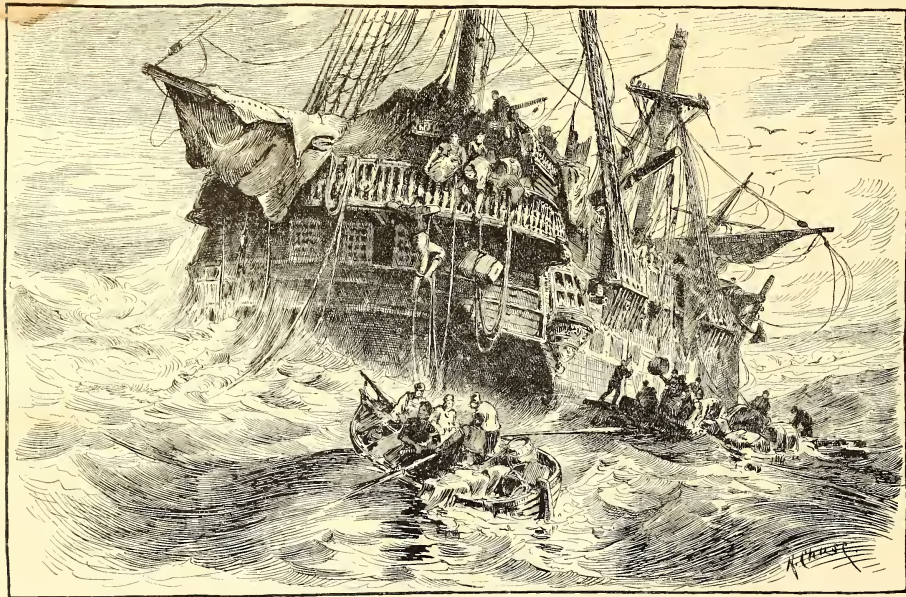
Then the Captain called the crew together and addressed them in words of encouragement. That they were about to be shipwrecked in an unfrequented and, as it turned out, unknown sea, was certain; but shipwreck, he reminded them, was the common lot of sailors, and the only things to save them in such a strait were courage and discipline, while disagreement was certain to be their ruin. As they were wet through and worn out with toil, "a glass of wine and a biscuit were given to each person, and, after eating, a second glass," but they were most earnestly admonished to abstain from spirituous liquors.

It was a dark night, but during one intense flash of lightning the mate and another had fancied they saw land ahead. Hence every one was advised to clothe himself, and prepare to quit the ship. The dawn of day showed a small island to the southward, three or four leagues distant, and, soon after, some other islands to the eastward. So a couple of boats were manned and dispatched under the command of the chief mate, Mr. Berger. This was not like going ashore, be it remembered, at New York or Liverpool. The islands were unknown; whether they were uninhabited, or the haunt of cannibals, could not be guessed; but the mate had orders, in case he met with any natives, to be as polite as possible, and not to use his "make-thunders" (as the savages call guns) till the last extremity.

The rest of the crew, instead of speculating on the future, busied themselves in "getting the boom overboard, in order to construct a raft, since the ship was hourly expected to go to pieces." After some time the boats returned with the news that the island was uninhabited, that there was a secure harbor, and plenty of fresh-water.

The raft was then completed, and loaded with as many stores as it could safely carry with its passengers, and was towed by the boats. It shows the speed with which these good fellows worked that the carpenter was so intent on saving all his tools and stores that he did not hear the warning of the boatswain's whistle, and was left on board. But as soon as his absence was discovered, the jolly-boat went back for him.

The raft had to cross a reef, where the running of the sea and the spray obscured the sight of the boats from the passengers, who had to lash themselves to the timbers of their frail craft. The screams of the Chinese, less injured to the perils of the sea, added terror to the scene. They all arrived in safety, but the storm continuing, they were harassed by the fear that the *Antelope* would not hold together till morning, for at present they had got



"THOUGH THE WIND WAS BLOWING A GALE, THE BOATS WERE HOISTED OUT."

but little out of her. Moreover, the constant perspiration they had been in, the being perpetually wet with salt-water, and the friction of their clothes from excessive labor, had chafed them so that they could not sleep for pain. Even a small trouble, you see, will help to make a great one still more severe; so when folks are in sorrow let us be very careful not to add anything, however light, to their burden.

In the morning, however, the ship was still visible, and it may be briefly said that, just as in the case of our friend Robinson Crusoe, they took almost everything out of her worth taking, down to her swivel-guns, and collected a larger store of provisions about them of every kind than any other shipwrecked crew of the same size could ever boast. The hope, which they had secretly clung to, of the ship being floated and repaired so as to take them back to Macao, was nevertheless utterly extinguished. They found themselves suddenly cut off from the rest of the world, without remedy, and could see no end to their misfortune.

It must be understood that when a merchant vessel is wrecked, authority ceases, and every man does what he deems right or pleasantest in his own eyes. But this crew was such a wise one that they of their own free-will elected their old Captain to be their ruler, and volunteered to obey him. And he on his part, though very sensible of their generous behavior, was resolved not to hold the sceptre in vain.

"Since you trust me," he said, "you must believe what I say when I tell you that our chief danger lies in yonder spirit casks"—for he well knew what evils drink can work among despairing men. "I must have every one of them staved in" (though one was kept for medicinal purposes). His orders were obeyed at once.

One day two canoes were seen coming round into the bay. The people all flew to arms, but were kept out of

sight, while Captain Wilson and his interpreter, Tom Rose (who could speak Malay), walked quietly to the shore to meet them.

Rose addressed the occupants, and though he found himself understood by only one of the strangers, explained the position of affairs, which was translated to the rest. Then six natives out of the eight came ashore, the other two remaining with the canoes. "They were of a deep copper-color, perfectly naked, and their skins soft and glossy from the use of cocoa-nut oil. Their legs were tattooed from their ankles to the middle of their thighs, and so thickly as to appear much darker than the rest of their bodies. Their hair was of a fine black, long, and rolled up behind close to the back of their heads in a neat and becoming manner."

Captain Wilson introduced them to his officers, whose waistcoats and coat sleeves they at once began stroking, under the impression that they were their skins. The next thing they admired was the blue veins of their hands, which they took to be one of the neatest things in tattooing, and earnestly requested them to draw up their sleeves to see if their arms were really and truly of the same color as their faces.

They were asked to breakfast, and though they declined to sit down, keeping themselves ready for a run to their canoes, they partook of it; they seemed especially to like sweet biscuits. The man who had understood what Rose said told Captain Wilson that he had himself been shipwrecked among these natives, who were a very courteous people. Their islands were called Pelew (they were not in our maps, of course, a hundred years ago, for this is the first that was ever heard of them), and their King was a good man. One of his canoes had been out fishing, and brought word of the wreck to him, and his Majesty had dispatched these folks to see all about it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A NOVEL RESCUE.

1. THE INTRUDER

2. THE COMBAT.

3. THE DELIVERANCE.

"CLUMPS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

EITHER the clothes were too large or the boy was too small. At all events, he was a queer-looking object, in a hat that would have completely extinguished him if he had not possessed remarkably large ears, which stood out and served to support it, and a coat which reached to his heels, and fitted him much as it would have fitted a poker.

He shrank behind Mr. Dalrymple as he was ushered into the great farm-house kitchen.

"I picked him up in the street, Sarah," explained Mr. Dalrymple to his wife. "We need somebody, now the boys have gone away to school, and Jonas is getting run down. And"—this was whispered in her ear—"I pitied the poor little rascal."

"Just like you, Stephen," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with a sigh. "It's a great risk to take a boy like that. Probably he lies, or steals, or swears—perhaps all three."

The boy heard that, although Mrs. Dalrymple didn't mean that he should. His big ears were sharp.

"I've only taken him on trial. I shall send him back at very short notice if he doesn't behave himself."

Jonas, the "hired man," had just come with two great pails of milk.

"I calkerlate lookin' after him to keep him out of mischief will take more time 'n he's wuth," he said.

Jonas was a tall, thin, severe-looking young man, who considered all boys bad.

"He'll always be under foot, I know by the looks of him," Barbara, the hired girl, muttered, crossly.

"Come, come! is this the way to welcome a friendless boy who is cold and tired and hungry?" And Grandma took off the boy's hat and led him to the fire.

"What is your name?" she asked him, kindly.

"Cornelius Shanly, ma'am, but they calls me Clumps. A customer of mine when I was in the boot-blackin' business used to give me his shoes when he'd wore 'em 'most out, and my feet was small and the shoes was awful large, and I'd go kind of clumpin' round in 'em, and the fellers give me the name of Clumps, and it stuck. They give me these clothes to the Mission-Rooms. They're good 'n' warm, but they make the fellers call me Daddy, and I've had to lay round lively thrashin' 'em."

"The clothes shall be made to fit you if you are a good boy, and I think you will be," said Grandma, confidently. "If you are, you'll have a good time. This farm is a fine place for a boy."

A cozy, warm little room over the kitchen and next to Jonas's was given Clumps. There were gay chintz curtains at the windows, and pictures on the walls, and a bed so soft and billowy that it must have been stuffed with down—or so thought Clumps, who was used to a board.

"I hope—oh, I hope they won't send me away!" he murmured.

"Talking to himself—that's a bad sign," thought Jonas, who had stopped at the door on his way to his own room to see if he could discover any signs of mischief brewing. And Jonas barricaded his door, which had only a wooden button as a fastening, with a table and a chair. Jonas had a blue yarn stocking almost full of money, his savings from childhood—and Jonas had been very saving indeed—tucked into the straw of his under-bed. He preferred to take care of his room, and Barbara, having plenty to do, was quite willing; so nobody ever touched that bed but Jonas, and he had felt that his possessions were quite safe until that boy came.

Clumps made himself useful. He "hadn't a lazy bone in his body," Barbara declared; and even Jonas reluctantly acknowledged that he was "handy to have round."

"It was a good day both for him and for us when I picked up that boy," said Mr. Dalrymple, very often.

But, alas! one bright forenoon Jonas rushed in from the barn and up to his room, looking very much disturbed. He came down-stairs in a few minutes, white and trembling, and sank into the nearest chair. "They're gone! Stolen! My watch and my money both!" he gasped. "I left my watch under my pillow; I hadn't done that before since Clumps came, and as soon as I remembered it I hurried upstairs. But it's gone, and the stockingful of money that was hid in the straw bed. It's just what I expected when that boy came here."

Mr. Dalrymple looked perplexed and disturbed. "We'll make a thorough search," he said, after a moment's thought. "I won't question the boy until that is done."

The search was made, and proved of no avail. Burglars had not been in the house, for the doors and windows had all been found locked on the inside in the morning. The things must have been taken after Jonas was up in the morning (he arose before five), and by somebody in the house, for no stranger could have made his way into the house and upstairs unperceived. That was the conclusion to which they were all forced, and Mr. Dalrymple summoned Clumps to a private interview.

"The boy denies the theft stoutly," said Mr. Dalrymple, after the interview was over, and Clumps, looking half defiant and half pleading, and wholly miserable, had gone out-of-doors. "And he seemed so innocent that I could hardly help believing him. He showed me that he had nothing of the kind about his clothes, and we have searched his room."

"He might have buried 'em easy enough, or perhaps he had a friend from the city prowlin' round ready to take 'em," said Jonas. "It's more'n likely he's cleared out now," he continued, starting up. "I'll have him arrested right off, if I can catch him."

"Wait till to-morrow, Jonas. I'll answer for his not running away," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"Just as you say, sir," said Jonas, reluctantly; "though it seems to me it's only giving him a chance to steal more. There's the big silver ladle, and the old-fashioned silver cream-jug that Mrs. Dalrymple thinks so much of, just locked up in the chiny closet at night."

"I don't think there is any fear of his stealing anything more if he has stolen those things. But we will watch him closely," said Mr. Dalrymple.

Clumps felt that he was being watched, and that everybody looked coldly and suspiciously at him. From a happy and contented boy he turned into a miserable one. He was suspected of being a thief. He could not eat, and he could not sleep at night; he tossed and turned, and the downy bed seemed harder than a board.

One night, two or three days later, he fell into a troubled doze, from which he awakened suddenly and saw a light shining through the cracks of his door. He listened, and heard the sound of a stealthy step. It might be the thief. Clumps sprang out of bed, threw on some of his clothes, and stole softly out. He was just in time to see the gleam of a lantern at the foot of the stairs. He slipped softly down. He heard the door of the china closet shut softly; then somebody came out of the dining-room.

It was Jonas's tall figure, and he had the big silver ladle and the little silver cream-jug in his hand. As the light of the lantern fell on his face, Clumps saw that his eyes were tightly closed. And although he brushed against Clumps, he did not seem to be conscious of his presence.

"He's in a fit or something, or— No, I know what it is: he's walking in his sleep," thought Clumps. "And I won't wake him till I see what he's going to do with the ladle and the cream-jug."

Jonas walked with slow and deliberate steps through the great kitchen, and the long woodshed, and the granary to the barn, and Clumps followed, his heart beating so that it sounded like a drum in his ears. Jonas set the lantern down on the barn floor, and carried the long, long

ladder, which was seldom used, from one side of the barn to the other. He placed the top against a little loft away up under the eaves of the barn, and began to ascend.

After a moment's hesitation Clumps followed. It looked as if Jonas were going to hide the ladle and the jug up there. The watch and the money might be there too.

Cautiously Clumps followed Jonas up and up until they were among the beams and rafters of the barn. Jonas stepped upon the loft, and as he did so he accidentally pushed the ladder with his foot, and it slipped. Clumps sprang upon a beam which ran from the loft to the other side of the barn. The ladder slipped slowly. Clumps could almost reach it—not quite; it went with a crash to the floor.

It seemed bad enough to be up there, with only a little loft and a narrow beam for foot-hold, with a sleep-walker who seemed to Clumps exactly like a maniac. But worse was in store. The ladder as it fell had hit the lantern, and sent it rolling against the sharp edge of one of the stalls, where the glass was broken to atoms. There was hay all about. Clumps, gazing as if spell-bound with terror, saw a wisp flame up, then another, as the fire crept along.

To cry for help was useless; there was nobody within hearing. Oh, was there no way to get down?

The narrow beam on which he stood ran across the barn; if he were on the other side he might leap down on to the hay-loft; it was a great height, but the hay was soft, and from there he could easily make his way to the floor.

But the beam was so narrow! It made him giddy to stand where he did. Could he walk across that great yawning gulf? All these thoughts that are so long in the telling flashed through Clumps's brain.

A cry startled him. It was Jonas's voice. The fire, now flaming up brilliantly, showed him Jonas's face as white as death, the eyes wide open. Was it the noise of the falling ladder, or the smell of fire, or some subtle instinct of danger that had awakened him?

Jonas's despairing face strengthened Clumps's courage. "Keep quiet! I'm going down!" he cried.

Yes, he was going down—he had made up his mind—crushed and mangled and powerless for good it might be, but he would try.

In the Mission School they had taught him a prayer that began, "Our Father which art in heaven." He had almost forgotten it, but Grandma had made him say it again, and he had promised her that he would never forget it. He said two words of it over and over again as he set out on his perilous walk—"Deliver us, deliver us, deliver us!"

Steadily onward, one foot before the other, although he was trembling in every limb; almost to the end now, but the last few feet seemed miles of agony! He tumbled rather than leaped to the hay-loft; he was buried deeply in the soft hay, safe and sound.

Only a second to recover himself, and he made his way down through Sancho's stall to the floor.

The great horn which Mr. Dalrymple used to summon the men from the field hung beside the door. Never since it was a horn were such blasts blown upon it as Clumps blew then. Mr. Dalrymple came first, Barbara came next, and then Mr. Bingham and his son, from a neighboring farm. Water was brought in great bucketfuls, and the fire was extinguished without a general alarm.

And then Clumps remembered Jonas, who had not been discovered on his high perch by anybody else. The long ladder was put up, and Jonas descended, carrying in one hand the ladle and jug, in the other his watch and a great blue yarn stocking full of money.

"Now what does all this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Dalrymple.

Clumps told his story to the point where the lantern was broken.

"And he walked across that beam!" broke in Jonas.

"I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it. I shut my eyes, expectin' every minute to see him dashed to pieces."

"And it seems you stole your own watch and money, Jonas, and were caught stealing my silver," said Mr. Dalrymple, smiling.

Jonas hung his head.

"I wouldn't have believed I could hide them things in my sleep like that if I hadn't woke up doing it. I used to walk in my sleep. When I was a boy I went out to the barn and foddered all the cattle, and never woke up till I pinched my finger in the crack of the kitchen door."

"We all ought to ask your forgiveness, my boy," said Mr. Dalrymple, laying his hand on Clumps's shoulder. "The safety of my property, and perhaps of all our lives, is due to your courage and presence of mind."

"I wouldn't darst ask you to forgive me, Clumps," said Jonas, humbly, "but you're a plucky one, you are, and if ever you should want anything that I could do for you, why, it would make me feel a sight better."

And Clumps, who had shown himself so stout-hearted, burst into tears—but they were tears of joy and pride.

Of course he was praised and petted almost enough to spoil any boy, but Clumps was made of pretty good stuff.

It is said that Mr. Dalrymple is going to send Clumps to school with his own boys; there is also a report that Jonas and Clumps are talking of buying a farm together one of these days.

MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE very next pleasant afternoon found Grace at Milly's house.

"Now don't lose a moment, Milly. Begin with your presents, for I am getting a great many ideas. You don't know what I've done since I was here before."

So Milly began:

"See this ball. It is for Baby. He is too little to care much for Christmas, but he does like a bright thing that will make a noise. Just roll it on the floor and see. Mamma let me have the worsteds, and I used her bone knitting needles—sixteen stitches wide and thirty-two rows long—just a strip knit back and forth. I have put in six colors—red, blue, black, yellow, brown, and gray. I made the rattle out of a tin pill-box with a few small stones in it. I wrapped the box in a big piece of cotton, and stuffed the bag, which I made in the shape of a ball by gathering the sides of my strip; then I sewed up the open side."

"This needle-book is for Aunt Alice. You cut two small palettes out of heavy white Bristol-board. Here again it is so nice to be able to paint, or even to draw. I was obliged to fall back on decalcomanie, so I chose the head of a little girl. You must cut four pieces of white merino or fine flannel in the shape of a palette, and button-hole the edges with gold-colored floss, or blue, or pink, whichever you think the most appropriate. Tie these between the covers with a narrow ribbon."

"This little scent-bag is for Edith. Scent-bags are always acceptable presents, because one can never have too many of them. They may be made in an endless variety of ways. Mine, you see, is only blue and white silk, with a little flower embroidered in the centre. There are the plain little silk bags filled with cotton-wool and sachet powder; these may be left flat to lay between handkerchiefs, or gathered at one end like a veritable meal-bag. A little bag made of white linen, and stuffed full, with half a dozen apple seeds sewed on the outside, would be a very good present for the little girl to give the auntie who can best say 'The House that Jack built.' Put some pieces of thread through the seeds for whiskers, and she will at once be reminded of the 'rat that ate the malt.'"

"Now here is something that will make you laugh. But you must not turn up your nose, for they are very necessary articles."



FOR BABY.

"What are they?"
 "Bags! bags!! bags!!!"
 "They certainly are very funny Christmas presents."
 "Yes; but what can you do without them? And you have no idea how glad people are to get them. I have heard Mamma say that she couldn't keep house without my bags. We will begin with a 'Piece-Bag.'

Take three pieces of calico of different patterns. Cut each a yard long and twenty-four inches wide, and sew the sides and one end together. Bind these seams with tape. Cut a slit seven inches from the top in the centre of each outside piece that will be fifteen inches long, and bind the opening with tape. Turn the three pieces of calico at the top into one hem an inch wide, and run through this a stick ten inches long. Fasten this securely at each end, and sew a strong string from one

end to the other with which to hang it by. If colored and white pieces of cloth are to be kept in the two compartments which this forms, the calico may be dark on one side and light on the other.

"This is a 'Stocking-Bag.' Cut a piece of cretonne thirty-two and a half by fourteen inches, and hem the short sides with a half-inch hem. Cut three pieces of pasteboard seven by five and a half inches (e). Round one end of each, and each one on both sides with the cretonne, overhand-

ing the edges neatly. Cut a piece of cretonne nine by fourteen and a half inches, and hem one of the longest sides with an inch hem. Round off the other two corners. Gather this rounded portion from hem to hem, and baste it on one of the covered pieces of pasteboard, leaving the straight side open. Run a piece of elastic through the hem at the top (b to c), and fasten it securely. Make a pretty bow of braid, and sew it at the centre of the hem. This makes a pocket (a) for holding the darning cotton.

"Gather one of the long sides of the large piece of cretonne, and baste it on the edge of the pocket. Overhand them together on the wrong side. Gather the other long side of the cretonne in the same way, and overhand it on the second piece of pasteboard as before. Cut two pieces of white flannel, and attach them to this (f), and sew the last piece of pasteboard to the second, by their straight sides, to make a needle-book. Sew five little brass rings on the half-inch hem at the top (d), and run a piece of braid through these, which gathers the top together.

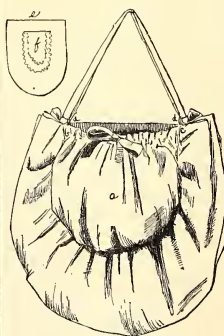
"This bag I call a 'Silk Bag.' It is of silk, and to

hold pieces of silk, just as the other was for calico. Cut four pieces of silk ten by four inches. Slope one end of each to a point two inches long. Sew the long sides together and the points. Cut four more pieces of silk exactly like the first, only of thinner silk, as it is for the lining. Sew these together in the same way, and put them inside the other pieces so that no seams are exposed. Fasten the points together with a few stitches, and hem the inside top against the outside so that the stitches do



A PIECE-BAG.

not show. An inch from the top run two threads wide enough apart to admit two cords by which the bag may be gathered. Make two button-holes a half-inch apart on the outside of the space left for the cord, and two others on the opposite side of the bag in the same place. Through these on each side run a silk cord one yard long.



A STOCKING-BAG.

Fasten these at the ends with a tassel the same color as the cord. Cover the outside seams with cord, and sew a tassel at the bottom.

"If you can ornament the silk with embroidery in chenille or silks, or paint something in oil or water-colors, it will add very much to the beauty of the bag, which may be carried on the arm or hung in a room for decoration or use."

At this moment a sound was heard on the staircase.

"That is Mamma calling for me," said Milly.

"Oh dear! we are always interrupted."

"Yes; but you have seen and heard enough for to-day. And when I tell you there are actually more bags to come, you will be glad to escape."

Mrs. Cone called again, and the two girls ran off, laughing.



A SILK BAG.



FOR EDITH.



HOWARD · PYLE · DEL · CH · DEL ·

YE · TWO · WISHES ·

An Angel went awalking out one day, as I've heard said,
And, coming to a faggot-maker, begged a crust of bread
The faggot-maker gave a crust and something rather queer
To wash it down withall, from out a bottle that stood near.
The Angel finished eating; but before he left, said he,
"Thou shalt have two wishes, granted, for that thou hast given me.
One wish for that good drinkable, another for the bread."
Then he left the faggot-maker all amazed at what he'd said.

"I wonder," says the faggot-maker, after he had gone,
"I wonder if there's any truth in that same little song!"
So, turning this thing over in his mind, he cast around,
Till he saw the empty bottle where it lay upon the ground.
"I wish," said he, just as a test, "if what he said is so,
Into that empty bottle, now, that I may, straightway go."
No sooner said than done; for, - *Whisk!* into the flask he fell,
Where he found himself as tightly packed as chicken in the shell.
In vain he kicked and twisted, and in vain he howled with pain;
For, in spite of all his efforts, he could not get out again.
So, seeing how the matter stood, he had to wish once more.
When, out he slipped, as easily as he'd gone in before.

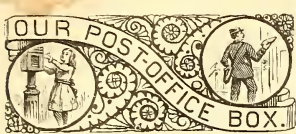
If we had had two wishes, granted by an Angel thus,
We would not throw away the good so kindly given us.
For first we'd ask for wisdom, which, when we had in store,
I'm very doubtful if we'd care to ask for any more.



HE ·
CO-
ETH
INTO
YE ·
BOT-
TL-
E ·



HE ·
COM-
ETH
OVT ·
OF · YE ·
BOT-
TL-
E ·



WITH the present number HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE begins Volume VI. A review of the volume just completed shows that it amply sustains the brilliant record made by the paper in preceding years. Each volume, beautiful and attractive in itself, is a distinct advance upon its predecessors, and the constant aim in the future will be, as it has been in the past, to seek in every number what is highest in motive, purest in morals, and best in literature and art.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have spared neither pains nor expense to make HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE worthy to take its place as the leading juvenile weekly of the world. No other publication of its kind is so lavishly adorned with the finest engravings and cuts. Its presence in a family assists the children to the formation of correct tastes in art, and helps them to grow in the love of the beautiful.

The most accomplished writers for the young are among the regular contributors to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and its serials, short stories, and articles, both amusing and instructive, are furnished by authors who understand childhood and know how to interest youthful readers. The heroic element is made prominent in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, because its conductors recognize the fact that nothing more truly incites children to noble conduct than the reading about and hearing of brave and self-denying acts on the part of others of their own age. Pieces suitable for declamation, stirring ballads, and dramatic poems are frequently published, and the wee ones in the nursery are not forgotten, but find bits of rhyme and musical jingles specially meant for them. Acting plays are occasionally given, with charades and games for the merry party or the winter evening group around the hearth.

For the boys there are descriptions of many sports and articles which give practical directions concerning tools and their uses, while the girls are not neglected. Papers prepared for them furnish useful hints and suggestions for needle-work, tell how to make little gifts for home dear ones, and give advice for every-day deportment.

Fun and frolic have their turn; even nonsense having its place, and time is wisely managed throughout. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the home paper, and its sunny face never wears a frown.

What shall we say of the Post-office Box? It has been a favorite department from the beginning. With every year the number of its little correspondents very naturally increases, until now the Postmistress numbers her contributors by thousands, and has her little friends in every corner of the globe. The Post-office Box is a panorama of childish employments and pleasures. With the utmost candor, and a perfectly unconscious freedom, the dear children show what they are as well as what they do. They write of their schools, their pets, their baby brothers and sisters, their birthdays, their journeys, their ambitions, and their other little happy thoughts. The Post-office Box is itself a factor in their education, assisting them in the formation of a graceful style, and giving them practice in the use of their mother tongue in correspondence.

The little letters come from all parts of the Union, from Europe, Asia, and Australia. Teachers assign themselves of the Post-office Box as an aid in the school-room, and many a little class no longer dreads composition-hour as a weary penance since the kind permission is given to send a letter or a little essay to the Postmistress.

Puzzles from Young Contributors continue to appear, and are clever and bright as the little beads from which they come.

The Exchange column is carefully edited, and afford young people a convenient medium by which they may add to their cabinets, exchange books and papers which they have read for others, and make their collections of stamps and curiosities interesting and valuable. As a help to youthful students of natural history and

geography, the Exchange Department is unrivalled.

A word should be said, in justice to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, about their unobtrusive charity. The little contributions, coming in silently, like snow-flakes, endowed Harper's Young People's Cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, raising \$3000 for the purpose. Almost wholly by their small gifts a little child, who has been in the shadow of the pines, at Lincoln, North Carolina, and at the same place a little school for poor white and colored children receives constant assistance from the readers of the Post-office Box.

We would like to say to the children who enjoy and admire HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that they may assist the publishers to make it still more beautiful and satisfying by doing what they can to increase its already large circulation. Show it to your friends who may not be subscribers, and let them see how elegant and how entertaining it is, and how very small its cost to those who take it, in proportion to its great merit. Messrs. Harper & Brothers desire to make it better and better. You may do your share in helping them to do so by obtaining new subscribers.

SOUTH WILTON, CONNECTICUT.

I thought I would write you a letter. I am a little girl nine years old. My papa keeps a boarding-school, so I have lots of little playmates. May I have a little house-keeper? A friend of mine who was at school here had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE come for her, and she lets it come for me to read it now that she is gone away, and then I send it on to her. I have three cats and a little cat named Dotty, another half grown, named Violet, and a kitten named Pet. I am taking much study now, and I like to read arithmetic and geography. I want to tell you about my birthday, which was on the 5th of this month. Mamma gave me a gold thimble and a nice big basket of nuts, and she gave me a book, and she gave me a music-book, and mamma took a walk with me on the next day. I help mamma all I can. I guess I will stop now. GENEVIEVE W.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl ten years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number. I now send you a composition which my teacher thought was very good. It is entitled

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

Little four-year-old Harry sat playing with his toys on the floor. Mamma came in and said, "I build an engine?" His mother showed him how, and he was quite contented for some little time. All at once he jumped up, throwing the blocks in every direction, and said, "Mamma, I am going."

"Go on, Harry, not thinking anything wrong, said," "Go on, Harry, have a good play," and supposing he was going into the city, he said, "I am going," and "You need not put on your coat, Harry."

He went out, and his mother, glad to have a few quiet moments to herself, began to sew. He went on until he was tired, and then he went up the hill, as he had seen his big boys do. Now he knew he was doing wrong, as his mamma had always told him not to go out without his coat and up the hill, as he had seen his big boys do. Now he knew he was doing wrong, as his mamma had always told him not to go out without his coat and up the hill, as he had seen his big boys do.

Presently he saw a man come out of the bushes by the road-side, and he was frightened, and began to cry. This man was a gypsy, and seeing this little fellow, he was glad to have him, and he went up his mind to take him to his camp, and then get the reward which would be offered for him; so he seized him, and tied a cloth over his mouth to keep him from crying, and they went through the wood, until just at dusk they reached the camp.

Now this man had a little girl who was very kind and good, and she felt so sorry for the poor little fellow that she made up her mind she would get him home and back to his mother. But how was she to do this? When they were tired and hungry, he crept out of bed, and taking the child by the hand, she led him out without making any noise. She then asked him, if he took him to the road, could he show her the way to his house? He said, "Yes," and away they ran in the moonlight. At length they reached the road, and he pointed out the direction in which they were to go.

When they were tired and hungry, he crept out of bed, and taking the child by the hand, she led him out without making any noise. She then asked him, if he took him to the road, could he show her the way to his house? He said, "Yes," and away they ran in the moonlight. At length they reached the road, and he pointed out the direction in which they were to go. When they were tired and hungry, he crept out of bed, and taking the child by the hand, she led him out without making any noise. She then asked him, if he took him to the road, could he show her the way to his house? He said, "Yes," and away they ran in the moonlight. At length they reached the road, and he pointed out the direction in which they were to go.

When they were tired and hungry, he crept out of bed, and taking the child by the hand, she led him out without making any noise. She then asked him, if he took him to the road, could he show her the way to his house? He said, "Yes," and away they ran in the moonlight. At length they reached the road, and he pointed out the direction in which they were to go.

GRANDVILLE, IOWA.

I thought I would write you a letter to-night. Our school began last Monday, and my brother

and I went all the week; we have over a mile to walk. I would like to be one of the Little House-keepers, if you do not mind. I am eleven years old, and this spring when my mamma was sick I had to be the housekeeper. Since I go to school I help night and morning. I have a little baby sister named Nettie. I enjoy Mrs. Lillie's stories very much. EDNA PEARL L.

You may join the Little Housekeepers. Can you not get three of your school-mates to join you and form a little club? One of these days I shall tell you all about the good times some of the clubs are having.

I went to St. Mary's Hospital to-day. I saw all the children there, and I saw HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE's Cot. There is a little Mexican girl in the cot; she is a cunning little girl. There was another little girl in another cot. She was very beautiful; one of the Sisters put on her evening wrap, and she put it over her face, but she took it down after a while. I took a scrap-book there, and gave it to one of the boys; he liked it very much. Sister Catherine was very sweet and kind; she took me all about the hospital. The children seemed very happy. One little girl had two cats and a dog, and she was very much upset, and all the things tumbled down on the floor. Some cups were broken, and a Sister came and picked them up. The little girl began to cry. EDITH J.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, but I never write to the paper before, so I hope you will print this one. I have a little kitten named Frank; and I have two birds, and they sing sweetly. I am going to buy a club of little boys and girls to read to them. WALTER C.

You like to write with your new type-writer, don't you, Walter? I like to read such pretty formed letters. Send word how you succeed with the club.

HOVRIES, ARIZONA.

As I have written but once before, and that was not printed, I thought I would try again. Now I must tell you about our pets. My brother has seven rabbits, and four of them are white, two black and one blue. One of the black ones is an Angora, and has long silky hair, so it is very pretty. I have a white one. Then we have a very large black and white dog, and a very fond of us. I also have a little cat, which is very pretty, and follows me all around. I like the Post-office Box very much, and I think "Two Brave Girls" was very nice story. I think there are some very good puzzles too. Good-by. EDITH F.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

I hope my idea will please you. It is a varl. A very pretty tidy may be made with half a yard of crotone, a quarter of a yard of Canton flannel (any color), and two skeins of Ross (yellow looks well), and a little white thread. The crotone may be cut bias or pointed, and the Canton flannel set in with stitches, and then trimmed with white lace. The tidy will cost about thirty cents. This is an idea from a little girl who is old. ALEXANDER MCL.

Bravo! I like boys who have such bright ideas.

CHILES VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

We are a little school away up in the mountains of California. We are composed of eleven boys and one little girl who is very kind and good. You may see that she has a pretty hard time of it. The boys play deer and other uncivilized games. They are not really bad boys, but still they do not get along very well. I have a very nice place in a tree one day, and called it a ship; but the boys couldn't agree, because they all wanted to be commander. This is a very lonesome place, and we don't have much fun. There are two boys who go to this school who ride to school every morning on the same horse, except that they have a saddle which makes them walk. They are often late, because they stop along the road to catch lizards. They are pretty nice boys—or rather they would be if they didn't so often make fun of each other. There is another boy here whom we call the "dude," because he wears such a fine hat. We won't say anything about the girl, because she is writing the letter, and I don't want to say anything bad, and it wouldn't be modest to say anything good. We would like to have you publish our letter, because some of us think you are. We like the stories by Jimmy Brown; we think he must be a very funny boy, but pretty bad.

THE "ONE" GIRL.

I was once a visitor in a mountain village where there were a lot of more beautiful girls, and I thought the girls were in a very enviable position. All they had to do was to express their wishes in the most modest manner, and the boys flew to serve them. I am afraid the one girl in this instance does not insist on

her privileges. She ought to be treated like a little queen, and she ought to persuade the boys that quarrels are ungentlemanly and foolish. Troubles always come when everybody wants to be captain.

PERHAM, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I read every number of Harper's Young People, and like it better than all my books, because it is new every week. I like "Wakulla" better than any of the others. I have read it four times. I have a new name. My little sister heard me say, "Oh, here is a new 'Wakulla!'" and she said, "What color is it, May?" May is my name, and she thought I said, "What color is it?" My brother likes to lay out and read it to him; he is only seven. We have nice times here at grandpa's house with the horse and dogs and a dear little calf. The chickens are nice chickens—but they are so stupid!—and dogs. Please print this, for I shall look for it and love to see it.

MAY K. R.

DUNCORP, IOWA.

I have never written before, so I thought I would now. As all tell about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have eleven dogs, three cats, two guinea-pigs, two birds, two mice, two horses, on the farm there are forty cows, forty pigs, three horses, eight chickens, and two more dogs. Is not that quite a number of animals? I think Harper's Young People is just splendid. I have taken it four years, and intend to take it as many more. Besides Young People, I take Wide Awake, St. Nicholas, and the Young People. I am in the District School Class at school—the school is the highest—and I am thirteen years old; I study reading, spelling, practical and mental arithmetic, geography, history, composition, drawing, penmanship, German, and music. I am gathering picture cards, and have nearly fifteen hundred—no duplicates. Dear Postmistress, doesn't your head ache sometimes, reading so many letters? I should think it would. Would you please guess whether I am a girl or boy? REVELLE.

It would give me such a headache, dear, did I put on my guessing-cap to solve that conundrum, that I am sure you will excuse me if I don't try. Two hundred guesses must be a pretty slight when they flock to be fed.

I have just arrived at home from a trip with my father. I went to New York, thence to Cardenas, Cuba, and back to New York; then to Key West, Florida, thence to Pensacola, Florida, thence to New Orleans, and now I am home. Cardenas it was not very interesting, but I will tell you about it. The houses were only one story high, and made of stone; the streets were very high, studded with large windows and doors, and have stone floors, but no carpets; they do not have much furniture besides rocking-chairs in the sitting-rooms. All the people talk Spanish, which sounds very queer. In Key West I took a ride round the town. I saw many beautiful flowers there: there were the orange-tree, banana, lime, mango, plantain, and many others that bear only flowers. While at sea a water-spout formed near us; my father said it was a very rare one. We were out for three days and long; he was a monster. I felt the earthquake that came some time ago; I was in the United States Hotel, New York. Please tell me if my writing is good for a girl of thirteen, left-handed. I have begun to think of Christmas, but do not know what to make for presents this year. I can not walk, but am thinking of learning to. I study at home. I knit and crochet edging, also make rick-rack and feather-edge braid trimming, and if any of the girls would exchange with me, I would send them some of the samples of my work.

EDITH S. YORK.

Box 279, Rockport, Massachusetts.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

I have just been reading in Harper's Young People about the wise mother cat that took care of her little ones with so much intelligence, and it reminds me of a dear little canary-bird that I had about five years ago that was very wise and intelligent in the care of her little ones. But I must first tell the children that I am not a wee mite of a little girl like many of you, but a big grown-up one, and you may guess how large and how old, only you must guess numbers high up, or you will not get anywhere near right. And now I will tell you my story. My little birdie was very pretty, with feathers very nearly of the color of gold, and she had a little nest in her cage, with three dear little birds in it; one was all yellow, and the other two had brown and yellow feathers. The mother bird kept them nice and warm, and fed them very tenderly until they were old enough to have something as strong enough to stand on their feet. She then began to teach them to chirrup and make sounds which I suppose is their way of talking, and I will tell you how she did it. She would hop to the perch close by the nest, and stand very still until presently one of the little birds would stand on its feet, and try to imitate the sounds she was trying to teach it, and so she taught them one at

a time, and made each one stand on its feet during the lesson. The little birds always seemed very tired after their lesson, and would get very close together down in the bottom of the nest, and the mother bird, while the mother bird hopped about the cage, picking up a seed here and a crumb there, now and then trilling forth a song, but acting all the while as if she thought she had been doing something wonderfully wise and important; and these little birds that I have been telling you about began to sing (baby bird fashion) every morning, while the mother bird sat on the nest, which shows that they must have had very good attention to the teaching of the wise mother birdie, and the music they made was wonderfully sweet to the ear.

HATTIE H.

The Postmistress and the children thank you for this interesting letter.

St. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I have often begun a letter to you but never finished it, but this time I thought I would write sure. I am twelve years old, and I have taken Harper's Young People two years, and of all the stories I like "Nan" the best. A friend of mine, whose name is Maude, takes St. Nicholas. She said she thought it was lovely, but I like Young People the better. Thank you very much, and enough, seeing it is the first letter I have written to you. Good-by.

MABEL C.

WESTON, OHIO.

I will be fifteen the 15th of October. I am glad that it is not two times fifteen, because I am not ready to go to school. I do not go to school now, on account of being sick. We wakened ill in June, and have not been well since. My papa keeps a boot and shoe store, and also a farm. He works on the farm most of the time, and has a hired man in the store. We all like him real well. I have a little dog, Trip. He can sit up and stand upon his hind feet, and wants to talk, he does try so hard.

CULICAGO, TENNESSEE.

As I take this nice paper I will write you a little letter. I am going to school the seventh of the girls take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am always glad to get a new number. I have five dolls, and I think they are enough to play with. I play with them in vacation very often, but when my school comes I have to put them up. I don't have any time. I put them away in my closet, so I can't go to school. I don't like my teacher very much. She is very good to us. I will close, hoping my letter will be printed. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

PEARL W.

I shall expect to hear of a Little Housekeeper's Club in your school, Pearl.

SPRING CITY, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, NEVADA.

As I have never seen a letter from Spring City, I thought I would write to you. I have two brothers and a sister older than I am. I have a great many pets. I live six miles from Paradise and six miles and a half from Spring City. My papa is superintendent of the Paradise Valley Mining Company. We live in the city. The mine is at Spring City. It is vacation now, but school will begin next Monday. I will be very glad, as we have had six weeks' vacation. My brother, my nephew, and I go to Paradise to school. My teacher gave HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to me as a prize, January, 1884.

LIZZIE M. (aged 14).

HALE COUNTY, ALABAMA.

I am a boy, and will be thirteen next birthday. I have one cow that I bought with my own money. I want a bird very badly. I do not like to go to school here; he has been teaching three weeks ago, and can not walk yet except on crutches. My oldest sister goes to Marion to school. I have a gun my father gave me last year. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, and like it ever so much.

R. W. C.

PRAIRIE DU SAC, WISCONSIN.

I have six sisters—three brothers and three sisters; one is older than I, and the rest are younger. My father is the principal of a High School, and teaches 30 pupils from here; he has been teaching all the time for twenty-three years. We stay on the farm with mamma, because we like the country best. We have a span of ponies named Gypsy and Topsy, and two cats named Blossom and Beauty, and we have a cat, pure white, with three white kittens and one black-and-white one.

We take four papers, Harper's Young People, Youth's Companion, Pansy, and Our Little Ones; I call HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE mine.

Your twelve-year-old subscriber,

MYRA O. H.

PENSACOLA, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy nearly twelve years old. I have two sisters. Both girls and boys tell me that my baby brother. All the girls and boys tell me that

their pets; I have ten cats and three little chickens. On our ranch we have ten horses and over a hundred cows. We live by the ocean, where I like to play and gather shells. I go to school, where there are four scholars, and study reading, spelling, history, arithmetic, and geography. The 'coons are destroying our corn; please tell me how to catch them. I saw a deer the other day on the mountain. I am making a quilt very large enough to take in twenty or thirty quail, and not be crowded at all. My sister takes St. Nicholas. I do not like it as well as I do Young People, which I have taken for years. I would like to see this letter in print, if you think it is good enough.

ISA S.

The boys must look to their laurels. This week's Post-office Box is quite occupied by the girls. Will you not let me have a number of letters from the young gentlemen before another week rolls around? Favors are acknowledged from Hattie L., Grace H., William W. F., Grace P. F., J. R. B., and Mabel P.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in wall, but not in door.
My second is in rain, but not in pour.
My third is in sold, but not in bought.
My fourth is in hauled, and also in brought.
My fifth is in iron, but not in lead.
My sixth is in lunge, but not in bed.
My seventh is in gun, but not in shot.
My eighth is in kettle, and also in pot.
My ninth is in son, but not in daughter.
My tenth is in wine, but not in water.
My whole is a city fair to see.

On the banks of a river bright,
Can you find out its name and tell it to me
Before early candle-light?

BELLA HIRSHFIELD.

NO. 2.

FOUR EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A part of the body. 3. Heathen. 4. Hastened. 5. A consonant.

H. R. WATSON.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Something the baby can do.

3. A color. 4. Consonant. 5. A letter.

3.—1. A letter. 2. Skill. 3. A small seed. 4. A metal. 5. A letter.

4.—1. A letter. 2. To strike. 3. Not wrong. 4. An article. 5. A letter.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

NO. 3.

SQUARE WORD.

1. One's dwelling-house. Spoken, not written.
3. Armor. 4. A girl's name.

NO. 4.

REHAEADS.

1. I am an article of food—behead me, and I am perused. 2. I am a vessel—behead me, and I am part of the body. 3. I am a cage—behead me, and I am a field overgrown with shrubs. 4. I am hurtful—behead me, and I am as much as the arms can hold. 5. I am the mark of a wound—behead me, and I am a railway carriage.

FLORENCE SIMPSON.

NO. 5.

PIED CITIES.

1. Oshkosh. 2. Eau Claire. 3. Hemesmi. 4. Frotshar. 5. Itasca. 6. Odessa. 7. Esau. 8. Hummel. 9. Iaspain. 10. Orma. 11. Kotof. 12. Egvnia. 13. Esmia. 14. Yauba.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 259.

No. 1.—Nicaragua. The letter I. Ivory.

No. 2.—T A S T E B R A I N
A L T O R A I N
T O L E R A N
E N

No. 3.—M T G
R M O P E D B O R E S
R A P H A E L G E N E R A L
T E A S E T E R S E
E Y E L E

No. 4.—Androscooggin.

We receive answers to puzzles have been received from S. M. Feilheimer, S. A. Lowe, Henry Dewey, Henry Allen, J. R. B., and J. R. B. Condu. Lavinia C. Bacon, Charlie Davis, Edna Douglass, Allen Gibson, T. C. D. Emile Todgers, Asche, Bertha Gardiner, Grace P. Ford, and William W. Ford.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



HOME FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

BY MRS. EYTINGE.

WE'VE just come home from the sea-shore—
 Been there since the first of July—
 And we've had lots of fun, I can tell you,
 My dear Kitty baby and I.
 We've found the most beautiful pebbles,
 We've rolled in the jolliest sand,
 And I am as brown as a chestnut,
 And the baby is dreadfully tanned.

THE CHERUBIC INFANTRY.

BY G. B. BARTLETT,

AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

A LONG dining-table is placed across the end of any room, covered with a large table-cloth reaching to the floor in front; six bowls, with a spoon in each, are arranged in a row, and a child's rattle lies at the right side of each bowl. Six chairs are placed in a line on the floor behind the table, and on these the infantry are seated. For this company boys or girls are chosen, those with the roundest faces and largest arms being preferred. Each child is dressed like a baby by tying around the shoulders a sheet, through the hem of which a string is run, and the whole is kept in place by a sash around the waist. The arms should be bare, and the head covered with a close cap made of paper muslin, with a ruffle on the front edge.

While the children are taking their seats the whole table is concealed by a long shawl, which is held by two persons. When all are ready, the shawl is dropped, and the infantry are discovered, the first one with the chin resting on its hands, which lie on the table, the next with its chin in the right hand, the elbow of the right arm resting on the table. The direction for all movements must be given in a whisper by the child at the left of the line. As all action must be simultaneous, these orders are given twice, and the children always wait for the repetition before obeying them. The following suggestions are given for a single concert:

All sit up and sing a chorus, at the end of which they all eat imaginary bread and milk, keeping exact time to the former tune with their spoons in the bowls. All sing another song, and keep time with their rattles, and then all drop asleep, each one resting his head on the left shoulder of the next, excepting the last, who rests his head on his own right shoulder. All wake, rub their eyes, yawn, and sing, performing each action in unison. All join in a crying chorus, and then in a laughing one, and finish the concert with a good-night song. Any songs or choruses which the children have learned at school can be introduced here. A very funny one will be found by singing the well-known words of

"Mary had a little lamb; its fleece was white as snow,"

to the tune of "The Battle-cry of Freedom," and introducing the usual chorus, "Shouting the battle-cry," etc., immediately after each line of the length given above, until all the words of the poem have been thus used. For the crying chorus that of the song "Villikins and his Dinah" will answer to these words:

"Oh, cry, little babies, oh, join in the bawl;
 At the top of your voices unite in the squall.
 Cry, cry, little babies, with all of your might,
 In the cool of the morning and stillness of night."

While the children are going to sleep any of the well-known lullaby songs can be used; and when they wake, they may use these words, or any others, to the tune of "Bo-peep":

"Arouse from sleep, and take a peep
 At the bright world around you;
 Now open your eyes on bright blue skies,
 For loving friends surround you."



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—No. 263.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"DAISY SPRANG TO HER FEET AND CLAPPED HER HANDS."

DAISY LOVELL'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.
BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"MAMMA," said Daisy Lovell, "may I have the box of water-colors? Please don't ask what I am going to paint," she added, quickly.

"You may have them, Daisy," answered her mother, with a smile; "and although I am very curious, I will not ask a single question."

It was Christmas-eve. The room Daisy and her mother occupied was long and low, with great oak beams across

the ceiling. The windows had deep sills, and there were cupboards built in the corners. Everything in the room was old and almost worn out, but very neat.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked Daisy, in some surprise, as her mother threw on her cloak.

"I am going to the village to buy a few things," replied her mother. "Mr. and Mrs. King have some business there to-night, and have offered to take me. I shall be away a long time, perhaps two or three hours. You will not be afraid?"

"Oh no, I shall not, mamma."

"I wish there were some children living near!" said Mrs. Lovell, looking at Daisy thoughtfully.

"So do I, mamma," replied Daisy. "Then I could have a Christmas party, couldn't I?"

Mrs. Lovell passed her hand over Daisy's hair gently without speaking.

"Oh, mamma," said Daisy, suddenly, "I saw Mr. Ashleigh's sleigh go by just before dark. It had four gray horses harnessed to it, and each horse had a plume of red and yellow on a silver thing over its head. How lovely they looked! The silver bells around their necks jingled when they tossed their heads, and the plumes waved backward. The sleigh is large enough to hold ten or twelve people, but there was no one in it but old Mr. Ashleigh, bundled up in the big white fur robes. I was crossing the bridge when they came past, and I watched them go up the steep hill on the other side. Where do you think they were going, mamma?"

"I think he must have been going to Plattsburg to meet the train," replied her mother; "for every Christmas-eve Mr. Ashleigh's children come from all directions to spend the holidays with him."

"Why don't they live at home with their father and mother?" asked Daisy.

"I suppose there are too many of them now," said Mrs. Lovell, with a smile.

"Did you ever have any brothers or sisters, mamma?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, dear," replied her mother, moving nearer to the fire, and leaning her head upon her hand sadly.

Daisy moved closer to her mother's side, and began patting her cheek gently.

"Mamma," said she, softly, "what are you thinking about? You look so very, very sorry."

"I was thinking about my brother Alfred," replied her mother. "He was fifteen years older than I, but we loved each other dearly, and he was my constant companion until one day a friend persuaded him to go to Australia. It was Christmas-eve, twenty years ago, that he left home. The wind blew and howled about the house, exactly as it does to-night. He was sitting in this very chair. I remember how I sobbed and cried, and coaxed him not to go. He cried too, poor fellow, as he took me on his knee and kissed me. 'A year will soon pass, Annie,' he whispered. 'I will come back on Christmas-eve; watch for me.'"

"Well, mamma?" asked Daisy as her mother paused.

"I watched for him, dear, not only the next year, but many more. He never came back."

"Was that before grandpapa died?" asked Daisy, softly.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Lovell. "My father and mother died two years after, and I went with my aunt to England, where I was married."

"Then, when papa died, did you come back to your old home because you loved it so?" said Daisy.

"Yes, dear," replied her mother.

"Did Mr. King and Mr. Ashleigh live here when you were a little girl?" asked Daisy.

"Mr. King did," said her mother; "but Mr. Ashleigh's house was built only five years ago."

"Here is the wagon, mamma," cried Daisy, running to open the door. But the wind tore it from her hand and dashed it against the wall.

"Almost blown away, Daisy?" said a man's voice in the darkness. "Is your mother ready, dear?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lovell, hurrying to the door; "but I had no idea we should have such weather as this."

"It is rather sudden," replied Mr. King; "the wind rose after sundown. About an hour ago the big elm at the back of my house was uprooted. We have not had such a gale for years."

"Good-by, Daisy," said her mother.

The little girl kissed her fondly. Then she returned to the warm room, and stood for several minutes thinking over the story of her mother's lost brother. Finally, lifting up the pillow of a lounge, she took out a small box which was concealed there.

"This is the first time in my life," said Daisy to herself, "that I ever remember being glad to be alone; but now I can finish mamma's present without hiding it every moment."

She drew her chair up to the table, and opening the box, took from it a small but very neatly made needle-book. It was intended for a Christmas gift to her mother, and had cost Daisy many hours of hard work before it was completed.

"Now," said Daisy, examining it carefully, "I have nothing to do but stitch this cover and sew on the ribbon. After that I will print mamma's name on a card, so that she will know it is for her."

The ribbon was soon arranged to suit her, and now came the most difficult part of her work.

Daisy wanted to paint the name in different colors, so as to make it look bright and showy. Card after card she tore up and threw away. The letters would *not* come straight. She was quite warm and tired with her efforts, when she discovered that the card in her hand was the last.

"This will have to do, then," said she, with a sigh. "I think mamma can read it, although the letters are all different sizes."

Daisy was just wondering whether a border of red around the card might not improve it, when she heard a strange sound outside. It was something like the roll of heavy wheels or the distant rumbling of thunder.

"Can that be Mr. King's wagon already?" said Daisy, starting up, and hastily thrusting the needle-book into the box. With the card still in her hand, she ran to the door and peeped out.

It was very cold, and Daisy shuddered as she stepped out upon the porch to get a better view of the road, but there was no wagon there. She was about to turn back, when the card she had taken so much pains to paint dropped from her hand, and before she could stoop to pick it up, the wind caught it, whirled it through the air, and she saw it whisked down the road toward the river.

"I must catch it," thought Daisy, "before it is blown into the water."

The road was slippery and white with hard snow, and the card slid and hopped over the glassy surface before Daisy as though it were alive, and always just as she thought she had it, the wind lifted it and bore it away from her outstretched hand.

"I suppose I shall have to go home without it, after all, but I will try once more."

The overhanging rocks on each side of the road in this place cast such black shadows that Daisy could not see an inch before her. So she moved cautiously on until her hand touched the post to which the rail of the bridge was fastened. Then she gave a frightened scream and clung wildly to the post, for instead of stepping upon the planks of the bridge, as she had expected, her foot went down. There was nothing between her and the madly rushing river.

For two or three seconds she struggled hard to regain her footing. At last she succeeded in wedging her heel

firmly into the straggling roots of a tree that projected from between the rocks, then with the aid of the post she drew herself once more into safety.

Slightly bruised and very much frightened, Daisy sat still for a moment to recover her breath. What had happened? she wondered. The bridge was gone, and so was the tall maple that used to stand close by it.

"That must have been the noise I heard," thought Daisy. "I suppose the tree fell upon the bridge and broke it. I am so sorry! That was a pretty maple, and used to be the first to turn red in autumn. I am glad mamma does not have to come this way."

As she scrambled upon her feet her hand touched something soft. Picking it up, she found it to be a long tuft of horse-hair tied at one end.

"I know what it is," she said to herself. "It is one of the tassels I saw swinging from the silver rings over the heads of Mr. Ashleigh's horses. It must have dropped close by me when I saw them pass. I will take—" Suddenly Daisy stood perfectly still and looked back toward the broken bridge. Her heart began to beat very fast, and she turned first hot and then cold; for all at once she remembered that Mr. Ashleigh would certainly return by the road that led over the ruined bridge.

"What shall I do?" thought Daisy. "Four horses, too. Even if the man saw the bridge was gone after he began to come down that hill on the other side, he could never stop them in time. All Mr. Ashleigh's dear little children will be killed on Christmas-eve. Oh! oh!" Daisy began to cry and run as swiftly as she could toward home, for she felt if her mother had returned she could help her save them.

It was in reality but a short distance to her home, but Daisy felt as if she should never reach it. She entered the room breathlessly; it was empty. Looking at the clock, she found that it was half past nine, and her mother had said the party could not arrive before ten.

"Only half an hour," thought Daisy. "What shall I do? There is no time to find any one to help me."

Plan after plan flew through her mind, but none of them was of any use. At last she concluded to build a fire directly before the broken bridge.

Daisy found her little sled, and placing a large basket upon it, heaped it full of dry chips and small logs of wood. While she was busy she kept wondering anxiously if they would understand what the fire meant, and see it in time.

As Daisy went back to the room for some matches, her eye fell upon the paints she had been using.

"There! now I know what I will do!" cried she aloud, snatching up a long thin white curtain that hung by the fire to air. She spread it out upon the smooth oak floor, and fastened it down securely with a number of pins from the big cushion on the table. Then selecting the largest piece of paint, which was a cake of India-ink, she dipped it into a glass of water, and with trembling, hurried fingers printed these words upon the curtain:

DANGER!
THE BRIDGE IS BROKEN.

Daisy drew each letter more than two inches broad, and full as long as her arm, and she made them very black indeed by passing the paint over the letters a great number of times.

Looking at the clock, she found it wanted only ten minutes to ten. So she pulled up the curtain, and threw it over her basket of wood that stood near the door; then tugging her sled after her, she ran toward the river.

When she reached the broken bridge the wind was lower, but the water roared as loudly as ever. Without wasting a minute, Daisy heaped the chips together on a large flat stone close to the bank, and applied a match to them. Presently a slender flame burst out. She then piled on some small logs of wood, and soon a bright fire was

leaping and crackling, making everything around as bright as day. The posts which used to support the hand-rail of the bridge were still standing. They were directly before the fire. So Daisy stretched her curtain between them, and pinned it firmly around them with the pins that still clung to it.

The fire shining through the thin muslin made it perfectly transparent, and the great crooked black letters stood out with wonderful distinctness. The fire also lit up the foaming water and the jagged rocks all around, and threw streams of light on the pieces of broken bridge still clinging to the opposite bank and down the road from which the sleigh must come.

Daisy stood near the fire, watching that no spark reached her signal, glancing now and then anxiously toward the road.

Presently she began to tremble, for she heard above the noise of the rushing water a shout and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Then far off up the steep road Daisy saw, coming swiftly as the wind, the four gray horses and a loaded sleigh.

The silver bells and the silver-mounted harness flashed in the fire-light. The driver was standing up, tugging at the reins with both hands, and from all sides of the sleigh protruded frightened white faces.

"It is too late!" cried Daisy, as she saw the leading horses, with their feet planted against the steep slippery ground, slide down toward the broken bridge.

She covered her eyes with her hand and sank down near the fire. She knew she could not bear to see all the dear little children dashed into the black water.

But instead of hearing screams of fright and horror, Daisy heard a man's voice shouting, "Hallo! hallo! who is that on the other side?"

Peeping through her fingers, she saw that two gentlemen were holding the horses' heads, and all the people in the sleigh were standing up, looking toward her.

"Who are you?" shouted the same voice again.

Daisy sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

After all, they were safe. But she could see no children; the sleigh was filled with grown people.

"Why, it is a little girl!" cried the other gentleman, in astonishment.

Then he pointed to the letters on the curtain, and shouted, "Who did that?"

Daisy motioned to herself, and grew very red, for she felt ashamed of the great uneven words.

"Are you alone?" cried he.

Daisy nodded, and although she knew her voice could not be heard, said, "I must go home now; mamma will be frightened about me."

As she turned away, the driver called out, "Is that Daisy Lovell?"

Daisy nodded her head again and then ran off, for all the ladies and gentlemen took up her name, and cried, "Thank you, Daisy—dear little Daisy Lovell," and waved their handkerchiefs and hats to her.

"Such a fuss!" said Daisy to herself, as she dragged her sled home. "Any one could have done what I did."

As Daisy stepped upon the porch, her mother opened the door, looking very much alarmed.

"Here I am, mamma!" cried Daisy.

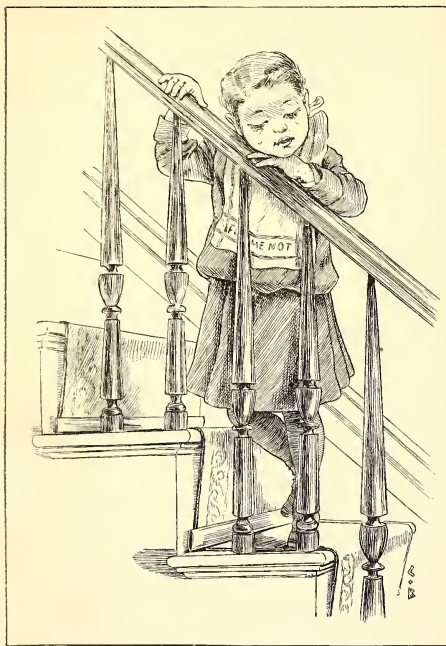
"What have you been doing, child?" asked her mother.

"I am afraid, mamma, you will think I have been in mischief," replied Daisy; "for I have spoiled your clean window-curtain, and left the big basket down by the river."

"Come in at once and tell me what you mean, Daisy," said her mother. "Your hands are as cold as ice, and you are trembling all over."

"That is because I am so tired, mamma," replied Daisy.

Her mother closed the door, and sitting down in the



"CAN I COME DOWN, MAMMA? I'LL BE DOOD."

rocking-chair before the fire, lifted Daisy upon her lap, and said, "Now tell me all about it, dear."

Then Daisy related her evening's adventure. She had scarcely finished when they heard the jingling of sleigh-bells in the road, and in a moment more a loud knock sounded on the hall door.

Daisy followed her mother as she opened it. Old Mr. Ashleigh stood on the step, and behind him a number of ladies and gentlemen.

"Has Daisy returned home?" inquired Mr. Ashleigh.

"Yes, she is here," replied Mrs. Lovell, leading Daisy forward.

In a moment she was surrounded by what seemed to her a large crowd of people, and kissed and caressed by all of them at once.

Daisy looked in vain for the boys and girls, but there was none. Soon she began to understand that these grown-up people were Mr. Ashleigh's children, and felt very much disappointed. Presently she heard Mr. Ashleigh invite her mother to their Christmas dinner. "We will try to make it pleasant for Daisy," said he, "although there will be no other little ones. The weather was so severe that my grandchildren remained at home."

While he was speaking, one of the gentlemen, the one that had spoken to Daisy across the river, made his way silently through the group in the hall, and going into the front room, looked around sadly. Then Daisy, who had been watching him, saw him seat himself in her mother's rocking-chair, and cover his eyes with his hand. She thought he must be very cold. But she forgot all about him when Mr. Ashleigh and the others began to bid her and her mother good-by.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Daisy as the sleigh drove off, "Mr. Ashleigh has forgotten one of his children."

Mrs. Lovell hurried into the room.

The gentleman still sat with his eyes fixed upon the fire.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Lovell, "but the sleigh has gone without you."

"It is of no consequence," said the gentleman, starting up quickly. "I will walk. I am not one of Mr. Ashleigh's family. I met him at the station, and when he understood that I wished to reach Mr. King's house to-night, he offered me a seat in his sleigh."

"I am afraid you will have some difficulty in finding Mr. King's house, it is so very dark."

"Oh no," replied the stranger. "I lived here years ago, and nothing seems changed." He looked around the room slowly as he spoke, first at the tall clock, and then at the other furniture, until his eyes rested on the chair near the fire.

Daisy felt her mother's hand tremble in hers, and looking up into her face, saw that she was very white, and that her eyes were fixed on the stranger's face.

Presently she heard her whisper, "Alfred! Alfred! is it really you?"

"Who called my name?" cried the gentleman, starting, and looking intently at Daisy's mother.

"Don't you remember your sister Annie?" cried Mrs. Lovell, springing forward.

"Annie! Annie! have I found you again?" cried he, clasping his sister in his arms.

Daisy sat down on the floor and cried, she did not know what for; but it was not long before she found herself seated on her new-found uncle's knee.

"I should never have seen you again, Annie, but for this little darling," said he, kissing Daisy again.

"You promised mamma that you would come home on Christmas-eve, didn't you?" said Daisy, looking at her mother's happy face, and then at her uncle, whom she felt sure she should soon love dearly.

"And I kept the promise, thanks to you, dear," replied he.

They sat together talking until it was almost morning. And he told them how he had fallen ill just as he was about to return from Australia, how he had just recovered when news came that his parents and only sister were dead, and so staid on working hard and trying to forget his sorrow until long years passed and he became a rich man. Then suddenly a great longing to see his old home came over him, so he determined to visit his native land once more.

"It seems almost too strange to be true," said he. "I came here expecting to find all I loved dead, and first I am saved from a terrible death by my own little niece, and then I find you, Annie, waiting for me in the very room I left you in twenty years ago."

When Daisy went to bed that night she thought over all that had happened in a few hours, and wondered if any one in the world had ever such a strange Christmas-eve.

The next morning Daisy presented her mother with the needle-book, which was very much admired. In the evening, Daisy, her mother, and her uncle went to Mr. Ashleigh's dinner party, and although she was the only child there, Daisy enjoyed herself greatly. As they were about to return home every one presented her with a gift in remembrance of her timely aid.

Now every Christmas-eve Mr. Ashleigh gives a party in remembrance of the rescue at the broken bridge, and Daisy is the most honored guest.

Since the day of his return Daisy's new-found uncle has resided in his old home. The house is very little changed, but the grounds have been extended until they take in that part of the river where the bridge fell in, and are now so improved and beautified that they resemble a wonderful park.

WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE ELMER MILL AND FERRY COMPANY."

MR. ELMER made careful inquiries concerning the mill about which Mark had told him, and found that it was the only one within twenty miles of Wakulla. He was told that it used to do a flourishing business before the bridge was carried away, and things in that part of the country went to ruin generally. Both Mr. Bevil and Mr. Carter thought that if there was any way of getting over to it, the mill could be made to pay, and were much pleased at the prospect of having it put in running order again.

Mr. March having been a mill-owner, and thoroughly understanding machinery, visited the one in question with Mr. Elmer, and together they inspected it carefully. They found that it contained old-fashioned but good machinery for grinding corn and ginning cotton, but none for sawing lumber. Only about thirty feet of the dam had been carried away, and it could be repaired at a moderate expense. Mr. March said that by raising the whole dam a few feet the water-power would be greatly increased, and would be sufficient to run a saw in addition to the machinery already on hand. He also said that he knew of an abandoned saw-mill a few miles up the river, the machinery of which was still in a fair condition, and could be bought for a trifle.

The result of what he saw and heard was that Mr. Elmer decided the investment to be a good one, and at once took the necessary steps toward purchasing the property.

This decision pleased Mark and Jan greatly, and they began to think that they were men of fine business ability, or, as Mark said, were "possessed of long heads."

That evening a meeting of the "dusty millers," as Ruth called them, was held in the "Go Bang" sitting-room.

Mr. Elmer addressed the meeting, and proposed that they form a mill company with a capital of one thousand dollars, and that the stock be valued at one hundred dollars a share.

This proposition met with general approval, though Mark whispered to Ruth that he didn't see how father was going to make a thousand dollars' worth of capital out of five hundred unless he watered the stock.

"Now," said Mr. Elmer, after the formation of a company was agreed upon, "what shall the association be called?"

Many names were suggested, among them that of "The Great Southern Mill Company," by Mark, who also proposed "The Florida and Wakulla Milling Association." Finally Mr. March proposed "The Elmer Mill Company," and after some discussion this name was adopted.

Meantime Mr. Elmer had prepared a sheet of paper which he handed round for signatures, and when it was returned to him it read as follows:

THE ELMER MILL COMPANY.

WAKULLA, FLORIDA, January 10, 1884.

The undersigned do hereby promise to pay into the capital stock of The Elmer Mill Company, upon demand of its Treasurer, the sums placed opposite their respective names:

Mark Elmer.....	\$200
Ellen R. Elmer.....	200
Mark Elmer, Jun.....	100
Ruth Elmer.....	100
Harold March.....	100
Jan Jansen.....	100



"ARMED WITH LONG POLES, THEY PUSHED OFF."

After these signatures had been obtained, Mr. March said that he had a proposition to lay before the company. It was that he should superintend the setting up of the mill machinery and its running for one year, for which service he should receive a salary of one hundred dollars. He also said that if the company saw fit to accept this offer he would at once subscribe the one hundred dollars salary to its capital stock in addition to the sum already set opposite his name.

This proposition, being put to vote by the chairman, was unanimously accepted, and the amount opposite Mr. March's name on the subscription list was changed from one hundred dollars to two hundred dollars.

Then Mr. Elmer said that he wished to lay some propositions before the company. One of them was that if they would accept of the ferry franchise he had recently obtained, he would present it as a free gift. He also wished to propose to Mr. March and Master Frank March that they should build the ferry-boat, for which he would furnish the material. To the company he further proposed that if Mr. Frank March would agree for the sum of one hundred dollars to run the ferry-boat for one year from the time it was launched, his name should at once be placed upon the subscription list, and he be credited with one share of stock.

All of these propositions having been accepted, the name of Frank March was added to the list, and the books were declared closed.

Mr. Elmer said that the next business in order was the election of officers, and he called for nominations.

Mrs. Elmer caused Mark to blush furiously by speaking of him in most flattering terms as originator of the scheme, and nominating him as President of the company.

The list of officers as finally prepared and submitted to the meeting was as follows:

President	Mark Elmer, Jun.
Vice-President and General Manager	Mark Elmer, Sen.
Treasurer	Ellen R. Elmer.
Secretary	Ruth Elmer.
Superintendent of Mills	Harold March.
Superintendent of Ferries	Frank March.

And a Board of Directors, to consist of Jan Jansen, Esq., and the officers of the company *ex-officio*.

This ticket being voted upon as a whole and unanimously elected, Mr. Elmer resigned his chair to the newly made President, who gravely asked if there was any further business before the meeting.

"Mr. President," said Mr. March, "I wish to move that the name Elmer Mill Company, which we recently adopted, be changed so as to read, 'Elmer Mill and Ferry Company.'"

"All right," said the President; "you may move it."

"I second the motion," said Mr. Elmer, laughing, "and call for the question."

"Nobody's asked any," said Mark, looking rather bewildered.

"I mean, Mr. President, that I call upon you to lay the motion just made by our distinguished Superintendent of Mills, and seconded by myself, before the meeting, that they may take action upon it."

"Oh," said Mark; and remembering how his father had done it, he put the motion very properly, announced that the yeas had it, and that the name of the company was accordingly changed.

Then the President made an address, in which he said: That, after a most careful examination into the affairs of The Elmer Mill and Ferry Company, he was able to report most favorably as to its present condition. He found that they owned valuable mill buildings and machinery, and had contracted for a ferry-boat, which was to be built immediately, and which had been paid for in advance. He also found that the two salaried officers of the company,

the Superintendent of Mills and the Superintendent of Ferries, had been paid one year's salary in advance.

In spite of these outlays, he was informed by the Treasurer that a cash balance of three hundred dollars remained, and he congratulated the stockholders of the company upon its healthy and flourishing condition.

This address was received with prolonged applause.

Before the meeting adjourned it was decided that the election of officers should be held annually, and that the Board of Directors should meet once a month.

A meeting of this board was held immediately upon the adjournment of the meeting of stockholders, and the General Manager was instructed to purchase saw-mill machinery, and to begin the rebuilding of the dam at once.

"Well, Ruth," said Mark, after all this business had been transacted, "now we *are* property owners sure enough; that newspaper was about right, after all."

After the others had gone to bed Mr. Elmer and Mr. March talked for some time together, and this conversation resulted in the latter agreeing to move to Wakulla, and build a small house for himself and Frank on Mr. Elmer's land. He told Mr. Elmer that meeting him and his family had given him new ideas of life, and aroused a desire for better things both for himself and his son.

The Sunday-school was well attended the next Sunday; and as Mr. Elmer had brought a package of song-books with him from Tallahassee, the scholars learned to sing several of the songs, and seemed to enjoy them very much.

Monday was a rainy day, but as a rough shed had been built to serve as a workshop, the ferry-boat was begun. On it Mr. March laid out enough work to keep all hands busy except Frank, who was still confined to the house.

The rain fell steadily all that week, until the Elmers no longer wondered that bridges and dams were swept away in that country, and Mark said that if it did not stop soon they would have to build an ark instead of a ferry-boat.

As a result of the rainy week, the boat was finished, the seams were caulked and pitched by Saturday night, and it was all ready to be launched on Monday.

By that time the rain had ceased, and the weather was again warm and beautiful.

On Monday morning Frank March left the house for the first time since he had been carried into it, and was invited to take a seat in the new boat. The mules were then hitched to it, and it was dragged in triumph to the edge of the river. It was followed by the whole family, including Aunt Chloe and Bruce, who had shown great delight at meeting his old master, Mr. March, and appeared to be ready to make up and be friends again with Frank, who had treated him so cruelly.

At the water's edge the mules were unhitched, a long rope was attached to one end of the boat, stout shoulders were placed under the pry poles, and with a "Heave 'o!" and another, and still another," it was finally slid into the water amid loud cheers from the assembled spectators. These cheers were answered from the other side of the river, where nearly the whole population of Wakulla had assembled to see the launch.

Mark and Frank begged so hard to be allowed to take the boat across the river on a trial trip that Mr. Elmer said they might. Armed with long poles, they pushed off, but in a moment were swept down-stream by the strong current in spite of all their efforts, and much to the dismay of Mrs. Elmer, who feared they were in danger.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said her husband; "they are not in any danger in that boat. It will teach them a good lesson on the strength of currents, and they'll soon fetch up on one bank or the other."

They did "fetch up" on the opposite side of the river

after a while, but it was half a mile down-stream. When they got the boat made fast to a tree both boys were too thoroughly exhausted to attempt to force it back to Wakulla.

Just as they had decided to leave the boat where she was and walk back through the woods, they heard a shout out on the river, and saw Jan and a colored man coming toward them in the skiff.

The men took the poles, and the boys, jumping into the skiff, made it fast to the bow of the boat with a tow-line; and, by keeping close to the bank, they finally succeeded, after two hours' hard work, in getting back to Wakulla. They left the boat on that side of the river for the time being, and all crossed in the skiff.

The rest of that day was spent in planting two stout posts, one on each side of the river, close to the old bridge abutments, and in stretching across the river, from one post to the other, a wire cable that Mr. Elmer had bought for this purpose. A couple of iron pulley-wheels, to which strong ropes were attached, were placed on the cable. Its ends were drawn taut by the mules, and anchored firmly in the ground, about twenty-five feet behind each post.

The ropes of the pulley-wheels were made fast to the bow and stern of the boat, and the forward one was drawn up short, while the other was left long enough to allow the boat to swing at an angle to the current. Then the boat was shoved off, and, without any poling, was carried by the force of the current steadily to the other side.

A tin horn was attracted by a light chain to each post, the ferry was formally delivered to Master Frank March, and it was declared open and ready for business.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPOTTED WOLF.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.

"I AM glad my work's done, for it will be an ugly night," said Ivan (John) Fedoroff, laying down in a corner of his little log-hut the heavy wooden spade which he had been handling ever since morning. "Masha [Mary], my pet, let us have supper at once. Well, Vania [Johnny], what has Father Osip [Joseph] been teaching you today?"

"Such a pretty story, Tyatya [daddy]," answered a little pale-faced boy. "It was all about Ilia the Strong, who lay sick ever so many years, and then our Lord came in the shape of a pilgrim and cured him, and he went forth with his bow and his great axe, and conquered the 'Nightingale Brigand,' who was wasting the whole country, and became one of the best soldiers of good Prince Vladimir."

"I wish Ilia were alive now," said his mother, setting on the table a big bowl of "kasha" (buckwheat porridge); "he might kill the 'Spotted Wolf' for us."

This Spotted Wolf was a beast of enormous size and strength, which took its name from the ugly scars where-with disease or the sharp teeth of some other wolf had covered its whole body. Summer and winter it kept prowling about and doing mischief, till its name was the terror of every village for miles round.

"Don't talk of the wicked brute," cried Fedoroff; "I never stir out after night-fall without thinking I hear him patting along behind me, all ready to spring at my throat."

"They say there's a reward of twenty rubles [fifteen dollars] offered for its head," said his wife.

"Well, I wish I could earn it," answered Fedoroff, "for then we needn't fret any more about those ten rubles that we want to make up our rent. But what's the use of talking about it? Let's have our supper."

Little Vania had drunk in every word of this conversa-

tion. Twenty rubles (an enormous sum in *his* eyes) to be gained by killing a wolf, which his hero, Ilia the Strong, would have done with a single blow! Oh, if he were only as strong as Ilia!

The next afternoon Vania went into the wood to gather mushrooms. It was a fine warm day, and by degrees he got deeper and deeper into the forest, until at length he came to a place which he had never seen before. It was a deep hollow, shut in on every side by thick and lofty trees, while in the middle stood a half-ruined log-cabin, all overgrown with moss and weeds. The greater part of the roof had fallen in long ago, but the walls were still sound, and the heavy door was fast shut and barred. Who had lived there, or why it had been deserted, no one knew. The spot had a bad name among the peasants, and nobody cared to go near it after dark.

But the sight of the splendid mushrooms which were growing all around it by scores drove everything else out of Vania's head. He was so eager to fill his basket with them that he never noticed how fast the sun was sinking, and never heard the warning rustle among the bushes behind him, as there crept stealthily forth from the green leaves the sharp, cruel muzzle, yellow eye, and gaunt, scarred body of the Spotted Wolf.

Vania saw the monster only just in time. As he sprang at a bough overhead, and whisked himself up into the tree by it, the huge gray body shot up into the air after him like a rocket, and the great white teeth snapped together within an inch of his flesh. But seeing his prey out of reach, the wolf lay down at the foot of the tree, as if meaning to starve him into surrender.

This was a terrible sight for poor Vania, who, tired as he already was, felt that he could not long keep his seat on that narrow slippery branch, upon which there was little enough hold for him at best. But as he looked despairingly around him, his eye caught sight of a long thick bough that shot out from the other side of the tree right over the roofless cabin. If he could only creep along it and drop down inside the hut he would be safe; and in another instant he had done so.

The moment the wolf saw him disappear it sprang forward with a savage howl, and leaped up against the sides of the hut again and again. But the height was too great, and it fell back every time.

Meanwhile Vania, thinking himself safe now, was just beginning to nibble a hunch of black bread which he had pocketed before starting, when suddenly the fiery eyes, grinning teeth, and frothy tongue of the wolf came right through the wall close to his face. Then he thought that all was over, and screamed with all his might.

But in another moment he saw that the wolf itself was in a "bad fix." Spying a window-hole, it had tried to squeeze through, and had stuck fast midway, the ragged ends of the decaying logs holding it so tightly that it could neither move forward nor back.

Seeing his enemy thus trapped and helpless, Vania began to think whether it might not be possible to kill him somehow, and earn the reward after all. True, he had no weapon; but he was not long at a loss. Scrambling up on to what was left of the roof, he began to push with all his strength at a heavy beam that lay close to the edge. It shook—it moved—it turned quite over—and then down it crashed right upon the wolf's exposed back. One sharp yell rang through the silent forest, and the terrible "Spotted Wolf" was harmless for evermore.

Just then a loud shout made Vania look round, and there stood his father and two or three other peasants who had come up in search of him just in time to witness his exploit. The whole village crowded round Fedoroff's hut that evening to see the wolf's head and hear the story, and they all agreed that Vania had well earned the reward which the Pristav (District Commissioner) himself paid him the very next day.



GOING TO THE FAIR.

HERE is little Wilhelmine ready for the fair—
Shining pins and snowy hood upon her flaxen hair;
Golden beads around her neck, worn with modest pride;
Dainty shawl by mother's hand very primly tied.

Mother says that Peterkin, Gretchen and Katrine,
Hans the bold and steady, must care for Wilhelmine.
What can make them linger? Mina calls them slow:
If they'd never been before, they'd be wild to go.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT MAKING A FUSS.

THERE are people who never do the least thing without such a fuss, so many words and questions, and so much needless bother, that they tire out themselves and

everybody else. If they have a ferry to cross, you would think they were going to Europe. If a pin pricks them, you would fancy from the outcry that they had been cut by a knife. They keep the house in a sort of hubbub from morning till night.

There are others who contrive to go through the days and weeks quietly. They bear illness and pain very gently and patiently. When they have a task to learn or a little work to do, they set about it quickly and silently, and keep at it till they have finished it. It is a real comfort to be with them.

There are very few things, my dears, about which it is worth while to make a fuss. Please remember that. Not long since I found Julius in a state of great vexation because he thought his name had been left out on the programme for the school exhibition, at which he was to perform on the violin. He had spent months in the study of his piece, and now the Professor intended to rob him of the honor which belonged to him, and give the place to Sidney.

Julius talked and fretted and fumed, and I listened and knitted, and tried to calm him. Presently the programmes arrived, and there was Julius announced as the first violinist of the occasion, and Sidney as the second. All his annoyance had been about nothing.

I sometimes have a great deal of fun all by myself watching the ways of the sparrows. They fly about, and chatter, and quarrel, and seem to be playing *Much Ado About Nothing* from morning to night. The robins I watched last summer in a maple-tree were much steadier, better-behaved birdies, and their songs were twice as sweet as the sparrows' vulgar chirping.

There is a long word which I like, and which I know you will let me use if I tell you what it means. Efficient. An efficient person is a person whose work amounts to something worth doing.

A young friend of mine, named May, is shut into the house much of the time through illness. But when I go to see

her, she never frowns, or laments that she can not go about as other girls do. On the contrary, she always has a flower or a picture to show me. Sometimes, when quite well, she has learned a new tune, and plays it very sweetly, and the last time I paid her a visit she had just set the last stitches in a dress for her sister. May is efficient, not fussy.

Some people are often in a state of mind about their crimps, or their frizzes, or their dress. If the hat is a little out of style, they fancy that all the world gazes on it in wonder. If their dress does not precisely satisfy them, they can think of nothing else. Poor things! The truth is that in this busy world very few of us are so important that our dress, if neat and in order, needs give us much concern.

You have heard the homely saying about men who spend all day "running round in a half-bushel." That is the way with fussy, fidgety men and women. All men and women, of course, were once boys and girls, and they then began to be what they now are. So mind beginnings.



"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

II.—THE UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

THE fears of the natives having been quite put to rest and breakfast disposed of, the visitors asked the Captain to "send one of his men with them to the King as a specimen." Captain Wilson requested his brother, Mr. Matthias Wilson, to undertake this errand, with instructions to make as favorable an impression as possible. Mr. Wilson took with him as presents some blue broadcloth, a canister of tea, a parcel of sugar-candy, and a jar of rusks, which was added at the special desire of one of the visitors, Raa Kook, who, being the King's brother, understood his Majesty's tastes.

Raa Kook staid behind with his new friends in the tent which they had set up, and enjoyed himself immensely. He proved from first to last a most excellent fellow, very honorable and upright, but of an unbounded curiosity. Nothing escaped his notice. He volunteered his personal assistance to everything that was going on, "and even wished to aid the cook in blowing up the fire." In his great desire to imitate the new-comers, he even sat up at table as they did, instead of squatting.

In the mean time Mr. Matthias Wilson was having quite as exciting a time of it as Raa Kook, only in a passive instead of an active way. The King received him graciously, and gave him a mat to sit upon, which he found rather inconvenient, as he had never been a tailor. His Majesty took to the sugar-candy so very kindly that he left the visitor to other people. "Taking off his hat by accident, the whole assemblage was struck with astonishment, upon which he unbuttoned his waistcoat and took off his shoes," to their unbounded satisfaction. He had a supper of shell-fish and yams, and was shown to a sleeping-place; but as eight men presently arose and began to make huge fires on either side of him, he did not rest very comfortably, being fully persuaded in his own mind that he had fallen amongst cannibals, and was about to be roasted. However, he met with no harm, and returned to his friends in safety.

Notwithstanding these proofs of the peaceable disposition of the natives, Captain Wilson never relaxed his precautions, the camp being nightly guarded by nine sentinels, and every one prepared for action should things turn out badly. Except, however, that some natives got on board the wreck, and, breaking into the doctor's stores, drank some medicine, the effect of which alarmed them exceedingly, our castaways had nothing to complain of in the conduct of their new allies.

The King himself presently paid a royal visit, his canoe advancing between four others, the men in which splashed the water with their paddles in a triumphal arch over his head, and blew conch-shells like mermen. The Captain and he embraced and fraternized. His Majesty was no better clothed than the rest, but carried a hatchet of iron over his shoulder, whereas those of his subjects were of shell. He came with several chiefs and three hundred men, and as each chief fixed his eye upon some one person, the latter thought that he was to be his watcher's prisoner, and perhaps to become his food; "but so far from this being the case, it was intended that each person should be the friend and guest of the chief who had singled him out."

What the King had heard of from his brother, and was wild to witness, was the effect of fire-arms. When a musket was discharged the natives testified the most extraordinary surprise, but when a swivel was fired (a six-pounder) they thought it was the end of the world. Raa Kook, who was commander-in-chief of the forces, drew his Majesty's attention to a grindstone which he had learned to work, and delighted him with its rapid motion; he also blew the bellows to make up the fire. His royal brother

fell on his neck and wept as though he had now seen everything, and could die happy.

What in the end probably won the monarch's good-will above everything was that now and again Captain Wilson lent a few men to him—with muskets—to help him in the wars in which he was constantly engaged with the neighboring islanders. Wherever the "make-thunders" were heard, victory declared herself upon that side, and the alliance between the castaways and their hosts grew very firm in consequence. Orooloon, as the castaways' island was called, became almost as familiar to the King as his own Pelew, and the most intimate friendship sprang up between the natives and the visitors. The Captain, in his turn, visited Pelew, and was made royally welcome. They gave him pigeons, which were reserved for the members of the King's family only, and he was introduced to the King's wives, who seemed to pass their lives in making sweet drinks and mats, and in rubbing themselves with some kind of ointment.

Under no circumstances, however, do I think the Englishmen would have met with any harm. Even when they announced their intention of building a ship out of the timbers of the *Antelope* and sailing home, the King, though he must bitterly have regretted the loss of his allies, made no objections, and his amazement at the size and progress of this vessel was extraordinary.

The *Antelope*, though it could never float again, still stuck on the coral reef on which it had struck. Its nails and planks and upper sheathing were all laid under contribution for the new ship, which was constructed on a sort of dry-dock, made with infinite pains and skill. On the 3d of November they began to cut down trees for blocks and launching ways. All were in the highest spirits at the prospect of getting home and seeing their friends, who would probably have given them up for lost, save one of the seamen, Madau Planchard, who announced his intention of remaining with his new friends. As no arguments could persuade him to the contrary, the Captain made a merit of leaving him behind them with his "make-thunder" and plenty of ammunition. This man turned out badly. After his companions departed he left off clothing, sunk into a savage, and was killed in a battle with his new sovereign's enemies.

When the vessel was painted, Raa Kook himself, who thought he had a taste for decoration, insisted upon ornamenting its stern. "What the ornaments were intended for could not, however, be discovered." When the launch was effected the Captain gave a great entertainment to his allies. The King came as to a picnic, with nine of his wives, and a little daughter to whom he was devoted. They were feasted on fish, and rice mixed with molasses, which they relished, as they did all sweet things, immensely. Then the King informed the Captain that he intended to make him a "Rupek" (chief of the highest rank), and invest him with the order of the Bone.

Raa Kook, taking the ornament, anointed the Captain's hand with oil, and after great efforts, during which the most solemn silence was preserved, squeezed it on. Then the King told him that it should be "rubbed bright every day, be defended valiantly, and not suffered to be torn from his arm but with loss of life."

Lastly, the King had a favor to ask which is quite without parallel in the history of a savage people. Touched with the kindness of the English, and deeply impressed with their wisdom and sagacity, he expressed his determination to send his second son, Lee Boo, to England, under the Captain's protection, there to be educated and instructed. Raa Kook himself, it appeared, had wanted to go, but being the next heir to the throne (for succession in Pelew went from brother to brother, and not from father to son), his Majesty had refused his consent. A nephew of the King had also wished to accompany the strangers, but the King said his "nephew was a bad man, who

neglected his family, and that he would send no such specimen of his own people to give a bad impression of them."

The English left the jolly-boat behind them, their swivels, and many other things, in acknowledgment of the hospitality which they had received. They hoisted the English pennant on one of the trees which had sheltered them so long, and to another tree affixed a plate of copper with this inscription: "The Honorable East India Company's ship the *Antelope* was lost on a reef north of this island on the night between the 9th and 10th of August. Henry Wilson, commander, built a vessel, and sailed from hence the 12th day of November, 1783." The King promised that these mementos should remain undisturbed, and he kept his word.

THE VICTIM OF A CAMERA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" "LEFT BEHIND," ETC., ETC.

"TOM! TOM MARSDEN! Come in and have your picture taken; that's a good fellow."

Just at that moment Tommy was busily engaged in a game of marbles with two of his oldest and most confidential friends. It seemed very much as if his cry of, "Knuckleins! Knuckle all at once!" was particularly loud and shrill, as if he was eager to make it appear that he did not hear his brother calling him.

"Tom! Tom! I am waiting for you now!"

This time it was a command rather than an entreaty, and so distinctly did it ring out that Master Tommy could not, with the least semblance of truth, pretend that it was unheard.

"I've got to finish this game first," he replied, almost angrily, and his companions looked at him in surprise.

"Goin' to have your picture taken, Tommy?" asked Charlie Hadley, with a tone of envy in his voice.

"Yes, I s'pose I'll have to, or he'll keep up that screechin' all day."

"I'd jest like to have mine taken, 'cause I think it's real fun to sit still an' try not to wink."

"Oh, you do, do you?" and there was no question now as to the angry tone. "Well, I jest wish you had my brother at your house for a week, an' then if you wouldn't want to stick a pin in the man who first found out how to make pictures, I don't know anything at all."

"What do you mean? I don't see as there's anything so awful about it," said Bert Carter, innocently.

"You don't, eh? Well, if you was screeched at to come an' have your picture taken every time you went out-doors, or if you couldn't begin to read a story without havin' your brother say, 'Why will you always curl yourself up into such a ridiculous bundle, Tommy? Keep perfectly still until I get my camera adjusted, an' I'll show you what an awkward position you have assumed; or if, when you wanted to rig your boat, you'd find a camera stuck up in front of you, an' feel somebody pullin' you first one way an' then another so's to take your picture—what would you think? I think it'll get so pretty soon that he'll be makin' me get out of bed nights, so's he can try his camera."

Charlie and Bert had by this time begun to understand that even the art of photography has its victims, and that their friend was one of them. That they fully sympathized with him could be seen by their faces, as he gave further and even more heart-rending accounts of his troubles.

"I'll tell you jest what I'd do," Bert said, as Tommy concluded a very graphic account of his sufferings while trying to pose on his head as an acrobat. "I'd fix his camera so he couldn't take any more pictures for a while. Ain't there something that you can pull out an' hide, so you'd have a little rest before he could fix it up again?"

Tommy was not positive that the camera could be dis-

abled without serious damage, but he thought that it might possibly be arranged. He agreed to study the matter while sitting for the next picture, and Bert and Charlie promised to wait near the corner of the street until he should make his report.

There was a gleam of hope in Tommy's eyes when he went slowly and reluctantly into the house, and it had not been extinguished when he came out, an hour later, looking heated and vexed. True to their promise, Bert and Charlie had waited near the corner, whiling away the time by playing marbles, and before Tommy had fairly gotten out of the house, they both shouted, "Can you do it?—can you do it?"

Tommy made no reply until, with a mysterious air, he had led them some distance down the street, and then he said:

"I'm most sure we can do it, an' Fred's going right down-town, so we'll have a good chance. I don't want to break the camera, 'cause he thinks so much of it, an' it seems mean even to fix it so it can't be used; but what else can I do? It's wearin' me out, havin' my picture taken all the time, an' I've got to look out for myself."

"Of course you have, Tommy," replied Bert, decidedly. "Now tell us what you are going to do."

"Well! You know there is a big screw on the brass end of the camera that is used to get what Fred calls the focus. I watched him while he was making me stand first on one foot an' then on the other, an' I saw that he kept moving that every time he wanted to make a picture. Now what we've got to do is to take that screw out. We must hide it somewhere in the room, 'cause there'd be the tallest kind of a row if we should carry it away and lose it."

The plan was so simple, and apparently so easy to carry out, that but little time was lost in beginning operations. Tommy led his friends into the house at once, all three creeping softly up the stairs, as if they had already begun to feel ashamed of the part they had decided to play, even though it was to save Tommy from being "wore out."

There was nothing to prevent their going to work as soon as they reached Fred's room. The amateur photographer had left the house, and the instrument which had been the cause of so much discomfort to Tommy occupied the same position as when last seen by its victim.

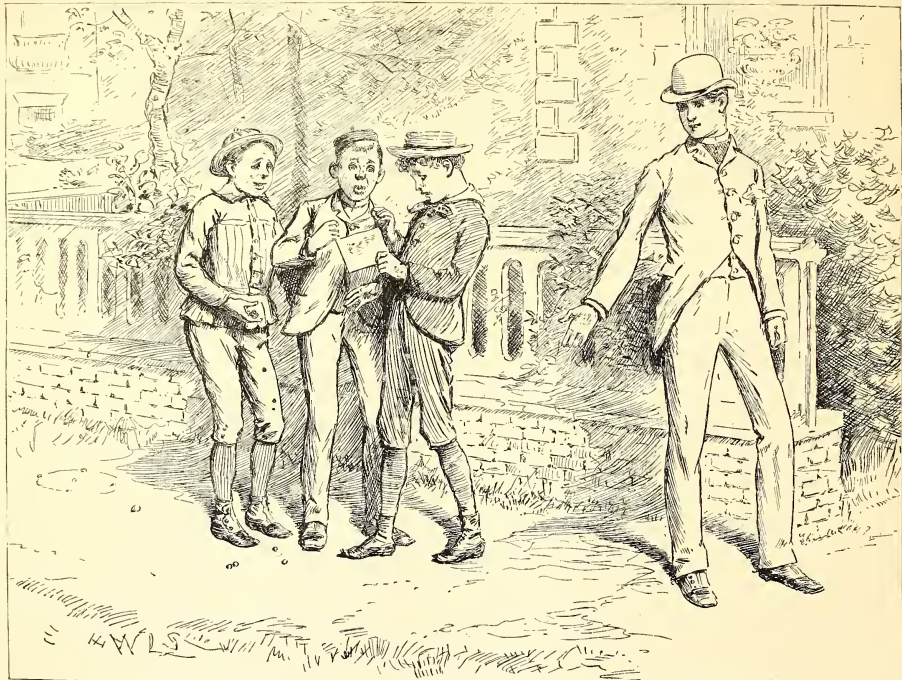
"Here's the screw," said Tommy, as he began to unfasten the burnished piece of brass. "We must hide it as quick as ever we can, for if Fred should come back an' find us here, we'd have a pretty hard time."

Tommy's plan was to drop the screw into a drawer of a table that stood directly in front of the instrument, and which was used as a receptacle of odds and ends. Fred would hardly think of looking in such a place for it, and Tommy might safely hope that two or three days would elapse before it would be found.

Bert, who thought some serious damage should be done to the camera, would not join his companions in such childish work as simply hiding the screw, so he stood gazing at the harmless-looking instrument that had caused his friend so much discomfort. It was just as Charlie and Tommy were covering the screw with the litter in the drawer that Bert, in order to understand the working of the camera more thoroughly, removed the brass cap that covered the lenses, and was examining it intently, when Tommy looked up.

"You mustn't take that off," he said, quickly, "or Fred will be sure to know that we've been up here."

"Don't you s'pose he'll know somebody's been here when he sees that the screw is gone?" replied Bert, indifferently, as he replaced the cap. "I thought you fellows would have spunk enough to fix the thing so's it couldn't take any more pictures; but so long as you're only going to hide the screw where he can find it in half a minute, I guess it won't make any row if I just look at the thing."



"THE GLASS SHOWED THE FIGURES OF TWO BOYS LEANING OVER A TABLE DRAWER."

Charlie had already left the room; Bert followed leisurely, as if to show that the work they had been engaged in was far too innocent to cause him any uneasiness regarding the result, and Tommy closed the door quickly behind him, almost resolved to replace the screw before Fred should discover that the instrument had been tampered with.

But Tommy was prevented from carrying out whatever good intentions he might have had, for hardly were the three conspirators at the corner of the street again when Fred appeared, walking very fast, in order the more quickly to make the picture he had been intent on when he discovered his lack of chemicals.

"Come on, Tommy," he said, cheerily. "I won't ask you for but this one sitting to-day, and to-morrow I'll take you into the country with me, for I'm going to try my hand at out-of-door views."

Tommy felt very uncomfortable just then, and even Bert looked a trifle nervous; but neither made any reply. Fred went into the house, hardly noticing whether his brother was about to comply with his request or not.

For a long time the three guilty ones looked at each other in silence, and then Bert said, with a very feeble attempt at a smile, "It won't be long before he finds out that the screw is missing, an' the sooner we get away from here the better."

"I'm going to stay," said Tommy, decidedly; "an' if Fred asks me any questions, I'm going to tell him what I did. I hadn't any business to meddle with his camera, for I wouldn't want him to do anything like that to my things."

"Gettin' frightened, are you?" asked Bert, with a sneer.

"No, I ain't getting frightened, but I am getting sorry. I sha'n't say a word about you or Charlie; but I'll tell Fred that I did it, and show him where the screw is."

"You needn't take the trouble to do that," said a voice just behind them, that caused all three to start in alarm. It was Fred, who had come up very quietly, and who said, as he held a small square of glass toward Tommy, "I found a picture in the camera when I got back, and after I had developed it, there was no difficulty in finding the missing screw."

The boys' curiosity was greater than their fear, and as Tommy took the square of glass, a decidedly uncomfortable sensation came over them all.

They saw a picture—one that was blurred and distorted, it is true, but yet sufficiently distinct for them to recognize it at once. The glass showed the figures of two boys leaning over a table drawer, and although but a small portion of their faces could be seen, any one would have recognized them as Tom and Charlie. The third figure in the picture was very indistinct; but all three knew that it represented Bert as he lifted the brass cap from the lenses in order to understand more fully the method of using the instrument.

Fred had left his camera ready for use, and the instant the lenses were uncovered by one of the conspirators, the whole scene had been imprinted on the glass. Thus Fred not only knew where to look for the missing piece of brass, but he had the portraits of the mischief-workers.

If the boys did not understand exactly how this evidence against them had been produced, they knew that their secret had been made known in the most unmistakable manner, and they bent their heads very low over the

glass, in order that they might not be obliged to look Fred in the face.

It was several moments before Tommy dared to look up, and then he discovered that they were alone. Fred had left the picture with them, and the lesson all three learned from it was a good one, for from that time the amateur photographer had three models who were always ready to "sit" for him, and each one now realizes fully that it is, at the very least, a mean act to injure that which belongs to another.

THE ARABIAN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

BY FRANK BELLEVUE.

IN the reign of Caliph Haroun Alchesteher there lived in the city of Grabag a poor scribe and minstrel called Singbad. One day, when the weather was very disagreeable, he was seated in his hut trying to write a joyous love-song, and was getting along slowly, with tears in his eyes and feeling very hungry, when suddenly there appeared before him a learned dervish named Edtomas, who opened his mouth and spoke to him, saying, "Oh, Singbad, why this air of sadness? why these tears?"

To which Singbad replied, "Truly, most learned dervish, I am sad for the reason that I have not tasted food all day, nor can I obtain any until I have finished a joyous bridal song."

"Well, look here, old friend," said the dervish; "I have a first-rate puzzle, which will drive away your tears quicker than a wink."

Then Edtomas and Singbad sat down by the table, and Edtomas spread thereon ten square bits of card-board all in a row, each card bearing a number as represented by the upper row in our picture.

"Now," said Edtomas, "I will turn these with their faces down, and you can remove any number of the cards, beginning at No. 1, and add them to the other end of the row, and I will tell you how many of the cards you have moved. You must, however, preserve the order of the numbers like this—5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4. Before commencing, I should tell you that the first time I tell you how many you have moved is not, properly speaking, a part of the puzzle, for I shall look at the last card you lay down; but after that I think I will astonish you. Now, then, do as I have instructed you, and I will leave the room."

When Edtomas had gone, Singbad removed two cards from the left to the right, as represented in the second

row in our picture. The cards were placed face downward, so as to conceal the numbers, which for your guidance are represented in the corners of the two lower rows.

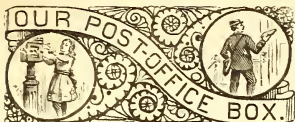
When Edtomas returned to the room he turned over the last card, and saw that it was marked 2, and told Singbad that he had moved two cards. Of course there was nothing wonderful in that. Then he went out of the room again, and Singbad removed three cards from left to right, so that they were arranged as represented by the third row in our picture. When Edtomas was recalled to the room he at once walked up to the cards, and picked out the third one from the end of the row, and holding it up, said, "You have moved three cards."

Singbad was somewhat astonished, but thinking the selection might be merely a happy guess, begged his friend to retire once more. This time Singbad removed five cards from left to right, so that they stood just as they had done at first starting—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. On returning to the room Edtomas at once picked up the sixth card from the right-hand end, and holding it up, said, "You have moved five cards"—which was correct.

"Now," said Edtomas, "I will show you how I perform the trick. When you first moved the cards I turned up the last one, and saw it was numbered 2. I then added one to this, which made three. I then knew that, however great a number of cards you might move, the third card from the last one you laid down would bear the number of the cards you had moved. The next time you moved three cards, and I picked up the third card from the end, which was marked 3—the number of the cards you had moved. I, of course, knew that the last card in the row was 5, because you had first moved two, and then three; so I added one to five, which made six. I then knew that the sixth card from the right-hand end would bear a figure representing the number of cards you had moved; this sixth card, as you know, was 5—the correct number. You have only to add one to the number of the last card, which, of course, you always know. Not more than nine cards must be moved at a time, unless the fact is stated thus: 'I have moved more than nine,' or, 'I have moved more than eighteen.' But there is no object gained in counting more than five or six."

Poor Singbad was so much interested in the puzzle that he forgot all his tears and troubles, and found himself in such good spirits that he at once sat down and wrote his joyous bridal song. He received fifty shekels of silver for it, on which he and Edtomas, the dervish, fared sumptuously, and were happy.





PERMITS, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are among the many friends of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have taken it for two years. I see in the Post-office box that you get many letters from the elder sisters, I am encouraged to try. I have three little sisters: Hatie, aged twelve, Marie, aged eight, and Edith, six-and-a-half. My Harold, who is very bright and cunning for a little boy only two years old. This summer papa built a log cabin for us; I say us, because I enjoy it as much as much as the younger ones. It is ten feet long, eight feet wide, and at least six feet high from door to rafters, so that no one need hunch his head, unless he is very tall. The logs, for six inches thick, are planed flat on the inside, but are rounded and have the rough bark on the outside; the small spaces between the logs are chinked with sawdust. The back window is higher up, and like a transom; it has bits of stained glass in it, which is hardly "the thing" for a log cabin, I suppose you will say; nevertheless it is very pretty. The door is divided into an upper and a lower part, and is closed by a bobbin and latch, so we can say truthfully, "Pull down the bobs, and the fire will up, and you are in." Inside the house are two benches, two or three rocking-chairs, and a little table. On the wall is a cupboard well filled with dishes, and on the table are the little mistress's fine candy, a pail, a wash-basin, and a pair of old-fashioned bellows which are very fascinating to all small visitors. The floor is covered with a rag-carpet, and wallpaper curtains adorn the windows. But the hearth is the chief attraction, and having a fire on it is the acme of enjoyment to some small folks. I know, Charles Dudley Warner's families are not properly reared "which are brought up about a hole in the floor, called a register." I think the family of dolls brought from the village of Cherry Lodge, and which the little house, can not fail to grow up properly—don't you? If you were to look in at the window some cold evening, and think you saw a family of children sitting at the table, studying, and perhaps one sitting on the floor by the fire, which burns merrily. If you waited long enough, you would see the little candle and the little lamp—put on the mantel-piece and blown out; then the children would watch the fire till it had died down, and the shadows had ceased to play over the walls, then the door would open, and you would see the night. We have a little book in which all visitors register their names; there are over eighty names in it now. We have very much more to have your dear Postmistress should never visit this lovely valley of Wyoming. I could tell you much more about the doings and enjoyments of Cherry Lodge, the "house" of the little house, but I fear I am taking so much space that you will not even be able to print this. We had a photograph taken of the little house about two weeks ago.

How perfectly happy you ought to be with so complete a place for housekeeping! I shall expect to hear of the Cherry Lodge Little Housekeepers' Club before many days, so please read this number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in the log cabin, and make up your minds to send me a round- robin. A round- robin, you know, is a letter in which the whole group unite, each writing a word.

Here are letters from the presidents of two of the little clubs:

ROVALTON, VERMONT.

My little cousin and I want to join the Little Housekeepers. We think we can form a club. We are going to sew, and we have a dog and a cat, and seven cats, a great Newfoundland dog, and a little sister three years old. My dog's name is Fain, and my cat's name is Maud. We are going to have a party every morning. My cousin Luch and I had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for Christmas from our grandpa. Our club is going to be a sewing and a reading club. We have got to be here and at every meeting we are going to put a penny each in. I am nine years old. This is my first letter to the Post-office Box. Our motto is, "Be diligent, do well."

EDNICE D. D.

There could not be a better motto. Are you sewing for poor children or for your dolls, and

myself. We have a little club, and I write because I am the president. Our motto is, "Be diligent." MARY LOUISE P.

I have begun a hook in which I shall keep the names of the presidents and all the mottoes, and everything of interest they send me. Eunice and Mary Louise are first on my roll of honor. Whose names shall come next?

Will you not all be glad to read this letter from the kind Sister who can tell you about the child in Harper's Young People's Cot?

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, 407 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—It is now three weeks since I wrote, in their own words, of the little cat, and Beauty, the dog, came from Rock-away, and I think some of you are wondering who is the occupant of Young People's Cot at this time.

You will remember that little "Oscar Wilde," in whom you were interested last year, and who suffered so much in his short life, was very ill last spring. He was confined to his bed, and the summer be passed away to that land where, as the Bible tells us, "there is no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying," and we are happy in the thought that his little life was not suffering. He was always pleased with the various little gifts sent by many of you, and I am sure that his little life will be very glad.

You now have in your cot a wee girl whose name is Marie. She is three years old, but very tiny—not nearly so large as one of the rag dolls which we have had. She has a capital complexion. She has very bright, dark eyes and black, curly hair, but is not, as she says, "a ducky, only a *Chooan*." In one of the scrap-books sent to the Postmistress, she has written a story about her stay at a water-melon, and this she calls Marie. At present she is in bed all the time, having been operated on recently, but although one little leg is in a plaster of Paris, and she is in a wire frame, I have never seen her other than bright and happy.

I told you that all the little cots were blue, with brass knobs, but you must now think of them as red and the walls a lovely blue, both beds and walls having been painted this summer. I believe in Scotland, and you will find one of these bright days, when the weather is cool enough for the little ones to wear their red jackets; for the sun is to be allowed to shine in on the gilt picture-frames with their pretty engravings, and quite lighting up your cot; when the birds are singing, and Beauty has stolen naps for a romp with the children, and the sweetest of all that still will be allowed to remain until supper-time and earn some of the sweet crackers by "giving her paw." It has been very kind of you to write me, and I am sure just now, and only need a pig to make us quite contagious. I wonder, by-the-way, if any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE have ever heard of a "pig" in the shape of a child, and I am sure you would tell me all about it, but I'm sure the Postmistress thinks this letter quite long enough, and you must guess what it can possibly be. Your sister.

If Sister will spare enough time from one of her busy days to tell the children about that pig party, nobody will be more delighted than the Postmistress.

Now that Christmas will soon be coming again, the children will surely not forget the Hospital and the dear little ones in Holy Innocents' Ward.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Here is a nice little pincushion and needle-box for a Christmas present for somebody: Take a piece of pasteboard, and cut out an egg-shaped piece about nine and a quarter inches long and three inches wide. Cut the top and bottom of it with a pretty colored piece of silk or satin, and embroider with a contrasting shade of silk a small white flower and cut out four or five ring-bone or any of the feather-stitches used on crazy-work. Cut another piece of pasteboard the same shape, but only three and seven-eighths inches long and two and three-eighths inches wide. At the widest part, cover one side, and feather-stitch just like the large piece; then embroider a flower or an initial letter in the middle. Take a small piece of white flannel and cut out four or five pieces, the largest one a little smaller than the small piece just made, and each succeeding one a little smaller than the one before it. Sew the needle along the edges of each one, and fasten on the large piece first made about three-quarters of an inch from the top or pointed end. Line the small piece with flannel, and sew it to the large piece, and sew it to the large piece (point upward) over and about one-eighth of an inch above the pieces of flannel. Next get a small round button about four inches in diameter, and one-half or three-quarters of an inch deep, and

side at the widest part, then draw the line, and sew the box to the piece inside the satin strip. Now fill the box with cotton batting, so that when the top of the cushion is put on it will not lie flat, but will be rounded and will hold a large cushion; cut a round piece of silk or satin a little larger than the top of the box, and make a ring of feather-stitch and sew it to the top of the box. Sew the needle in the centre, sew this over the batting in the box, fasten it to the piece of satin or silk that covers the sides, turning the edges of both in and sewing over and over. Put a bow and loop to hang up by just above the needle-box, and line the large piece with shesla or nun's veiling.

Do not forget that the friends know of anything to do with cologne bottles? I have four or five quite pretty ones that I don't know what to do with.

Such a combined needle-hook and pincushion as Laura described will be very pretty, but it must be neatly made. Now who will repay her for this letter by giving her an idea how to cover her cologne bottles nicely?

HASBROCK, SEVERAL ENGLAND.

I thought I should like to write to you again to tell you of the jolly outing I had with our school the other day. The father of one of our boys has a farm at Newtewth, four or five miles off. He invited us to tea, we had a capital game of cricket, and after that we chased each other all about the farm. Then we had a splendid tea, after which we played a game of postman. I saw a very fine cat, and a white starling, which Mr. M. had shot; and we marched home by moonlight. By-the-bye, did you have an eclipse of the moon on the 4th? We had a good old eclipse here. There is an old Tudor house at Newtewth with a moat round it full of water. In my holidays I was staying with my uncle. I have a very good friend, a girl called Alice, who passed by the "Wilmington Giant." Perhaps you will wonder what that is. It is a huge figure cut out in the chalk on the side of a steep hill, and it is a wonderful sight, and a nice deal in each hand. It is supposed to be a god of the ancient Britons. Now I must say good-by, for I am afraid this letter is too long to print.

PERRY WILLIAM S.

Not at all too long, and just the wide-awake sort of letter a boy ought to send. I hope our English boys will write often, and let their American cousins know what good times they have.

ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.

We live by the sea all the year, and we have many playmates in summer, in winter there are but few. Papa built a large play-house for us in our grounds; in it we keep all our playthings. It has a window, a door, and a nice desk at which we write or paint. In summer we play croquet, gathershells, and watch the bathers. This winter we expect to have a Kindergarten at home, which mamma will teach. For we are too young to go to school. We can not count much, because the salt air melts the snow. Our only pet is baby brother, fifteen months old, who got into a box of Rassels and was very much dead and covered his face, dress, and hands. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Mamma writes this, and I write slowly. We hope to see this in print. With love,

MARGOT and KENNETH.

The funny baby, bless him! So you have a play-house too. What kind fathers the children have!

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

I began school to-day. I would have begun sooner, but my teacher was ill. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and music. I am the eldest of six children, and have two brothers and three sisters. We have had our paper for nearly four years. We have three volumes, and will soon have four; the volumes are called "The Young People's Club," and as soon as 1884 is complete mother will have that bound for us. Mother has read "Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" to the boys, and she is going to read "The Young People's Club" to you ever been in Petersburg, dear Postmistress? It is thought by many to be a very pretty town, but just now it is suffering from a bad cold, and there are no flowers, and everything is covered with dust.

MARTHA C.

I am sorry I had to leave out a part of your letter, dear, but there was not room for it all. I know how beautiful your town is in the time of roses, and I am sorry to think of it as dusty and dry, but God will send the rain in His own good time.

MINNES CITY, MINNESOTA.

I am one of the subscribers to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

dred inhabitants and about twenty stores; most of them are grocery stores. My uncle has a nice brick store—the only one here. He is giving some of your papers to his customers as he presents, and is building up a good trade. This is a hard year for the farmers on account of wheat being so cheap. We have a good school here, where I attend, with a lady teacher and seventy-five pupils.

LEWIE G.

I live in the pleasant city of Worcester, Massachusetts. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* nearly a year. I buy it each week. I have a dear little dog named Pippo. He is yellow in color, and has bright black eyes, a long black nose, and curly tail. He looks like a fox. I have a cat. My mamma says he is as cunning as a fox. When mamma gives him too much meat, he will take it, piece by piece, and dig holes, and bury them, and come back the earth over them with his paw. He looks very funny when he is through this work, his face is so dirty. I am a little girl eight years old, and go to school. I am in the fourth grade. I think I am the youngest scholar in the room.

WINNIE BELLE T.

NEWARK, OHIO.

Grandpa takes your charming paper for Charlotte, but we all enjoy it just the same. Charlotte stays down at grandpa's house nearly all the time because they have no school here. I go to the Central House to school. There are five public schools here.

One of my brothers is out in northwestern Nebraska farming. This summer he found an Indian's grave up in a tree-top. I guess it had been there for a long while, because there were bones, and arrows, and pieces of bone, and a bow, and a buffalo-robe. There are over eight thousand Indians near Elmer's camp.

I have a very sweet little sister. She is not quite a year old. Would you please come to us as one of the Little Housekeepers? I keep my own room in order, and help mamma besides. I like my little sister growing too long. With love to the Postmistress.

AGNES L. S.

The next letter is from Eddie Smith's mamma.

FREDERICK FALES, MINNESOTA.

Being nearly a life-long invalid, Eddie has missed many sources of information on various subjects which you have enjoyed, and this lack has often been supplied by *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. We have often spoken of the things we wished most to know about either had been or were afterward explained and made interesting in this paper. The letters we have received in response to our publication on Nos. 247 and 253, coming in connection with this paper, and from so many different places, have been very instructive as well as pleasant. We have received nearly three hundred in all—none too many, for we have more leisure than our dear Postmistress. We have letters from Italy, Germany, Italy, Canada, and places in the Holy Land, a letter from the wife of a missionary in the far wilds of Africa, carefully chosen mementos from Syria, Lebanon, Babel, pictures and curiosities from the Nile, a spray of the far-famed daisies from the top of the Alps, and many other things which I am anxious to see mentioned in your paper. The letter will be too long; and—think of this, children, and grown folks too—a letter and two of her own books from our own Margaret Eythine. After this I should not be altogether surprised if we received a letter from the Postmistress herself. Once or twice, after an unusually weary day, Eddie has lain back with a patient sigh, saying, "Well, there will be my letters to-night!" and often when not quite the usual number he has been sure some were overlooked or lost, and has complained the others in his hands will have made sure he has all his treasures. Letters from our other friends have each brought their peculiar pleasure and comfort to us, and often at a time when otherwise we had only the contemplation of a weary body and an aching heart. They have made our lives brighter, and brought kindly humanity very near us. We promised Eddie that at Christmas-time we would hold a *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S* Christmas Congress, and each one of you, if you have written us will in some way be verbally and pleasantly remembered here in our home. We shall have room for all of you who care to be represented. Until then, dear friends, good-by. From

EDDIE'S MAMMA.

HUNTER, NEW SCOTIA.

I do not think you get many letters from Nova Scotia, so I think I will write you one. My brother George has a self-inking printing-press, and I help him to work it; sometimes we print 300 in four hours. I am eight years old, and have three brothers and one sister. I go to school, and I am in the Fifth Reader. We take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* every week. I am hoping you will find room to print this letter.

I remain your friend, HOWARD DE B.

What busy bees you two boys are!

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I do not often see letters from girls eighteen years of age in the Post-office Box, but I am going to seek admittance, and hope

I am not too old to enter. I will try not to make my letter too long. I would like so much to correspond with some young lady near my own age in Florida. I never was so fortunate as to be able to visit that State, and would like to learn all about it from a resident. Will not some of the little Florida readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* speak a good word for me to the Postmistress? I have two brothers and two sisters at home, and we all like to read the paper.

MAUDIE W.

Box 43, Forest City, Holt County, Missouri.

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In No. 252 I saw a coat of arms of some virelets and the motto "Dinna forget." I know another motto, and I would like ever so much to have you tell me how that could be used for an arms. My sister gave me the motto, and perhaps the other readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* will like you have explain to them. If you think this letter is worth answering, I hope you will, although, as my sister says, it is perhaps too much to ask. I shall want the paper for my very own that tells about it. If you are so kind as to answer. The motto is, "Live loyal to your best ideals."

ELSIE A. W.

I will keep that beautiful motto in mind, and one of these days will perhaps give you a pretty design for it.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

I am thirteen years old. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for nearly one year, and I like it very much. I think Mrs. Little's stories are the best I have ever read. I love the adventures, and I thought I would like to see one of mine among them. I have no pets except a canary-bird, which sings the minute I enter the house. I have a violin, and I play it very well. My favorite on the violin is *Martha*. I go to school, and study grammar, arithmetic, history, and composition. My paper is very long. In writing this letter, so I want to surprise him. Please may I join your Little Housekeepers? This is the way I make

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Half a pound of grated chocolate, two tea-cupfuls of sugar, half a cup of milk and water, half a cup of butter, one tea-spoonful of alum.

MAT.

DE VUE, ARKANSAS.

We have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* since March last. We like it very much. As I have seen nothing lately from this part of the country, I will write a short letter. I have two sisters younger and one brother older than myself. We do not have as good schools here as you have at the North. Mamma and myself went to visit my aunt in Ohio last summer. I am very fond of reading and studying, and wish very much to be a good scholar such as they live in Mount Glead, where my aunt lives. Mamma teaches us at home as much as she can, but she has so much to do it is not possible. I wish so much so my letter is not very nice you must excuse it. I am studying music, and hope to be a good performer some day. I have a little baby sister; she is one and a half years old and has a pet. My other sister is named Clara, and my brother is named Willie.

ANNIE O.

Well, Annie, it does not seem to me so great a misfortune to have no school to go to if mamma is willing to teach you and you have good books to read as well as study. Only, dear, be careful to have regular hours of study every day, and do not allow little things to interrupt you in those hours. No picnics or visits, or idling with a story-book in study-time, and you will make real progress.

How much I should enjoy seeing Mary C., and peeping in at the pleasant school-room in the "land of flowers"! If I had an enchanted carpet, like the people in the *Arabian Nights*, I would sit comfortably in the middle of it, make a wish, and, presto! I would be next in Denver at Fannie M. C.'s; and I would sit that pretty spaniel of hers, with the long curly ears, would be friendly with me! Then I'd wish again, and be whisked away to Julia E. L. in Wisconsin, and back to Milford to see Alice B., who must be a Little Housekeeper by herself, if her mamma does not think it wise for her to join a club.—Fide F.: The uniform you speak of is that pretty spaniel of hers.—Thanks to D. W., Maggie Jane, Maud V. H. (who apologizes to exchangers because she must keep them waiting awhile; they would excuse her if they knew how ill she had been), Georgia S., Sue, Emma B. W., Mattie

W. S., Jessie S., Annie L. S., Gretchen P., Etta D., Esther J. G., and James B. for their welcome favors.—Bruce W. prints nicely.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

FOUR ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in peccol, but not in slate.
My second is in stove, but not in grate.
My third is in fish, but not in clam.
My fourth is in goat, but not in ram.
My fifth is in mave, but not in blue.
My sixth is in ink, but not in pen.
My seventh is in horse, but not in hen.
My eighth is in ink, but not in pen.
My whole is in *YOUNG PEOPLE* often seen;
Greatly prized by the children, I've been.

ALICE B.

2.—My first is in sad, but not in gay.
My second is in quick, but not in slow.
My third is in June, but not in May.
My fourth is in winter, when wild winds blow.
My fifth is in oar, but not in host.
My sixth is in red, but not in blue.
My seventh is in sleeve, but not in coat.
My eighth is in false, but not in true.
My whole is numble and brisk like small,
And climbs like a flash to the tree-top tall.

C. F. SWETT.

3.—My first is found in every wind,
My second is in climate.
My third in every season's found—
My whole is in winter-time. FLORA G.

4.—My first is in cradle, but not in bed.
My second is in apple, but not in bread.
My third is in racket, but not in noise.
My fourth is in playthings, but not in toys.
My fifth is in empty, but not in full.
My sixth is in ink, but not in ball.
My whole is in every household used,
But by some I'm very much abused.

HELEN KOTHSCHILD.

No. 2.

A LADDER.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

Right post relates to biography; left post to geography. Rounds: 1. A Turkish tie. 2. Bright. 3. Pluence. 4. Hideous. 5. A luen fiere. 6. Milky.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 3.

HIDDEN FRUIT.

1. Pass that map, please, Ada. 2. You are to range yourselves in two rows for Sir Roger de Coverley. 3. It does not appear to be a very bad one. 4. The plumage of that peacock is very beautiful. 5. The figures on the second and third pages are very beautiful.

MAY F. CREEGAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 260.

No. 1.— E
B A D
B U R P S
E A T I E R
D R I V E
S E E

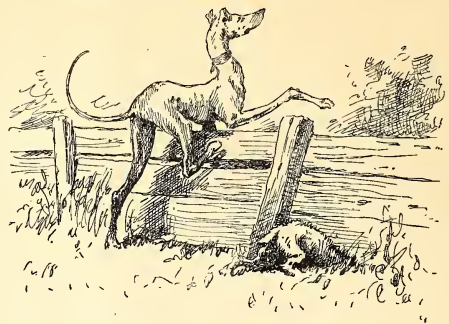
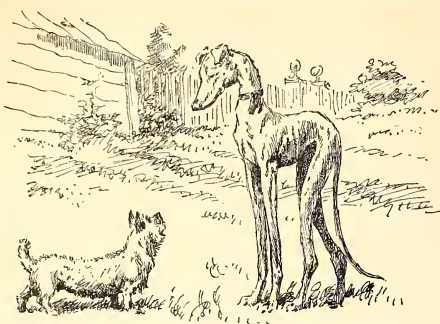
No. 2.— M o h a m m e d .
A l e x a n d e r .
C o n s t a n t i n e .
A b a s n e u s .
I y s e u s .
L e o .
A f r e d .
C o u g .

No. 3.— U l y s s e s S . G r a y . J a m e s A . G a r f i e l d .
C h e s t e r A . A r t h u r .

No. 4.— T R A C E R S
N A H U M
B I T
C A B
R I G H T
T H R O U G H

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alice Bainbridge, John Bishop, Ada B., Emma M. Wilcox, C. F. Swett, Kate Houts, Blanche C., Adele A., Steele Penn, Edie McGrew, Minnie E. Scranton, Titian, Edie Smith, Jessie Kilburn, Will Rich, Thomas Murray, Leander Chase, S. Chalmers Johnston, and C. W. MacCord.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



HIGH AND LOW.

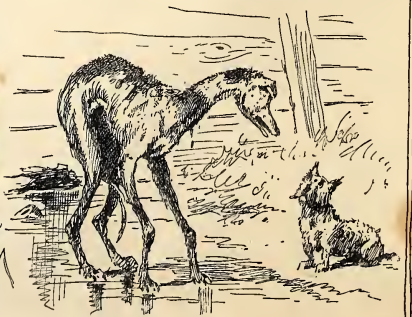
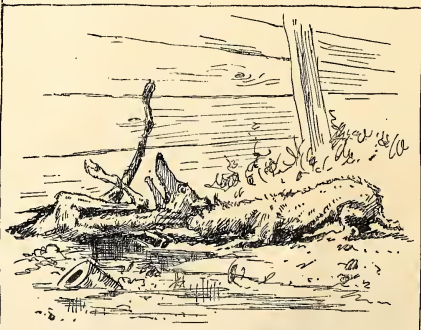
BY FRANK BELLEW.

A HIGH-BRED dog and a low-bred dog
Were talking together one day.
Said the low-bred dog to the high-bred dog,
"Supposing us go and play."
Said the high-bred dog to the low-bred dog,
"What! waste my time? Oh no!"
Said the low-bred dog to the high-bred dog,
"Then let us a-hunting go."
Said the high-bred dog to the low-bred dog,
"Ah! that is a different case."
Said the low-bred dog to the high-bred dog,
"I will find, and you can chase."

So off they started side by side,
The Low on a trot, and the High on a stride.
Said the Low to the High, "I do not stay
When I find a thing that stands in my way.
If it be too high for me to leap,
I slyly, wily, under it creep;
And were you not so mighty and high,
You'd soon get fat upon game as I."
"Of course," said High, "you know what best
Will serve your own good interest.
But different minds choose different courses,
And I surmount opposing forces."
To a fence they came while talking so;
Over went High, under went Low.
Both were very well content,
So on complacently they went,
Till they came to a wall too high for Rover;
There Ajax kindly lifts him over.
There being no hole, you see, in the wall,
Why, Low, of course, couldn't under it crawl.
After a while they reached a fence—
Something altogether immense.
High could not get over that, you know:
But underneath was a hole for Low.
"I'll crawl first, and, after, you
Can lie on your back, and I'll pull you through."
So Low went first, and, as agreed,
Dragged through the hound of lofty breed.
But, oh, what a sight on the other side!
Torn were his ears and scratched his hide:
His glossy coat was smeared with mud,
Bestuck with burrs, and stained with blood;
And he cried, as he homeward limped in pain,
"I'll never be dragged through a hole again."

MORAL.

The man of high principles possibly may
Help the low-minded man on a virtuous way,
But he can not make compacts for pleasure or gain
With the low, and not suffer some kind of a stain.
No matter how kind his intentions may be,
The hound or the human of vulgar degree
Always teaches some trick or some method his own,
Be it robbing a bank or stealing a bone.
So never make compacts with dogs that are low,
Or some day you'll be covered with—no, not snow.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 264.

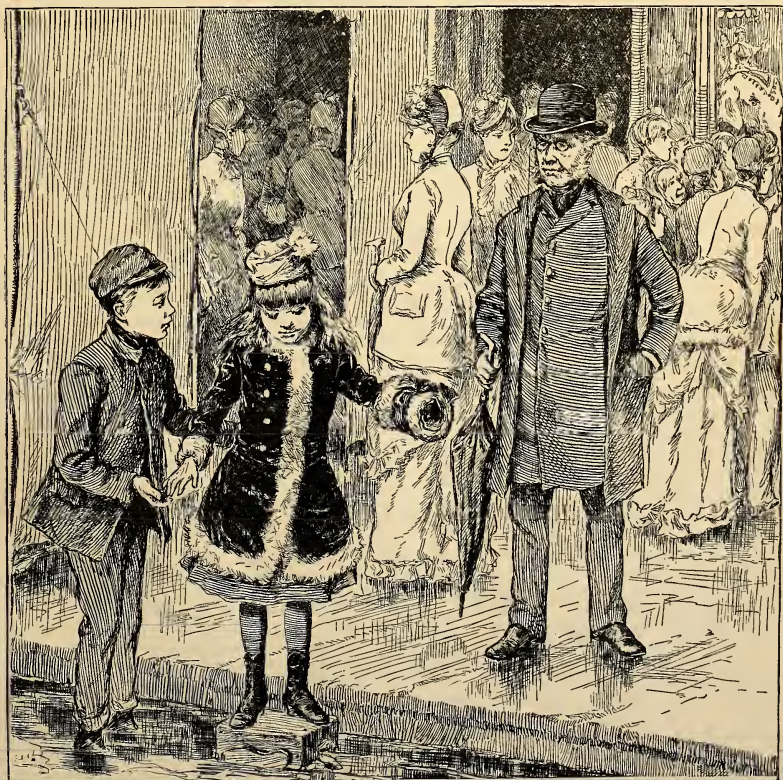
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"OH, THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH!" SHE EXCLAIMED."

JIMMIE THE DUKE,
And how he gave a Christmas Treat.
BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

IT was not going to be a cold bright Christmas, as people had hoped. Instead, a fog hung over the rivers, the

streets were deep with slush, and a damp east wind did its best to chill the gayety of the season. Julie Montessor, however, who had never seen an American Christmas before, and did not know if she ever would again, did not fear the weather. She was used to that in her own country, and, early in the afternoon before Christmas, beguiled

her old uncle, who was actually an Earl in England, into leaving the warmth and comfort of the hotel, and taking her down Broadway and Fourteenth Street. How gay the shop windows were! Julie had never known anything so fine in London, and when she came to Macy's, and saw the spectacle there, she almost danced with delight.

"Ah, Uncle George," she exclaimed, "it is as fine as the Boulevards in Paris, is it not?"

The old gentleman smiled indulgently. "Yes, yes," he admitted. "Very well for a new country; very pretty, Julie. I am glad you like it. But don't you think we had better be getting back to the hotel? Suppose we take this tram-car, child."

The car which the old gentleman described in this peculiar way, and which he now violently hailed, was one of the Blue Line running through Fourteenth Street. To reach it from the sidewalk one must cross a river of mud too wide for Julie to jump, and so deep that it would certainly come over the tops of her shoes if she attempted to step in it. "Oh dear me!" she cried, in perplexity, as the car stopped, "what shall I do?"

Now the old Earl was as puzzled as herself, but a boot-black who was standing near by, and who heard her despairing cry, found a way out of the difficulty. Planting his box down in the mud so that the top came just above the surface, he stepped out himself into the mixture and turned an encouraging smile to the little girl. "Now, miss," he said, extending his hand, "come ahead."

Julie was quick to catch his meaning. "Oh, thank you ever so much!" she exclaimed, putting one little foot on the box, and with the aid of his hand balancing herself for a moment, while she stepped to a dry spot beyond. From there she could easily reach the platform of the car.

"Dear me!" she said, as her uncle followed, "what a nice boy!" And then she gave a friendly little nod as the car moved on, and the boy was lost to sight.

About half past seven that evening a crowd of newsboys were gathered around the door of the Lodging-house in Eleventh Street discussing some one whom they spoke of as the "Juke."

"What d'ye call him that for?" inquired one small boy, whose ignorance betrayed that he was a new-comer.

"We calls him that," replied a larger boy, "because he's second cousin to Queen Victoria."

The small boy grinned scornfully. "Oh, what yer givin' us?" he inquired.

"I ain't givin' yer nothin' but what's true. If yer don't believe it, ask lame Billy here. Him and the Juke is pals." He waved his hand as he spoke toward a small boy on crutches who stood leaning against the side of the door, and whose face expressed the most eager interest in the subject. "Aye," he said, "Patsy O'Brien's right. Duke won't say so himself, but us fellows all believes it. The only trouble is, Duke can't prove it. He went to see a lawyer once about it. But the lawyer thought it was a put-up job, and when Duke couldn't show him no papers the lawyer said he couldn't play that on him. Duke's got his father's watch, but the lawyer he said there was a thousand just such watches in the country, and that didn't prove nothin'."

"Here comes the Duke now," some one remarked.

Down the street, with blacking-box slung over his shoulder, came the subject of their conversation. "Hello!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the lame boy; "waitin' for me, was ye? Is the Superintendent in his room?"

Being told that he was, Duke hurried inside and ran up the stairs. In a moment he had knocked at the door of the Superintendent's room, and was told to enter. This was a place to which any of the boys might come at any time for counsel, and the Superintendent was one whose warm heart made him especially the boys' friend.

"Well, Jim," he said, invitingly, as the boy lingered on the threshold, "what can I do for you now?"

"Mr. Foster," the boy began, abruptly, "there's a party going West day after to-morrow, isn't there?"

The Superintendent nodded. "Yes," he said, "there's a party of twenty-five going then to Kansas."

"And how much is it for one to go?" asked Jim.

"Well," said the Superintendent, "when a party goes, it costs fifteen dollars apiece."

"Mr. Foster," said Jim, "I think I'll go, if you don't mind, and they'll take me."

Mr. Foster was a little surprised. "Why, they'll take you, of course," he said. "But isn't it rather sudden? You have not been thinking of it long, have you?"

Jim shook his head. "No, sir, not a long time; but I've wanted to get away from here, and be something better, ever since that lawyer wouldn't believe my name was Montross. Some day or other I want to be so respectable that people will take my word for it, don't you see, sir? And I'll never get to be that here."

Mr. Foster nodded. "Well, Jim," he said, "I don't know but what you're right."

"There's another thing, sir," Jim went on. "To-morrow's Christmas, you know, and as I'm going away, I'd like to give the boys a sort of good-by treat. I've got thirty dollars in the savings-bank, and taking out fifteen dollars of that to pay my way, will leave fifteen dollars to spend on the boys. Would that be enough, sir, for ice-cream, sir, all around?"

The Superintendent smiled, as he made a rapid little calculation. "Oh yes," he said, "more than enough. It's a happy thought, and will come in as a capital dessert."

Jim lingered with his hand on the door. "If fifteen dollars isn't enough, sir," he said, "you might go a dollar more. I can easily earn that to-morrow, though I wanted to take a holiday for my last day in New York."

The Superintendent smiled. "Well, I hope you'll have a nice time," he said. "Good-night, Jim."

Whether from the fact that Duke was tired, or because it was a holiday, he slept late the next morning, and did not even hear the Merry Christmases that the boys were loudly exchanging among themselves. Most of them, indeed, had risen and gone out when he waked up. What time was it? he wondered. The sun was shining into the room, bright and clear. It was a fine day, after all, and it must be late. He felt underneath the pillow for his watch. Odd—it was not there. Possibly he had left it in his pocket in the locker. Jumping down to the floor, he shook Billy awake, wishing him a Merry Christmas, and searched in the locker for the missing time-piece. Odder still—it was not there either. "Billy!" he exclaimed—"Billy, wake up!"

The lame boy, suddenly aroused, sat up in bed. "What is it, Duke?" he asked.

"Did I have my watch last night?"

Billy reflected a moment. "Yes," he said at length; "don't you mind looking at it when we left the reading-room, and saying it was just nine?"

"And after that?" asked Jim.

"Oh, I don't mind after that; but I think you put it under your pillow. Isn't it there?"

Jim sat down on the edge of the bed and began to pull on his stockings. "It's been stolen, Billy," he said, gravely; "and now I haven't a single thing to show who and what my father was."

Well, there was nothing, it seemed, that could be done. The boys had mostly scattered for the day, and even if one of them had stolen it, there was no possible clew to the thief. All the Superintendent could do was to promise to make inquiries at night, without much hope, however, on his part or on Duke's of ever finding it. It was not with a light heart, therefore, that Jim set out about ten o'clock

for the Wax-work Exhibition, which neither he nor Billy had ever seen, and which with the matinee in the afternoon he proposed making the lame boy's Christmas.

Entering the hall, they were confronted with an imposing group, representing all the crowned heads and rulers of the world, prominent among whom was the Queen of England. Before this Billy stopped in admiration. "If there isn't Queen Victoria, Duke!" he exclaimed. "Being your cousin, I suppose you'd know her anywhere."

Duke turned uneasily away. When the boys alluded to his supposed connection with Queen Victoria he felt a good deal like an impostor. Where they got the notion from he did not know; he certainly had never started it nor encouraged it.

"Why, is the Queen your cousin?" a girl's voice behind him asked, in astonished tones.

The voice was familiar to Duke, and he turned instantly around. There stood the little girl to whom he had been helpful the day before. "No," said he; "it's all humbug. Billy was jokin'. You got home safely yesterday?" he added, diffidently.

If the girl was astonished before, she was amazed now.

"What do you say his name is?" she asked, addressing Billy quite as though Duke were not there at all.

"We calls him the Duke, miss—Jimmie the Duke—'cause, you know, he's some relation (we ain't quite sure what) to Queen Victoria."

Jim shook his head by way of protest. "Don't you believe him, miss," he said. "Just because I answered an advertisement once calling for the heirs of an English gentleman, the fellows made out I was a Duke myself."

"Julie drew a long sigh. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "how interesting! And were you really the heir?"

Jim shook his head again. "I inherited an old watch from my father," he said; "that was all my fortune; and last night that was stolen in the Lodging-house."

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed the little girl. "Why did you go to such a bad place as the Lodging-house?"

Jim smiled. "That's where we live," he said.

"And it isn't a bad place, either," Billy put in. "It's all the home we've got, and if you'd come down and see it you'd think it was a pretty nice one. I tell you what," he went on, "you come down to-night. We're goin' to have a Christmas dinner, and the Duke is goin' to give us all a treat of ice-cream for dessert. It's just a sight to see us fellows eat, and don't you forget it. Some of us only gets two square meals in the year, and those is the dinners we gets Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"I would like to come," admitted the little girl.

"Well, it's in East Eleventh Street," said Billy. "You ask any cop, and he'll tell you where it is."

Julie looked puzzled. "What am I to ask?" she said.

"Billy means a policeman," the Duke exclaimed. "But the old gentleman would know how to get there. I wish you would come," he said, frankly. "I am sure you would like it."

"Well, I will," Julie decided; "I'll make my uncle take me. Now isn't it funny," she remarked, confidentially, "he's an Earl in England and no end of a swell, but he'll do anything in the world for me. Dear me!" looking across to the door, "there he is now. Won't I catch it, though! he's awfully particular about my talking to boys. Yes, uncle," sweetly; "I'm looking at Queen Victoria. Doesn't it make her a dreadful old frump?"

The old gentleman gazed suspiciously from Julie to the boys. "Where is your maid?" he inquired. "Ah, Watkins, you may go back to the hotel now. I will look after Miss Montessor myself. And, Julie my dear, suppose we go too. This show is very fair for a new country, but it can't compare to Madame Tussaud's, you know. Come along, my dear," and steering Julie through the hall, he effectually prevented her bestowing upon the boys more than a parting smile.

When they had vanished, Duke turned around to Billy with a look of deep bewilderment on his face. "Did you hear the name he called her?" he asked.

"It was the same as your own," Billy suggested, in equal amazement.

Jim nodded. The charm of the Wax-works was gone. "I wonder could she be a relation?" he said, thoughtfully.

Great was the hilarity that prevailed at the Lodging-house hall that night. It was quite generally known by this time that the Duke was to supply ice-cream; and as this had never before been a part of the Christmas feast, the expectation was more keen than usual. Billy's eyes danced as he surveyed in imagination the generous feast. "You bet I'm goin' to get full to-night," he remarked to Jim. "I haven't had enough to eat since Thanksgiving."

The Duke did not answer. He had been looking toward the platform to see if he could recognize his little friend, but she was not there. Just as Billy spoke, however, he heard the door behind open, and a foot-fall lighter than any of the boys' come up the long aisle. Duke's heart gave a great leap. He turned quickly around; then as quickly, seeing that it was really Julie, resumed his former position. A wave of color rushed up into his face. What if they were his relations? Would they not be ashamed of the boot-black? And if he had all the proofs in the world, would that elegant old man acknowledge him? What relation could they be? he wondered.

There was no time, however, to speculate on these problems, for just then the dinner was brought up. And what a sumptuous dinner it was!—roast turkey with plenty of stuffing, mashed potatoes and turnips, plum-pudding, and, after everything else, Duke's ice-cream. When that came in the enthusiasm of the boys knew no bounds, and, rising in his seat, Patsy O'Brien cried out,

"THREE CHEERS FOR JIMMIE THE DUKE!"

Duke, it must be said, blushed crimson at this tribute, in which all the guests, including Julie, took a loud part; and when, after the cream had been eaten, one of the boys called out, "Juke! Juke!" and another demanded a "speech," he was fairly overcome with embarrassment. The boys, however, were not willing to let him off, and the Superintendent seemed to share their feelings.

"Come, Jim," he said, going down the aisle to where the boy sat, "I fancy you'll have to gratify them."

The boy rose diffidently, and followed Mr. Foster to the platform. A hush fell upon the room as the Superintendent raised his hand, and then began himself to speak. "Jim will probably tell you," he said, "that this is his farewell. He goes away to-morrow, and I am sure that one of the pleasantest remembrances he will carry with him will be the thought of your warm-hearted greeting to-night." Mr. Foster paused for a moment. "I wish," he went on, hesitatingly, "he might not have to carry away with him the thought that last night he was robbed of his watch. I don't like to speak of this before our guests, but there is no other opportunity. If the boy who stole Jim's watch last night is in this room, how can he keep it after enjoying Jim's generosity this evening? Is there a boy here mean enough to do that?"

He looked the boys steadily in the eye, running his gaze along every row, and fixing it for an instant accidentally on a stranger who sat next to Patsy O'Brien—the boy who the day before had jeered at the Duke's supposed relationship to Queen Victoria. "What's he lookin' at me for?" the boy growled.

Patsy turned quickly around. "Are you the thief?" he began, when he heard Duke's voice, and postponed his inquiry until Jim should be through.

"I am very much obliged to you," Jim was saying; "and it's true what Mr. Foster says that I am going away to-morrow." He stopped a moment; then went on more



"DON'T YOU KNOW IT ISN'T SUMMER-TIME?"

bravely: "I'm going somewhere, where I can be something more than a boot-black. It's all humbug about my being a Duke; but my father was a gentleman, and I'm going to be one too. About the watch, I hate to think anybody here took it; but if any one did, and will bring 't back, I'll give him the fifteen dollars I was going West with, and no questions asked. I'll have to stay here then till I earn the money over again; but I wouldn't mind that if I got the watch back. Most of you fellows know about the watch." His voice broke a little as he went on. "It was my father's, and it's all I've got that belonged to him."

He stopped speaking, and while a dead silence fell on the room, looked for a moment appealingly into the boys' faces. Then, with a little bow, he went to his own seat. An outburst of applause followed, in token of which Duke was forced to get up once more and bow. In the excitement Patsy O'Brien felt something pass under the desk from his neighbor's hand to his own, and heard a hoarse whisper say: "Take it up to him, will ye? I don't want no reward; only there musn't be any questions asked."

Then, before Patsy knew what had happened, the boy had stolen away from his seat and slipped out of the door. Without trying to stop the thief, realizing only that he had got the watch, Patsy jumped to his feet. "The watch is found, sir," he cried; "I've got it here," holding it up in full view of the excited audience while he carried it to the desk.

Mr. Foster took the watch and handed it around among his guests. When it came to the old Earl he looked at it very intently, opened it, examined the inside of the case, where a crest was engraved, and became very much agitated. "Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "this is very extraordinary. Pray what is the boy's name, Mr. Superintendent?"

Mr. Foster thought for a moment. "He goes by the nickname of the Duke," he said, "and one has to stop to think of his real name. I believe it is James Montessor."

"Call him up here at once," said the old gentleman, wiping his forehead in an excited way. "This is the most extraordinary thing I ever knew in my life."

Julie, as quick as her uncle to catch the clew, pressed eagerly forward.

"Is it he, uncle?" she asked. "Is it the one you have been looking for so long?"

"What is your name, boy?" he asked, as Duke came forward.

"James Montessor."

"And where did you get this watch?"

"It was my father's, sir. He brought it with him from England."

"Where did he come from? do you know that?"

"Yes, sir; from Sidmouth, in Devonshire."

"Have you any papers of your father's?"

"No, sir; there is nothing but the watch—and my word."

The old gentleman gazed at him steadily for a moment. "There's your face," he said; "that's Montessor all over. Julie"—addressing the little girl—"you've met this young man before, I think?"

Julie smiled demurely. "Yes, sir; he was very polite to me yesterday."

"Well, my dear"—impressively—"there doesn't seem to be any doubt that he is your long-lost nephew. James, permit me to present you to your aunt."

Jim looked aghast. "My aunt!" he exclaimed.

The old Earl bowed in a dignified way. "Your father's half-sister," he explained. "It will be necessary for you to supply some of the missing links in your father's history to satisfy the lawyers; but I fancy you can easily do that. For myself, the watch and your face are proof enough."

Jim had not, however, caught his last words. "And are you really my aunt?" he said, turning to Julie in great bewilderment.

Julie laughed as she nodded her pretty head. "Isn't it ridiculous?" she said. "But you can call me Julie all the same, and if you don't mind, I'll call you Duke. I like that a great deal better than Jim, and it isn't so far out of the way after all. Because, you know, you are uncle's heir, and some day, if you live, the earldom will be yours."

Jim's eyes wandered from Julie's laughing face to the crippled little figure down the room. "But I can't leave Billy," he said.

Julie was quite undisturbed. "Oh, we'll take him too," she said, cheerfully, "only, you know, he'll have to go to school and improve his grammar."

This disclosure was a fitting end to the Christmas-day. "Good-by, Duke!" the boys shouted, as he went down the aisle. "Good-by, Duke!" cried Patsy O'Brien; "you won't be goin' West now with the money."

The old Earl, overhearing the words, stopped Duke at the door and whispered in his ear. A flush of pleasure came into the boy's face, and he moved back a step or two into the room. "Mr. Foster," he cried, while the boys, hearing his voice, turned expectantly round in their seats, "my uncle says I may give money enough to send fifty boys West, and that Patsy O'Brien may be the first one to go. That is my Christmas present, sir, to the Lodging-house."

And then he opened the door and went out with his kinsfolk into his new life.

BEES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

YOU may have noticed how thin and transparent the wings of bees are, and that they are supported by delicate veins. Look at them now with your microscopes, and you will see small hooks on the edge (Fig. 1), which fasten together the front and back wing during flight, that they may move as one wing.

The sting of the female (Fig. 2) is a remarkable instrument at the end of the abdomen. It consists of two darts, *a*, and a sheath, *b*, connected with a poison gland, *c*. The wound is first made with the sheath, after which the darts are thrust out to deepen it. These darts have a number of pointed barbs at the end, *d*, and it is difficult to remove them from the wound, so they sometimes break off. This loss of the sting causes the bee to die, though not always immediately. The sting varies in form with different kinds of bees, and it is sometimes used for cutting, boring,

ing, and sawing holes in which to deposit the eggs. It is known as the "ovipositor." Male bees have no sting, and are harmless.

Humble-bees in large families are called social bees. Tertiary bees which

and hive bees live lies, and are called. There are also solitary

live entirely alone. The carpenter-bee is an interesting example of the latter kind. She bores her nest in old wood, mostly selecting the dead limb of a tree, an old post, or wooden railing. One of these nests is shown in Fig. 3. The bee bores a tube that soon makes a sudden turn, and is continued several inches down the trunk, parallel to the grain of the wood. This tunnel is afterward divided into cells, in each of which is placed an egg

cession at the proper time.

Humble-bees, as we have said, are among the social bees. They make their nests in holes in the ground (Fig. 4), often taking possession of a deserted mouse nest. All the colony, except the females, die when winter comes. These remain in a torpid state, concealed among moss or rotten wood, to start new colonies the following spring.

The habits of hive bees are exceedingly



FIG. 1.—WING OF A BEE, SHOWING THE HOOKS.

with a supply of food for the young larva. The partitions between the cells are made of the sawdust that has collected from her boring, moistened with a gummy fluid which the bee secretes.



FIG. 2.—STING OF A BEE.
a, Darts; *b*, Sheath; *c*, Poison Gland; *d*, Dart further enlarged to show the Barbs and the Poison Tube.

She seems to know that the egg first deposited at the bottom of the tube will hatch first, so she bores a second opening at that part of the tunnel, through which the young bees come forth in suc-

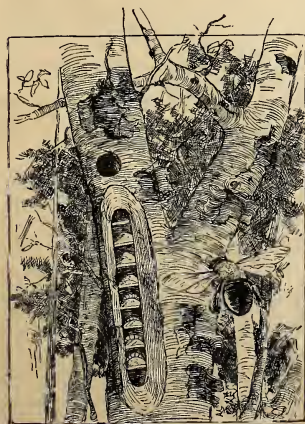


FIG. 3.—NEST OF CARPENTER-BEE.



FIG. 4.—NEST OF HUMBLE-BEE.

curious and beautiful, as a general study. Every hive contains a queen, as workers, and drones. Fly 31.

The first thing done in building the nest and providing for the large family that occupy the workers. They have a soft material to work with, the carpenter bees, since their nest is built of wax, which is a secretion of their bodies, and placed on cells in holes between the segments of the abdomen. With the feet the bees remove the wax and work it with their mandibles and mandibles, mixing it with saliva until it becomes soft and malleable.

It is then placed upon the center of the hive, and the cells are carefully shaped and fitted to each other, forming the honey-comb, which is our wonder and admiration. The manner in which the six-sided cells fit together gives the greatest possible amount of space, while it requires the least material for building.

In collecting honey for the hive a bee goes steadily from one blossom to another, visiting flowers of only one kind on each excursion, that it does not bring back a mixed variety. The long tongue or proboscis enters the tube of the flower, and laps up the honey. The tube of some flowers is too long and narrow for the bee to enter, so the honey is sucked from the top on the outside of the flower, or the tube is pierced by the proboscis.

Most of this honey remains in the crop or honey-sac. Upon returning to the hive the bee enters a cell, and by the contraction of certain muscles the honey is forced back again through the mouth and is poured into the cell. As the cells become full, they are sealed up tightly with wax. The honey has undergone some change while within the body of the bee for it is quite different from the pure juice taken from the flowers.

When bees leave the flowers the hair on their bodies and legs is covered with pollen, which they brush back into little pockets on their hind legs, and carry to the hive. It is a singular fact that the queen and the drones have no pollen baskets. As they never go out to gather honey, they need none.

Each hive has one queen, and she is the only perfectly developed female. She lays all the eggs, which sometimes amount to two thousand in a single day. Different-sized cells have been prepared for the three classes of bees, and the queen deposits each egg in its proper cell, glowing it slightly to the bottom. She first lays eggs which are to produce the workers, afterward those which produce drones, the last being placed in larger cells.

In three or four days the eggs hatch into little white grubs, and then the duties of the nurses or workers begin. The nurses feed the larva with a mixture of pollen and honey, which they have first swallowed, and which is already partly digested. The larva require a great quantity of food, and they grow rapidly until they almost fill the cell. When they refuse to eat any longer, the nurses seal over the cells until the young bees are perfectly developed.

Fastened within its cell, the larva spins for itself a silken cocoon, and remains inactive, eating no food while the wonderful change is taking place. The care of the nurses has ceased, and when the perfected bee is ready to leave the cell it struggles out alone, and enters the busy throng outside with no one to welcome it. The workers soon take possession of the empty cell, and clean it for future occupants.

On the other hand, the young queen in her cell is treated with the greatest distinction. The larva is given richer food and in larger quantities than the workers or drones receive. When she is ready to leave the cell, the workers gather around and gnaw at the top of the cell until it is so thin that the movements of the young queen within may be watched. A hole is made in this cover large enough for her to extend her proboscis, and she is fed in this position for several days, uttering the while a peculiar cry called piping.

The queen seems to have a hatred for those of her own sex, and she will destroy the young queens that come within her reach. Consequently, if the bees have not yet swarmed, the workers do not allow a young queen to stir from her cell. After the old queen has left the hive with her swarm, the young queens are liberated at intervals of a few days, and they lose no opportunity to kill each other.

If by any accident the hive is left without a queen, the bees are thrown into great excitement, but they soon waken up to the necessity for action, and they begin to cultivate a queen as it were. They select three adjoining worker cells which contain larva, and cutting away the partition walls, convert them into one large cell. Two of the larvae are destroyed, and the remaining one, by being fed on royal food and having plenty of room and other favorable conditions, grows into a queen instead of a worker. This slight change of treatment not only gives her a different form, and color, but it alters her whole nature, and gives her different instincts.

So you will see that queen-bees and workers proceed from the same kind of larva, and they develop, according to the circumstances under which they are placed, either into queens or into workers.

The drones are males, and they take no part in the work of the hive. In the latter part of summer the workers kill them without mercy, as if they were determined to support them no longer. They attack the drones, and sting them between the rings of the abdomen, afterward throwing them out of the hive.

Bees usually swarm, or fly off in search of a new home, in the spring, never leaving the hive until it is well stocked with eggs and the weather is warm. When about to swarm, the queen and workers become very much agitated, hurrying to and fro for several days before they start. As the time for departure arrives, several bees fly in circles around the hive; suddenly the noise and bustle are hushed, and they all enter within. At a given signal, those which are to compose the swarm fly off rapidly, and select some tree or bush on which to alight. If their queen is not with them, they soon discover the mistake, and return to the hive, where they wait for several days before a second attempt is made.

When the bees have entered their new home, they arrange themselves in a hoop or festoon by hooking their claws together, and hang from the roof of the hive. Thus they hang motionless for some time, while a store of wax is forming with which to build their new comb.

The bees which remain in the old hive after the swarm has left quietly pursue their labors, and a new brood soon fills the vacancies. The young queens in their turn, lead off new swarms, and thus proceeds the busy life in a bee-hive. There are sometimes as many as 50,000 bees in one hive, yet the work goes on without the slightest disorder or confusion.



FIG. 3.—HIVE BEES.
a. Queen; b. Worker; c. Drone.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT MILL PICNIC.

THE rates of ferriage were fixed at twenty-five cents for a team, fifteen cents for a man on horseback, ten cents for a single animal, and five cents for a foot-passenger. Two cards, with these rates neatly printed on them by Ruth in large letters, were tacked up on the anchorage posts, so that passengers might not have any chance to dispute with the ferryman, or "Superintendent of Ferries," as he liked to be called.

Leaving him in charge of the boat—for he was not yet strong enough for more active work—and leaving Mr. March at work upon the house, Mr. Elmer, Mark, Jan, and four colored men, taking the mules with them, set out bright and early on Tuesday morning for the mill, to begin work on the dam.

They found the pond empty, and exposing a large surface of black mud studded with the stumps of old trees, and the stream from the sulphur spring rippling along merrily in a channel it had cut for itself through the broken portion of the dam. While two men were set to digging a new channel for this stream, so as to lead it through the sluiceway, and leave the place where the work was to be done free from water, the others began to cut down half a dozen tall pines, and hew them into squared timbers.

A deep trench was dug along the whole length of the broken part of the dam for a foundation, and into this was lowered one of the great squared timbers, forty feet long, that had six mortice-holes cut in its upper side. Into these holes were set six uprights, each ten feet long, and on top of these was placed a stringer, or another forty-foot timber. To this frame-work was spiked on the inside a close sheathing of plank. Heavy timber braces, the outer ends of which were let into mud-sills set in trenches dug thirty feet outside the dam, were sunk into the stringer, and the work of filling in with earth on the inside was begun. In two weeks the work was finished; the whole dam had been raised and strengthened, the flood-gates were closed, and the pond began slowly to fill up.

In the mean time the saw-mill machinery had been bought, the frame for the saw-mill had been cut and raised, and Mr. March, having finished the repairs on the house, was busy setting up the machinery and putting it in order.

By the middle of February, or six weeks after the Elmers had landed in Wakulla, their influence had become very decidedly felt in the community. With their building, fencing, ploughing, and clearing, they had given employment to most of the working population of the place, and had put more money into circulation than had been seen there at any one time for years. Their house was now as neat and pretty as any in the county. The ferry was running regularly, and was already much used by travellers from considerable distances on both sides of the river. The mill was finished and ready for business. Above all, Mr. Elmer's health had so improved that he said he felt like a young man again, and able to do any amount of out-door work.

One Sunday morning, after all this had been accomplished, Mr. Elmer announced to the Sunday-school that on the following Wednesday a grand picnic would be given in a pine grove midway between the Elmer Mill and the big sulphur spring, that the ferry would be run free all that day, and that all were cordially invited to come and enjoy themselves. He also said that the Elmer Mill

would be opened for business on that day, and would grind free of charge one bushel of corn for every family in Wakulla who should bring it with them.

This announcement created such a buzz of excitement that it was well it had not been made until after the exercises of the morning were over, for there could certainly have been no more Sunday-school that day.

For the next two days the picnic was the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and wonderful stories were told and circulated of the quantities of goodies that were being made in the "Go Bang" kitchen. Aunt Chloe was frequently interviewed, and begged to tell exactly how much of these stories might be believed; but the old woman only shook her gayly turbaned head, and answered, "Yo's gwine see, chillun, yo's gwine see; only jes hab pashuns; and yo's gwine be 'warded by sich a sight ob fixin's as make yo tink ole times come back, sho nuff."

At last the eagerly expected morning dawned, and though a thick fog hid one bank of the river from the other, sounds of active stir and bustle announced to each community that the other was making ready for the great event.

By nine o'clock the fog had lifted, and the sun shone out bright and warm. Before this, Jan and the mules had made several trips between the house and the mill, each time with a heavy wagon-load of—something. Mr. Elmer, Mr. March, and Mark had gone to the mill as soon as breakfast was over, and had not been seen since.

As soon as the fog lifted, the horn on the opposite side of the river began to blow impatient summonses for the "Superintendent of Ferries," and busy times immediately began for Frank.

What funny loads of black people he brought over! Old gray-headed uncles, leaning on canes, who told stories of "de good ole times long befo' de wah," middle-aged men and women who rejoiced in the present good times of freedom, and comical little pickaninnies, who looked forward with eagerness to the good times to come to them within an hour or so.

And then the teams, the queer home-made carts, most of them drawn by a single steer or cow hitched into shafts, in which the bushels of corn were brought, for everybody who could obtain a bushel of corn had taken Mr. Elmer at his word, and brought it along to be ground free of charge.

One of the men, after seeing his wife and numerous family of children safely on board the boat, went up to Frank with a beaming face, and said, "Misto Frank, I's bought a ok. Dar he is hitched into dat ar kyart, an' oh! he do plough splendid."

The "ok," which poor Joe thought was the proper singular of "oxes," as he would have called a pair of them, was a meek-looking little creature, harnessed to an old two-wheel cart by a perfect tangle of ropes and chains. He was so small that even Frank, accustomed as he was to the ways of the country, almost smiled at the idea of his "ploughing splendid."

He didn't, though; for honest Joe was waiting to hear his purchase praised, and Frank praised it by saying it was one of the handsomest oxen of its size he had ever seen. Joe was fully satisfied with this, and when the boat reached the other side, hurried off to find new admirers for the first piece of actual property he had ever owned, and to tell them that "Misto Frank March, who knew all about oxes, say dis yere ok de han'somes' he eber seed."

Of course the Bevils and Carters came over to the picnic. Grace Bevil, of whom Ruth had already made a great friend, waited with her at the house until the last boat-load of people had been ferried across. Then Frank called them, and after helping them into the canoe, and telling them to sit quiet as 'possums, paddled it up the wild, beautiful river to the mill.

By the time they reached the mill, more than a hundred

* Begun in No. 352, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"SOME ONE PRODUCED A FIDDLE, AND THEY DANCED."

persons were assembled near it, and Mr. Elmer was talking to them from the steps. They were in time to hear him say: "The Elmer Mill is now about to be opened for business, and set to work. A bushel of corn belonging to Uncle Silas Brim, the oldest man present, has been placed in the hopper, and will be the first ground."

Then Mark, who, as President of the Elmer Mill and Ferry Company, was allowed the honor of so doing, pressed a lever that opened the flood-gates. A stream of water dashed through the race, the great wheel began to turn, and as they heard the whirr of the machinery, the crowd cheered again and again. In a little while Uncle Silas Brim's corn was returned to him in the form of a sack of fine yellow meal. After that the bushels of corn poured in thick and fast, and for the rest of the day the Elmer Mill continued its pleasant work of charity.

As the novelty of watching the mill at work wore off, the people began to stroll toward the grove near the sulphur spring, in which an odd-looking structure had been erected the day before, and now attracted much attention. It was a long, low shed, or booth, built of poles thatched with palm leaves woven so close that its interior was completely hidden. Mrs. Elmer, Mrs. Bevil, Mrs. Carter, Ruth, Grace, and Aunt Chloe were known to be inside, but what they were doing was a mystery that no one could solve.

"Reckon dey's a-foxin' up sandwiches," said one.

"Yo' g'way, chile! Who eber heerd ob sich nonsense? Tain't no witches ob no kine; hit's sumfin to eat, I tell

yo'. I kin smell hit," said an old aunty, who sniffed the air vigorously as she spoke.

This opinion was strengthened when Aunt Chloe appeared at the entrance of the booth, before which hung a curtain of white muslin, and in a loud voice commanded all present to provide themselves "wif palmetter leafs fo' plateses, an' magnole leafs fo' cupses."

When all had so provided themselves, they were formed, two by two, into a long procession by several young colored men whom Mr. Elmer had appointed to act as marshals, the white curtain was drawn aside, and they were invited to march into the booth. As they did so, a sight greeted their eyes that caused them to give a sort of suppressed cheer of delight. The interior was hung and trimmed with great bunches of sweet-scented swampazalea, yellow jasmine, and other wild spring flowers, of which the woods were full. But it was not toward the flowers that all eyes were turned, nor they that drew forth the exclamations of delight: it was the table and what it bore.

It reached from one end of the booth to the other, and was loaded with such a quantity of good things as none of them had ever seen before. On freshly cut palm leaves were heaped piles of brown crullers, and these were flanked by pans of baked beans. Boiled hams appeared in such quantities that Uncle Silas Brim was heard to say, "Hit do my ole heart good to see sich a sight ob hog meat."

Every bit of space not otherwise occupied was filled with pies and cakes. Knives and forks had been provided for everybody, and there were a few tin cups, which

"THE BELLE OF THE FLORISTS".—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.



were reserved for coffee. As plates were very scarce, palmetto leaves had to be used instead, and for those who wished to drink water the magnolia leaves, bent so that the ends lapped, made excellent cups.

How they did enjoy that dinner! How savagely the hams were attacked! How the beans and crullers were appreciated, and how rapidly the pies and cakes disappeared! How the coffee, with plenty of "sweet'nin'" in it, was relished! In other words, what a grand feast it was to them! How much and how quickly they ate on that occasion can still be learned from any resident of Wakulla, for they talk of "de feed at de openin' ob dat ar Elmer Mill" to this day.

After dinner they sang, and listened to the music of Ruth's organ, which had been brought from the house for the occasion, and placed at one end of the booth. Then some one produced a fiddle, and they danced. Not only a few danced, but all danced; old and young, and those who stopped to rest patted time on their knees to encourage the others.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, or about "two hour by sun in the evening," as the Wakulla people say, the last bushel of corn was ground, what remained uneaten of the dinner was distributed among those who needed it most, and the picnic was ended. With many bows and courtesies to their hosts, the happy company began to troop, or squeak along in their little ungreaed carts, toward the ferry, where Frank was already on hand waiting to set them across the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING.

BY HARRIET WATERMAN.

MR. KEITH thought that the last of the car-load of stupid, chattering emigrants had left the office, when he looked up from his writing and saw a forlorn-looking girl standing by his desk. She could have been there but a few minutes, yet her face bore the weary, patient look of one who has waited long.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, startled. "How came you here? Left behind? What's the matter?"

"I wish to work, mein Herr," she explained, in a mixture of bad German and worse English. "I came from Bohemia with the rest, but I have no money, and I stop here. I must earn much, that my Peter too may come to this great America."

"What can you do?" was the next question.

"In the fields many things," she answered. "I can drive the oxen and gather the grain, milk the goats and cows, or spin the flax and wool, if one chooses. I can bring wood for the fire—anything to earn much money. Caroline is my name, and I have worked always since I was five. I work very gladly."

Mr. Keith reflected. Cases of this kind were common, and there was a decisive ring in her voice, which promised well for her strength of character, though her appearance was that of a child.

"Caroline," he said to her in German, "you are very young, not more than fourteen."

"Fifteen last Easter," she corrected him, gravely.

"Well, fifteen, then; but you are young still, and women in this country do not work in the fields as in Bohemia. I know a lady, a Mrs. Carroll, for whom you can do house-work, but you will be paid very little until you learn to speak our language, and to work in American ways. You can not earn more than fifty cents a week probably."

Caroline cried a long time before she slept that night. The home to which Mr. Keith had brought her was pleasant enough, and the care of a little baby, which was her chief duty, was not hard work. She was homesick and lonely, a stranger in a strange land; she was far from Peter, who might be cold, while she could not give him

the blanket from her own bed, who might be in pain which there was no one to soothe. But worst of all was the failure of her money expectations.

At home they had talked so much of rich America, where the mountains were stuffed with gold pieces, and the poorest men were rich in land and goods. Fifty cents each week made only twenty-six dollars in a whole year; it would be more than twelve months before she could send for him, and her last words, when he cried at her leaving, had been,

"A month, my Peter, at the most, and I shall send the money for you too to come." It was too bad.

Caroline rose the next morning determined to do so much work that Mrs. Carroll should think her worth more than fifty cents a week. There was little, however, for her to do except to hold the baby, to rock her to sleep, and amuse her when awake. There were two boys, ten and twelve years old, in the family; but Caroline was too quiet, and spoke too little English, to afford them much entertainment.

She debated some time whether or not to send a letter to Peter explaining the delay; she could write, but had never written a letter. Moreover, it must cost a great deal to travel so far, and it did not seem at all probable that such a little thing would go safely across America, the great ocean, and Europe besides. Every Saturday night she put a piece of money into her small leather bag, every night she counted the coins, rubbed them bright, and said, as she looked at them, "Some miles at least accomplished, my Peter."

There were eighteen of these half-dollars by Thanksgiving week. To get money was the thought which haunted Caroline night and day. The good priest in Bohemia had so well instructed the motherless children in ways of honesty that she was not tempted to steal, even while she calculated the value of the children's toys, the dishes on the table, and the furniture in the house. Accustomed to black bread and water, with soup on holidays only, she grudged the price of the food daily set before her. If they would but add the value of her portion to her wages, she thought, and let her eat black bread, it would not choke her, as did the fine white bread and meat, better than Peter dreamed ever of eating.

She need not put sugar in her coffee at least; so every morning she conscientiously took the exact number of lumps which the cook appeared to use, and put them, not into her cup, but into a paper in her lap. She soon had quite a good-sized bag of sugar in her trunk. "That will keep," she said to herself. "When I get a large bag I will sell it."

She did not understand much about Thanksgiving. She noticed that the stores became suddenly full of turkeys and chickens, after which the household was given over to cooking, and then a great many visitors came, three children among them.

By Wednesday evening the five boys and girls had played all their games, and exhausted their last amusement.

"What's the use of sitting up till nine," demanded Howard Lee, gloomily, "if there isn't any fun? I'll tell you what—let's go and make that little Dutch girl tell us something to do. We'll serenade her. I will teach you a song."

Howard's suggestion was adopted, and the words of a song altered until they were judged appropriate. Then the procession of five stole to the door of Caroline's room, opened it without the formality of a knock, and entered.

She sat before the little wooden chest, her hands full of silver half-dollars.

"Caroline, Caroline,
Can't you dance a bee-line?
Can't you dance?
Can't you prance?
Go to France,
Caroline, Caroline,
And learn to dance a bee-line."

Caroline dropped the money into the chest, and pulled

down the lid. Of the song she understood only enough to make her feel unhappy. "Go away!" she cried. "I do not trouble you; leave me alone."

"Let's see what she has in her strong box," exclaimed Howard; "lots of fine things, I expect." Her plaid shawl was near the top. "Camel's-hair!" he exclaimed, and the rest laughed at his wit as he tied it around his waist. Next he saw a wooden animal, one which Caroline had brought for love of Peter; he had broken a leg in the making, and so could not sell it.

Her eyes blazed angry warning, but Howard was too much interested to notice. "A cow," he screamed; "no, a horse; no, the great three-legged what-is-it, a new variety peculiar to Bohemia."

Perhaps it was that they made fun of Peter's handiwork, perhaps because Tom Carroll at this moment discovered the bag of sugar, and began to distribute the result of her self-denial in generous handfuls—whatever the cause, her patience utterly gave way, and she dealt Howard a blow which sent him, screaming, down the stairs to tell a tale which brought Mr. and Mrs. Carroll to the little room.

"Caroline, how did you come to have so much money?" demanded the latter, sternly.

"It is mine," the girl answered. "You paid it to me." Mrs. Carroll counted the money. "Nine dollars—exactly what I have paid you. Do you mean to say that you have not spent one penny since you came here?"

"Yes, ma'am." "A probable story," said Mrs. Carroll. "Explain the sugar; have I paid you that also?"

"I saved it from my coffee," stammered Caroline, who saw that her judge had already decided. "I did not eat any—indeed, I did not."

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Carroll; "still, it looks so much like a case of stealing that I will allow you to look for another place to-morrow."

"If you think I am a thief, I will not sleep in your house to-night," answered Caroline. "I will go to the street, rather. Yes, my Peter, you will die in Bohemia, and I in this hateful America, but we will go together to the beautiful heaven, where the dear Lord will not let these lying ones come." And before the astonished Carrolls could speak she had opened the door and gone, leaving her clothes and precious dollars.

Kind-hearted Mr. Carroll walked around the block, intending to urge her to return for the night, but he could not find her. "Gone to some of her friends, of course," he assured himself, comfortably, though he might have remembered that she had no friends. "It's a cold night, Mary," he said as he shivered by the fire.

"Such things make me sick," answered his wife; "and as I shall have baby on my hands as well as dinner to-morrow, I think I may be excused from giving many thanks."

Caroline in the mean time wandered around, and came finally to the depot. The great door of the freight-room was open for a late train, and into that spot of blacker blackness she crept, as she despairingly thought, to die.

But instead of dying, Caroline slept soundly through the night, not awakening until the door was pushed back in the morning, and the engine whistled an early train.

She stood by the door-post then, hardly noticed in the confusion.

Caroline saw two ladies, two children, and a grown boy step on to the platform, a gentleman next, and with him a boy on crutches. Yes—no. She rubbed her eyes. Was she blind, dreaming, dead?

But the boy surely looked like Peter, and he had certainly seized her in the most life-like way, and was saying, "Mr. Mills, this is my Caroline, my sister." And again: "I did not think to find you so soon, for they told me that there were few of our people here; but Mr. Mills, my dear friend, kept saying all yesterday, 'To-morrow we shall find

her, for it will be the good American Thanksgiving-day.' Have they told you, Caroline? It is the day when all the people close their stores and workshops, and families gather together to give thanks to the good God for the harvest and the flocks and the herds, and everything that He has given them in the way of blessings all the year through. It is our Thanksgiving-day, is it not?"

Caroline soon told her sorrowful story, and Mr. Mills led her, with Peter, to the Carroll's, where he interrupted the family party long enough to convince them that they had wronged the girl.

"I stumbled upon the boy while I was travelling in Europe," he said, "and thinking that he displayed uncommon talent, had a fancy to educate him as a wood-carver. There was plainly no chance of doing anything for him apart from this sister, whose unselfishness merits some such reward. I shall take them to my home in Chicago, and try to make this for them only the beginning of their Thanksgiving-days."

MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

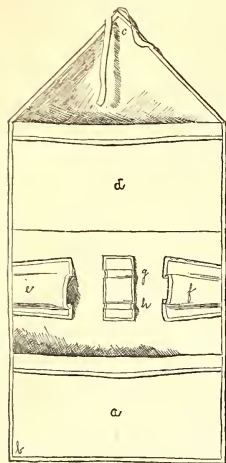
"DID you really say that there were more bags to come, Milly?"

"Yes, indeed I did, and here they are."

The two girls were in Milly's room again, and the bed was once more the scene of a great display of fancy-work. Milly went on with her directions for making Christmas gifts:

"This is a dressing bag in which one can carry comb and brush, towel, soap, etc., on a summer flight to the seashore or mountains. Now, then, you must supply yourselves with some brown linen and blue braid, and we will transform them into the prettiest kind of a dressing bag. Measure the linen into a piece twenty-six inches long and twelve inches wide. Bind one end with braid, and fold it under an inch, to imitate a wide hem. Fold this same end over five inches to make a pocket for a towel (see letter *a*). Baste the sides together until you are ready to put on the binding. The other end must be sloped to a point, and you can best tell how to grade this by having the space between *b* and *c* fourteen inches. Take another piece of linen twelve inches long and four and a half wide. Bind one long side with braid, and fold over an inch as before to simulate a hem. Sew this by the three sides that are not bound just below the point, the opening toward the three-cornered end. This makes a towel pocket (*d*). Take a piece of linen five by four and a half inches, and bind the two long sides and one of the short ones with braid. Make a box pleat at the side that has no braid, and sew it on the left side (*e*) between the two large pockets, leaving the top, of course, open. Make a second pocket in the same way, and sew it on the right side (*f*). These may be used for soap and wash-cloth. Bind a strip of linen five and a half by one and a half inches, and sew it between the two pockets, leaving two little openings (*g* and *h*) in which scissors and tooth-brush can be inserted. Now bind the outside edge of the bag with the blue braid, and leave two pieces at the point (*i*) to tie around it and make a bow knot when rolled up.

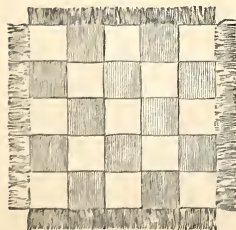
"This is for slippers, and for your comfort, Grace, I will tell you that it is the last bag. For the back piece that hangs against the wall you will need a piece of stiff paste-board fifteen inches long, and four inches wide at the bottom. The top should be sloped to a blunt point, and the widest part measure six inches across. Cover both sides neatly with some bright cretonne. Take another piece of cretonne thirteen inches long, ten and a half inches wide at the bottom, and fifteen at the top. Make a hem an inch wide at the top, and below this gather twice and run a piece of thick elastic through. Fold two box pleats at the bottom, and sew it to the back piece, leaving the top open to admit the slippers. This opening should not be so wide that the hem falls over, but just wide enough for



A TRAVELLING BAG.

of pale blue, each three-quarters of an inch wide, and cut each ribbon into ten pieces. Then I placed five of the red strips side by side, and wove the blue ones in and out, check-board fashion. I did the same with the other ribbons, and fringed out the ends. I put some heliotrope sachet powder on a bit of cotton, and fastened my squares together.

"A pretty variation from this can be made by taking two or three pieces of ribbon five inches long. They must be of such width as to make a square when sewed together. Olive, pink, and blue is a pretty combination. Fringe the ends to a depth of three-quarters of an inch; then so fold it as to make a three-



SCENT BAG.

the slippers to enter. The top of the hem in the middle should be five inches from the top of the point. Sew a brass ring on the point, and the bag is finished, and a very pretty and useful article you will find it."

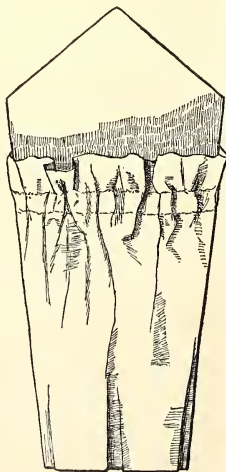
As she thus finished describing the "slipper bag," Milly took up two other articles, when Grace exclaimed:

"Did you not say there were no more bags, Milly? Now tell me truly aren't these scent bags?"

Milly laughed. "So they are, but they don't count. I meant bags of some size to hold things."

"Very well. Go on."

"To make this scent bag I bought a piece of scarlet ribbon sixty inches long, and as much more



A SLIPPER BAG.

cornered bag, fringed on the straight edges. Put in a little cotton batting and sachet powder, and fasten the edges with invisible stitches.

"Now for what I call 'Catch - alls,' though each one has a use. This is for Mamma's bureau, to hold her hair-pins. You cut two pieces of card-board in the shape of a boat. Cover both sides of these pieces with

any pretty material, and sew them together at the ends and shorter sides. Fasten cords finished with balls or tassels from the ends, and you will have a jaunty little boat to swing from the gas fixture. A design of crossed oars outlined upon one side would be a suitable decoration. Six inches for the length of the lower line and three inches for the height of the boat make a very good proportion. If you make it longer in proportion to its width, it will be a more nautical craft, but the hair-pins and curl-papers will also be more likely to spill.

"If you were wise enough in your summer wanderings to secure a supply of birch bark, you have beautiful material for as many things as you have ingenuity to devise. For this same style of catch-all cut the ends a little more rounding, and instead of a straight line for the top, let it be slightly curved inward, and you will have a real birch-bark canoe.

"It would be well to finish the edges with a binding of silk braid. Upon one side you can print with brush or pen the name of the boat, or of the friend to whom it is to belong, or a Christmas wish, as you choose.

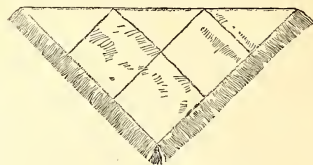
"Now, Grace, you will laugh. Tell me, if you can, what this is," and Milly pulled a curious-looking object from beneath the table.

"Why, it is your Japanese umbrella," said Grace.

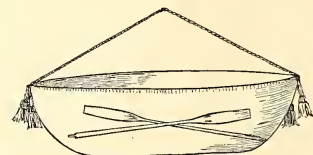
"It is a waste-paper basket," replied Milly. "First I made holes with a darning-needle in every one of these bamboo ends. Then I opened it half-way and put this fine wire through all the holes, and twisted the ends together so it would never open any more. Ned fixed a block for the bottom heavy enough to make the basket stand firm, and with a big hole in the middle. He screwed the head of the parasol tightly into the hole, and Mamma gave me the cashmere to cover it. Then I bought this beautiful crimson ribbon to tie on the handle, and that was all."

"It makes a lovely waste-basket," said Grace, admiringly.

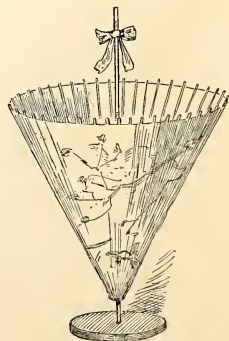
"So I think. But, Gracie, we will have to stop for a little while now. I have just caught sight through the window of Madame Morand, who is coming to give me a music lesson. After that we will come upstairs again. It won't take long to show the rest of the things, for I have only a few more."



ANOTHER SCENT BAG.



FOR HAIR-PINS.

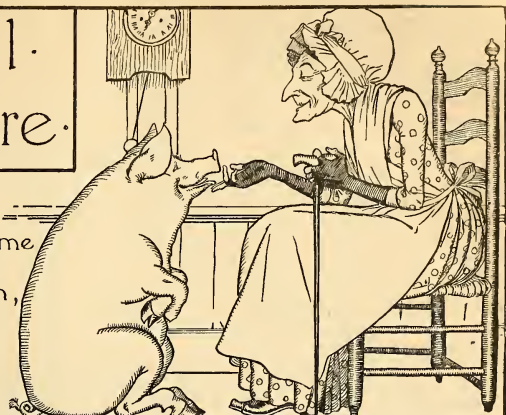


A WASTE-PAPER BASKET.



Superficial Culture.

I'll tell of a certain old dame;
The same
Had a beautiful piggy, whose name
Was Jame-
-s; and whose beauty and worth,
From the day of his birth,
Were matters of popular fame,
And his claim
To gentility no one could blame.



So, seeing his promise, she thought
She ought
To have him sufficiently taught
The art
Of deportment, to go
Into company; so
A master of dancing she brought,
Who was fraught
With a style which the piggiwig caught.

So his company manners were rare.
His care
Of social observances there
Would bear
The closest inspection,
And not a reflection
Could rest on his actions, howe'er
You might care
To examine 'em down to a hair.



Now, things went beau-ti-ful-ly,
Till he
Fell in love with a dame of degree;
Pardie!
When he tried for to speak,
But could only say "Ow-e-e-k!"
For, whatever his polish might be,
Why, dear me!
He was pig at the bottom, you see.



ANNOUNCEMENT AND GREETING.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a favorite with English-speaking children all over the world. Not in American homes only, but also by many English-friended eager hands and beaming eyes watch for and welcome the children's charming paper.

We are therefore sure that the announcement we now make will gratify both parents and children in the merry homes of England. In response to an urgent demand the weekly publication of **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** has been recently begun in England. In future the paper will be issued regularly there as well as here. There will be an office in London, and the little people in Great Britain, who have so ardently desired to receive their paper as promptly as their American cousins do, may now be satisfied.

Punctually as the week rolls round will come the red-letter day when the postman shall bring **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** to its happy English subscribers.

More than five years have passed since American children welcomed the earliest numbers of the paper. During this period **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** has become a household friend everywhere, and the beautiful numbers, gathered yearly into bound volumes, held a leading place among the most cherished treasures of American children. Indeed, a bound volume of **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** is a store-house of delights, which is unsurpassed for brightening a rainy day, soothing a convalescent, or affording recreation to grown people who are in sympathy with children.

We confidently predict success for **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** in its new field. We are glad to know that the children in the mother-country are to have as their own the weekly treat which the children here prize so highly. The bright stories from the best juvenile writers, the bits of fun and wisdom, the tales of thrilling adventure—dramatic, not sensational—the carefully prepared and instructive and scientific articles, the descriptions of athletic games and of dainty needle-work, will all find an audience, fit and wide awake, in the children of England.

As **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** has no rival in the department of illustrations, the pictures will be a feast to the eyes which see them, and will do much to give the little folk good training in art.

The Post-office Box is a popular and charming feature of the paper, and has always counted among its young contributors a multitude of clever little correspondents, both at home and abroad. The Post-mistress expects to find a great many new friends among English girls and boys. She hopes that they will begin at once to do their share in making the Post-office Box interesting and entertaining, and she will be happy to present their letters to little writers in America. They will no doubt try their skill in making and solving puzzles, and the more they tell about their pastimes, pets, playmates, and studies, the better we shall all be pleased.

English children, for economy they prefer, for convenience and for economy in postage, may address their letters to the care of the English publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., 188 Fleet Street, London, E. C. American children and little correspond-

ents in all other places will continue to address their letters to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I thought I would write you a little letter. I have been **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** five weeks, and I like it very much. I am a boy ten years old, and am large for my age. I take music lessons and like them very much. I do not like to write letters generally, but it is a pleasure to write to you. I want my mamma to take me down to New York to see you. I have not any brothers or sisters. When I come home from school on Thursday afternoons I run down to the store where I buy my **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** and get it, and then I run home and read the story of "Wakulla", something new. I usually wait to read it. My mamma is in New York now, but is coming home to-morrow. I am anxious to see her, for I love her dearly. I have always liked to read, and my papa enjoys having me do so. Dear Postmistress, I think I must say good-bye now. Love all the readers.

Your little new friend,

MORGAN P. B.

I am glad to have Morgan among my boys, and shall be pleased to see him when he comes to New York.

PARIS, FRANCE.

Since I last wrote I have seen many interesting things—the Cathedral at Cologne, the lovely river Rhine, the wonderful Strasburg clock, and the grand Black Forest of Germany, with its beautiful water-falls. We spent three charming weeks at the commodious watering-place Baden-Baden. I have a great many fun down to Strasburg for a few days to see Lake Lucerne and go up the Rhine, but we were afraid to take for a long stay, as we had to catch the express for the city. Since then we have been in Paris. The town of Napoleon is the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. The children my little sisters, Kate and Julia, my cousins, and myself have enjoyed the Champs Elysées so much, also the Palace of Industry, where they make a great many beautiful things. Mamma bought each of the little girls a lovely French doll the other day, each with three separate costumes. We leave for London to-morrow, and shall be home in about three weeks. Our cousin in Kentucky has been sending us the charming **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** for three years, and we like it so much that I have been sending it to our cousin in Virginia for two years.

With love,

MARIAN H.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I thought I would write to you about my pets. I have a dog named Skye, and he can play dead dog and other droll tricks. I have two birds, Professor and Polly; they are brother and sister. I have a great many numbers of **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**, and I like it very much; my favorite story is "The Ice Queen." I hope you will put this in your paper. I know if I write a story to put in your paper; it is a true story. I am nine years old. I will say good-bye.

PAUL DANIELS D.

You may send your story, Paul, and I will read it, and if it is very good, and not too long, it will probably find a place in the Post-office Box; but remember, dear, that it must be bright and short, or else I will have to keep it to myself.

WABASH, ILLINOIS.

I am going South to spend the summer with my only one pet, a little Maltese kitten named Trotter, very cunning and smart. I expect to have **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** sent to me this winter, and I will enjoy it very much. I am not going to attend school, and will have plenty of time to read it. I have an older sister and a little brother, and we have fine times together.

MAUD G.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Tell me how to take a saucer full of water, wet it thoroughly, and keep it so. Take cuttings of rose-wood of half-pipe width with leaves on—put in the sand, and stand in the sun. I am the daughter of a farmer, and my papa says if these directions are strictly followed you can raise plants.

Would you like to know of the gas wells in this vicinity? If you would, I will write to you of them some time.

JANE M.

Yes, I would. Thank you, on May's behalf.

RIVERSIDE, EAST TENNESSEE.

This splendid paper has been subscribed to for me by my brothers and myself since the first number was sent. I live in the corner near the Little Tennessee River, opposite old Fort Loudon. My grandmother lives a quarter of a mile down the river, and it is a rare day when I go down to her home. The river is very shallow in some places, as we have not had any rain for two months. One evening lately we went to

grandmother's, and just before sunset went in a skiff with my uncle, brothers, and two sisters, some distance down the river to some shoals, where it is very shallow. The river was very beautiful, and was so low that one could see the rocks at the bottom; it became so shallow that my brother could wade and catch the fish. There is a little island formed by rocks in dry weather; we got out on it, and found some periwinkles and musk-shells. We shot the fish and ourselves more if we all could have pulled off our shoes and stockings and waded. My sister and I will be so glad to have some directions given about hunting Christmas presents.

B. H. N.

Of course you have read about Milly Cone's Christmas presents, and here is a pleasant letter which comes just in time to help you still more.

ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN.

In No. 258 I saw that you asked the older readers to give some suggestions about Christmas gifts. I am a girl reader, and knowing some things I thought others might like, I send these directions:

WOOD CHAIR.—Cut out of stiff pasteboard two pieces four and a half inches square, one piece eight and a quarter inches long and three and three-quarter inches wide, one piece four and a half inches square, one piece three and three-quarter inches wide and a half inches long, one piece five and a half inches long and four and a quarter inches wide; these last are for the arms, and the end should be made curved. Take Turkey red calico, or whatever suits your taste, and make these. One of the pieces four and a half inches square should be stuffed on one side to form a cushion. The piece eight and a quarter inches long is the back; the two pieces four and a half inches square are the bottom and seat; the piece four and a half inches wide and three inches long is the front. Sew the back and arm pieces together, and then the front to the front part of the arm pieces. Put the bottom in, sewing to the back and back pieces, and sew from the back to the back even with the front. The seams may be covered with braid. This is a very useful contrivance to keep cotton and twine from falling.

MOUSE PEN-WIPER.—Take a piece of gray cloth, the wrong side of which will represent the mouse's skin; cut a piece as nearly the shape of a mouse as possible, allowing for seams; sew it together, the piece eight and a quarter inches long is the back, leaving a small space to fill it up with wadding. Shape the body like a mouse; make the ears and feet. The ears should be made of fasten the mouse to the pen-wiper. The ears should be folded a little. Put two little black beads for eyes, pass some stiff thread through the nose and back, and crocheted and crocheted tail. Fasten to the pen-wiper, which may be made of red and black cloth or flannel.

SISTER.

SEABOARD, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have two brothers, but they are both older than I. I live on a farm a mile and a half from Sugar Loaf. I have two pets—a cat and a bird; their names are Tom and Dick. My youngest brother has a dog named Duke. We also have seven horses, two of which I can drive. I wish Jimmy Brown would write the story of "The Mouse and the Kulla"; it is splendid. I have a cousin who takes your paper. I hope you will print this letter, as I want to surprise my papa and mamma.

JULIE F. W.

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

As I have never seen any letters from this place, I thought I would write you all the little boys and girls tell about their pets. I have but two. They are a puppy and a cat. I go to school, and have a good many good friends. I like arithmetic, spelling, language, science, geography, writing, and drawing. I am eleven years old. The streets of Jacksonville are very wide, and are shaded by elm-trees in rows on each side. In some places the limbs touch each other and form an arch over the street-car track. This city has the largest institution for the deaf and dumb in the world.

GORDON B.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI.

I have been taking **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** only three weeks, and am delighted with it. Papa buys it from Mr. T., an aged gentleman who is blind, and reads it to me. I have a Post-office Box; he lives nineteen miles from us, in a little town where my grandparents reside. I have two sisters and a little brother. My only pet is a dog. Poppy is her name. She is pretty and black, just like silk. We all know when papa is coming home at night; you can hear her bark. I am eleven years old, and my name is

MAXWELL P.

This letter is from one of our dear invalids. We who are well are happy to make suffering lives brighter:

I am so happy at receiving so many beautiful letters from you children that I thought I would write and tell you about it. Since my letter was printed I have received thirty-five letters, and they were all so lovely and sympathetic, I want



NINEPINS.

SING a song of Ninepins,
All spick and span,
Johnny Sprat and Pussy Cat
And little sister Nan.

Sing a song of Ninepins,
Prettv sister Jane;
When they fall, set them all
In their rows again.

Sing a song of Ninepins,
All on the floor,
Well done, brother John;
Down go four.



PRESENTATION AT COURT.

HERE, at his ease, King Alexander see:
No grander king in Babydom than he.
Says sister, "I, your subject, loyal and true,
Most humbly would present this doll to you.
For tops and kites and dolls and every-
thing
Would like to know you, grand and mighty
King."
Will you accept it, young King Alexander?
Or does your Majesty want something
grander?



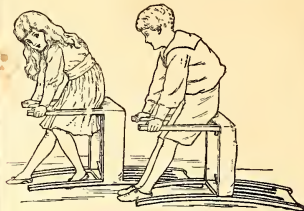
DOLLS.

LITTLE Mistress Curlywig is very glad
to see
Pretty Miss Featherhat calling in for tea.
Pretty Miss Featherhat, what a dainty doll,
With her jacket trimmed with fur, and silk-
en parasol!
"Featherhat," says Curlywig, "on the table
see
Cups two, saucers two, set for you and me!
Will you take some cream, dear, and sugar
in your tea?"
"Thank you, Mistress Curlywig—a little,
dear," says she.



THE STATE CARRIAGE.

THIS is the carriage of state;
And here Their Majesties wait
Till somebody come
Out of Babydom
To drive King John and Queen Kate.



A BOAT-RACE.

WAS ever a race in the world like this?
Over the nursery floor they float,
One little Master and one little Miss,
And the back of a chair for a boat.
Harvard and Yale are nothing to this;
And the best of it is, it is won by—a Miss.



ROYAL DISPLEASURE.

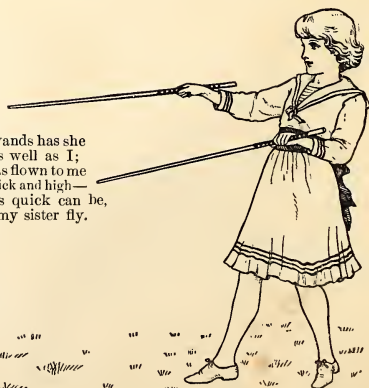
BOW! wow! you nasty dog! I see no
reason
Why you should not be hanged for this
high-treason.
Each royal dog should be a kind and good
one,
And not, like you, a very bad and rude
one.
Give back that doll! Come, Cæsar, have the
goodness,
And lick your royal master for such rude-
ness.
If not, in some dark kennel I will chain
you.
And there for life a prisoner detain you.

TWO LITTLE
WANDS.

TWO little wands have I:
Come to me, flying ring.
Sister has thrown you high,
Just like a fairy thing:
Down from the sunny sky
Fly on your fairy wing.

Two little wands on high,
And two the other way.
Under the sunny sky
How gracefully they play!
I hope good girls will try
To look as neat as they.

Two little wands has she
(Sister) as well as I;
Ring that has flown to me
Ever so quick and high—
As quick as quick can be,
Back to my sister fly.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 265.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"HE FOUND HIS SISTER LAUGHING AND CRYING ON THE DOG'S NECK."

BROOM.

A Story for Thanksgiving-Day.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"I THINK it is rather hard that I can't have a cat because of mother's bird, and yet Fred is allowed to

keep that great horrid dog. It isn't fair," said Winnie Freels, in a fretful tone, as she took her seat one evening at the supper table.

"There are a good many reasons why I should be allowed to keep a dog," said Fred, flushing, and laying down his knife and fork. "Broom watches the house;

and how many ducks do you think I would get when I go hunting if it wasn't for him?"

"The ducks are not worth the cost of his mischief," retorted Winnie. "There isn't a day that he doesn't do something to aggravate me."

"Of what particular offense has he been guilty today?" asked Mr. Freels, smiling.

"He tore my white wrapper off the line, and dragged it out into the vacant lot back of Mr. Bonde's," answered Winnie. "When Jane found it there wasn't much left of it except the waist. Of course I can never wear it again. And it was the prettiest wrapper I had."

Fred, who had been trying to eat a piece of toast, choked at this, and rising hastily, left the room.

"Aren't you coming back to finish your supper, Fred?" called his mother after him.

"I don't care for any more," answered the boy, as he went into the kitchen and closed the door behind him.

Cold as it was—for it was November weather—Fred went directly to Broom's kennel and knelt down, putting both arms around the dog's neck.

"You dear old fellow," he said. "I don't care what they say, I'll never give you up."

As he spoke he remembered that he had promised to go to his grandfather's the following week to spend Thanksgiving. Grandfather Pease lived on a large farm fifty miles away, and Fred knew from experience how great was the pleasure of a visit there. But could he go now and leave Broom? With everybody "down on him," what abuse might not the poor creature suffer during his master's absence?

When the day came on which he was to leave, he gave his mother a dozen different charges about the dog, and even after he had said good-by to every one, and had started down the street, his valise in his hand, he ran back to beg that if it grew very cold, Broom might be permitted to come into the kitchen and lie under the table, where he would be out of the way.

Mrs. Freels promised that the dog should be accorded this privilege; but the weather was very mild the day after Fred left, and Broom seemed very well contented in his kennel.

"It is just the day for doing up my curtains, Jane," said Winnie, entering the kitchen with her arms full of Nottingham lace. "Have you time to wash them?"

"I'll find time, Miss Winnie," answered Jane.

"I want to get them up again before the Shakespeare Club meets here to-morrow night," said Winnie. "The girls will take off their things in my room, and of course I want it to look nice."

"Yes, miss, of course you do," said Jane. "And if you'll do the dusting for me, I'll turn in and wash the curtains right off. This sun will dry 'em in an hour, and then we can stretch 'em in the spare room."

Winnie was very willing to do the dusting, for she rather liked house-work, and going upstairs, she began work in her mother's room.

She was giving the last touches to the mirror, and was feeling very well satisfied with her work, when the door opened suddenly and Jane came in.

"Oh! Miss Winnie," she cried, excitedly, "I don't know what you'll say, but that horrid dog of Master Fred's has just ruined your curtains. I put them out on the line to dry, and he has torn them all to pieces."

For a moment Winnie said nothing at all. She sat staring at the girl, her face pallid with anger.

"My curtains! my lovely curtains!" she gasped at last. "Oh, how I hate that dog!"

She rushed down-stairs and out into the back yard, where Broom lay before his kennel gravely contemplating the ruin he had wrought. As Jane had said, the curtains were torn all to pieces; the dog's sharp teeth and big feet had not left perfect a single yard.

"I wish he was dead! I do, I do," sobbed Winnie, passionately, as she went away to her own room to have her cry out unreprieved.

Her eyes were very red when at one o'clock she appeared at the dinner table, and no one ventured to refer to the curtains until the meal was over. Then Mr. Freels drew his daughter to his side and kissed her tenderly.

"It is too bad, Winnie," he said; "mother has told me all about it; and you shall have a new set of curtains as soon as I can spare the money for them. As to Broom, perhaps he had better be kept tied all the time until Fred comes home. He can't get into mischief then. By-the-way, does Jane give him enough to eat? I was looking out of the library window just before dinner, and I saw some little boys feeding him through a knot-hole in the fence. He seemed to eat very greedily, though they gave him only crackers and bread."

"I don't know anything about his meals," answered Winnie, in a quivering voice, and unable to trust herself to say more, she escaped from her father's encircling arm, and left the room.

As she went upstairs she remembered that her aunt's room still remained undusted, and she went in to attend to it, though she no longer felt like working. The promise of new curtains had not lessened her anger against Broom. It would be months, perhaps, before she could have them.

"And I can't go around explaining to the girls to-morrow," she thought. "They will just take it for granted that I can't afford curtains."

Now Miss Caroline Freels, Winnie's aunt, who was spending Thanksgiving-day in her brother's family, was a woman of many peculiarities, and had various hobbies which she rode with great ardor. One of these was the preservation of the human hair, and her bureau was well stocked with bottles containing "Hair Tonics" and tinctures and medicines of all kinds. For a time she kept her locks saturated with tar-water; then she tried kerosene; then she resorted to salt and water. This gave way to a decoction of box leaves, which Winnie had heard her remark a few days previous was about to be abandoned in favor of rain-water in which tartar-emetic had been dissolved.

So when Winnie began to dust, the sight of a druggist's white envelope on the bureau bearing the label "tartar-emetic" did not surprise her in the least. But the skull and cross-bones beneath the two words gave a most unfortunate turn to her thoughts. A way out of her trouble was suggested at once. With this little powder she could put an end to the destroyer of her peace.

She did not give herself time to think of the wickedness of the deed she contemplated. Her heart was too full of anger and resentment to admit any feeling of a softer nature. The ungovernable temper which her mother had so often deplored made her reckless. She snatched up the little envelope, and with a look of settled determination on her face, ran quickly down-stairs to the kitchen. Jane was in the cellar, and on the table lay the remains of the dinner—a large piece of juicy steak occupying a prominent position on a platter.

To cut off a small piece of this steak and rub the powder in the envelope on it was the work of only a moment, and then Winnie, still eager for revenge, hurried into the yard, where Broom was napping in his kennel.

He came out as he heard her step, and snapped greedily at the meat she held out to him, swallowing it at one gulp. Then, wagging his tail and barking loudly, he fawned upon her, asking as plainly as words could have done for more.

But Winnie had no more to give him, and as she met the affectionate gaze of his great yellow eyes a pang of shame and remorse shot through her heart.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't given it to him!" she thought. "What will Fred say?"

All her anger seemed to have died away, and as Broom jumped around her, rubbing his shaggy head against her hand, the tears started to her eyes, and she went back into the house feeling a hundred times more miserable than when she had come out.

She did not feel able to finish dusting her aunt's room, and going into the parlor, lay down on the sofa, and spent the afternoon in thinking of the probable consequences of what she had done. The dog would be found dead, and she would be at once suspected, of course. What would her parents say? How would Fred feel toward her? Would he ever forgive her?

Poor Winnie! she thought more during that day and evening of the sin of anger, and made more good resolutions than in all the years of her life before. She resolved to show Fred by her future conduct how deeply she regretted the hasty act which had robbed him of the possession he valued above all others.

"He shall never have reason to complain of me again," she thought, "and I never will find fault with him."

When she went down to breakfast the next morning, feeling weary and sad, she found her father in conversation with Jane, who was cutting bread at the sideboard.

"Daughter," he said, turning around as Winnie came in, "we are all very much worried about Broom. Jane found the gate open this morning, and the kennel empty."

"Empty!" echoed Winnie.

"Yes, and one of the little boys whom I saw hanging about the yard yesterday says the dog is dead. He saw him lying over in the lot back of Mr. Bonde's, and one of the city carts, passing by early this morning, carried him away. He must have got out during the night, and been killed in a fight with another dog. Poor Broom! Fred is sure to take his death very hard."

Winnie made no reply. She took her seat at the table in silence, listening with an aching heart to the various surmises of her parents and aunt concerning poor Broom.

When breakfast was over, her mother sent her out to do some errands for Thanksgiving-day. Every moment her heart grew heavier, and so miserable had she become that she could scarcely raise a smile when on her return she found the windows of her bedroom adorned with floating draperies far prettier and more costly than those Broom had destroyed.

"You seemed to feel so badly about your loss," said her mother, kissing her, "that your father determined to get the new curtains at once. But you do not seem as much pleased as I thought you would be, Winnie."

"Oh, mamma, I *am* pleased; I *am* indeed," said Winnie, earnestly; and then, to her mother's utter astonishment, she burst into tears.

"I don't understand the child lately," said Mrs. Freels to her husband that evening when he asked how Winnie had liked her present. "She seems, for some reason I can't fathom, utterly wretched."

In vain did Winnie try to be cheerful and bright before her guests that evening. Her heart was too heavily weighted to rise in genuine gayety even for a moment, and the young Shakespeareans all noticed how preoccupied was her manner, and how listlessly she took her part in the evening's exercises. But they imagined her suffering from some slight illness, and did not annoy her with questions.

The next day was Thanksgiving-day, and Winnie had been invited with her parents and aunt to dine at the house of an intimate friend of the family; but she pleaded a severe headache, and begged to be allowed to stay at home, and she looked so ill that no one ventured to oppose her wish.

It was the only unhappy Thanksgiving-day she had ever known. Alone all day, she tried first one occupation and then another; but nothing seemed to distract her thoughts, which were ever on the sin she had committed.

But the worst of her punishment came when, on the

evening of the fifth day of his absence, Fred returned home. He rushed into the library just at night-fall like a young whirlwind.

"How are you, everybody?" he cried, joyously. "Oh, I've had a regularly splendid time!"

"Tell us about your grandfather," said Mrs. Freels, as she embraced her son affectionately. "How is he?"

"Oh, just wait a minute," cried Fred. "Let me run out to see Broom a minute, and then I'll answer all the questions you choose to ask. But I must see Broom first."

"Why, haven't you told him about Broom yet?" asked Aunt Caroline, coming in at this moment.

Her sister-in-law gave her a warning glance, but it was too late.

"What about Broom?" Fred asked, the keenest anxiety in his voice. "He's well, isn't he?"

For a moment no one answered. Then Mr. Freels, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, gravely, "We haven't very pleasant news to tell you about Broom, my son: the poor dog is dead."

Fred stared before him in utter silence a moment, seeming unable to comprehend what his father had said; then walking to the window which looked out on the yard, he stood there, his troubled face pressed against the glass.

"How did he die?" he asked at last, in a husky voice.

"We think he wandered out of the yard at night, and was killed in a fight with another dog."

The boy asked no more questions. He remained by the window a little longer; then walked slowly out of the room and went upstairs.

Winnie went upstairs too, and sitting down in her wicker rocking-chair by the open grate fire which blazed on her hearth, tried to gather courage to go to her brother, confess her secret, and ask his pardon.

But before she could make up her mind to take this step, which involved so much, the door opened and Fred came in.

"Sister," he said, evidently trying to speak in his ordinary tone, and to appear in his usual spirits, "here is something for you. It is a frame. I made it at grandfather's out of the wood of an old hickory-nut-tree which was cut down while I was there. I knew your liking for such things, and you can put my picture in this if you choose, and think of me whenever you look at it."

Winnie looked up; but she made no movement to take the frame. Her hands lay motionless in her lap, and her face was so set and still that Fred was frightened.

"Winnie, dear Winnie," he cried, dropping the frame on the carpet, and throwing himself on his knees beside his sister's chair, "what is the matter?"

For answer she put her head down on his shoulder and burst into a storm of tears, sobbing so wildly and hysterically that Fred became more frightened still.

"Let me call mother, Winnie," he said, trying to rise, "and don't, *don't* cry so, sister."

"No, don't call mother," she gasped. "I—I want to tell you. Oh, Fred, Broom—poor Broom! Don't hate me, Fred."

Fred did not try to answer her at once, he had such hard work to keep from crying himself.

"I did not know you loved him so well, Winnie," he said at last, in a quivering voice, "and of course I don't hate you because of the hard things you used to say about him. And—and you mustn't feel so badly about it, Winnie. It will be all right in a few days." Then fearing to lose his self-control if he remained longer, he put her gently from him and left the room.

And Winnie, exhausted by the violence of her emotion, was fain to put off her confession to another day.

The sun was shining brightly when she awoke the next morning, and after putting on her morning wrapper and toilet slippers, she went to the window and pulled up the shade. As she did so her glance fell on the yard below.



PAPA AND MAMMA OUT FOR A WALK.

One instant she gazed, the next she was flying down the stairs like a mad thing, her long hair floating over her shoulders. Through the kitchen and into the yard she rushed, and throwing herself on her knees on the frozen ground, threw both arms about—was it Broom or his spectre?

No spectre, certainly, for though the poor animal had a generally used-up appearance, and dragged a clanking chain behind him, he returned the caresses showered upon him in a way that showed a very lively appreciation of them.

"My goodness! if that there dog ain't come back!" exclaimed Jane, who had followed Winnie to the kitchen door.

When Fred came down to see "what all this racket was about," as he expressed it, he found his sister laughing and crying on the dog's neck, regardless of the cold, and of the fact that Broom had soiled her pretty wrapper beyond repair with his dirty, wet paws.

"I rather think those little boys can explain this singular return," said Mr. Freels. "We'll catch one of them, and find out how much he knows about the matter."

Jane was told to be on the watch, and just at dinner-time she entered the dining-room flushed and excited, dragging a small boy by the collar.

The child was too much frightened to tell anything but the truth, and in answer to Mr. Freels's question he falteringly confessed that he and his brother had been bribed to steal the dog, and had made up the story about his death and removal by the city cart in order to prevent advertisement of his loss, or inquiries that might lead to the discovery of the place where he had been hidden.

Mr. Freels administered a severe reprimand, and then dismissed the small culprit, who was delighted at gaining his liberty.

Winnie's relief at knowing that she had not poisoned the dog, after all, was so great that she felt like a different being; but she determined to solve the mystery of the powder she had given him.

Going to her aunt's room, she found that lady engaged in sponging her head with bay-rum.

"Have you given up the tartar-emic mixture, Aunt Caroline?" asked Winnie.

"Dear me, yes," was the reply. "I tried it only once or twice. I don't believe there is any virtue in it. I intend to apply bay-rum regularly now. Mrs. Bonde says she

has found it better for the hair than anything else she ever tried."

"But I saw a little package of tartar-emic here a few days ago," said Winnie.

"You mean that stuff in the envelope? That wasn't tartar-emic; it was soda. I brought up some in a cup, intending to clean my marble slabs, but I didn't have time to do it, and as I wanted to use the cup for something, I put the soda in that envelope for safe-keeping."

"And it was soda, really soda?" said Winnie, drawing a long sigh of relief.

"Yes, it was really soda. If it had been tartar-emic I wouldn't have left it around in that careless fashion. One can't be too careful about handling poison," said Aunt Caroline, sagely.

It was a long time before Winnie found courage to tell her brother of Broom's narrow escape, and when at length the confession was made, Fred only laughed at her description of the agonies she had suffered, and seemed to look upon the matter as rather a good joke.

But Winnie could never think of it without feelings of humiliation and remorse, and the recollection served as a check to the indulgence of her temper for many a year after faithful Broom had yielded to the infirmities of old age, and had breathed his last in Fred's arms.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE.

ALTHOUGH the day of the picnic was warm and pleasant, a strong breeze from the southward had been blowing since early morning, and during the afternoon it increased to a high wind. As the Elmers rode home, after the last of the happy picnickers had departed, they noticed a heavy cloud of smoke in the southern sky, and Mr. Elmer asked Mr. March what he thought it was.

"It looks as though some of the settlers down there were burning grass, though they ought to know better than to start fires on a day like this," answered Mr. March.

"But what do they do it for?" asked Mr. Elmer.

"So as to burn off the old dead grass, and give their cattle a chance to get at that which immediately springs up wherever the fire has passed. But the practice ought to be stopped by law, for more timber and fences, and sometimes houses, are destroyed every year than all the cattle in the country are worth."

"Well, I hope it won't come our way to-night," said Mr. Elmer, "and first thing in the morning I will set the men to work clearing and ploughing a wide strip entirely around the place. Then we may have some chance of successfully fighting this new enemy."

Instead of dying out at sunset, as it usually did, the wind increased to a gale as darkness set in, and Mr. Elmer cast many troubled glances at the dull red glow in the southern sky before he retired that night.

Mark and Frank occupied the same room, for Mr. March had not yet found time to build a house, and it seemed to them as though they had but just fallen asleep when they were aroused by Mr. Elmer's voice calling through the house.

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"I 'LOWED 'T WAS OLE NICK HIS'LF."

"Wake up! Everybody dress and come down-stairs as quickly as you can. Mark! Frank! Hurry, boys!"

"What is it, father?" asked Mark, as he tumbled down-stairs and burst into the sitting-room half dressed, but rapidly completing the operation as he ran. "What's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"No, my boy, not yet, but it's likely to be very soon if we are not quick in trying to save it. The pine woods to the south of us are all in a blaze, and this gale is driving it toward us at a fearful rate. I want you and Frank to go as quickly as you can across the river and rouse up every soul in the village. Get every team and plough in Wakulla, and bring them over, together with every man and boy who can handle an axe."

Mr. Elmer had hardly finished before both boys were out of the house and running toward the river. Although the fire was still several miles off, they could already hear the roar of its flames rising above that of the wind, and could smell the smoke of the burning forest.

They were soon across the river, and while Mark ran to the houses of Mr. Bevil and Mr. Carter to awaken those gentlemen,

Frank bethought himself of the church bell, which hung from a rude frame outside the building, and hurrying to it, he seized the rope and began to pull it violently.

The effect of the loud clanging of the bell was almost instantaneous, and the colored people began pouring from their tumble-down old houses, and hurrying toward the church to see what was the matter. Many of them in their haste came just as they had jumped from their beds; but the darkness of the night and their own color combined to hide the fact that they were not fully dressed, until some light-wood torches were brought, when there was a sudden scattering amongst them.

Frank quickly explained the cause of the alarm, and the men hurried off to get their teams, ploughs, and axes, for Mr. Elmer had been so kind to them that all were anxious to do what they could to help him in this time of trouble.

Among the first boat-load that Frank ferried across the river was Black Joe, with his "ok" attached to a very small plough, with which he felt confident he could render most valuable assistance.

By the light of the approaching flames surrounding objects could already be distinguished, and as they hurried up to the house the first-comers found Mr. Elmer, Mr. March, and Jan hard at work. They were clearing brush and hauling logs away from the immediate vicinity of the out-buildings, and had got quite a space ready, in which the ploughs could be set to work.

In the house Mrs. Elmer, Ruth, and Aunt Chloe had collected all the carpets, blankets, and woollen goods they could lay their hands on, and piled them near the cistern, where they could be quickly soaked with water, and placed over exposed portions of the walls or roof. They were now busy packing up clothing and lighter articles of furniture, ready for instant removal.

As fast as the teams and ploughs arrived Mr. Elmer set them to work ploughing long furrows through the dry grass, about a rod outside the line of fence nearest the approaching flames. Inside this line he and Mr. March set



POURING WATER ON THE HOUSE

the grass on fire in many places. They could easily check these small fires as they reached the fence by beating them out with cedar boughs.

Meantime the flames came roaring and rushing on, leaping from tree to tree, and fanned into fury by the fierce wind. Above them hundreds of birds fluttered and circled, with shrill cries of distress, until, bewildered by the smoke and glare, they fell helpless victims into the terrible furnace.

Wild animals of all kinds, among which were a small herd of deer, dashed out of the woods ahead of the fire, and fled across the open field, unmolested by the men, who were too busy to give them a thought.

In his zeal to do his utmost, and to show what a splendid animal he had, Black Joe was ploughing far ahead of the others, when suddenly he saw, rushing from the forest and coming directly toward him, a bear. Terror-stricken at this sight, and without stopping to reflect that the bear was himself too frightened to harm anybody just then, Joe dropped the plough handles and ran, leaving his beloved ox to its fate. The ox, thus left, tried to run too; but the plough became caught on a small tree, and held it fast.

As the flames approached, the poor animal bellowed with fear and pain, and struggled wildly but unsuccessfully to get free. It would have certainly fallen a victim to the flames had not Mark, who had been busy lighting back fires, seen its danger and ran to its rescue. Cutting the rope traces with his pocket-knife, he set the ox free; and, following the example of its master, it galloped clumsily across the open field. The ox fled with such a bellowing and such a jangling of chains that poor Joe, who was hidden behind a great stump on the farther side of the field, was nearly frightened out of his few remaining senses when he saw this terrible monster charging out of the fire and directly upon him. He threw himself flat on the ground, screaming, "Gway fun yere! gway fun yere! Luff dis po' niggab be; he ain't a-doin' nuffin."

Afterward he was never known to speak of this adventure but once, when he said:

"I allus knowed dat ar ok was somfin better'n common; but when I see him come a-rarin' an' a-tarin', an' a-janglin' right fo' me, I 'lowed 'twas ole Nick hise'f come fo' Black Joe, sho nuff."

As the other ploughmen were driven from their work by the heat and the swirling smoke, they set back fires all along the line, and retreated in good order to the house. Here, although the heat was intense, and the smoke almost suffocating, they made a stand. Mrs. Elmer and Ruth had already taken refuge on the ferry-boat, from which they watched the progress of the flames with the most intense anxiety.

Under Mr. Elmer's direction the men covered the walls and roof of the house, which had already caught fire in several places, with wet blankets and carpets, and poured buckets of water over them. From these such volumes of steam arose that poor Ruth, seeing it from a distance, thought the house was surely on fire, and burst into tears.

So busy were all hands in saving the house that they paid no attention to the out-buildings, until Aunt Chloe, who had been working with the best of the men, screamed, "Oh, de chickuns! de chickuns!"

Looking toward the hen-house, they saw its roof in a bright blaze, and Aunt Chloe running in that direction with an axe in her hand. The old woman struck several powerful blows against the side of the slight building, and broke in two boards before the heat drove her away. Through this opening several of the poor fowls escaped; but most of them were miserably roasted, feathers and all.

This was the last effort of the fire in this direction, for the portion of it that met the cleared spaces, new furrows, and back fires, soon subsided for want of fuel; while be-

yond the fields it swept away to the northward, bearing death and destruction in its course.

While most of the men had been engaged in saving the house, a small party under the direction of Mr. March had guarded the mill. They, however, had little to do save watch for flying embers, it was so well protected by its pond on one side and the river on the other.

By sunrise all danger had passed, and heartily thanking the kind friends who had come so readily to his assistance, Mr. Elmer dismissed them to their homes.

It took several days to recover from the effects of the great fire, and to restore things to their former neat condition; but Mr. Elmer said that even if they had suffered more than they did, it would have been a valuable lesson to them, and one for which they could well afford to pay.

Soon after this Mr. Elmer decided to go to Tallahassee again to make a purchase of cattle; for, with thousands of acres of free pasturage all around them, it seemed a pity not to take advantage of it. Therefore he determined to experiment in a small way with stock-raising, and see if he could not make it pay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STONES OF THE "HOLY CITY."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

A WAY down one of the oldest streets in Paris there used to be a small shop whose windows, irregularly bulging out upon the street, contained treasures for the connoisseur, although I do not doubt that most of the passers-by overlooked them. It was a sort of jeweller's bric-à-brac shop. The man who kept it was half French, half Oriental, and in his red "fez," with his long thin brown hands, his eager shrewd face and brilliant eyes, he looked like some strange creature suddenly transported from the *Arabian Nights* to this dusky corner of old Paris. Yet I never lingered by his window without thinking of some of those strange and splendid words of Revelation, for scattered in artistic confusion were all sorts of unusual stones—Oriental and European, yet chiefly such as we read of as forming the walls, the gateways, the streets, of God's city. There were the jasper stone, sardonyx, chalcedony, topaz, amethyst, and beryl. They gleamed in the shadowy little place like living things, and we used to feel as if they contained some special message, some meaning which they would flash forth at us while we looked.

"Having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

We read these words, and the others describing the glories of that promised land, and do not stop to consider how beautiful the hidden meanings are; *why* the stones referred to were selected for those unseen glittering gateways; why there were special colors and gems chosen for the walls and streets in the City of the King. How much more beautiful and interesting it all becomes when we know just what are the traditions and significance of the stones referred to!

Beginning with the first, the jasper, it has many ancient associations. It is a mineral, and is found in Sicily, as well as in the East, and in Prussia. There is red and green jasper. Some kinds are striped, and called the "Ribbon" stone. Our old bric-à-brac man had some highly polished specimens. One, a square piece with red lines on the green, made us think of Aaron's breastplate, which was made of jasper; and this very piece may have travelled from some far-off time and country, may once have been used for healing purposes. We know that the ancients considered jasper a sovereign remedy for some kinds of sickness, and they used pieces of it as a talisman against the bites of venomous insects and fevers. But jasper must in the time of the Apostles have been very highly pol-

ished and used as a precious stone, for in that first glimpse of the eternal city St. John says the "light" of it was like the jasper stone; and the "first foundation" was jasper, and the "second, sapphire."

About this lovely gem all sorts of traditions and suggestions linger. It formed one of the principal stones in the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest; it was regarded as signifying good-will when given to a friend, a peace-offering to an enemy, and denoted purity and strength, while from time immemorial as a gem it has been considered rare.

There are various kinds of sapphire; the pure Oriental stone of a clear blue is the most valuable; but there are white sapphires, and very pale-hued stones by no means so rare. As is the case with all gems, certain stones have been famous, and present a history as varied and sometimes as romantic as anything in animate life. For years a certain sapphire was hidden in Bengal, having been handed down in an Oriental family as a talisman. Through some carelessness on the part of a younger son it was stolen, and so strong was the superstition concerning it that the three brothers of the house separated, each going in search of their beloved heirloom, which was traced to Paris, where a noted jeweller was about setting it into a ring for an English lady. The Orientals purchased it with all their spare money, and returned it to its original place in their home, satisfied that prosperity would once more be theirs. Singular as this devotion to a family gem may seem, it is by no means unusual in the East.

To return to those wondrous walls. We can think of them, the one deep green with jasper settings, the next shining with blue sapphire light, and the "third, a chalcledony."

The chalcledony is a sort of agate, a white carnelian, a quartz, and is white, or bluish or reddish white, gray, blue, brown, sometimes black. But the chalcledony of Revelation was the clear and shining stone such as we see in pieces of ancient jewelry, such as I saw not long ago in a curious old necklace. The stones, linked far apart, had a sort of imprisoned light about them, a gleam set deep in the heart of each, and which flickered as the quaint ornament was shifted from hand to hand.

Passing this "milk-white" foundation shining fairly against the sapphire blue, we come to the "fifth, sardonyx," the stone which is supposed to represent three cardinal virtues. It has layers of color: the black meant humility, the red modesty, the white purity. A Greek maiden on her birthday was given some ornament set with sardonyx. At the same time from its rarity it was used as a triumphant decoration of a Roman Emperor, and adorned the brow of Cleopatra. But all these earthly tributes fade away before that picture of the wall set with sardonyx, the wall representing those Divine attributes, and which indeed may well be called a "foundation."

Sardius formed the sixth foundation, chrysolite the seventh. Sardius is carnelian, a stone of very ancient value, and in its best form of great beauty. It comes in various colors, but the deep clear red is the most precious: this sometimes deepens when under the effect of strong sunlight, and it often sends out a soft gleam, half white, half silvery. It is found in the East in large quantities—in Japan and in Bombay chiefly, and some of the most ancient seals and rings are carnelian.

The chrysolite is the ancient topaz—a pale green stone, limpid and tinged with yellow. It is of little value as a gem, for it readily wears away. But there is one curious fact connected with it. It is the only precious stone found, dropped as it were "from space." In other words, it has been found as an aerolite, or among the meteoric stones which have fallen, like shooting-stars, from time to time, and which among the ancients were regarded with superstitious awe, perhaps because they could not understand any scientific reason for their appearance on earth.

"The eighth, beryl."

In the old shop window in Paris was a curious ring set with a large stone, clear green, and which at first we took to be an emerald. But our old man displayed it proudly one day as a perfect specimen of the beryl, which we know was one of the twelve stones in the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest, and had its special significance—purity and strength. The beryl and aquamarine are alike in composition, although the species known as beryl is finer, more transparent, and brilliant. Sometimes pure white beryls are found, but the finest are the clear shining green stones of which ancient writers speak with enthusiasm. One significance of the stone was "sweetness and joyfulness." It was used as a token of happy contentment, and so is given as a fitting foundation for one of that joyful city's walls. We can think of it as meaning the brightness, the clear sunshine, of that promised land.

And "the ninth a topaz, the tenth a chrysoprasus."

Our old friend had some rare specimens of the topaz, and was glad to display them and talk them over. On a little deep brown saucer he kept a dozen or more unset stones, yellow, green, pink, and brown. Sometimes, he told us, a very beautiful tint is given the topaz by heating yellow specimens; the result is a delicate rose-pink. The Oriental topaz is a sort of yellow sapphire; the Scotch topaz is only a kind of quartz; some from Brazil are very fine and rare. In some instances the stones are so strongly affected by the sun as to change their hue. In the British Museum a fine collection made by a Russian officer is for this reason kept shrouded from the ordinary light of day.

The chrysoprasus, or chrysoprase, is among the most ancient of all stones, and has from time immemorial had many uses. The ancients employed it for talismans and charms as well as seals and signets, and there are preserved to-day beautiful specimens of engraving on the rich apple green stone, which bears polish finely, and a hundred years ago was very much in use for jewelry. Its name signifies "beautiful." One can think of that city wall, shining with the fair green stone, near to the translucent foundation of pink and yellow topaz.

"Eleventh, a jacinth; twelfth, an amethyst." The jacinth is a mineral, lustrous and delicately red, with a peculiar brilliancy and a "fire" of its own. The ancients held that its glow meant steadfastness and courage. A youth going into battle sometimes wore an amulet with one of the gleaming jacinth stones set in the heart of gold; and a victory won, the gem was sometimes given to his betrothed. One sees the jacinth rarely now. Our old man had none of them.

Counting up our twelve stones, we missed this one, but the last, the amethyst, he had in rich profusion—a whole plateful of unset stones, some engraved, some cut, some plain, some unpolished, and of every variety of hue; transparent purple, deep violet, greenish-yellow, pale lavender. The amethyst belongs to the quartz family; it is a beautiful stone, but not very valuable, except the real East Indian amethyst, which is very rare, and not quartz but a kind of purple sapphire.

The Hebrews believed that those who wore amethysts could have dreams and strange visions, while the Greeks considered it a cure for intemperance. But such fancies passed away centuries ago, and for some reason the amethyst has fewer traditions or fanciful suggestions than any other precious stone.

What was meant by those words of St. John's we do not know; only we believe that he meant us to picture God's city as shining and fair and wonderful, so that in likening its foundations to certain jewels, he expressed not only the brilliancy and splendor of those gems, but the significance which had been given them—faith, purity, strength, humility, steadfastness, courage. On these virtues are built up the walls of the New Jerusalem.



A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE NURSERY.

FRANK BUCKLAND'S RAT.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

AMONG the many strange pets which Frank Buckland, that strange man and ardent naturalist, kept in his house a rat or two was always included. "Rats" formed the subject of his first magazine article. One special rat he saved from an ant-eater in the Zoological Gardens, and carried it in his hat to his home, where the rat was given a cage on the mantel-piece opposite the cage of Judy, a marmoset.

Both Judy and the rat would stay all day coiled up in their own cages. When the gas was lighted, however, both slowly roused up, and ventured out. Judy would wander over to the rat's quarters, and when his back was turned, would steal his food. The rat, on the other hand, would sneak into Judy's cage, and pick up forbidden tidbits. One day the rat came home and found Judy stealing, whereupon he pitched into her, and would perhaps have killed her had not Mr. Buckland, hearing her screams, come in time to save her life.

One characteristic of the rat was its curiosity. He would get upon his owner's writing table, and cautiously exam-

ine every object in hope of finding something worth carrying off. A sugar-basin stood there, and its contents were greatly to the little animal's liking. His plan was to stand up on his hind-legs, steadying himself, tripod fashion, by the help of his tail, tip the basin over, and then, picking up a lump, make off with it.

This rat would never eat where he could be seen; he always carried his food to his house. To do this with the sugar he had to get upon the mantel-piece eighteen inches above the table, and a little ladder was set up for his accommodation. After Mr. Buckland had shown him once or twice, he soon learned how to climb it, and would carry pretty heavy weights. He would steal a whole red herring, for instance, and after several trials to get it well balanced in his teeth, would scramble up the ladder with it, waving his tail from side to side like a balancing pole.

The herring was too long to go through the round door of his house, so he would drop it, and then going inside, would reach out, catch the fish by the head, and drag it in lengthwise with great ease. The first time he encountered this difficulty, however, it puzzled him for a few moments.

This rat made its nest of old envelopes, which he tore into small pieces.



"GREUZE'S PORTRAIT OF HIS OWN CHILD."—FROM ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

THE PERSIP 'GATORS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

EQUALITÉ PERSIP was a queer boy with a queer name, who had a fondness for all sorts of queer pets. But the pride and delight of his heart were two small alligators. They were sent to him last spring by a friend who had spent the winter in Louisiana, and had come by ex-

press in a small box that had several holes bored in its sides to afford them light and air. It also contained a bunch of Spanish moss that prevented its inmates from being bruised when the box was roughly handled. Upon receiving them Eagle had immediately named them Right and Left, "because they're 'gators, you know," he explained to Andy Mack, his particular friend.

"'Gators are easily kept," remarked Andy, wisely.

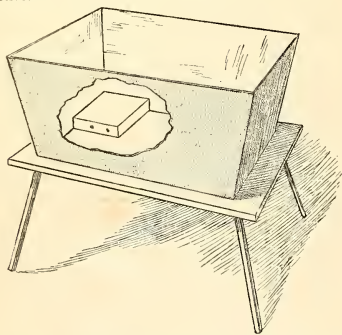
"My cousin Bill says they don't ever eat anything. He had some once, and they wouldn't eat a thing."

"Did they live?" asked Eagle.

"Yes, one lived a month, and the other a little longer."

"Well, I mean to have Right and Left live a year, and I don't believe there is any animal in the world that won't eat if you give him the right kind of food."

Eagle's first duty was to provide a home for his new pets, and this he did by making a wooden box four feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high. He made it water-tight by very carefully joining the edges and painting them with white lead before screwing them together. He added four legs, so that the tank should be raised to the level of the window-sill, and bored a hole in the bottom, in which he inserted a wooden plug. He then took the small box that the 'gators had travelled in, removed the top and one end, and turning it upside down, placed it in the bottom of the tank in one corner. On top of it he put the Spanish moss. Pouring water into the tank until it was nearly three inches deep, he placed Right and Left in their new home.



The above picture will show you just how Eagle's tank looked when finished. There was, of course, no hole in the side. Our artist has only put that there to show you the interior, and how their box house was placed in the corner.

For a minute or two the little fellows paddled and splashed about in the water as if they enjoyed it immensely, and then, discovering the box house in the corner, they both disappeared in it. The next morning when Eagle went out to the barn to visit them, he found them both on top of their house, close together, and fast asleep.

During the two days that he had spent making the tank Eagle had tried to feed his pets with small bits of fresh meat; but they would not touch it. He now tried again, and, much to his delight, Left snapped at a piece, and, putting his head down into the water, ate it hungrily, and looked up for more.

At the end of two weeks the "Persip 'gators" had been visited many times by all the boys of the village, and Eagle had learned, and jotted down in his "Zoo note-book," the following facts concerning them:

"Right and Left are very fond of each other, and lonesome when separated.

"They will not eat unless their food is given to them in the water, and the best way to feed them is to offer the food on the end of your finger or a small stick.

"The food they like best is very small live minnows that I catch with a scoop-net down in the creek. Next best, small pieces of fish and bits of raw meat. They also like bits of cooked meat, flies, and bugs of all kinds, and they like these better when they are alive than when they are dead, and they will sometimes eat a few grains of boiled rice or crumbs of bread.

"They sleep a great deal of the time, and nearly always

out of the water, on top of their house; but they also seem very fond of the dark, and spend much time inside their house. They like a sun bath occasionally; but are very unhappy when placed in the full glare of the sun and kept there long. When much pleased, and when very hungry, they give a peculiar little croak.

"They always enjoy having a bunch of weeds, grass, or asparagus branches thrown into their tank, and love to play amongst it.

"When the weather, or the water in their tank, is cold, they will not eat; but eat a great deal when they are warm, and must be fed every day. The water in the tank must be drawn off and changed every day, and in cool weather warm water must be occasionally poured in."

The "Persip 'gators" finally became so tame that every morning when Eagle went to feed his pets he could hear them croaking, or, as he called it, "singing," for something to eat; and as he approached the tank they would try to scramble up its sides in their eagerness to reach the fish or meat that he held out to them.

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"OH, it surely seems years since the dear children's voices Rang out on the farm!"—so the old people say,
"Never mind; they are coming, the lads and the lassies,
And e'en the wee babies, with Thanksgiving-day.
So the turkey is fattened, the chickens grow plumper,
The apples are gathered, the larder is filled;
The little white "porker" dines daily on dainties,
Nor dreams of the hour when piggies are killed.

Oh, the hurry, the scurry, in Grandmamma's kitchen,
The well-laden table where good things are piled,
The chairs that are waiting for hungry new-comers,
And e'en the "high chair" for the youngest wee child!
And back to the farm how the steam-cars are rushing,
While Grandpa and Dobbin impatiently wait
At the old depot platform, and Grandma keeps ever
Her spectacles turned toward the wide front-yard gate.

Dear soul! she remembers "the boys" liked to swing there
(And hopes Grandpa mended the last hinge they broke),
And she actually grieves that the streamlet is frozen—
"They had such fun *there* putting pussy to soak!"
And though she knows well that the raid on her larder
Will keep her hands busy from morning till night,
Yet Grandma thinks only, "I'm glad they are coming,
The dear, happy darlings, with faces so bright!"

Hark! here comes the wagon. Now Grandma goes rushing,
And Grandpa lifts down the wee babies with care,
And out jump the mother, the father, the children,
All ready the Thanksgiving dinner to share.
Oh, the hugs and the kisses, the chatter and laughter,
The merry bright eyes, and the small, eager feet!
Hurrah for Thanksgiving! The old farm is ringing
Once more with the voices of children so sweet.

HOW TOM PRIMROSE DINED OUT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"I'M going out to my grandfather's to-morrow," said one of a little knot of boys just out of school. "The grandest place! You just ought to see his carriage-horses!"

"I'm going to dine with one of the Aldermen."

"Pooh!" said Tom Primrose; "Aldermen aren't much. My father was an Alderman once." The boys laughed.

"You ought to know, then."

"Wait!—stop!" cried Tom, darting across the street toward a policeman who was passing. "How is it about Billy?" he eagerly asked.

"Found guilty—reform school for one year—to be sent off day after to-morrow."

Tom's face fell, and he walked home in as thoughtful a mood as often came to him. His mother looked still more distressed than himself at hearing Billy's sentence.

"What can we do about his poor mother?" she said. "She is a great deal worse; she can not go to see Billy at the jail, and it will break her heart if he has to go off without seeing her. Your father had to leave town as soon as the case went to the jury, and I'm sure I don't know who is the proper person to ask to allow him to go to her."

Tom turned the matter over gravely in his mind.

"The Mayor, mother—s'pose I run down to the Mayor's office and tell him about it?"

"Well, my boy, he knows you; it will do no harm."

Billy, the son of Mrs. Primrose's washer-woman, was a graceless little good-for-nothing, who had been for a long time, through their sympathy with his mother, a source of sore disquietude to the Primrose family. More good advice, more getting out of scrapes, more anxious care, had been lavished on him than would have served, Mr. Primrose firmly believed, to have set a dozen young rascals squarely in the straight road and kept them there. And now he had committed some petty theft which had brought him within the grasp of the law.

Tom, reaching the Mayor's office with all speed, found that his honor had just departed. This was perplexing. He walked homeward debating within himself what he should do next, for he knew there would be no opportunity of moving in Billy's behalf on Thanksgiving morning.

Before the hotel a crowd was gathering, and Tom, hearing mention of "the Governor," remembered having heard of that dignitary's being in town, and that he was to leave for his home on the evening train. Tom's thoughts came quickly, and his acts were sure to follow close behind.

"If I could only see the Governor!" he exclaimed to himself, in great excitement. "He's the head man of all of them, and of course he can do just as he pleases."

Elbowing his way through the crowd, he managed to force an entrance into the hotel, and then upstairs, determined to ask for a private interview with the man of power; but he soon perceived that the Governor was surrounded by friends. And as he descended to the street the press was still greater.

Tom could not get near him. Being pushed out in the surging crowd who were now sending up hearty cheers, he happened to catch a glimpse of a coachman he knew on the box of one of the carriages in which the Governor's party were seating themselves.

"I'll see him down at the depot. I know he'll speak to me just a moment." Tom clambered up beside the driver, who good-naturedly made room for him, and in a moment they were rattling through the fast-darkening streets.

At the depot Tom found matters worse: he was hustled right and left. But he kept close to the Governor's party, actually following them up the steps of the palace car in which he at length stood, somewhat abashed at his own daring. The Governor busied himself in attending to the comfort of the ladies, and Tom politely waited.

"May I speak to you, sir—just one moment—before you go?" at length he ventured, in an agony of fear that the time might be too short for all he wanted to say.

"Certainly: what is it?" The Governor turned pleasantly, attracted by the bright-looking boy.

"Why, I want you to say that Billy may go to see his mother. He's in jail, and my mother says her heart's most broken she wants to see him so, and the Mayor's out of town, and he's to be sent to the reform school, and I thought if I asked you'd please to let him go and see his mother, for she's dreadfully sick and can't go and see him." Tom stopped for breath.

"Well, I don't quite understand, my boy. Is Billy your brother, and your mother's heart's broken about him?"

"Oh no, he isn't, sir. It's Billy's mother's heart, and—"

"What's the trouble about the Mayor and his mother?"

"Oh, it isn't anything about the Mayor's mother—I mean Billy's. The car going? Stop! Let me get off."

Tom made a dash for the door, and was outside of it before the Governor laid a kind but firm hand on him.

"I must get off—I must! I must!" cried Tom, in despair.

"Why," he went on, "we're all to go out on the nine train to my uncle's for Thanksgiving. What shall I do?"

"Wait till I find the conductor, and we'll see. In the mean time, you would best stay quietly here."

A pleasant-looking lady spoke kindly to the excited boy, and he waited what seemed an age, till the conductor came. No wonder that Tom in his excitement had failed to observe the slight motion with which the luxurious rubber-padded coach had rolled from the station. It was now running at lightning speed, and the conductor shook his head over Tom's chances of getting back to town in time to take the nine train for somewhere else.

Poor Tom stood the very picture of despair. But the Governor said:

"Now, Master—What is your name, sir?"

"Tom Primrose, sir."

"Son of Mr. Primrose, the lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"So much the better. I've practiced in the same courts with him in times gone by, and I am glad to know his son. Tell me now what you came to me for."

Tom managed to give the Governor a clearer account of the needs of Billy and Billy's mother, whereupon that gentleman, after a few minutes' thinking, said:

"I'll see to it for you. And as you have got yourself into this scrape through your kind offices for Billy, we must see to you too. Now, Master Tom, will you go home and spend Thanksgiving with us?"

Tom was dazzled and embarrassed, but the pleasant-voiced lady warmly seconded the invitation, and all he could do was to accept it gratefully, only saying:

"If I can let my mother know."

"Certainly. Write whatever you would like to telegraph her on this," and the Governor handed him a card. So Tom wrote:

"DEAR MOTHER,—The cars have run away with me, but I'm all right, and I'm going to dine with the Governor to-morrow. Billy will be all right too. TOM PRIMROSE."

The message was sent, and the Governor motioned to a boy a little older than Tom.

"Arthur, this is Master Tom Primrose. He is to be your guest until the day after to-morrow."

"Yes, father." Tom went with Arthur to his seat, and was soon chattering away as unconcerned as if being run off with by the cars was an every-day occurrence. It was near midnight when they reached their destination, and Tom with the others entered the waiting carriages, and was whirled away to the Executive mansion.

II.

A leisurely breakfast and morning spent by the boys amid pictures, dogs, and stables pertaining to the premises, was followed by a proposal to take a stroll about the city, for which they departed with many injunctions from Arthur's mother to be home in good time for the state dinner at five. The City Library was visited, with its departments of fine arts and scientific collections. Then they went to the State-house, and most delightedly Tom took in the lofty grandeur of the Senate-chamber and Hall of Representatives, and the rooms appropriated to the various courts and other State offices. Then up, up, up hundreds of steps, into the great dome and above it, examining the clock which rang out the heart-beats of old Father Time over a radius of many a mile; and into the cupola, still higher, where the eye reached further than the clock strokes penetrated over beautiful stretches of mountain and valley, river and plain.

"Now we must go back and get ready for dinner," said Arthur, as they at length returned to the hall below. "But



"NOW, MASTER— WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR?"

stay! I've left father's field-glass away up in the cupola. What a tramp again! but I must get it. You wait here."

Off he went, leaving Tom at the door. The minutes passed, and Tom, always impatient of waiting, looked first out into the fine old trees in the square, and then back into the grand hall, the arched ceiling of which was growing dim in the gathering afternoon shadows.

"I'd like to come here every day," he said to himself. "I wonder if my father'll ever get to be Governor? I wonder how long Governors stay when they get elected?" He ran into the magnificent Law Library which opened near, and after a little searching took down a book which he thought might give him the desired information.

"I'd like to be a Governor myself," he went on, seating himself in a huge leather-covered chair, and dividing his attention between the book and a statue of one of the early Governors which stood near. "Then I'd pardon all the boys in jail."

Tom felt very comfortable in the big chair after his last night's late ride, and all the exercise and excitement of the day. Presently his eyelids began to droop, and long before he had found out the length of a Governor's term the young man was fast asleep. He was just having a talk with Billy in his dreams when he heard Arthur's voice calling him. "Hallo! hallo! Tom! Tom! are you here? Where are you? Tom! Tom!"

"Here I am!" he cried, as he felt Arthur shaking him. "What have you been staying here for?" Arthur asked, as he took in Tom's surroundings, while half a dozen policemen gathered around. "I thought you must have gone ahead of me; so I ran home, and you were not there; and we waited a little, and then mother got into a fuss about

you, and sent one of the men out to look, and then father telephoned to the police head-quarters, and now they've telephoned all the stations, and there's a regular how-do-you-do all over the city after you. And I thought I'd make sure you were not here, so I telephoned the janitor, and here we are."

Poor Tom tingled from head to foot with mortification, as with a shout of laughter the policemen departed to set the mind of the city at rest on the subject of Tom Primrose.

After a lively run home and quick preparation the boys made their way to the great dining-room, where Tom took little heed of the richly appointed table, nor even of the smiles and good-humored greetings of the goodly company seated thereat, until he had gained the ear of the Governor's wife. To her he offered his apologies with such boyish grace as instantly won her forgiveness.

"Why did you go into the library, anyway?" she asked him.

"Why," said Tom, "I went to see how long a Governor's timelasts. But," he added quickly, in fear of

being misjudged, "indeed, ma'am, it wasn't because I am in any hurry for you to go away from here."

She laughed, and many more laughed, but so pleasantly that Tom was able to enjoy his grand dinner most thoroughly, as well as the brilliant reception which followed, in the course of which he found opportunity of saying something to the Governor.

"Sir," he began, "you can pardon any one you like—Governors always do it. Won't you please let me take a pardon home to Billy so he won't have to go to the reform school?"

The Governor took Tom's hand so warmly that he thought Billy's pardon was assured.

"Governors can not do all you think they can, my boy, or all they would like to. And you will find before you get to be a Governor that there are too many rogues loose as it is, and that if pardons came too easily we should not have nearly so much reason for holding Thanksgiving-days in this good land of ours. I don't say that Billy is a rogue, bear in mind, and if ever your father has reason to think he ought to be pardoned, you let me know."

Tom found the boys on the next Monday morning comparing Thanksgiving notes.

"I dined with the Governor," said Tom Primrose.

"Where?" was asked, with a good deal of unbelief in the tone.

"At the capital. Went there on purpose."

Not a boy had anything further to say.

But Tom never told any one but his mother how he kept the Governor's dinner waiting, and how near he came to not getting there at all.



MABEL



W. L. Sheppard del.

pense, marigold, pansies, and a geranium. Dick, my dog, scratched my geranium up so many times that mamma put it in her garden. A great many people come here to camp on the islands in summer, and in the winter I have good fun skating on the river at the foot of our garden. I have been taking this paper some time, and I am going to have the numbers for 1894 bound. I would like very much to have this letter printed. I send you a few pressed pansies, the last to be found. We have a band of Hope in the city. We meet every Saturday, and read and sing. We sign a pledge promising to abstain from the use of all liquors and tobacco and profane language. I have a sister, nine years old, and she is pretty long, I will close. MALCOLM J. McCM.

Thanks for the pansies.

HARPER, IOWA.
I was twelve years old last month, and have not missed a number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since I was six years old. I also treasure the *Boys of '76* as one of the most valued of my possessions, and shall try to keep it as long as I live.
HARPER R.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.
I have not written to you since I came home from Atlantic City. The last time I wrote to you my letter was not published, but I thought I would write again. I go to school, and my teachers are Miss K. I have never been married. There are about forty girls in my class. I hope there will be room for my letter.
LAURA B. R.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two little consins, twins, just six years old this month. We are both staying at grandma's, as our mamas are traveling in Europe. We can never get home, so Cousin Annie, who is a "big girl" fourteen years old, is writing for us. We are very lonely without our mamas. We have a dog, Jumbo, and a kitten, Topsy. We love you very much.
LILY AND TOTTIE.

We have just returned from a tour in Europe, so we thought we would write to you and tell you something about our travels. We had a time while enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Old World, we thought of you, and wished you were there to enjoy it with us. We visited London, Paris, and Rome, sailed down the beautiful Rhine, and enjoyed the grandeur of the Alps. We were charmed with all legends and stories told us while sailing down the Rhine, and derived much pleasure from the beautiful lakes and mountains of Switzerland. We were travelling for mamma's health, which was much improved. We had a very pleasant voyage going over, but coming back it was quite rough. While in London, where we remained quite a time, we visited Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and other places of interest. We also travelled in Scotland and Ireland, about which we may tell you some other time. We do not go to school, but have a governess at home. We love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and we should like to see you. We would like to correspond with Carrie B. F., of Elmira, New York, if she will write to us.
PANSY AND DAISY.

142 Madison Street, Brooklyn, New York.

SOUTH BRITAIN.
I just began a few weeks ago to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. As you are interested in seeing how we like it, I will write about one we have. We meet at each other's houses. We have a number of things made. I am making a sweeping cap. We are soon to have an exhibition. ALICE A. H.

HORN LAKE, MISSISSIPPI.
I am a little Mississippi girl, and as I do not see many letters from our State, I thought I would write you one. Mamma takes the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my little brother and myself, and we are always glad to get it. I can sympathize with Jessie Gordon P., for my eyes have been weak about ten months. My eyes are degenerated, Joe, a cat named Tom, and a little kitten. I send you a little piece of two kinds of grass, and hope you will like them. As this is the last time I will close, with many good wishes to you all.
MAUD L. J.

Thanks, dear child.

LETTIE HOUSE CREEK, WYOMING.
I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since February, and I like it very much; the stories I fancied most were "The Ice Queen," "The Story of a Girl," and "Left Behind." I went to town last week, and staid two days; it is fifty miles to town, but that is only half as far as where we live, before we came here. The city we live in is Cheyenne, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. About two hundred miles north of us are Indians; they trade buffalo-robes with the government for flour, sugar, and other goods. Last summer I was up travelling among the Indians, but they were not on the war-path; they were sociable, like white men. I have tried some

of the Little Housekeepers' receipts, and I've always had good luck with whatever I've tried. I go to school; my studies are reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and spelling. The other little writers talk about their pets, but I have none except a canary-bird.
SARAH J. G.

SHERBORN, NEVADA.
I have seen in the Post-office Box a beautiful description of Lake Como, in Italy, and I would like to have the writer see Lake Tahoe, and say which she thought the more beautiful. Some few weeks ago I took a walk up to the top of the Mt. Wheeler drive over the Klugebury Grade. We came to a hotel some distance from the lake, and staid all night. The next morning we started on a drive to a logging camp, where we found a pleasant family, whose dwelling-house was situated half a mile from the lake. After a while we started for a pleasant walk down to the shore. I had never seen so large a body of water before, and the waves, which were about a foot high, were a great wonder to me. The oldest girl, Cora, took us out in a boat. We saw two men shoveling logs into a pond, a steamer coming there every week to take them to Glenbrook, a place fifteen miles distant. The men had long poles, and getting three logs together, would shove them into the boom made for them. The men were constantly falling off into the water, but as it was not very deep, there was little danger. The steamer *Magnum* was at the wood wharf, and so we rode over to it. We rode back to the house on a heavy logging truck. It was a warm, sunny morning, and though the seat was rather uncomfortable, we decided to ride on and see their logging logs. When we came there the horses were unhitched from the wagon or truck on which we were sitting, and a pair of oxen, which was loaded, while eight pair of oxen came and hauled the empty truck to the place where more logs were waiting to be loaded, that is how I came to ride behind an ox-team.
I am very much afraid that my letter is getting too long for the Post-office Box; so, if the Post-mistress wishes, I will make two letters, and send one, as I first intended.
EDNA M. M.

I shall expect the second letter before many days.

BETHOOD, COLORADO.
I am eight years old. I live on a farm. I have some pets—a nice large bird dog, some pigeons, and four little pigs. I go to school and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and I speak every day. There are only two dry-crocks in my school. I am going to visit my grandma in November; she lives in New York. I have a velocipede, and have been riding it. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.
HOYT D. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.
I am a boy eleven years old. I have two sisters, both older than myself. My eldest sister gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a birthday present. My friend Charlie likes it, and wants to get one of his Christmas presents for his mother. We both like the letters very much. We have a cat that is so small that everybody takes her for a kitten; she is three years old; we call her Kitty. We have two chickens, one is my mother's and the other is mine. The name of my mother's is Speckle, because his feathers are all one color. Mine is called Speckle, because her feathers are brown. I had six little white mice given me. Every morning I would feed them. I would give them a little of the saucer and take a piece of bread in their front paws, and eat the bread with their mouth; they seemed to like it, so I kept feeding them. One morning I was very sorry that I had to part with them, for I liked them so much. I am going to sell the cage now to some other boy who has mice.
FRANK H.

NEW YORK CITY.
DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—As I was looking over HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE it came into my head to give a description of the nice time Amy and I had in the country. The first thing we did we went boating on the Hudson. My brother and I went up the Storm King mountain with some cousins; and many other nice times we had while up there. Amy and I have two brothers; they are both three years old, and are very envious. Amy and I are seven years old.
EDITH C. R. and AMY J. S.

Allow me to thank you for sending the two papers I wished for. I have been reading you from the first number. At that time I was nine years old; I have been taking you ever since, and now am fourteen. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is more interesting with every number, and many others who take it say the same thing.
W. C. K.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.
Although fifteen years old I take great pleasure in your paper. I left school two years ago on account of being sick so often with the asthma.

I now go to St. Mary's Convent for needle-work, five half-days in the week, and like it very much. I too have some pets—a dog called Spry, a bird called Johnnie, and a horse called Frank. I have one brother, his name is Charlie. I go to farming-school three times a week, and have been going for seven years. We have fall here now, and the leaves are all around us. Nearly all my friends take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The Milwaukee Industrial Exposition is now open.
GODDY.
BERTHA A. S.

Letters are acknowledged by Mr. M., Edith E. H., Leon M., Rillie G. A., Charlie D., Annie Van M., Lucy E. E., C. C., Hatly and Edith S., Charlie V., M., and T. L. C.—Karl T.: You show your esteem for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in a practical way by trying to obtain new subscribers among your boy friends.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.
AN ASYMPETRE.
1. A stain. 2. An animal. 3. A sign. 4. A sister.
MAY M.

No. 2.
THREE ENIGMAS.
1.—In tent, not in house.
In pussy and in mouse.
In rose, not in pink.
In knife and in tin.
In key, not in door.
In yes, yet, and yore.
Whole a bird, not I've heard.
Feels sad when folks are glad,
At Thanksgiving time,
When the bells chime.
SUSY P.

2.—First in call, but not to visit.
Second in arch, but not in wizard.
Third in ram, but not in wood.
Fourth in silly, not in fool.
Fifth in roots, but not in branch.
Sixth in Egypt, not in France.
Seventh in wolf, but not in bear.
Eighth in jump, but not in tree.
Ninth in night, but not in dark.
Tenth in eagle, not in lark.
Eleventh in dress, not in silk.
Twelfth in cream, but not in milk.
Thirteenth in road, not in gate.
Fourteenth in love, not in hate.
Fifteenth in laugh, not in cry.
Sixteenth in scream, not in sigh.
Seventeenth in bow, not in fiddle.
Eighteenth in command, not to ridde.
Nineteenth in grass, not in tree.
And my whole is a man of high degree.
IRVA S.

3.—First in snow, but not in reap.
Second in pile, not in heap.
Third in take, not in bring.
Fourth in twice, also in spring.
Fifth in thread, not in stool.
Whole an article used in school.
TITANIA.

No. 3.
HIDDEN ANIMALS.
1.—Katie, do go and get my coat. 2. We three were brown caps. 3. Go at seven o'clock. 4. Papa said, "Zeb, rike the garden." 5. He came late to school. 6. He does not know it. 7. John, lay that pan there and go to the store. 8. The cattle are in the barn-yard. 9. He was a coward to run away. 10. Tell a man to bring my trunk here. 11. Don't pigeon dew away. 12. Phoebe, are the potatoes cooked? 13. There is a lottery near our house. 14. The pansy whisperer. 15. I would like to be a woman.
FANNIE AND ALICE CRAFT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 262.

No. 1.—Washington.
No. 2.—

P	C	G
A	A	R
G	A	N
R	A	N
A	R	T
G	R	A
T	I	N
T	N	T

C	R	E
E	E	N
Y	E	S
R	E	E
H	I	G
R	I	G
E	E	T

No. 3.—

H	O	M	E
O	R	A	L
L	E	E	N
E	L	A	

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary E. Fay, Florence J. A., Joseph C. E., Julia A., Thomas's pigeon dew away. 12. Phoebe, are the potatoes cooked? 13. There is a lottery near our house. 14. The pansy whisperer. 15. I would like to be a woman.
FANNIE AND ALICE CRAFT.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"THAT IS SO."—By MARGARET EYTINGE.

SAID Turkey Great to Pumpkin Big:
 "Long have I been, my friend,
 King of the barn-yard, but my reign
 Must soon come to an end:
 Thanksgiving-day is near—heigh-ho!"
 Said Pumpkin Big, "Yes, that is so."

Said Pumpkin Big to Turkey Great:
 "The kitchen-garden's queen
 I am, and one more beautiful,
 I'm sure, was never seen;
 And yet, with you, I'll have to go."
 Said Turkey Great, "Yes, that is so."

"But still," said Turkey Great, "when cooked,
 King of the feast I'll be."
 "And in the pies," said Pumpkin Big,
 "Will shine my royalty:
 Our fate might be much worse, you know."
 And then they both sighed, "That is so."



A THANKSGIVING "TURKEY SHOOT."
 Slightly changed from the usual order of things.



A THANKSGIVING NIGHTMARE.
 In consequence of overindulgence in the national bird.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 266.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



HOW LOTTIE WENT TO SEE CHRISTMAS TREES, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

I.—THE RAG-PICKER.

"DAME BRIDGET, may I go out to-night to see the Christmas trees," says a plaintive voice from the corner of a squalid room, the only window of which looks out on the cheerless, smoke-begrimed court of a city alley.

It was Christmas-eve, the eve of gladness for all the world, but more especially so for little children.

"HOW HAPPY THEY MUST BE"

It was sad to see one of the little ones whom Jesus loved in such a wretched place. She was a very pretty child, with curling flaxen hair and large blue eyes, and although her little frock was ragged and much too small for her growth, everything about her was strictly clean and neat.

"What should you know about Christmas trees?" answers a hard-picked old woman, without looking up from her rag-picking.

"The Christ-child brings them to all good and happy children who have papas and mammas," said the little girl. "He used to bring me one when I was at home in Germany. I suppose it is because I have no papa now that he won't bring me one this year. Oh, they are so pretty! Did you never see one, Dame Bridget?"

"Mebbe I did, and mebbe I didn't," replied the dame, crossly. "What a time it takes to sort all these rags! I want to take them home to-night, and get as much money for them as will get us some oat-meal for supper. If I had that, it's little I'd care for Christmas trees, which won't ever fill an empty stomach."

"Let me help you, dear dame," pleads the gentle voice. "No, no, child; this is too dirty work for you. If I keep on I'll soon have finished. Then we'll go out together. I'll go sell my rags, and you can go and look about you for a bit. But tell me about your Christmas trees, if you like, Lottie."

Bridget and little Lottie seem an oddly assorted pair, the one old, bent, and shrivelled; the other so young and fair.

"Well, Dame Bridget," she begins, her voice losing for a little its plaintive tone as brighter images rise before her mind, "you must fancy that you have got a nice papa, and, oh, such a dear, sweet, pretty mamma, who is always loving you and giving you lots of kisses and pretty things."

"'Twouldn't be very easy for me to fancy that," grumbled the old woman.

"It's only to make you understand how nice Christmas is. Of course I know that you never had a papa and mamma yourself; old people never have. But you can fancy you have, you know, just to make you understand."

"Yes, yes, child; I'll do it if it pleases you."

"Well, you see, when Christmas-eve comes round, if you've got a nice papa and mamma, you know without being told that something good is going to happen to you, but you don't in the least know what it is going to be. Then, one evening, your papa comes home from the city, and you run to the door to meet him. But he looks so funny with his pockets all sticking out that you can not help laughing. He marches straight into the best room without saying a word, until, just at the door, he turns round and says, 'The Christ-child is coming to-night to ask papa whether his little girl has been good or not.' 'If she has been naughty, papa, what will happen to her?' 'Oh, I should be so sorry for her,' he answers. 'And if she has been good, what then, papa?' 'Oh, she will soon see.' Then you and mamma sit outside until papa opens the door and calls, 'Come in!' Then you go in, and there is a blaze of light, and a beautiful green tree all glittering with tapers and pretty things, and a lovely pink angel with bright little wings is hovering from the ceiling. Then papa says, 'My dear little girl has been so good lately, and the Christ-child was so pleased when I told him all about her, that he left all these pretty things behind for her.' Then he kisses you, and you throw your arms about his neck, and mamma comes, and— Oh, mother! mother!" cries the little child, bursting into a sudden passion of tears and sobs, quite unable to finish her picture.

"Hush ye! hush ye! my poor motherless bairn!" says the old woman. "It's no good thinking on old stories like these. You'll see your dear pretty young mother

again some day if you are always as good as you are now. But indeed," she goes on, muttering under her breath, "I sometimes think that the sooner He above takes us both to Himself the better it will be for us, and none the worse for the world. Well, well, we must trust in God. She has lost her earthly father, but she has One in heaven still."

II.—PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Meantime, in another room in a different part of the city, Christmas is being discussed with even more eagerness than in Dame Bridget's dingy apartment. It is on the parlor floor of a handsome house, at the end of a long avenue. It has a look of substantial comfort about it, and the room we are in at this moment, the "mother's room," looks especially cozy. There is a bright fire burning in the stove; near it is a sofa, on which two ladies are sitting deep in conversation. Two or three busy young people are sitting round a table by the window using up the last glimpses of daylight in finishing off odd bits of work for the beloved Christmas tree.

"I say, Isabel," cries a handsome boy, who is making liberal use of gold paper, scissors, and gum-pot in the manufacture of chain festoons to be hung presently on the tree, "if I were you I should leave those garters until next year. You drop more stitches than you knit."

"I s'an't leave zem," pouts Isabel. "Zey shall be done in dood time, oo'l see. Oh dear! how zat stupid stits is wunning down!"

"Let me look at it, dear," says a gentle-looking girl, whom they call Anna. She is a visitor, daughter of one of the ladies on the sofa.

A quick catching of the offending stitch with her deft fingers, and Isabel's good-humor is restored.

"Sally s'all have her darters," she whispers, after knitting a few more rows. "Zey're finisshed now."

"And so are my chains," cries Will. "Anna, what are you doing, I should like to know?"

"Only finishing up, like the rest of you."

By-and-by chains and garters both are ready and laid with the other things. Then they go down-stairs to finish decorating the tree.

Meantime the two ladies continue their conversation.

"—And you never heard more of them?"

"No! It was a most complete disappearance. We were in a remote part of the country when the crash came, and knew nothing of it until long afterward. Otherwise we might have helped them."

"But they might have written. It was very strange that they did not."

"They did write—at least Ida did—but I never got the letter. It was lost by the servant to whom it was given to post. I had the confession from the girl's own lips. My brother-in-law was very proud, and probably, when no answer came to his wife's letter, he would forbid her to write again."

"And you took steps to discover them?"

"Yes. As soon as it was possible for us, my husband and I went to Leipzig to make inquiries in person. We could hear nothing of them, however. They had gone off quite suddenly; people supposed to America, but nobody knew for certain."

"They had no children?"

"Yes; they had a dear little girl. The principal reason I am so glad to return to my girlhood's home is the hope I have of finding her. I fear, from the fact of no one having heard of them since they went away, that they must be dead. But we may find the child."

"God grant it, my dear friend!" says Mrs. Lister. "But now let us put away such thoughts for to-night. I hear my young ones calling out for me. They are eager to have everything in the German fashion Anna has told them of."

III.—THE DISCOVERY.

On parting with Dame Bridget, Lottie ran off, eager to get a glimpse of something that might recall her former life. Her father, she remembered, used to leave the blinds withdrawn to let the brightness of Christmas into the darkness outside. She hoped others might do the same to-night; but she was disappointed to find that most of the houses were tightly closed. She was beginning to think sadly of returning, when she perceived at the end of the street a large handsome house with a garden plot in front. The gate was ajar, and light was streaming from a parlor window. Her hopes reviving, she gently pushed the gate open, and made her way to a high stone seat just under the window from which the light came.

Four happy-looking children were as busy as so many bees, decorating a large, beautiful fir-tree with all sorts of pretty things. Will—for they were our young friends of the "mother's room"—was standing on a chair disposing the chains, which pretty golden-haired Isabel was holding up to him, in graceful festoons. Mary was hanging on it gilded nuts and apples. Anna, thoughtful-looking, gentle Anna, was fixing the red, yellow, and green tapers into their proper position.

"How kind she looks, and how nice they all are!" thinks Lottie. "How happy they must be to have such a sister! Is there no papa or mamma, I wonder, that they are doing all this by themselves? Ah, there comes the mamma! How nice and good she looks! How she smiles at them!" The little girl, in her eager delight, forgets caution, and rising on tiptoe on the bench, presses her face close to the pane. At that moment Anna happens to glance in that direction.

"What is the matter, Anna?" says Mary. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Somebody is staring at us through the window," she replies, in a half-frightened whisper.

"Staring at us through the window! impudent fellow!" cries Will, jumping, boy-like, to the conclusion that the starrer can only be a "he." "Hold on, Isabel, I'll soon put a stop to that."

"Oh, don't go to the window, Will!" cries Mary, whose head is full of wild stories heard in the nursery long ago, and not forgotten yet. "Suppose it is a robber, and he were to shoot you!"

"Nonsense, Mary," says her mother, advancing toward the window, which Will had already thrown open. "Oh, what was that?"

They hear a fall, followed by a low moaning. Lottie, seeing them coming to the window, had tried hurriedly to get down. But in her haste her foot slipped, and she fell heavily, hitting herself on the edge of the seat.

"The robber has hurt himself evidently," says Will, rather remorsefully. They all hurry to the door, which Will by this time had opened. Lottie was trying painfully to limp away. Mrs. Lister put her hand on her shoulder.

"What are you doing here, my child?" she said, gently, on seeing how very tiny and how frightened the juvenile spy was. "Don't be afraid. We are never angry with any one on Christmas-eve, and least of all with such a little creature as you."

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am," sobbed Lottie, "I meant no harm. I wished so much to see a Christmas tree, and I thought the people to whom the Christ-child brought them left the windows open, as papa used to do, so that poor folks who hadn't them might see how pretty they were."

"Are your parents dead, then, my poor child?"

"Yes, ma'am. Papa died first, then mamma. We lived in another country, far away over the sea. He lost all his money, and then we came here. But he did not get any more money, and one day he died."

"And who takes care of you now?"

"Dame Bridget said that as there was nobody to take

care of me, she would do so as well as she could. So I live with her."

"This Dame Bridget must be a good woman. What is your name, and how old are you, my poor child?"

"I am eight years old, and my name is Lottie Lindhardt."

"Lindhardt!" cried Will and Mary in a breath. "That is Anna's name, mother."

Mrs. Lister, too, started on hearing the well-known name, and looked more attentively at the child. "Strange," she said, "how the two stories seem to tally! But no, no," she continued; "it can not be. Such strange things only happen in books. And yet the name. And she is evidently of German parentage. Lottie," she resumed, "do you remember the name of the place you were born at?"

"No, ma'am," answered the child, looking up wonderingly at this continued cross-examination. "After papa's death mamma was always so sorrowful that she never spoke much of anything. But I think Dame Bridget knows."

"Well, well, my dear; stay here a moment till I return. No one will harm you."

Mrs. Lister ran upstairs, and found her friend still seated where she had left her.

"Helen," she cried, breathlessly, "how old was your brother's child, and what was her name?"

"Why, Edith," smiled the other, "how eager you are! What makes you ask?"

"Never mind why I ask—only tell me."

"She would be eight years old now," replied her friend.

"She was a remarkably pretty child, with thick flaxen curls, and blue eyes as dark as blue corn-flowers."

"But the name—the name?"

"Charlotte, or Lottie rather. But tell me why you ask this just now?"

"Helen," said Mrs. Lister, with the tears in her eyes, "don't be too much startled, but I verily believe your brother's long-lost child is in the house now."

"Here? now?—impossible! You are jesting surely," cried Mrs. Lindhardt, now thoroughly roused.

"No, indeed, I am quite serious. Come and judge for yourself. Or, no; I will bring her upstairs to you rather."

Mrs. Lister went out, and returned in a few minutes leading Lottie by the hand. She looked eagerly at her friend. The latter's eyes filled with tears.

"Surely it is not possible," she said, "that you are Lottie Lindhardt in these rags! But yet if you are not she, you are very like her. Tell me, my child, did you never see me before?"

Lottie looked at her in a puzzled sort of way, as if trying to recall some picture to her mind which yet would not quite come. "I think I have seen you before, but I don't know where."

"Did you ever see this gentleman?" continued her questioner, opening a locket attached to her watch chain.

"Oh yes!" cried Lottie, eagerly; "that is my papa. Did you know him, ma'am?"

Lottie told all her story over again, and on Mr. Lindhardt's entrance remembered him at once as "Uncle Hermann." There seemed to be no doubt of her identity, although they promised themselves to make all sorts of inquiries at Dame Bridget's next day. When Mrs. Lister, who had slipped out of the room, returned, she found her two friends caressing and being caressed by little ragged Lottie, now no longer a waif, and shedding tears of mingled joy and sorrow over her.

"Now, Lottie," said her first friend, "you shall not only see a Christmas tree—you shall sing and dance round it with us. Who could have thought that God was meaning to send us such a big present as you are to-night? Come, dear friends. Come, children."

They went down-stairs. The door of the dining-room

was open. Lottie gave a cry of surprise and joy when she saw the beautiful tree all ablaze with tapers. They joined hands in a circle round it, and sang a hymn full of solemn beauty for the blessings of Christmas-tide. Then the presents were distributed.

"You shall have your real presents to-morrow, Lottie," said Mrs. Lister; "but meanwhile here are a few pretty things for to-night. And you have got an uncle and aunt whom you did not expect."

Then the children danced around the tree until the lights gave signs of being exhausted. After that Lottie was taken home by her uncle and aunt to Dame Bridget's.

My story is about done. Dame Bridget, on being asked, gave particulars enough of her little charge's dead parents as to leave not the shadow of a doubt that she was Mr. Lindhardt's niece. She was taken at once to his comfortable home, and Anna became in reality a sister to her.

Dame Bridget, too, was well cared for. Her former nursing never ceased to show her the greatest love and gratitude. In her old age she experienced how true were our Lord's words when He said,

"If any one of you will give even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, he shall in no wise lose his reward."



"I WONDER WHY THEY LOVE ME BEST WHEN I'M ASLEEP!"

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE.

MR. ELMER took Mark with him. Instead of going down the river to St. Mark's to take the train, they crossed over the ferry, and had Jan drive them in the mule wagon four miles across country to the railroad. On their way they came to a fork in the road, and not knowing which branch to take, waited until they could ask a little colored girl whom they saw approaching.

She said: "Dis yere humputy road 'll take yo' to Misto Gileriseses plantation, an' den yo' turn to de right ober de trabblin' road twel yo' come to Brer Steve's farm, an' thar yo' be."

"Father, what is the difference between a plantation and a farm?" asked Mark, as they journeyed along over the "humputy" road.

"As near as I can find out," said Mr. Elmer, "the only difference is that one is owned by a white man and the other by a colored man."

They found "Brer Steve's" house without any difficulty, and, sure enough, there they were, as the little girl had said they would be, for "Brer Steve" lived close to the railroad, and the station was on his place.

Mark was delighted with Tallahassee, which he found to be a very pleasant though small city, built on a hill, and surrounded by other hills. Its streets were shaded by magnificent elms and oaks, and these and the hills were grateful to the eye of the Maine boy, who had not yet learned to love the flat country in which his present home stood.

They spent Sunday in Tallahassee, and on Monday started for home before daylight, on horseback and driving a small herd of cattle, which, with two horses, Mr. Elmer had bought on Saturday. As Saturday is the regular market-day, when all the country people from miles around flock into town to sell what they have for sale, and to purchase supplies for the following week, Mark was much amused and instructed by what he saw. Although in Tallahassee there are no street auctions, as in Key West, there was just as much business done on the sidewalks and in the streets here as there.

It seemed very strange to the Northern boy to see cattle and pigs roaming the streets at will, and he wondered that they were allowed to do so. When he saw one of these street cows place her fore-feet on the wheel of a wagon, and actually climb up until she could reach a bag of sweet-potatoes that lay under the seat, he laughed until he cried. Without knowing or caring how much amusement she was causing, the cow stole a potato from the bag, jumped down, and quietly munched it. This feat was repeated again and again, until finally an end was put to Mark's and the cow's enjoyment of the meal by the arrival of the colored owner of both wagon and potatoes, who indignantly drove the cow away, calling her "a ole good-fo'-nuffin'."

Mark said that after that he could never again give as an answer to the conundrum, "Why is a cow like an elephant?" "Because she can't climb a tree," for he thought this particular cow could climb a tree, and would, if a bag of sweet-potatoes were placed in the top of it where she could see it.

It was late Monday evening before they reached home with their new purchases, and all were thoroughly tired with their long day's journey. The next day, when Ruth saw the horses, one of which had but one white spot in his forehead, while the other had two, one over each

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

eye, she immediately named them Spot and Spotter. Mark said that if there had been another, without any spots in his forehead, he supposed she would have named him Spotless.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE BOYS CAUGHT AN ALLIGATOR.

"Hi! Mark," shouted Frank from his ferry-boat one warm morning in March, "come here a minute. I've got something to tell you. Great scheme."

"Can't," called Mark—"got to go to mill."

"Well, come when you get back."

"All right."

Mark and Frank had by this time become the best of friends, for each had begun to appreciate the good points of the other, and to value his opinions. Their general information was as different as possible, and each thought that the other knew just the very things a boy ought to know. While Mark's knowledge was of books, games, people, and places that seemed to Frank almost like foreign countries, he knew the names of every wild animal, bird, fish, tree, and flower to be found in the surrounding country, and was skilled in all tricks of woodcraft.

Since this boy had first entered the Elmer household, wounded, dirty, and unkempt as a young savage, he had changed so wonderfully for the better that his best friends of a few months back would not have recognized him. He was now clean and neatly dressed in an old suit of Mark's which just fitted him, and his hair, which had been long and tangled, was cut short and smoothly brushed. Being naturally of a sunny and affectionate disposition, the cheerful home influences, the motherly care of Mrs. Elmer, whose heart was very tender toward the motherless boy, and, above all, the great alteration in his father's manner, had changed the shy, sullen lad into an honest, happy fellow, anxious to do right and in every way to please the kind friends to whom his debt of gratitude was so great.

Every other day Mark and Frank were sent down to St. Mark's in the canoe for the mail, allowed to take their guns and fishing-tackle with them, and given permission to stay out as long as they chose, provided they came home before dark. Sometimes Ruth was allowed to go with them, greatly to her delight, for she was very fond of fishing, and always succeeded in catching her full share. While the boys were thus absent Mr. Elmer took charge of whatever work Mark might have been doing, and Jan always managed to be within sound of the ferry horn.

On one of their first trips down the river Mark had called Frank's attention to the head of a small animal that was rapidly swimming in the water, close under an overhanging bank, and asked him what it was.

For answer Frank said, "Sh!" carefully laid down his paddle, and taking up the rifle, fired a hasty and unsuccessful shot at the creature, which dived at the flash, and was seen no more.

"What was it?" asked Mark.

"An otter," answered Frank, "and his skin would be worth five dollars in Tallahassee."

"My!" exclaimed Mark; "is that so? Why can't we catch some, and sell the skins?"

"We could if we only had some traps."

"What kind of traps?"

"Double-spring steel are the best."

"I'm going to buy some, first chance I get," said Mark; "and if you'll show me how to set 'em, and how to skin the otters and dress the skins, and help do the work, we'll go halves on all we make."

Frank had agreed to this, and when Mark went to Tallahassee he bought six of the best steel-traps he could find. These had been carefully set in likely places along the river, baited with fresh fish, and visited regularly by one or the other of the boys twice a day. At first they had been very successful, as was shown by the ten fine otter-skins carefully stretched over small boards cut for the purpose, and drying in the workshop; but then their good fortune seemed to desert them.

As the season advanced, and the weather grew warmer,



"'IT 'LL HOLD HIM,' SCREAMS FRANK."

they began frequently to find a trap sprung, but empty, or containing only the foot of an otter. At first they thought the captives had gnawed off their own feet in order to escape; but when, only the day before the one with which this chapter opens, they had found in one of the traps the head of an otter minus its body, this theory had to be abandoned.

"I never heard of an otter's gnawing off his own head," said Frank, as he examined the grinning trophy he had just taken from the trap, "and I don't believe he could do it. I don't think he could pull it off either; besides, it's a clean cut, it doesn't look as if it had been pulled off."

"No," said Mark, gravely, for both boys had visited the traps on this occasion; "I don't suppose he could have gnawed off, or pulled off, his own head. He must have taken his jackknife from his pocket, quietly opened it, deliberately cut off his head, and calmly walked away."

"I have it!" exclaimed Frank, after a few minutes of profound thought, as the boys paddled homeward.

"What?" asked Mark—"the otter?"

"No; but I know who stole him. It's one of the very fellows that tried to get me."

"Alligators!" shouted Mark.

"Yes, alligators; I expect they're the very thieves that have been robbing our traps."

The next day at noon, when Mark finished his work at the mill, he hurried back to the ferry to see what Frank meant when he called him that morning, and said he had something to tell him.

Frank had gone to the other side of the river with a passenger, but he soon returned.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mark, as he helped make the boat fast.

"It's this," said Frank. "I've seen a good many alligators in the river lately, and I've had my eye on one big old fellow in particular. He spends most of his time in that little cove down there; but I've noticed that whenever a dog barks close to the river or on the ferry the old 'gator paddles out a little way from the cove, and looks very wishfully in that direction. I know alligators are more fond of dog-meat than anything else; but they won't refuse fish when nothing better offers. Now look here."

Going to the other end of the boat as he spoke, Frank produced a coil of light, but strong Manila line that he had obtained at the house. To one end of this rope were knotted a dozen strands of stout fish-line, and the ends of these were made fast to the middle of a round hickory stick, about six inches long, and sharply pointed at each end; these sharp ends had also been charred to harden them.

"There," said Frank, as Mark gazed at this outfit with a perplexed look, "that's my alligator line; and after dinner, if you'll help me, we'll fish for that old fellow in the cove."

"All right," said Mark; "I'm your man; but where's your hook?"

"This," answered Frank, holding up the bit of sharpened stick; "it's all the hook I want, and I'll show you how to use it when we get ready."

After dinner the boys found several teams on both sides of the river waiting to be ferried across: then Mark had to go with Jan for a load of fence posts, so that it waited only about an hour of sundown when they finally found themselves at liberty to carry out their designs against the alligator.

Frank said this was all the better, as alligators fed at night, and the nearer dark it was, the hungrier the old fellow would be.

Taking a large fish, one of half a dozen he had caught during the day, Frank thrust the bit of stick, with the line attached, into its mouth and deep into its body. "There," said he, "now you see that if the 'gator swallows that fish, he swallows the stick too. He swallows it lengthwise; but a strain on the line fixes it crosswise, and it won't come out unless Mr. 'Gator comes with it. *Sabe*?"

"I see," answered Mark; "but what am I to do?"

"I want you to lie down flat in the boat, and hold on to the line about twenty feet from this end, which I am going to make fast to the ferry post. Keep it clear of the bank, and let the bait float well out in the stream. The minute the 'gator swallows it, do you give the line a jerk as hard as you can, so as to fix the stick crosswise in his gullet."

"All right," said Mark. "I understand. And what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to play dog," answered Frank, with a laugh, as he walked off down the river-bank, leaving Mark to wonder what he meant.

Frank crept softly along until he was very near the alligator cove, just above which he could see the fish, which Mark had let drop down-stream, floating on the surface of the water. Then he lay down and began to whine like a puppy in distress.

As soon as Mark heard this he knew what his friend meant by playing dog, and he smiled at the capital imita-

tion, which would have certainly deceived even him if he had not known who the puppy really was.

Frank whined most industriously for five minutes or so, and even attempted two or three feeble barks; but they were not nearly so artistic as the whines. Then he stopped; for his quick eye detected three black objects moving on the water not far from the bank. These objects were the alligator's two eyes and the end of his snout, which were all of him that showed, the remainder of his body being completely submerged. He was looking for that puppy, and thinking how much he should enjoy it for his supper.

Again it sounds clear and distinct, and the sly old 'gator comes on a little further, alert and watchful; but without making so much as a ripple to betray his presence.

Now the whine sounds fainter and fainter, as though the puppy were moving away, and finally it ceases.

Mr. Alligator is very much disappointed; and now, noticing the fish for the first time, concludes that though not nearly so good as puppy, fish is much better than nothing, and he had better secure it before it swims away.

He does not use caution now; he has learned that fish must be caught quickly or not at all, and he goes for it with a rush. The great jaws open and close with a snap, the fish disappears, and the alligator thinks he will go back to his cove to listen again for that puppy whine. Suddenly a tremendous jerk at his mouth is accompanied by a most disagreeable sensation in his stomach. He tries to pull away from both, but finds himself caught and held fast.

Mark gives a cheer as he jumps from the bottom of the ferry-boat, and Frank echoes it as he dashes out of the bushes and seizes the line.

Now the alligator pulls and the boys pull, and if the line had not been made fast to the post, the former would certainly have pulled away from them or dragged them into the river. He lashes the water into foam, and bellows with rage, while they yell with delight and excitement. The stout post is shaken, and the Manila line hums like a harp-string.

"It'll hold him," screams Frank. "He can't get away now. See the reason for that last six feet of small lines, Mark? They're so he can't bite the rope; the little lines slip in between his teeth."

The noise of the struggle and the shouts of the boys attracted the notice of the men on their way home from work at the mill, and they came running down to the ferry to see what was the matter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PERSIP LIONS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

THE Persip 'gators had hardly ceased to excite the curiosity of the boys in the little village where "Eagle" Persip lived, before his "Zoo" received a new and wonderful addition to its numbers in the shape of a cage of lions.

I think I hear a chorus of voices from a small army of bright-eyed young people exclaiming, "A cage of lions! sent to a boy, and to be kept in a little room in his father's barn? It's too ridiculous, and I don't believe it."

All the village boys thought the lion story was ridiculous also; but they knew that Eagle must have something wonderful on hand, and they hurried to his Zoo to see what it was, some of them secretly hoping that it might be a cage of real lions after all.

Andy Mack was the first to arrive, and he bounced into the room all out of breath, while the others followed as fast as possible.

"Say, Eagle, where's your lions?"

"Show us the lions."

"Have you got any lions?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, they began:

"He 'ain't got any lions."

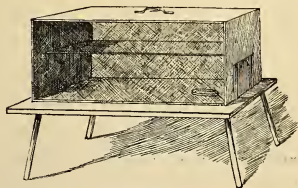
"There isn't a single lion here."

"He wouldn't dare keep lions."

"Perhaps they're dandelions."

"They ain't," shouted Eagle Persip, who at last found an opportunity of making himself heard. "They're ground-lions, and they're in that cage, ten of 'em. Some people call them chameleons; but I looked that up in the dictionary, and it says: 'Chameleon, literally, ground-lion, from two Greek words meaning 'on the ground' and 'lion';' and I am going to call them lions."

Although much disappointed at not finding real lions, the boys were anxious to see what "ground-lions" looked like, and crowded around the cage in which the new pets were. The cage was a box about two feet long, eighteen



inches high, and ten inches wide. It was made of very thin boards, except the front and back, which were of the finest wire gauze. In one end was a sliding door. Inside, near the top, was a shelf or perch, a cup of water, and a bunch of Spanish moss. Looking out from this moss the boys saw several pairs of bright eyes, that were set in sharp-pointed little heads, and presently a beautiful green lizard crawled out of his hiding-place, ran up the wire netting, and landed on the perch, where he stood swelling his body in the most comical way, and puffing out his throat, which was of bright pink, like a pouter pigeon.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Andy, who was greatly interested in this performance.

"Cousin Laff brought them to me," answered Eagle.

"Yes," said Lafayette Persip, who until now had remained quietly seated in one corner of the room, "I knew that Eagle liked queer pets, and already had alligators, so I thought I'd catch him a few chameleons and bring them along. I made the cage myself, and I've got acquainted with them all, and have learned to call them by name in the last two weeks."

"You have!" exclaimed Andy. "Why, they all look just alike to me."

"Oh no!" said Lafayette; "they're very different. That fellow puffing himself out upon the perch is old Puff, and then there's Major, and Tailor, and Dumps, and Hospital, all males. I call that old wrinkled one Hospital because he looks sick. Then the females, which are much smaller than the males, are Puffina (Puff's wife), Baby, Dolly, Dot, and Lena (the little thin one)."

"What do they eat?" asked Andy.

"Why, in Florida, people say that they never eat or drink anything, but just live on air; so I haven't tried to make them eat."

"That's nonsense!" exclaimed Eagle. "They used to say the same thing about my alligators; but I find that they eat all they can get, and I guess these little fellows will too."

A month later, under the heading "Lions," Andy Mack read the following entries in Eagle's Zoo note-book:

"Ground-lions, or chameleons, like toads, eat flies, spiders, water-bugs, cockroaches, and all sorts of insects, but won't touch them unless they are alive. They won't eat meat, bread, cake, fruit, or anything that is not alive. They are fond of sugar and water, and drink a great deal of water, which must be put in the cage fresh every day.

"They enjoy the hottest sunshine; and in real warm weather are very lively; but when cold are very stupid, and will not eat."

"I catch flies in a trap, and give them about fifty every day; but they can live for weeks without eating anything."

"Every evening at sunset they bury themselves in their nests of moss, and do not appear again until daylight."

"They shed their skins about once a month. When one is ready to shed, he splits his skin down the front and back by swelling his body, and it loosens all over, so that he looks as though he had a white tissue-paper blanket on. Then he tears it off with his mouth and eats it. It takes about three hours to shed the entire skin."

"I keep a dish of sand in the cage, and in this the females lay eggs, but these do not hatch."

"The colors of my lions are dark brown, light brown, ash-colored with spots, very dark red, light green, and dark green. The change of color does not depend entirely upon the color of the objects upon which they happen to be, but upon their own state of mind or temper. I know this because when they are happy and warm they are light green, and when they are unhappy and cold they are dark brown, though in both cases they are on the same object."

"Lions are the most interesting pets I have ever had."

AN INTERESTING YOUNG FOREIGNER.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

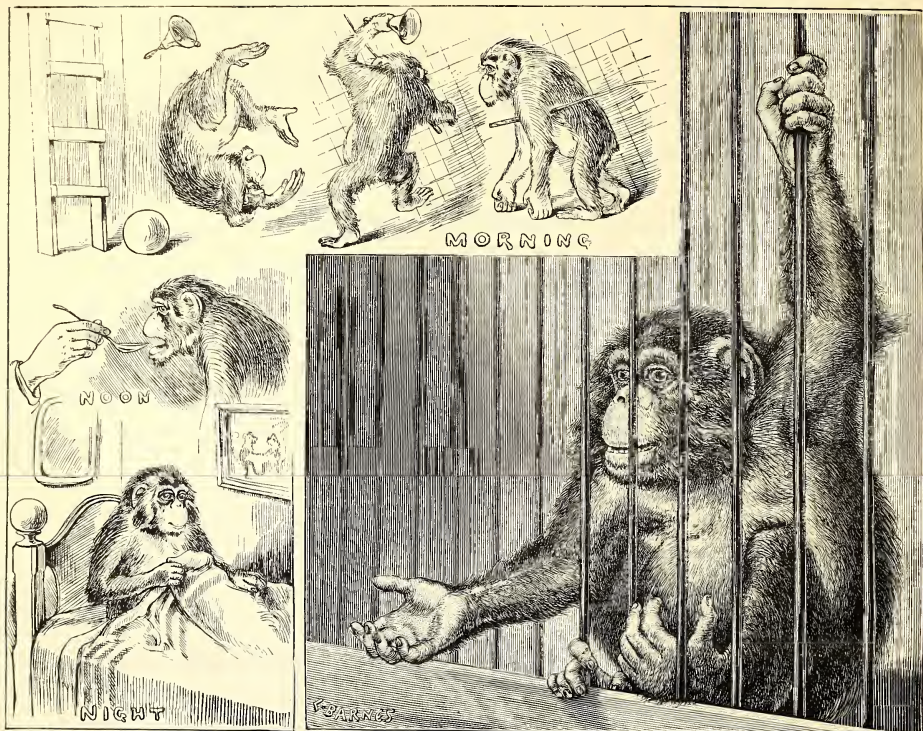
THERE is at present residing in our Central Park a young African whose receptions are daily attended by hundreds of visitors. He is, indeed, a most fortunate host, for while he can not speak a word, every one leaves charmed with his bright and entertaining manners. Remus—for that is his name—is fortunate, too, in being the object of the especial care of Mr. Conkling, the Superintendent of the Natural History Department, and having Mr. Cook for his ever-watchful and affectionate keeper.

For Remus is not a boy, though he looks and acts strangely like one, but is a young chimpanzee from the west coast of Africa. He is one of the few that have ever been safely brought to this country, and it is, perhaps, more directly owing to the efforts made by the two gentlemen mentioned than to any other cause that Central Park is able to boast the possession of so valuable an addition to the museum.

The chimpanzee is generally admitted to be the highest species of ape, because its anatomy compares more nearly than any other of the monkey family with that of man, and in action and manner the chimpanzee is far more human than any of his cousins. The full-grown animal measures nearly five feet in height. Its body is covered with blackish-brown hair, which in Remus's case has by dint of careful brushing come to be as soft and glossy as silk. The hair is rather thick upon the back and sides, but is scant upon the fore part of the body; on the cheeks and chin the hair is very long, and hangs down in the form of whiskers.

Remus was brought to the Reverend Mr. Smythe, United States Minister to Liberia, when about six weeks old, and was brought up in the family of that gentleman with almost the same care a child would receive. When Mr. Smythe returned to this country he brought Remus with him, taking him in the cabin with his family, and paying half fare for him as if he was a child, and it must be said to his credit that few children could have behaved better.

Arrived here, Mr. Smythe presented him to the Central Park—a valuable gift, for the little fellow is valued at between two and three thousand dollars. A special cage was built for him, and he soon became devoted to his keeper, Mr. Cook, who has taught him to sit in an arm-



REMUS AT HOME.

chair at a small table, eat his warm milk with a spoon, wipe his mouth with a napkin, and to behave himself in a grave and decorous manner, which is amusing in the extreme.

Remus is a playful little fellow, and he has no lack of toys. Mr. Cook has a theory that his mind requires active employment, that he may not suffer from melancholy, which seems to have been one of the great causes of the loss of several of his family who have been brought to this country. For a time a bell was his especial delight. Dolls, croquet balls, rattles, hand-mirrors, and a small flag have furnished the little fellow with amusement for days, and a flying trapeze in his apartment is a never-failing source of pleasure.

When I visited him he was just about to have his dinner, and he was watching with evident interest the preparation of some rice and milk. As the keeper approached the cage with it he swung himself across his table, and seated himself gravely in his chair. The pan being placed before him, he took the spoon in his right hand, and his napkin in his left, and after stirring the mixture a few times he proceeded to eat it, wiping his mouth from time to time with his napkin, and pausing to watch the spectators.

Having finished his dinner, which was eaten with a dignity and grace which would do credit to a man, he walked over to his keeper and extended his hands to be wiped. Then he submitted quietly to the ordeal of having his hair and whiskers combed. Then came the most comical part of the performance.

Remus has been suffering from a slight cough, and Mr. Cook has prepared an onion syrup, which seems to be breaking it up in a manner which is satisfactory to all except Remus. He evidently does not like the onion syrup, and makes unmistakable signs of disapproval while he watches Mr. Cook getting it. When it is brought into his cage, however, he opens his rather large mouth and takes it quietly enough, though his expression is of intense disgust, and he eagerly seizes a piece of orange to take the taste out of his mouth.

It would be impossible to describe all the funny ways and child-like actions Remus will display in a single hour. One of his quaintest tricks is when he goes to bed. He gets his blanket, and after spreading it out, carefully rolls himself up in it, and laying his head upon his arm, goes to sleep. The attitude and manner are so like those of a tired child that it is hard to realize he is only a monkey.

If Remus can be safely carried through this winter, the greatest danger will be passed. Consumption and melancholia, which seem to be the two complaints most fatal to all species of monkeys in this country, he has so far escaped. He eats regularly good, wholesome food, sleeps well, and so far seems to be in the best of health and spirits. With his active brain constantly occupied by a variety of amusements, and carefully guarded from cold, there seems to be no reason why he should not live many years to delight visitors to the Park with his strangely human appearance and gravely affectionate manners.



GRAND CHRISTMAS MEET OF THE "YOUNG PEOPLE HUNT CLUB."

THE LAKE-DWELLERS.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

MANY years ago the people of Europe were obliged to build their houses and villages in the middle of lakes and ponds, or in some place surrounded by water. In this way they protected themselves against the wild beasts that filled the woods around them, and from the savage men who were more cruel than the wild beasts.

It is probable that at this time England, France, and Germany were nearly covered with forests, through which monstrous animals wandered. Great bears, wolves, and possibly the immense mammoth, drove men and women before them. They took refuge in the lakes and ponds of water. They built their towns on piles or stakes driven into the bottom of the lake.

All over Europe the remains of these singular retreats are found, but the most remarkable are in Switzerland. Here, when the waters of the lakes are low, great numbers of these villages may be traced. The piles on which they were built are still there; sometimes even remains of the houses are found. The people who lived in them were of small size, apparently. They used stone axes or hatchets, and fought with arrows pointed with flint. It is no wonder that they fled from the wild beasts of the forests.

These lacustrine villages, as they are called, can not have been very comfortable. The piles or stakes on which they rested were cut in the woods near by, and then dragged to the water-side, where they were driven into the deep mud and fastened together. A floor of logs was laid upon them. It seems to have been covered over with brush-wood, leaves, and grass. The houses were built above, probably wooden huts, scarcely sheltered from the wind and rain.

The people who lived in them knew how to weave a coarse linen or woollen cloth, but usually must have been clothed in skins. Rude ornaments of different kinds—rings, chains of copper or bronze, weapons, stone knives, beads, hammers of stone—are found. Fire was evidently used, and the bones of the ox, hog, and goat are proofs that the lacustrine people were not vegetarians. But it is easy to imagine how uncomfortable were their dwellings. The floor of brush-wood must always have been damp and unhealthy; the chill winds of the Swiss and German lakes pierced through the walls of the huts; sometimes floods overwhelmed them; sometimes a stealthy enemy broke into their defenses and burned the whole village as if it were a nest of venomous insects. The ashes of many of these towns are found at the bottom of the lakes, showing that they were destroyed by fire. They were usually joined to the shore by a bridge of stakes, over which an enemy could pass.

Many of these towns are found in the lakes and ponds of Ireland and Scotland. Here they are called "crannoges." They seem to have been less carefully built than those of Switzerland, but they still show that the people who planned them must have labored hard to provide themselves with a safe home. They had canoes hollowed from trunks of trees, on which they carried their piles out into the lake. They cut down oak-trees of considerable size with their hatchets of stone or bronze. In one "crannoge" recently discovered in Scotland more than three thousand trees, some of great size, had been cut down and used in building one of these villages in the midst of a lake.

We who live in safe and pleasant cities or country homes can scarcely believe that people could exist in these wild retreats in the midst of the waters. Yet it seems that they were inhabited by a large population even in Scotland. Here men, women, and children lived and died, sometimes perhaps as happily as if they had lived in New York or Boston. They caught fish from their house doors. The children swam in the waters. They sometimes cultivated grain on the land, and sometimes lived like squirrels on the nuts of the forest.

Men have not even yet given up these lake-dwellings.

The savages in South America, Africa, New Guinea, and Borneo still build them. But they are said to be not so skillful as were the builders on the Swiss lakes.

"CHRISTMAS CASTLE."

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was on the 19th of December that Mr. and Mrs. Lockby started on the trip that would keep them away from home a week or more. Only important business could have induced them to leave the children alone at such a season; but from Ashton, who was already in his teens, down to Bess, just turned eight, not one of the four uttered a murmur, although it was well understood that the expenses of the journey would swallow up the sum that had been set aside for Christmas gifts.

"It'll be 'present' enough for all of us," Helen said, "when you come back and tell us that we needn't remember about the mortgage any more."

"But it seems too bad," returned her mother, "that we should have to leave you this week of all weeks in the year. I do wish some of our relatives lived near enough to come and stay with you till we get back."

Ashton, coming in to announce that the sleigh was ready, overheard the last sentence, and kept thinking about it a good deal during his solitary drive home from the station. The sleighing was splendid, and as he swerved to one side to allow a party of shouting coasters to go scudding by him down the hill, an idea popped into his inventive brain which caused him to smile to himself.

"I'll talk it over with Helen right off," he resolved.

Therefore, as soon as the horses were "put up," he hurried in to electrify his elder sister with the remark, "Helen, I'm going to open a hotel."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Well, almost exactly what I say. Now listen a minute. Every year people come to the country in the hot weather, and always see it the same; so I think that they'd like to have the chance to see it once when it's different. I don't mean to have regular grown-up boarders, but boys and girls. Poor things! they can't have much fun winters in the city, with no coasting, and but precious little sleighing. Now this house is a queer-looking old place, anyway, so I move we call it "Christmas Castle," and advertise it under that name as a holiday resort for city children, with coasting, fort-building, and skating as the attractions, instead of swimming, boating, and croquet. Come, now, Helen, say 'yes.' I must be off by the ten train to put the notice in the papers."

Helen was so used to being guided by her big brother that her few objections were soon urged, and equally soon overruled. Some little time was spent in discussing ways and means, and then Ashton proceeded to prepare his advertisement. When completed it read:

"Ho for Christmas Castle! Try the country air in winter. Plenty of snow, fine coasting, fort-building, and skating! Just the place to send your boy for a week at five dollars. Only open during the holidays. Address A. F. Lockby, Bannerburgh."

"How'll that do?" he asked, drawing a long breath.

"Very nicely," answered Helen. "Now as you go to town don't forget to stop at the store and order some syrup, flour, and things sent up. I'll give you a list."

That night Ashton returned home in a thrilling state of expectation, for he had arranged to have his announcement appear for two days in three of the city papers.

The next morning he and Johnny came in from the barn carrying a board between them, on which, in very crooked green letters, appeared the words,

"CHRISTMAS CASTLE."

This was hung up over the front door, and at that distance really had an artistic look.

The proprietors of the "Castle" had nothing to do now but wait patiently. They did so for two or three days. Christmas came nearer and nearer, when, on the afternoon of the day before, the sound of bells came over the snow, and then suddenly ceased, proclaiming that the sleigh to which they belonged must have stopped at the farm-house.

Ashton flung open the door, and there were three boys from the city in Farmer Crane's sleigh.

"Yes, this is it," the biggest one was saying, as he pointed to the sign over the door. "How jolly! And now, what do we owe you, Mr. Driver?" he added, taking out a fat pocket-book.

The other two meanwhile were pitching satchels, umbrellas, and skate bags into the snow, to flounder in after them in rubber-booted recklessness. Johnny, who had rushed upstairs to bring down the blank-book he had provided as a register, now appeared with it under his arm, and as soon as the young strangers recovered from their amazement at finding the "hotel-keeper" not much older than themselves, they were invited to write their names.

Then the boy of the fat purse picked up the pen and dashed off, "Earl Clark, Jun.," as he explained rapidly: "These other two chaps are my cousins George and Ted Richings. I came all the way from Baltimore to spend Christmas with them; but their sisters were taken down with the measles yesterday. Somebody told about this castle of yours, so we were sent up here to have our fun. And now about rooms?"

The new-comers were shown to the apartments prepared for them, and the afternoon and evening passed merrily away. Helen quite forgot her responsibilities, and was only awakened to a recollection of them just before bed-time by a sharp "Hist!" from Mirah in the doorway.

She went out, and did not re-appear until after Johnny, Bess, and the three boarders had gone up to bed. Ashton was standing in front of the fire waiting for her, and he noticed that she had a "queerish look" on her face.

"Well," she began, dropping into a chair, "the things from the store haven't come; there's no syrup for the buckwheat cakes, not a bit of bread in the house, only half a tea-cupful of coffee, and what we're going to do for breakfast I don't know."

"What!" exclaimed Ashton; then added, in a different tone, as he pulled a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket: "Oh, Helen, I forgot all about ordering the things. But why on earth didn't you speak about it before? I'll go down to the store now," starting toward the hall for his coat.

"You can't," cried Helen. "Walk half a mile and back such a night as this?" Then, seeming to feel certain that a practical illustration of the state of the weather would be of more avail than mere words, she threw open the front door, when instantly such a gust of wind and whirling snow swept into the hall as almost took the two off their feet.

Ashton smiled rather bitterly, for was it not his own fault that the provisions had become reduced to their present dimensions? And then they both went up to bed, with never a thought of Santa Claus or Christmas-eve.

The next morning Johnny was the first to discover something that caused every inmate of the "Castle" to forget for a while that they had entered upon the greatest holiday of the year. He had risen long before it was light in order to be ready to conduct the "boarders" to the famous coasting hill before breakfast, but in about two minutes after he had gone down-stairs he came tearing back, with the panting announcement: "Oh, Ashton, I can't get out! The snow's piled 'way up the sides of the house, higher'n the window-sills, and it's snowing yet."

A careful inspection of all means of exit only served to confirm Johnny's statement. And now the boarders came scampering down-stairs, all ready for their breakfast.

Helen and Bess had also made their appearance, and the faint light that began to struggle in through the snow-banked windows of the sitting-room revealed a variety of expressions as Ashton mounted a chair and made the following proclamation:

"Friends and fellow-dwellers in Christmas Castle, you know that most of the castles of the olden time had to stand sieges, and now so does ours. The fires have gone out, there's not a match in the house to light them with, and we can't go borrow one from our neighbors, because we're snowed in. But we needn't quite starve, if we do have to give up our hot coffee and cakes, for there's plenty of apples in the cellar, and some dried beef in the pantry."

The three boarders bore up under this intelligence remarkably well; indeed, they appeared to be rather rejoiced than otherwise at the prospect of having a "real adventure" befall them.

"Oh, if I only had a pair of snow-shoes!" exclaimed Earl, as they arose from their cold but merry breakfast, "I'd soon bring back some matches, and then we'd be 'snug as bugs in a rug.' But I know what I *can* have," and, catching up a cane-bottomed chair, Earl began hacking away at the seat with his knife.

"I hope you'll excuse the liberty," he added, after a minute, turning to the Lockbys, who were staring at him in astonishment. "I'm going to try and make a pair of snow-shoes."

However, it soon became evident that something stronger than a pocket-knife would be required to sever the chair seat from the legs, if it was to be accomplished before the snow melted.

"Have you got an axe or a 'little hatchet'?" finally cried Earl, dropping his knife, after barely escaping cutting off his first finger. "Oh, if I only had my tennis rackets!"

"Why, could you walk on them?" Ted wanted to know. "I don't see why I couldn't," replied Earl. "They look ever so much like snow-shoes. Are you sure you haven't any in the house?"

This last eager query was addressed to Helen, who had just come in from the kitchen.

"Why, yes; I have one I got last summer when I was away at the sea-shore," was the unexpected reply.

"Pshaw! it's more provoking to have one than none."

At this moment Ashton returned with a hatchet, and with a few vigorous blows the chair seat was freed of back and legs, ready to be transformed into its new character. Bess then appeared with the racket, which Earl proceeded to bind to his right foot by means of a stout cord provided by Johnny. Ashton and George were already lashing the chair bottom to his left shoe.

Helen meanwhile had brought the clothes-line, which, in spite of his laughing remonstrances, she fastened around Earl's waist.

"Now if we see you begin to sink," she said, "we can pull you in."

"I feel like a duck with a wooden leg," remarked the hero of the occasion, as he was lifted up to the window-sill, whence the start was to be made.

"Now you're off!" exclaimed Ashton, keeping a tight hold on the "safety-rope."

Earl struck out bravely, but, alas! the corner of his cane seat tripped him up at the second step, and he landed face downward in the snow.

"Oh, hurry! quick! drag him in!" cried Helen; and the whole party at once laid hold of the clothes-line.

"O-h-h! oh! don't pull the breath out of me!" panted Earl, as he came spluttering in at the window. Then he joined the rest in their laugh, and confessed that home-made snow-shoes, with a Southerner to wear them, were not a success. "But doesn't anybody ever drive past here?" he added.

"There's some one coming now," screamed Johnny. "I believe it's old Santa Claus himself."



"O-H-H! OH! DON'T PULL THE BREATH OUT OF ME!" PANTED EARL."

The driver of the approaching sleigh was certainly very like the guardian saint of the season, with his long gray beard, fur cap and coat, and the great heap of bundles that almost covered up the small boy by his side.

"Yes, it must be," went on Johnny, his eyes growing rounder and rounder. "What shall we—" But at that instant there came a joyful shout from Ted Richings.

"It's Uncle Fritz! it's Uncle Fritz!" he cried, clapping his hands in great excitement.

George was almost equally enthusiastic, and what with trying to understand how their uncle came to be there, when they had imagined him in Germany, and endeavoring to explain their predicament, all at one and the same time, the two nephews made such a Babel of it that the mystery bade fair to become more mysterious still.

But at the first pause Ashton broke in with: "If you please, sir, have you got a match? We're snowed—"

However, he did not wait to finish his sentence, for the Christmas stranger had handed him over half a dozen, with which welcome holiday gifts he hurried off to Mirah in the kitchen. Johnny then helped him start the sitting-room fire, and by that time Uncle Fritz had found opportunity to announce that he had come all the way from Europe expressly to give a Christmas surprise to his favorite nephews, and on being told in town that they had gone to Christmas Castle, had declared that that was just the place for such an "old young boy" as himself.

"So here I am," he concluded, adding, with a twinkle of his merry eyes, "and if it won't be too much trouble, will you boys and girls just take these bundles as I pass them in?"

When he had handed them all out but one, Uncle Fritz presented that to the small boy, and bidding him drive home stepped in through the window himself.

His presence in the "Castle" appeared to act like magic.

The fires crackled and burned their brightest, then the sun burst from behind the clouds and set to work to put a stop to the "siege," the odor of coffee began to float in from the kitchen, and, best of all, Mirah found some syrup in a far corner of the highest shelf in the pantry. And while the cakes were baking, Uncle Fritz distributed his packages right and left.

"Plenty for all, plenty for all," he cried, as he tossed the bundles about. "You see, I knew I was coming to Christmas Castle, where there was sure to be lots of young folks. But oh, by all my reindeers, I haven't made my compliments to the landlord yet."

"Why, yes, you have!" exclaimed George and Ted in chorus, and then, when the facts of the case were made plain to him, how Uncle Fritz did laugh and rub his hands together, to be sure!

And now the second Christmas breakfast was brought in (and this time a royal hot one), and after that had been disposed of it was possible to force a way through the drifts to the barn, and, before night, coasting, fort-building, skating, and a straw-ride all had their turns.

And Uncle Fritz kept growing jollier and jollier, until everybody felt that he must laugh if he so much as looked at him.

So the Christmas that had dawned so dismally was transformed into the merriest of many, and that night Johnny enthusiastically tacked up over Uncle Fritz's door the words "Christmas King."

He went away the next morning, taking the three city boys with him, and the Lockbys never saw any of the four again. The bill for the whole party came to five dollars, and as the mortgage affair had been satisfactorily arranged, Ashton was told he might keep the gold eagle Uncle Fritz gave him as a souvenir of his first and last attempt at managing a "Christmas Castle."



Play. ♪ Earnest:

Overdewy hill and lea
Merrily
Rushed a mad-cap breeze at play,
And the daisies, like the bright
Stars at night,
Danced and twinkled in its way.

Now, a tree called to the breeze:
"Little breeze,
Will you come and have a play?"
And the wind upon its way
Stopped to play.
Then the leaves, with sudden shiver,
Sudden quiver,
Met the light
Mad-cap breeze
With delight.

Presently the breeze grew stronger,
For it cared to play no longer.
So it flung the limbs about,
And it tossed the leaves in rout,
Till it roared, as though with thunder.
Then the poor tree groaned and bent,
And the breeze, - a tempest-rent
Leaves and branches from its crown;
Till, at last, it flung it down,
Stripped, and bare, and torn afunder.





WORDS BY MARGARET T. SMITH

MUSIC BY MRS. JOSEPH T. KNATE.

1. Ring a - gain the Christmas bells,
2. See the host of an - gels bright.
3. Earth is sor - row - ful and sad.
4. Son of Ma - ry, Lord of all,

Bid them break like o - cean swells,
Fill - ing all the sky with light,
Je - sus comes to make it glad!
Low - ly ly - ing in the stall,

Till the tide of ju - bi - lee
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Tell it un - til ev - ery-where
Gift and tri - bute would we bring,

Rolls a - long o'er
Hark! the song they
Thrill the tid - ings
Take our hearts, O

Refrain.

land and sea, rolls a - long,
chant a - gain, in the air,
Sav - our King, Sav - our King,

rolls a - long, Rolls a - long o'er land and sea, rolls a - long,
chant a - gain, Hark! the song they chant a - gain, chant a - gain,
in the air, Thrill the tid - ings in the air,
Sav - our King, Take our hearts, O Sav - our King, Sav - our King,

Glo - ry! glo - ry!

In the high - est glo - ry! Glo - ry! glo - ry! In the high - est glo - ry! Swell the cho - rus!

tell the sto - ry! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! Swell the cho - rus, tell the sto - ry! Sing ye glo - ry, glo - ry!





MAKING WATER-MELONS OUT OF SEASON.

CLEVER PACK-MULES.

I SUPPOSE you have often heard the phrase "stubborn as a mule." My own opinion is that mules are taught to be stubborn by their stupid drivers, who are sometimes very cruel to the poor overworked animals.

Mules often show a good deal of wisdom. For instance, a traveller in Jamaica relates this instance of cleverness in getting rid of too heavy a load on the part of the pack-mules which carry coffee from the plantations to market:

They have to pass through some very narrow paths bordered on one side by sharp rocks. The mules have found out that by rubbing the bag against the sharp rocks they can tear a hole, out of which the coffee-berries run, so that the weight is soon lessened. Some shrewd old fellows have observed that making a hole on one side only destroys the balance of the burden, and so they rub first one side and then the other, the berries spilling out equally.

Ten or a dozen mules walking in single file, with a negro boy riding on the leader in front, have been seen to reach town from the plantation without a berry left in the bags on their backs.

This is certainly very provoking, but it is very clever, too, and looks a great deal like reason on the part of the beasts.

LOOK SHARP.

CUT out of black paper two small bits in some curious shape, say,



Close one eye tight, and with the other look steadily at a sheet of white paper on which these have been pasted, holding it meanwhile about a foot from your face. The round black spot will be quite visible as well as the cross. But move the paper slowly toward your eye, which you must keep steadily fixed upon the cross, and at a certain point the round spot will disappear. Then as the paper is brought nearer it will come into view again.



A BASKET POKE.

"Hee! 'f dat hain't a daisy poke! Whar you git dat, Missus?"



CHRISTMAS-EVE IN DREAM-LAND.—"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 267.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



WHAT A CHRISTMAS-BOX BROUGHT.

BY N. I. N.

TWO figures—a boy and a girl—stood looking wistfully into a shop window. It was a stormy day, and they were lightly clothed—the boy without an overcoat, the girl bonnetless, with only a thin shawl pinned around her shoulders. They seemed, however, so absorbed by the contents of the window as to be

"SHE LIFTED HER IN HER ARMS."

quite unconscious of the weather, and were talking eagerly.

There was, indeed, everything there to delight a child's fancy, and make it seem unlikely that Santa Claus's palace could contain anything more wonderful—great woolly dogs, horses, and tin express wagons, dolls dressed like babies, which not only opened and shut their eyes, but, if you held them in the right position, said Papa and Mamma; on one side a great kitchen, with a doll cook at the table making bread; on the other, a grocery store full of customers, and a grocer just about to sell a Christmas turkey.

But the gaze of these little ones travelled past them all, and lighted on—what do you think?—a great heavy black shawl, which you might have supposed had been put there as a background for all the rest, if it had not had a price-mark, twelve shillings.

"It's no use trying, Polly," said the boy; "we never could make as much money as that by Christmas."

"There are three whole weeks," said the girl; "that will make just half a dollar a week, twenty-five cents apiece. Oh, Jack, don't give it up! Just think how surprised and pleased mother will be!"

"I know it," said Jack, "and that's just the reason I don't want to get my hopes raised for nothing."

"But," said Polly, eagerly, "it is Christmas-time now, and there will be lots of people out to buy, and everybody feels kind and good-natured. Oh dear! I think you might try, Jack."

"I don't see that Christmas makes people much kinder to poor folks," said Jack, rather bitterly; "it's just the same with us all the time, and I am sure nobody wants to buy black pins for Christmas presents. All the same, I want that shawl for mother just as much as you do, Polly, but I like to see my way clear. If I had a shovel now, I could clear away snow."

"The very thing!" cried Polly. "And here we have a snow-storm right away, to begin with. Why, Jack, how did it happen we never thought about it before?"

Jack laughed. "For the very reason we can't think of it now. I haven't any shovel, and it would cost half as much as the shawl is worth to get one."

"But," pursued Polly, nothing daunted, "couldn't you borrow one at some of these great houses, and do the work for half price? I know you could. Oh, Jack, I'm sure we'll get the shawl."

"That's an idea," said the more deliberate Jack. "I never once thought of it. Suppose, Polly, you lend me your broom; it will look as though I had something; and you take my pins, and sell as many as you can."

The arrangement was soon made. Polly was duly instructed as to the price of the pins, and having appointed the shop window for a place of meeting, the two children separated, Polly in the direction of a thoroughfare, Jack to begin his labors in a side street.

Somewhat shamefaced he felt as, selecting the least imposing house, he ascended the door-step and rang the bell. An untidy-looking Irish girl opened the door.

"And have you brought me all the way upstairs to ask that, and the snow falling fast yet?" she answered, indignantly. "It's the likes of yerself that had better be goin' to the basement-way;" and slam went the door into poor Jack's face.

This was sad discouragement. It took Jack several minutes to recover, and at first he felt very much inclined to give it all up; but the thought of Polly's disappointment and his mother's pale, tired face decided him.

"They can't do more than take my head off," he said to himself. "Mother does want a warm shawl so bad. She never does anything but sew, sew at that machine all day long. She said it used to be such a comfort to her to go to church. If I only didn't have to ask them for the shovel, I wouldn't care a bit what they said to me. I

guess I'll go in here;" and he stopped in front of a large brick house.

A tiny fair-haired girl was on the sidewalk playing with her nurse and a little shaggy dog. The nurse would throw a snow-ball, and the child and dog ran after it, shouting and barking with glee.

Jack watched the sport for a moment, and then profiting by his former rebuff, stepped down into the area; the dog followed, and began to smell suspiciously at his heels.

"Come here, Flossy," cried the child, imperatively; "what a bad doggy you are! The poor boy is not going to do anything wrong."

"Perhaps Flossy is a better judge than you, Miss May," said the maid. "What do you want?" she continued, turning to Jack.

Jack stammered out his request.

"Humph! and how do we know but that when you've finished the snow, you'll run off with the shovel. A coal boy served me that trick not long ago."

Jack colored and began to protest.

"How can you be so cross, Maggie?" said little May. "Don't you see the poor little boy is cold, and perhaps hungry too." And she went toward Jack.

"You always did have a fancy for beggars," replied her nurse. "What do you suppose your mamma would say? Come, it's time to go into the house."

May stood for a moment looking at Jack, who had turned hastily away, and was walking very fast down the street. Then she broke away suddenly from her nurse's detaining hand and darted after him.

"I don't believe you'd steal at all," she said, breathlessly, as she overtook him; "you look like a good boy, and I like you. I am sorry Maggie scolded; but never mind, she don't mean half she says. I'll have to go back now, for she's calling; but if you'll come some day when mamma is home, she'll give you work. And here"—putting her hand into her coat pocket and bringing out a silver piece; "papa gave it to me last night, and I want you to take it and buy yourself a shovel."

Such a vision of childish loveliness—the little face flushed, the big brown eyes beaming with sympathy, looking out from a frame-work of golden curls! Jack was dazed for a moment, and took mechanically the twenty-five cents she held out to him.

"I don't like to take your money," he said at last; "you will want to use it yourself."

May shook her curly head. "No, I won't: papa will give me more to-night, and—"

Here the calls, "Miss May! Miss May!" grew nearer and nearer, and before the sentence was finished the nurse had reached them, seized the little girl angrily by the hand, and led her away.

Jack watched her until they entered the house, and then turned his attention to the silver piece. It wouldn't buy the coveted shovel, but somehow it seemed to put new heart into him, and that was worth more than the money.

After some deliberation he decided to try his fortune once more, and turned into another street. Presently he reached a small wooden house, and soon struck a bargain with a plump old lady, who stood at the window and watched him all the time. It was pretty hard work, for Jack was a little fellow, and he had to rest a good many times; but at last it was done, and he felt fully rewarded as he handed back the shovel, and received in return a bright silver dime.

Success brings success: the neighboring sidewalk was ready for him at the same price, but it was pitch-dark, and long after the time appointed to meet Polly before he finished. He was almost afraid she had not waited for him; but, yes, there she was, close to the window, looking for him eagerly in the crowd of passers-by. Polly had to take the money in her own hands and count it over sev-

eral times before she could realize he had earned so much in one day. Very small her earnings seemed—only five cents—to lay beside such a mine of wealth, but she too had had a day's adventure, and this is what she told Jack as they walked along.

Scarcely any one had heeded the little girl's voice. She had become so discouraged as the afternoon wore on that she had almost decided to give up and go home. While she was waiting on the curb-stone for a break in the steady stream of vehicles to cross over, she heard a cry, and turning saw a child standing, as if confused by the crowd, sobbing bitterly. She was without hat or sacque, shivering with cold, her long fair hair streaming in the wind, and except that occasionally a gentleman on his way home from business looked at her curiously, and said, "A lost child," seemed unnoticed by the careless throng.

At length a tall grim-looking lady stopped and asked the cause of her tears.

"My doggy ran out the door," sobbed she, "and I went after him to catch him, but he went too fast, and now he's lost, and I can't find my way home again;" and then followed a fresh flood of tears.

"And where is your home?"

But the child was too frightened and confused to give any idea; she only knew she lived in a house by a park, and nothing more definite could be drawn from her.

"Humph!" said the lady; "some neglected baby given over to the care of nurses! I see nothing for it but to put her in the charge of the nearest policeman."

This seemed to strike the little girl with fresh terror, and she broke out into wild cries of distress: "I am not naughty; I will not go with a policeman;" and darting out into the street, would certainly have been trampled down by the horses if Polly had not caught her.

Polly took off her shawl and wrapped it around the shivering child. She was too tired for questions, so Polly made up her mind to take her home and get her mother's advice as to what it was best to do. She lifted her in her arms, and staggered across the street; but the burden was heavy, and the walk to the tenement-house long, so it was quite dark before she reached there. Mrs. Carr, the children's mother, was a kind-hearted English woman, who had once filled a far different station in life, and she received the little girl tenderly, and bade Polly go out and find Jack that he might give the notice at the different police stations at once.

"I had better see her myself first," said Jack, as they climbed the tenement stair, for it had taken Polly some time to tell the story. "There are always so many lost children, and they will want to know how she looks. Did she tell you her name?"

"She says it is Fleming," answered Polly, "and she is so pretty, with curly hair, and such nice clothes—all white from head to foot. My! I guess her mother must be rich."

Jack opened the door. Their mother met them with a caution to be quiet—the little guest had fallen asleep. They passed into the adjoining room, and there, reposing on an old ragged sofa, Jack saw his little friend of the morning! Mrs. Carr and Polly were at a loss to understand his cry of pleasure, much less May's look of recognition as she slowly opened her eyes.

"It is the snow boy!" she cried, with delight. "You know where I live; and oh, you will take me back again to my own papa and mamma!"

Jack was very tired and hungry, but he did not wait for the bowl of bread and milk which his mother had put on the table for him. Making the necessary explanations as speedily as possible, he rushed down-stairs, and in the direction of Mr. Fleming's house. With very different feelings from those of the morning he ascended this time

the broad steps which led to the doorway, and sent word that he had news of the missing child. The household was in great confusion, servants running here and there in excitement, for Mr. Fleming had just come in from a fruitless search.

"Are you sure it is my little daughter?" he asked, anxiously, when he had met Jack. "I can scarcely bear a fresh disappointment."

But Jack's story was very clear. The events of the morning were soon told, and before he was half through, the carriage had been ordered, and Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, with Jack, were on their way for their lost darling.

During the journey Jack was asked many questions, and almost unconsciously to himself had soon divulged the best part of his history, with a full account of his mother's widowhood and exertions for her children, and even something of the morning's conversation and the determination to work for the shawl.

It would be quite impossible to describe the meeting between May and her parents—how Mrs. Fleming held her in her arms as if she would never let her go again, and Mr. Fleming stood guard over them as if he were afraid he might lose them both. Everybody laughed and cried and laughed again, until at last May's mamma wrapped her up in a great fur cloak, and Mr. Fleming prepared to carry her down-stairs.

"I never shall forget this," he said, wringing Jack's hand, as they stood at the carriage door. "You will hear from me very soon."

It was Christmas-eve, and the tea-kettle was singing cheerily in the fire-place of Mrs. Carr's apartments. Jack, in his comfortable suit of clothes, presented a very different appearance from the boy of three weeks ago. Polly was in the act of hanging up her stocking, "just to see how it would seem for once," when there came a loud rap at the door.

Jack opened it quickly, and there stood a man with a great wooden chest, directed to Mrs. Carr. Jack's hammer was soon at work, and it did not take long to get the cover off. Inside, right across the top, there was a large doll for Polly, which opened and shut its eyes like those they had seen in the shop; and then a dress for Mrs. Carr, with a hat and jacket to match. Below were packages of tea, coffee, sugar, provisions enough to last them a month, their mother said; then some story-books again for Polly, and another dress. Bundle after bundle was lifted out, until the bottom was almost reached. But nothing appeared for Jack. He watched each parcel in painful expectancy, and then turned aside with tears in his eyes, too disappointed to speak. At last everything was out. What is this on the very bottom, stuck into a crack of the box, and addressed to Master Jack Carr? He seizes it with avidity, and gives vent to his feelings by a long, low whistle. It is nothing less than a receipted bill for a year's tuition in a large boarding-school near the city, with a written agreement by which Mr. Fleming has bound himself to meet all the expenses of the boy's education and support until he shall be of full age to do for himself. "All this to be done"—so reads the paper—"in remembrance of services rendered him and his family which no money can ever repay."

It would be hard to tell which was the happiest of the little family that Christmas morning as they walked to church. Mrs. Carr wore the black shawl wrapped tight around her, which the children had presented in due form, with the full history of its purchase. Polly was resplendent in new hat and jacket, while Jack walked beside them, towering in the proud consciousness that his would soon be the full dress of a school uniform. Three thankful hearts joined that morning in the praises; and the "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," had a new and glorious significance to Polly and Jack.



"SETTING TRAPS."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE boys had been talking of setting traps, For they were a parcel of country chaps, Who knew about managing guns and snares So that none of them ever went off unawares, Except to the terror of rabbits and bears.

They were always asking for ropes and strings To make their nooses and nets and springs, And other nuisances, that were traps To human beings, and caused mishaps That made their courage awhile collapse.

Now Fred was rather too young to go With his elder brothers across the snow In search of the game; but what they said Made a wise little project enter the head Of this queer little, dear little sportsman, Fred.

Ah, many a time he had grieved because He had no acquaintance with Santa Claus. He wanted to hug him and to sit in his lap; And so he determined to set a trap To catch, if he could, the clever old chap.

'Twas done on the sly. On Christmas morn, At an early hour, Fred blew the horn That aroused the house; and clatter-te-bang! Right out of bed the other boys sprang, And into the room where the stockings hung.

There were games and candies, and books and toys, And useful things for these Western boys, Who failed to notice—so glad were they— The monstrous trap that stood in their way, By the chimney-corner, on Christmas-day,

Till all of a sudden Jake turned his eyes In that direction, and with surprise Exclaimed: "Who did it? who left it there? A greedy fellow to set a snare In hopes of getting the lion's share!"

Then Fred climbed into his mother's lap, And whispered softly, "I set the trap." A little sob and a little pause, "I—put—it—down—there—myself—because I wanted to catch old Santa Claus!"

TOM FAIRWEATHER AT ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

TOM began his experiences on the west coast of Africa when the *Neptune* steamed into the harbor of St. Paul de Loanda. There is a *lower* town built on the shore of the bay, and a *high* town on the more elevated ground farther back and inland. In front of the bay is a long, low, narrow spit of pure sand, which forms a natural breakwater for the harbor. Long ago large ships used to float in this harbor, but the sand spit has gradually increased and spread, until now vessels are obliged to anchor a couple of miles to the northward of the town.

St. Paul de Loanda is in the province of Angola, and was founded by Paulo Diaz, who in 1575 took possession in the name of the King of Portugal.

There are forts and batteries, churches and chapels, public and private buildings, but nowadays Loanda is not the wealthy city it was in the days of the slave-trade, when it was the chief shipping port for slaves to the Brazils, and when as many as twelve or fifteen vessels could be seen at a time taking in their black cargoes.

However, matters are rapidly improving, for there are now lines of steamers from Liverpool and Lisbon and numbers of sailing vessels engaged in carrying away the produce of the country.

Tom took his first run on shore alone; that is, he had an English-speaking black man to accompany him, and interpret when necessary.

Strolling about, he found himself in a "quitanda," or native market. The sellers were nearly all women; four sticks stuck in the ground, with a few papyrus mats, made a little hut in which presided a fat and lazy negress. Spread about upon the ground were pieces of cotton, bright-colored handkerchiefs, baskets with balls of cotton, beads, knives, plates, empty bottles, and a lot of other goods. Resting against the trunks of trees were long rolls of native tobacco, plaited like rope, and wound round a stick. A few inches of this tobacco were sold for a copper coin, and it was measured by a piece of stick hanging round the neck of the proprietor. A good trade was going on in pipes, as the native men and women smoke all they can afford.

When business slackened a little the traders lay down at full length in the hot sand and gossiped with their friends.

At another place in the market delicacies were served to tempt the African palate—wooden dishes full of small pieces of vile-looking pork; pots of beans cooked in palm oil sold at so much a spoonful, to be eaten on the spot; and many other nasty-looking messes, covered with flies and blue-bottles. Tom noticed something in gourds, which they called "garapa"—in English, corn-beer—and then as he turned to look at some fruit and vegetables he nearly fell over a swarm of children, dogs, and pigs, all rolling about together in the sand and rubbish. This so much disgusted him that he turned away toward the beach, and ran upon a fish-market. He was interested for a few moments in watching a process of roasting fish by holding them in a cleft stick before a fire, but the general filth and unpleasant odors that assailed him on all sides made him turn to his guide with a request to be taken to the higher town. He had gone but a short distance when two "machila" men came forward and suggested that he should ride up. The "machila" is a flat frame of wood and cane work with an arm at one side, and a low back provided with a cushion. The frame is hung by cords to hooks on a palm pole about fifteen feet long.

Tom found it a very comfortable though rather lazy contrivance. It had curtains which could be drawn all round and completely hide him. His guide told him that it was much used by Portuguese ladies in going to church and paying visits, for they do not like to walk, and as they do not wish to be seen when going out, they always

pull the curtains around them. A Portuguese officer very ungallantly said afterward that the reason his countrywomen did not like to be seen was that they were so ugly.

The *high* town was much more pleasant, the air was fresher, the streets were cleaner, and there was not so much dirt and squalor as in the vicinity of the beach. A military band was playing in a square, and Tom naturally drifted in that direction. The band played very well, and there were many people lolling about; but what especially attracted our young friend's notice was a pelican, apparently tame, that was promenading about with great gravity, as though he too enjoyed the music. Occasionally he would stop as some passer-by would stroke his head or the soft pouch under his long bill. This pelican was quite a feature of the town. He was fed daily with a ration of fresh fish at the Governor's palace, after which he would fly over to the island forming the harbor, take a bath, and after pluming himself for a while at the water's edge, return to the upper town.

It happened that the next day Tom saw him on his flight to the bath.

Master Tom enjoyed himself that afternoon, but when he started out the next day with Dr. Goodfellow, the surgeon of the *Neptune*, he knew that he would learn more of Angola than he possibly could in a trip by himself. Dr. Goodfellow always liked to learn about the birds and animals of every place he visited; he proposed to make a



NATIVE BOY PRAYING TO FETICH IMAGE.

little excursion inland, and he offered to take Tom with him.

They were not to depend upon a native guide, but were to be accompanied by Senhor Audrade, a merchant of Loanda, and instead of walking, they were to be carried in hammocks by a party of natives. The native name of the hammock is "tipoa," and it is a common travelling apparatus in Angola when long journeys are to be made. It is by no means as comfortable as the "machila," as Tom and Dr. Goodfellow soon found, as, swinging from a pole, they were trotted along by their black carriers.

In about an hour they arrived at the dry bed of a small

stream, where a rest was taken. The natives all rushed to this sandy bed, and scooping out holes with their hands, plunged in their faces, which soon came up dripping.

Said Mr. Audrade: "I suppose if you two had come alone thus far, and had been thirsty, you would have been disappointed at finding no water. You will observe that the natives know better. It is a peculiarity of many of these streams that although apparently dry, a few inches below the surface there is cool and delicious water. The trees and bushes on the banks are green and flourishing, which would not be the case if there was no moisture."

After the natives had quenched their thirst, Dr. Goodfellow and Tom went a little farther up, and made holes for themselves. They found the water to be excellent.

Among the many beautiful birds they saw on their way was one called by the natives the "plaintain-eater," from its love for that fruit.

"That bird," remarked Mr. Audrade, "has a peculiarly loud and hoarse cry. The natives say it is a sorcerer, and warns them of danger. If one of these birds should perch on a hut or on a tree in a village, it is thought such a bad omen that the inhabitants remove to another place. The bird is a 'fetich' bird."

Said Tom, "I don't think I quite understand about this 'fetich' business."

"No wonder," was the reply; "very few do. You see, the natives believe only in witchcraft. Everything bad that happens is in their opinion brought about by witchery or fetich. In such cases they consult a 'fetich man,' who lays the blame upon some unfortunate wretch, who is sacrificed by being killed or sold into slavery. Oftentimes the man's whole family is forced to undergo the same punishment. At other times the accused is made to drink 'casca,' which is a preparation of poisonous bark. If it does not kill him, he is declared innocent. The fetich man, if paid enough, will make the 'casca' so weak as not to produce fatal results.

"In almost every native town there is a 'fetich-house,' under the care of a 'fetich man.' He prepares charms against sickness and misfortune, with which every man, woman, and child is provided; and it is quite remarkable that while the art of reading and writing has been in some cases handed down from father to son since the time of the first missionaries, and although many of the customs taught by those good men are still retained, the belief in 'fetich' never leaves them. Those natives who can write preserve all the paper they find; they make pens of quills, and ink from ground-nuts, and then derive great satisfaction from writing to each other."

Dr. Goodfellow was anxious to talk of animals, and Tom learned by listening that lions, elephants, hyenas, zebras, hippopotami, alligators, monkeys, and many other animals abounded in Angola, but that gorillas were not found south of the Congo River. When speaking of lizards and snakes, Mr. Audrade asked Tom if he would like a chameleon. "I have one in town which you shall take away with you; it will interest you. Wherever you put him, you will find that his color will gradually assume that of his surroundings."

The most interesting insects that were discussed were the white ants, which eat almost everything they encounter. "Why," said Mr. Audrade, "they eat window and door frames away from the inside, and leave nothing but the thickness of the paint. I once left a trunk full of clothes at Loanda. When I went to it a month afterward it seemed all right, but on opening it I found it to be a mere shell, with a handful of dust only at the bottom. These ants are quite wonderful; they will bore through a wall exactly behind anything placed against it on the inside."

When, after two hours of swinging and bouncing, the party arrived at a native village, Tom was very glad to get on his feet and walk about.

Here were natives in very scanty dress, and dirty naked children lying about in the sun, fast asleep, and quite undisturbed by the swarms of flies that covered them.

Tom was shown the fetich house and many fetich images and charms, and the grave-yard, where a stick in the mound indicated the grave of a man, and a basket that of a woman. The graves of the dead chiefs were raised higher than the rest, and were ornamented on top with broken glass and crockery and various fetich figures.

There is a singular method of burial adopted by some tribes when a king or a king's wife dies. A shallow pit is dug in the floor of the hut, in which the body is placed. This is covered by a thin layer of earth, and then fires are lighted and kept burning for a month, the hot ashes being constantly spread over the grave.

At the end of this time the dried body is taken out and placed on an open frame-work of sticks, and fires kept burning under it until it is thoroughly smoke-dried. Women and children keep up a constant howling in the hut where this operation is going on, until the body is taken down, and wrapped in cloth, stuck upright in a corner, where it remains for two years before being buried. When that time arrives, all the relatives of the deceased are present, and a grand "wake" takes place, which consists in eating, drinking, and dancing.

After an inspection of the village, the hammocks were brought out, and a start made for Loanda. The natives, like horses whose heads are turned homeward, travelled much more rapidly than before. At Loanda Tom stopped for his chameleon, which he carried on board in a box; but in addition to this little animal Mr. Audrade gave him an elephant's tusk curiously carved by a native. This was a beautiful and most valuable "curio." Tom was envied by every one who saw the remarkable carving in ivory.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XV.

A FIRE HUNT, AND MARK'S DISAPPEARANCE.

"WE were fishing for minnows," explained Mark, "and we've caught a whale. Take hold here and help us haul him in."

The men caught hold of the rope, and slowly but surely, in spite of his desperate struggles, the alligator was drawn toward them.

Suddenly he makes a rush at them, and as the line slackens, the men fall over backward in a heap, and their enemy disappears in deep water. He has not got away, though; a pull on the line assures them of that; and again he is drawn up foot by foot until half his body is out on the bank. He is a monster, and Jan, with an up-lifted axe, approaches him very carefully.

"Look out, Jan!" shouts Frank.

The warning comes too late. Like lightning the great tail sweeps round, and man and axe are flung ten feet into the bushes.

Luckily no bones are broken, but poor Jan is badly bruised and decidedly shaken up. He does not care to renew the attack, and Frank runs to the house for a rifle. Taking steady aim, while standing at a respectful distance from that mighty tail, he sends a bullet crashing through the flat skull, and the struggle is ended.

That evening was spent in telling and listening to alligator stories, and Frank was the hero of the hour for having so skillfully captured and killed the alligator that had been for a long time the dread of the community.

Besides showing Mark how to catch otter and alliga-

* Begun in No. 352, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

tors, Frank taught him how to kill or capture various other wild animals. Among other things he made plain the mysteries of fire hunting for deer, and this proved a more fascinating sport to Mark than any other.

As explained by Frank, fire hunting is hunting at night, either on foot or horseback, by means of a fire pan. This is an iron cage attached to the end of a light pole. It is filled with blazing light-wood knots, and the pole is carried over the hunter's left shoulder, so that the blaze is directly behind and a little above his head. While he himself is shrouded in darkness, any object getting within the long lane of light cast in front of him is distinctly visible, and in this light the eyes of a wild animal shine like coals of fire. The animal, fascinated by the light, as all wild animals are, and being unable to see the hunter, stands perfectly still, watching the mysterious flames as they approach, until perhaps the first warning he has of danger is the bullet that, driven into his brain between the shining eyes, satisfies his curiosity forever.

When he goes afoot the hunter must take with him an assistant to carry a bag of pine knots to replenish the fire; but on horseback he can carry his own fuel in a sack behind the saddle.

Some fire hunters prefer to carry a powerful bull's-eye lantern strapped in front of their hats; but our boys did not possess any bull's-eyes, and were forced to be content with the more primitive fire pans.

A method similar to this is practiced by the hunters of the North, who go at night in boats or canoes to the edges of ponds to which deer resort to feed upon lily-pads. There this method of hunting is called "jacking" for deer, and the fire pan, or "jack," is fixed in the bow of the boat, while the hunter, rifle in hand, crouches and watches beneath it.

Their first attempt at fire hunting was made by the boys on foot in the woods near the mill; but here they made so much noise in the underbrush that though they "shined" several pairs of eyes, these vanished before a shot could be fired at them. In consequence of this ill luck, they returned home tired and disgusted, and Mark said he didn't think fire hunting was very much fun after all.

Soon after this, however, Frank persuaded him to try it again, and this time they went on horseback. Both the Elmer horses were accustomed to the sound of fire-arms, and warranted, when purchased, to stand perfectly still, even though a gun should be rested between their ears and discharged.

This time, having gone into a more open country, the hunters were successful; and having shot his first deer, and being well smeared with its blood by Frank, Mark came home delighted with the sport and anxious to go on another hunt as soon as possible.

The country to the east of Wakulla being very thinly settled, abounded with game of all descriptions, and especially deer. In it were vast tracts of open timber lands, that were quite free from underbrush, and admirably fitted for hunting. This country was, however, much broken, and contained many dangerous "sink holes."

In speaking of this section, and in describing these "sink holes" to the Elmers one evening, Mr. March had said:

"Sinks, or sink holes, such as the country to the east of this abounds in, are common to all limestone formations. They are sudden and sometimes very deep depressions or breaks in the surface of the ground, caused by the wearing away of the limestone beneath it by under-ground currents of water or rivers. In most of these holes standing water of great depth is found, and sometimes swiftly running water. I know several men who have on their places what they call 'natural wells,' or small deep holes in the ground, at the bottom of which flow streams of water. Many of these sinks are very dangerous, as they open so abruptly that a person might walk into one of

them on a dark night before he was aware of its presence. Several people who have mysteriously disappeared in this country are supposed to have lost their lives in that way."

This conversation made a deep impression upon Mark, and when the boys started on horseback, one dark night toward the end of March, with the intention of going on a fire hunt in this very "sink-hole" country, he said to Frank, as they rode along:

"How about those holes in the ground that your father told us about the other night? Isn't it dangerous for us to go among them?"

"Not a bit of danger," answered Frank, "as long as you're on horseback; a horse 'll always steer clear of 'em."

When they reached the hunting ground, and had lighted the pine knots in their fire pans, Frank said:

"There's no use our keeping together; we'll never get anything if we do. I'll follow that star over this way"—and he pointed as he spoke to a bright one in the northeast—"and you go toward that one"—pointing to one a little south of east. "We'll ride for an hour, and then if we haven't had any luck, we'll make the best of our way home. Remember that to get home you must keep the North Star exactly on your right hand, and by going due west you'll be sure to strike the road that runs up and down the river. If either of us fires, the other is to go to him at once, firing signal guns as he goes, and these the other must answer, so as to show where he is."

Mark promised to follow these instructions, and as the two boys separated little did either of them imagine the terrible circumstances under which their next meeting was to take place.

Mark had ridden slowly along for some time, carefully scanning the lane of light ahead of him, without shining a single pair of eyes, and was beginning to feel oppressed by the death-like stillness and solitude surrounding him. Suddenly his light disappeared, his horse reared into the air, almost unseating him, and then dashed madly forward through the darkness.

The fire pan, carelessly made, had given way, its blazing contents had fallen on the horse's back, and with pain, he was running away. All this darted through Mark's mind in an instant, but before he had time to think what he should do, the horse, with a snort of terror, stopped as suddenly as he had started—so suddenly as to throw himself back on his launchers, and to send Mark flying through the air over his head.

Thus relieved of his rider, the horse wheeled and bounded away. At the same instant Mark's rifle, which he had held in his hand, fell to the ground, and was discharged with a report that rang loudly through the still night air.

The sound was distinctly heard by Frank, who was less than a mile away, and thinking it a signal from his companion, he rode rapidly in the direction from which it had come. He had not gone far before he heard the rapid galloping of a horse, apparently going in the direction of Wakulla. Although he fired his own rifle repeatedly, he got no response, and he finally concluded that Mark was playing a practical joke, and had ridden home, after firing his gun, without waiting for him. Thus thinking he turned his own horse's head toward home, and an hour later reached the house.

He found Mark's horse standing at the stable door, in a lather of foam, and still saddled and bridled. Then it flashed across him that something had happened to Mark, and, filled with a sickening dread, he hurried into the house and aroused Mr. Elmer.

"Hasn't Mark come home?" he inquired, in a husky voice.

"No, not yet; isn't he with you?" asked Mr. Elmer, in surprise.

"No; and if he isn't here, something dreadful has happened to him, I'm afraid;" and then Frank hurriedly told Mr. Elmer what he knew of the events of the hunt.



AMUSING THE BABY.

"We must go in search of him at once," said Mr. Elmer, in a trembling voice, "and you must guide us as nearly as possible to the point from which you heard the shot."

Hastily arousing Mr. March and Jan, and telling them to saddle the mules, Mr. Elmer went to his wife and told her that Mark was lost, and that they were going to find him. He then hurried away, mounted Mark's horse, and the party rode off.

Frank knew the country so well that he had no difficulty in guiding them to the spot where he and Mark had separated. From here they followed the star that Frank had pointed out to Mark, and riding abreast, but about a hundred feet apart, they kept up a continual shouting, and occasionally fired a gun, but got no answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "COUNTESS NINA."

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HER mother was so delicate that season that the doctor thought the best thing she could do was to try the Baths; and of course she took little Nina and Victorine with her when she went to them, for Nina was far from well herself, easily tired, and eating hardly so much as a bird eats.

They were Americans, and had been staying in Paris for a while, and little Nina spoke French now with the most enchanting accent on her sweet tongue, and was very

often the interpreter for her father and mother, although she was barely seven years old.

Nina was very beautiful, too beautiful, it seemed then, to stay long on earth, with her face wearing a pallor like some fine flowers, its large eyes shining with a gilded brown lustre, and her hair in soft tendrils round her high infantile forehead, but falling loosely, the ends breaking into large curls far below the waist. But, after all, the beauty of the face was its expression, and that no words can picture.

It is no wonder that when the Court came to the Baths, this child, walking in the gardens with Victorine, should attract the attention of the Empress, always on the lookout for something to relieve the etiquette and formalities that bored her almost to death, and that she should command Nina to be brought to her. And so taken captive was the imperial lady by the child's sweet artlessness that she would have her to breakfast with her, and to drive with her, and to take the baths with her, sending special messages of request to Nina's mother, who could not refuse in a land where the request of the Empress was held to be a command. If it had been any one but Nina, you would have said the Empress

was fairly infatuated with the child; but being Nina, you would have done the same thing yourself, and so there is nothing to say about it.

Perhaps at first the Empress was as much entertained with the child's exclamations of surprise and amusement and delight when the Court went to the bath as with anything else; for all the fine ladies went in with bathing clothes up to their shoulders, those shoulders never becoming wet; and above the surface of the water, in the great pool where they all floated together, they were a mass of laces and jewels and feathers and rouge and the rest, and it was as strange a sight as picturesque, even although it had a certain lunatic look about it.

"Dear, dear!" said Nina, clasping her little hands. "In my country—in America, you know—this would be such bad taste. One wears jewels there, to be sure; but in the bath—never!"

The Empress laughed.

"I see you do not like it yourself," said Nina, in her confidential way, "for you have fewer jewels on than any of the ladies—only that clasp in your hair. And such hair!" said Nina, lifting a long tress over her fingers, to the consternation of the ladies-in-waiting. "Such hair! It is like the sleeping lady's in the fairy story, that grew and grew till it spread all over her like a coverlid, a golden coverlid."

The Empress laughed again. There was something in this innocent familiarity very pleasant to her to whom every one spoke with bated breath; and as they floated



NINA WRITES HER LETTER.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

along in the water that upbuoyed them so that they could not sink, she had Nina tell her one fairy story after another out of her endless store.

"Why is it," said Nina, on another day, with her look of baby wisdom, "that you wear fewer jewels and colors

so much softer than the others do? Is it because you do not have the jewels to wear? But they all seem to love you so, all your friends here, that I should think they would give you the same things they like to wear themselves."

"You do not seem to know, then, that I am the Empress."

"What is it to be Empress?" asked Nina, her eyes darkening with the feeling of some mystery afloat.

"In your country, have you no ruler?" asked the Empress of the strange little being beside her.

"Oh no," said Nina, sweetly. "We are all rulers; and we appoint, we choose, some one to do the ruling for us a little while, so that we can do other things."

"Ah, yes. Well, here my husband and I are the rulers, the only rulers, and we are always the rulers. God appointed and chose us. It is our duty. And the reason I wear few jewels is that I can do as I please; and the reason the others wear many is that it is right and proper to do honor to rulers who are God's vicegerents, and to appear before them in state that is consistent with their state—that is, in the utmost splendor possible."

"Then," said Nina, "you are really the ruler of all these people?"

"The ruler of all these people," said the Empress.

"That is all right," said Nina then, contentedly, having settled it in her own mind. "I am a ruler too, you see."

It was the next day that an equerry, a gentleman all gold-lace and stars and plumes, came, requesting Nina's mother to allow her daughter to dine with the Empress.

"Does she not look like an angel?" said the Empress, in an under-tone, as the child came confidently into her presence.

Nina paused, and gazed at her. "You take my breath away," she said. "You are like a great shining spirit."

"And I just said *you* were like a *little* spirit," said the Empress. And then Nina took the lady's hand, and bent her sweet mouth and kissed it, and after that dinner was served.

When it was seen that the Empress intended her new favorite should sit beside herself, there was a sensible atmosphere of disapproval.

"Is it so?" she said, in a tongue that Nina did not understand, since it was neither French nor English. "Needs it to be a question of precedence with a child? Very well; we will remedy the thing at once." And she gave a hurried command to a lady who stood behind her chair, and that lady passed it to another, and she to another, and so on; and by-and-by something came back, and a ribbon was placed in the hands of the Empress. "It is my own order," she said, as she took the dark blue band of velvet, where a diamond star glittered, and passed it over Nina's shoulder. "It is yours," she said; "and you are invested henceforth with its dignity, and with the title of Countess Nina, by my imperial pleasure and the assured consent of our lord the Emperor."

And Nina, feeling that something was expected of her—she hardly knew what—folded her little hands, and bowed her pretty head upon them, and said, "Amen."

One day, when the Empress sent for Nina, the child's face was tear-stained and her eyes swollen. "Does sorrow come to you, my little angel?" said the lady.

"I have been so naughty!" said Nina, with the full tears welling over her eyes till they looked like two great jewels themselves. "The maid would not speak to me properly; she would not call me Countess, nor say highness, nor excellency, nor anything, to me. And I—I—" and she held up her morsel of a hand, and looked at it as if it had been an instrument of murder—"I slapped her. And my mamma says no lady could do such a thing, Countess or not, and that all the stars in heaven could not make a lady of one who so forgets herself."

"And it works with angels as it does with men and women," said the Empress. "Have I sent the apple of discord into another heaven?"

She thought it was certainly so a day or two afterward, when through an opening door came a stir and bustle, and the sound of a wrangle in the anteroom. And what should it be but our little Nina, again disputing precedence with the aged Baroness von Rodenschildtberg. "A Countess

always goes before a Baroness!" Nina was crying, her eyes flashing, her tiny foot stamping.

"But mine is the elder title, little ladyship," said the old Baroness, whose mind was really too feeble to go alone. "You are the Countess of yesterday, and my grandmothers were Baronesses before the flood."

"It makes no difference," began Nina.

"Besides," said the Baroness, "I am so much the elder."

"It makes no difference again!" cried Nina. "I am a Countess of the Empress's, and it is my right!"

And then she saw the Empress looking at her, and the color swept away from the little excited face, and she ran and threw herself at the feet of her patroness, and hid the face in the folds of her gown. "See, now, Nina," said the Empress by-and-by, "if it has this ill effect, I shall have to take the title and the star away."

"But you can not," said Nina, gravely. She had not an idea that all formalities in the matter had not been concluded. "We have a play at my home, 'King, King, give a thing, and never take it back again.' My father asked me if I knew what it meant, and he said that what a King once gave he never could take back. And you are greater than a King—Victorine says so. You can not take it back; but I—I suppose I must learn."

The next day the Court had gone, and the Countess Nina was bereft of her imperial friend and of all the gorgeous trapping and ceremony that had so taken her eye and her fancy, and the common people went into the bath in common clothes, and went when they chose. It did not take the child long, however, to become used to the old manner of life again.

It was when they were back in Paris, where they hastened to see their own physician, as the strange symptoms of lassitude in Nina increased, that the first doubts as to her title entered the mind of the little Countess, not as to its legality or reality, but as to all titles of nobility as things of right.

She was walking with Victorine, when a dashing officer on his horse came galloping round the corner, knocked over a young girl carrying a hamper, and scattered its contents, the heels of the horse treading her into the pavement, as they bruised her flesh and broke her bones.

"Halt! halt!" cried one, and cried another, as the horseman disappeared without turning his head.

"We will send a gendarme after him," cried Victorine.

"It is of no use," gasped the wounded girl. "It is the Count de Freslin. There is no redress. The judge would not listen to me for a moment."

"And why?" cried Nina, coming into the affair in her busy little way.

"Because he is a Count," exclaimed an old woman, stooping over the girl. "*Scellerat!*"

"Is it, then, criminal to be a Count?" whispered Nina.

"It is the worst of all crimes," answered the old woman, who was a red-republican, with strong views of things. "It is to be born with an advantage over all other men. It is to commit a theft of other men's rights one's life long."

"But if one is born so—" began Nina.

"One can surrender such birthrights," snarled the old woman, still busy with the suffering girl.

"And they have eaten nothing but black bread for a year," said Victorine. "All the money they can earn is wrung from them in taxes, that these titled people may eat off of gold plate. So long as there are nobles, these people, with their immortal souls, will be the dust under their feet. Down with the nobles!"

Nina grew more and more silent day by day. She lay on her sofa listening. She remembered the fuss she had made that her mother had not had a coronet embroidered on her clothes. And she to be one of those people whose horses kill and think nothing of it!

The winter was coming on. The sparkling Christmas

weather was near at hand, and the Countess Nina was looking forward to happy things, when one day the maid came in in great distress. Her young brother was in hiding; he would be arrested and condemned to the galleys for life on a charge of treason if they could not get him away in a ship about to sail for America, and for that more money was needed than all the family roundabout could raise. Nor had Nina's mother any ready money at that moment, as she was waiting for a draft from home. And what had the young man, Victorine's brother, done that was deserving of such punishment? He had said in public that the common people would be slaves so long as there were nobles with titles overhead to pull them down. And was that all? That was all. That was enough; it had caused him to be suspected, and now the officers of the law would seize the first chance they could find to use against him if they did not invent a charge. Oh, if only he could get away and ship to America! If all the family could go, and not be parted from him!

Victorine talked of nothing else then for days. She was possessed that all the family should go. But if they sold all they had, it was not enough to pay the passage of a quarter of them; and if it were, what could they do when they arrived in a strange land penniless?

Nina was almost as troubled as Victorine, although Victorine went about shaking her head and crying the most of the time. She lay still, thinking a great deal, counting a great deal, and always growing more puzzled. "I can't do it," she said. "Even if I give the children nothing in their sabots, I can't do it. Do you think, mamma, they would give me some money for my hair if you cut it off? They used to praise it so, you know. And I shall not want it long, anyway; and if I do, it grows again. Do you remember the story of the dead lady whose hair grew and filled the coffin with gold? Don't cry so, mamma dear; don't cry, my darling dear: it is all that makes it hard." So beautiful, so transparent, so much like a spirit already here, how could her mother do anything else but cry?

But Nina went on brooding; she saw another mother crying for her child, she saw the child toiling in the galleys—and all for what? Least one word should encourage another, and by-and-by people should rise and put an end to titles. One day Victorine gave her her little writing-desk, and propped her with pillows, and she worked a part of several days; and this letter, in its pretty French and its quaint spelling and its round writing, was the result:

"DEAR EMPRESS, MY FRIEND,—I can not be a Countess any longer. If you can not take back what you gave, yet surely you can undo what you did. Countesses are people whose horses tread on people in the street, and the trodden people may not cry out. Their dogs bite the children, and it is no matter. They make the poor people eat black bread, so that they themselves may eat ortolans out of gold plate. They have a glad time with money that these people earn, who never have time to look up from the earth to the sky. They put into prison and they put to death people who speak their minds about them, for fear it may make the rest see that there had better not be any countesses; Victorine says so. You can not help being an Empress; God made you so; you told me so. But you can help my being a Countess as you can rip a stitch in your embroidery. But I shall always love you just the same. And so I ask you to undo me. But there is another thing I want to say.

"The star, the dear, beautiful star that you gave me, and that is under my pillow. That I need not send back to you, you have so many. But I will sell it—I have thought much about it, and that is best—and the money shall take Victorine and her family to America, where they will always bless you. I could not wear it much

longer if I kept it, for I am going where it is all stars and blue night pretty soon. You will be sorry, and my dear mamma will not know what to do, the days will be so long till she comes. When you wore that white velvet cloak and it blew open, and I saw you shine from head to foot in jewels underneath, I thought you looked like a great white angel. It seems strange that I shall be an angel first—a really angel. I shall reach out my hand to you, Empress, when you come up. Perhaps before you come you will leave off being an Empress, as I leave off being a Countess, if you pray to God to do it. You will find it a great deal easier to be good. I do. And just the same in heaven as on earth, I shall be

"Your loving Nina."

The letter, after a little hesitation, was sent through the American embassy, no one there having seen its contents, of course. And on the Christmas-eve when the Empress read it, Victorine, with her brother and her sisters and their mother, and the joyous rest, were safe under the American flag on the high-seas, feeling their life and liberty to be the Christmas gift of Nina, and little Nina herself was up among the stars and the splendors of the dark blue night.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

OUR town is getting to be full of lecturers. Mr. Travers says that they spread all over the country, just like cholera, and that when one lecturer comes to a town, another is liable to break out at any time.

The last lecturer that we had happened a week ago. He was a magic-lantern one, and they are not so bad as other kinds. He had magic-lantern pictures of Europe and Washington and other towns, and he showed them on a big white sheet, and talked about them. I made a lot of magic-lantern pictures when I had my camera, and some of them were real good. The lecturer came to our house to spend the night, and the afternoon before the lecture he went out to walk, and left the door of his room open.

Tom was at my house that afternoon, and as we were going upstairs we saw a tremendous lot of magic-lantern pictures lying piled up on the lecturer's table. Most of the pictures were houses and mountains, but some of them were people, and then there were a lot of real funny ones, such as a man falling over a pig, and a big goat knocking a boy over. Tom and I had a very nice time looking at them, and we were very careful to put them back on the piles just in the same way that the lecturer had put them. Only once in a while Tom would forget just where a picture belonged, and we had to put it in the wrong place. This was what made all the trouble, and if any one was to blame for it, Tom was the one.

We didn't tell the lecturer that we had looked at his pictures, for that night had troubled him, and we ought never to give trouble to people that are older than we are. Tom and I went to the lecture, and so did almost everybody else in town, and when the lecturer began to speak you would have said that he was one of the nicest men you ever saw, he looked so pleased.

The trouble began when, after having showed us a lot of pictures, he said, "The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is a portrait of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." Now it happened that the next picture was a large cat with a dozen kittens, and somebody said, "Haw! haw! is that the Queen?" The lecturer knew he had made a mistake, but he pretended it was all right, and said that the cat belonged to his little girl, and its name was really Queen Victoria.

The next pictures were mostly right, though what the lecturer said would be a picture of a steamboat on the Rhine turned out to be a man on a bicycle, and what he



"WE COULD HEAR THE PEOPLE LAUGH."

called a view of the battle of Waterloo was a boy being knocked over by a goat. After a while he asked all his German friends present—but I don't believe he knew a single one of them—to admire a beautiful portrait of that hero and patriot Prince Bismarck, and when the portrait appeared on the sheet it was a picture of a pig running away from a fat butcher. You should have heard the lecturer's German friends howl, and I believe they would have thrown something at him besides heavy German words if he hadn't begged their pardon and said it was all a mistake, and he feared that some evil-minded person had wickedly mixed up his pictures.

Well, the Germans stopped saying things after a while, and the lecturer went on. His pictures got worse and worse. His lovely view of Venice, as he called it, was a picture of a herd of buffaloes, and what he told us would be a picture of a wedding in Egypt was a cat and a dog fighting and an old woman beating them with a club. This made him nervous, and he kept putting pictures in the magic lantern upside down, and making the King of Greece and the Queen of Italy stand on their heads, and asking the people to excuse any mistakes, and wishing he could put his hands on the evil-minded persons who had meddled with his pictures. Finally he told the people that he would now show them a picture of two innocent and lovely children. Tom hit me in the side with his elbow when the lecturer said this, and whispered to me, "Be all ready to run." I didn't have the least idea what he meant till I saw the picture. I was never more as-

tonished in my life, for it was a picture I had made of Mr. Travers and Sue sitting on the sofa and holding each other's hands. It had got mixed up in some way with the lecturer's own pictures, and I believe Tom had something to do with it, though he won't own up.

Tom and I went out as soon as we saw the picture, but we could hear the people laugh and yell when we were half a mile away. I heard afterward that the lecturer didn't show any more pictures, and that he jumped out of the back window, with Mr. Travers close after him. Anyway, he never came back to our house. Mr. Travers, when he found that I really hadn't put the picture of him and Sue among the others, forgave me, but Sue says she never will. I think Tom ought to own up, and if Mr. Travers catches him I think he will.

MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"THIS wall-pocket I made for Mamma," continued Milly, as soon as the music lesson was over, and she and Grace were once more established on the edge of the bed, with the Christmas presents before them, "and I hope she will hang it over her desk. I saw one in a store, and I described it to Aunt Jennie, and she helped me to make it. First I bought a large Japanese fan, and a piece of raw silk with little pink daisies on an olive background. I covered the paper part of the fan, front and back, with the

silk; I had to sew it over and over, and when I came to the handle side, take stitches between the reeds. Aunt Jennie cut out the card-board front, and I covered it with the raw silk on one side and this olive satteen on the other. I sewed it on to make the pocket, as you see, and put the pink and olive silk cord around the edge; the cord is just made out of floss twisted. I put a pink bow on the pocket, and tied a ribbon around the handle. It took me ever so long to make it, because overhand sewing is so slow.

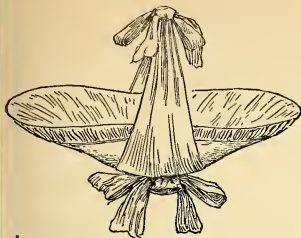
"Now this is a wall-pocket too. It is to hold newspapers.

You buy a cheap flat hat; one of the soft paper chip ones which sell for ten cents will do. Line it with glazed paper cambric, and put a pinked quilling around the edge. Take a strip of the cambric four inches broad, fasten it with a knot or bow at the top of the hat, and tie the ends as strings, so giving it a basket shape. Of course you can use the hat as a catch-all for anything you like.

"This is a handkerchief case. You take a piece of bronze leather five and a half inches square. Cut four pieces each five and a half inches long and two inches wide. These are for the sides. Then cut four more pieces, leaving one long straight edge and rounding the opposite one. These are for the top. Place on your square a well-scented piece of cotton batting, and over that a

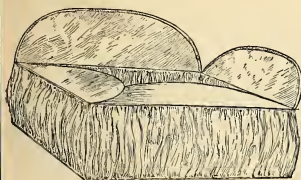


WALL-POCKET.



WALL-POCKET.

gather it top and bottom like a puff, and sew it around the bottom square. These are for the top. On the upper edge of the puff sew the four lids, each corresponding to one of the sides of the bottom square. The result will be a handkerchief case, pretty, compact, and convenient.



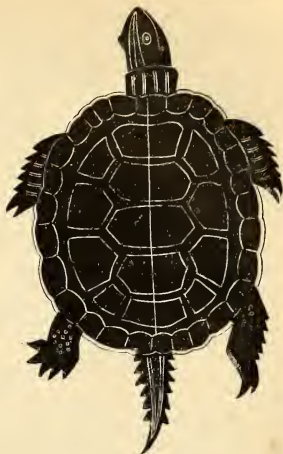
HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

square of silk, bright or dark, as your taste inclines. Stitch these together with a narrow binding of brown silk braid. Finish each of the four lid pieces in the same way. Take then a piece of silk like the lining, two inches wide and forty inches long, legs; No. 2 is cut with the fold of neck; No. 3 is cut with the head attached; No. 4 is made of black cloth, and cut out with tail and legs; No. 5 is made of red cloth, and cut a little larger, so as to show a slight margin beneath the other pieces. The markings are made with old gold or yellow outline stitch. A bead is used for the eye.

"This is the end of my treasures. Now I am going to wrap each one in tissue-paper, mark it, and put them all away."

"Dear me!" said Grace; "I wish my bed looked like yours. I thought I didn't have any money at all, but I have enough to make these things twice over. I have learned a great deal from you, Milly, and next year you shall see if my bed can not make as brilliant a display as yours."

With a kiss the two girls parted.



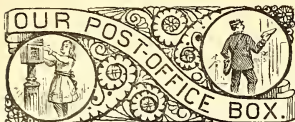
TORTOISE PEN-WIPER.



"NOW COMES THE LAST OF ALL."



"ONLY A GIRL'S DOLL."



THROUGH all the bright weeks of the autumn we have been looking forward with pleasant anticipations to December, and now that December is fairly here we are counting the days to Christmas. Merry Christmas, with its carols, its exchanging of gifts between the loved ones at home, and its wreaths of holly and garlands of pine—how we love and honor it as the crowning day of the year!

Of course every little hand would be raised eagerly and quickly if we should ask, "Who wants to hear about the Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE?" You all want to hear about it, for you know that, while every number is attractive, at Christmas the beautiful paper always exceeds itself, and is as jolly as Santa Claus, as witty as Mother Goose, and as full of fun and frolic as the boys and girls who read their fascinating pages.

For several weeks there have been manifest tokens of Christmas in the stories and pictures which have appeared in the columns of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Last week one page of the Post-office Box was given up to stirring Christmas carol, which will be sung on the happy day by thousands of fresh young voices. And after the holidays, all the way along until spring, there will be articles and sketches, illustrations and poems, sparkling with Christmas joy.

But the Christmas Number. Look out for it next week. It will have an entirely new and charming cover, designed by Mr. Frederick S. Church. It will not have the Post-office Box or the Puzzles, because those good things are once a year crowded out to make room for the spley, sprightly, and sparkling stories and sketches which enchain you, filled as they are with the very spirit of Christmas.

Shall we give you a peep at the programme? First there will be the delightfully original leading story, "The Christmas Presents Bert did Not Give," by John R. Coryell, with a beautiful front-page picture, and two wood-engravings besides, by W. T. Smokey.

Then, too, there will be a charming story entitled "The Sword of Hildebrand," by Sherwood Itse, which will have a series of fine illustrations by Howard Pyle.

Everybody admires the lovely work of Jessie Curtis Shepherd, and so everybody will be glad to learn that there will be, as a prominent feature of the Christmas Number, a beautiful double-page wood-engraving entitled "The Christ Child." It will be in Mrs. Shepherd's best manner, and will appear as a Supplement, without reading matter. It is needless to say that this will be a brilliant addition to the volume, or, framed and hung, will adorn with grace the nursery wall.

There will be an amusing and clever sketch entitled "The Wax-works' Holiday," by Matthew White, Jun., with illustrations by C. D. Weldon, and there will be a beautiful full-page engraving by Mr. Frederic Dielman, showing "Cuffee with his Fiddle," a story told by a boy who stole to the foot of the altar where he might greet the coming Lord with "An Advent Serenade" composed of all the airs his awkward little hands could play.

Thought, time, and expense have been lavished on the Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1884, and we are sure the great circle of children who love the paper will be thoroughly pleased and satisfied.

The dear little girls whose names are signed to the letter which follows had a beautiful thought, and it blossomed, just like a flower, into a beautiful deed. I am sure their own Christmas will be happier because of the brightness which their unselfish kindness has sent into the lives of some little suffering ones at St. Mary's Hospital. In which, you know, children, we take a deep interest, as Harper's Young People's Cot is in the ward to which this generous donation is made. The little girls charged an admission fee of two cents to their fair, and the articles sold were nearly all the work of their own fingers. The

money has been sent to Sister Catherine, who is the Superintendent of the Hospital.

PORT RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND, November 24, 1884.

We, the undersigned, members of Miss Bevan's private school in Port Richmond, Staten Island, have forty-four dollars, the proceeds of the Children's Fair held in our school-room November 22, for Christmas presents for the dear little ones in the Holy Innocents' Ward of the Hospital, New York City. We hope you will publish this letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and that our success will encourage others to do likewise.

Annle Bevan, Laura Welch,
Jessie Smith, Jennie Johnston,
Beatrice Hamner, Emmaline Yroom,
Maynard, Florence B. Smith,
Lillie Shonson, Minnie Williamson,
Rosalie Haynard, Amy Bamber,
Marie Boyle.

RANCH NO. 1, HERMOND, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My mamma and I went to get up a Little Housekeepers' club. We went on horseback, and I got down and opened all the gates. I went about three miles one day, and about two miles another day, and two miles another. The first time we went I got down to open the gate, and there was a post driven in the ground, and I stepped on it and got up on my horse, and the next time we went the gate was torn down, so that I could not get up by that, and the post was torn up, so that I could not get up by that either; so I got up by the wire, and I am a little girl seven years old. The children met for the first time last Saturday, at our house, and I was chosen the president, and our motto was, "Busy as Bees." There were three little girls from one house, two little boys from another house, and I have a sister younger than myself and a sister older than myself, and that is all right of us; but the next time there will be three more, and that will make eleven, and a little later there will be four more, and that will make fifteen. We are going to make Christmas presents and have a tree together. Mamma is going to teach us all a nice Christmas carol to sing together. We have all made a cornucopia, and we mean to see who gets the most presents at Christmas. We are going to trim the tree with mistletoe. It is a pretty tree, and has such pretty leaves on it. They are white, and look just like little pearls. I will send you a box of it near Christmas, so that you will get it a little while before the day, and you can trim your room.

My papa has just had a new chimney built, and the mason just finished it last night. It is a nice chimney, and has a lot of bricks on it. The place where we burn wood is four feet long, and before it was only three feet long. It looks so nice! It was only all smoothed over, and the chimney was made of brick, and was not near so nice. It is a lovely day. I live seven miles from Deatur. Good-by from your little reader,

KATE H.

My dear child, I'm afraid the little fingers were very tired indeed before you finished the last words of this delightful letter. I am so glad to have another name for my book, and I am sure you will be a graceful and obliging president. Send me word about the club and its doings, and let me know whether you tried the lovely carol in last week's paper. Please accept my thanks beforehand for the mistletoe.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

I have often thought that I would like to write to you. Papa has bought HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE at the book-store every Saturday for three years, and I have read it ever since. I am very soon. I have four sisters and one brother; my youngest sister is ten weeks old. When you ever send me a letter, please let me know. We have such weeds growing near us. When we move East we will live not very far from New York City, and then some day I may call on you. It is getting rather late, so I will stop writing now.

FANNIE A. P.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write you and tell you what a tulip said to me one day, and thought that if you had space, and considered it good enough, you would print it. I am thirteen.

I was walking in the garden of a friend, when I came to a bed of tulips. They looked so grand and stately that I could not help admiring them, when suddenly one of them spoke up and said, "Oh, what a sad fate is ours, sisters and brothers, with no one to love and admire us!"

"Well," spoke up another proud and stately tulip, "we know that we come from a respectable family, and that we are the only flowers in the garden." After making this speech he drew himself up proudly and opened all his petals. It was a pretty sight to see. They all copy his example, and I made a pretty sight indeed.

At that moment my friend came out and cut a handful of the tulips to wear down-town, and as

they were carried away I heard them bemoaning their fate, and saying, "What a sad fate is ours!" "Little farther off—a sad fate is ours!" "Still farther,—fate is ours!"—"Is ours!"—"Ours!" until their voices were lost in the distance. Well, in fact they had no such bleak voices, if they did come from such a fine family.

I told my friend what the tulips said, but she laughed, and said it was my imagination. But I don't think so. Do you?

Your loving little friend,

LUKE R.

A very well written little essay.

MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA.

I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I am going to get up a club if I can. I like to cook, and I have a secret society of women called the A. B. C. We are going to have a fair a little before Christmas, and with the money we make we mean to buy school toys and have a Christmas tree. Do you know what kind of a tree would make a nice one? We had an Easter sociable, and made over six dollars, and all summer we had sociables. I have a play house. It is rather large. It has an ingrain carpet, a lace curtain tied back with ribbon in the parlor, a piano, a sewing machine, and a dining cabinet, curtains in dining-room and kitchen. I have a regular cooking stove, not very large and not very small, and I have a table-cloth and a dozen napkins, and a lot of things. I have a doorbell and a door-bell on my front door. If I may join the Little Housekeepers I will send some recipes to you.

Of course you may join, and you must organize a club if you can. The cedar is preferred for a Christmas tree.

MONGAULT VALLEY, NEW YORK.

I have often thought I would write a letter to your dear little Post-office Box, but I have never done so. I will tell you about the society we have in our school, and about the things we do. We have singing, playing, dancing, and reading in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We have a music teacher, and she would be glad to tell us some, if you know any? Please may I join the Little Housekeepers, for I have been learning to make bread, and correspond with a little girl who wrote to the Post-office Box. I go to school every day. Last winter I received a prize; it was a lovely letter purse. In the summer, after we had our picnic, I was given a hamper, nasturtiums, margolds, geraniums, etc. My sister and I have taken over three terms of school, and we are very happy. Please send me a place for my letter, if it is not asking too much of you? C. H. S.

You might call yourselves the Good Times Club, or the Merry Girls, or the Pansy Club. I am glad you can make bread.

This pretty little story, written by a child to her diary, is every word true:

MY TODDY.

DEAR DIARY,—He's dead! The poor dear little bird which we have watched with so much pride is dead. But, Diary, such is life. The poor little thing had but met with mishaps ever since its birth. As soon as it was feathered, and was almost ready to fly, it was blown out of the nest in a storm, and there I found it all drenched in the rain, and I took it in to my room. The next morning put it out for the mother robin; but alas! she would not come near it. She seemed to have forgotten it.

Near where the robins had built their nest two bluebirds had made their home, and had a fine family of five little birds. Do you know that bluebirds are very motherly creatures? Well, when they heard my little robin endeavoring to make himself heard, they came and fed him, and he grew up very fast. Each day when I took him so at night, but I took him in for fear some stray cat might make a meal of him. I used to watch him very closely. Each day when I took him, Toddy (that is what I called him out, my) how happy father and mother bluebird would be! They would feed him time about with their own birds.

But this could not always last, and after a while the young bluebirds flew out of their cozy nest, and I saw them away, and their parents. But one little bluebird did not fly far, for a cruel dog ate it at one mouthful. I was sorry to see them go, but I loved little Toddy, and so adopted him. I was very kind to him, and he learned to know his name, for he would come when I called him, and fly up in my lap, and when I picked him up he would nod his head at me, and look up so cunning.

He slept in his cage in my room, and I was wakened every night by his chirping. He was very chilly, and I was cold and sleepy, but I jumped out, and put him out on the roof of the porch, and went back to bed to take another nap. Pretty soon I heard him chirp, and I knew that it was time for breakfast. I jumped up, and was hastily dressing, when my sister entered with some flies, which she had caught for his

breakfast. He was very fond of flies, and often tried to catch them, but rarely succeeded. She brought him in, but he would not eat, and his head hung down, and he was in a most pitiable condition. We tried everything, but he would not eat, and the poor thing died, and said "Peep, peep," or whatever robins say, several times, but it was a vain effort.

We took him to the kitchen, in hopes of helping him by getting him warm; but very soon—oh, how soon!—he was dead. Poor fellow! He was straightened out his limbs, and giving two or three gasps, died. Yes, died! although I loved him better than any pet I have had. I buried him under the bow-window, and wrote a nice little grave-still.

FLORENCE BELLE.

CATVIA, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and like it very, very much, and all the stories are so nice. I attend school nearly every day, and have eight studies, and take nice lessons from my sister. I have seven pets. I will name them: two canaries, four cats, and a dog. I wish to be one of your Little Housekeepers. I have tried a number of the receipts; they were very nice. I send you with this letter a receipt for chocolate creams. I will close now, or my letter will be too long. I am thirteen years old.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Break the white of one egg in a glass; then put in as much water as you wish to turn them into, and add a little bit of mix in, and stir in with your hand one pound of confectioner's sugar. Then make it into little balls, and dip into melted chocolate. Let it stand overnight before eating.

ANNA H. M.

MONTION, NEW BRUNSWICK.

We have only seen two letters from Canada—one from Yarmouth and one from Toronto—but we have not seen any from Montreal, though we know quite a number who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We go to school, and are in the highest department. We think your paper is very nice, and especially the Post-office Box and Exchanges. We intend to try some of your receipts. We will not tell you our ages, but would like you to guess.

MAUDE C. and MARY G.

Some puzzles are very hard to guess, but, judging by your excellent penmanship, I think you may be in your teens.

MONTICELLO, NEW YORK.

I'm a little girl. I am six years old. We have got a dog. It is very cold to-day. Hammond is my little bit of a brother. Edith wrote this.

EDITH A. W.

NORTH BAY, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have two brothers and a brown bear. I have a brother named Robby; he is six months old. I go to school. I like to read the letters in your Post-office Box. I would like to have Mamie H. write to me.

FENNIE M.

MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I like "Wakulla" better than any other comic paper so far, but I like them all very much. I thought "The Ice Queen" was splendid. I had two Maltese cats; their names were Tom and Junbo. Both the poor cats are dead. I had also two rabbits; two were taken by the dogs, and I sold the other.

WILLIE D.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I think it is the nicest paper I ever read. I go to school, and I am in the Fourth Grade. The First Grade is the highest. My teacher's name is Miss H. She is very pleasant. I like very much to go to school. I was twelve years old on June 1. I am next to the youngest in the grade. I live on a very pleasant street—Niagara Street. I have two brothers and one sister, and I am the youngest.

RUTH L. C.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

My father buys your paper for me every week, and I like it very much. I raised a few chickens this year, and I would like to exchange some seed for other kinds of flower seeds with some of the young people who take the paper.

JAMES DAVIS.

Please send me your full address.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am twelve years old. I haven't any pets. I had a little kitten, but she ran away with my brothers and one sister, all older than I. I think I shall form a Housekeeper's Club, if I can find any little girls who would like to join. I have been sent to school, but do not care to go. I have not been very well lately, so I study at home.

MARY W. A.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My father takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I like it very much, especially the Post-office Box and "Wakulla." I have not any pets, except my sister. I am twelve years old, and

have a brother sixteen and a sister ten. I would like to ask the readers of this paper what a boy can make for presents. I hope this letter is not too long to print, as it is my first, and I would like to see it, if you have room for it.

PERCY C. M.

Who will answer Percy's question?

I am a little girl eleven years old. We have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long, but I like it very much. I like "Wakulla."

I have no pets, as almost all the little girls who write to me have two little kittens, but it is quite late.

It was quite late. We have a calf named Daisy, and a good many chickens. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and drawing, but I did not go to-day, because I was sick. I have two sisters, both younger than I, and three brothers, two are younger than I, and one older. We live in the country, and have nice times.

FLORENCE A. P.

I have thirteen dolls; one has hair eyelashes, and another has hair below her waist. I had a little kitty, but Major killed it (Major is my sister's large dog), and we buried it. Mr. M. carved this on a column of gypsum:

"Hush, my eye dear out,
Who was killed by Major, who thought her 'cat'."

We went to Santa Cruz this summer. I learned to swim. Can you swim?

LOUISE I.

No, dear, I have not that accomplishment; so you are much better off than I.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. I am eight years of age, and I go to school every day, and have two brothers, one named Freddie, and I love them very much indeed. I like the stories in the paper.

HATTIE A. N.

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

First I will tell you about our pets, namely two canary-birds and one thrush, which we brought from England when my mother and I have been a year ago last summer. It was a long journey, was it not? I would have had a splendid time if I had not got worrying for papa, who did not go with us. I go to school, studying arithmetic, spelling, geography, history, language, drawing, and writing; besides these, I take music and singing lessons, so my letters will be long. Well, I must close, or my letter will be too long. Lovingly yours,

NELLIE H.

Next time you go on a journey, darling, take a leaf from my book, and do not worry about any one, but do as you like, and do what you have left behind. It does no good to the person, and only spoils your own enjoyment. We are always in God's care, and whether we travel or stay at home, He watches over us every day, and I truly believe that He means us every day to be as happy and as trustful as we can.

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a native of the "Athens of America," and a big girl of 12 years. I take a good many children's magazines, but HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is my favorite, because it comes to me.

When Carl Schurz was in Boston I went to Tremont Temple and heard him speak. It was splendid, and the audience was enthusiastic. It was impossible not to feel the same way. Last night we had a splendid torch-light procession here. It took two hours, and I saw a great many numbers of men who looked very funny dressed up in night-gowns and night-caps and holding lighted candles in their hands with "Good-night" on their transparencies.

ROSE S.

FORT CUSTER, MONTANA.

I read Nellie's letter in which she requested receipts for an invalid, so I thought I would send some. Will some Little Housekeeper please send me a good receipt for lemons?

MARY A. F.

MURTON BROTHER.—One pound of lean mutton or lamb cut in small pieces, a quart cold water, a tablespoonful of rice or barley soaked in a very little warm water, four tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper, with a little chopped parsley; boil the meat, unsalted, in the water, keeping it closely covered until it falls to pieces; strain it, and add the soaked barley or rice; simmer a half-hour, stirring often; stir in the seasoning and the milk, and simmer five minutes after it heats up well, taking care it does not burn.

ARROWROOT WINE JELLY.—A cup of boiling water, two heaping tea-spoonfuls of arrowroot, two tea-spoonfuls of white sugar, a tea-spoonful of lemon juice, or three tea-spoonfuls of lemon juice.

ARROWROOT BLANC-MANGER.—A cupful of boiling milk, two dessert-spoonfuls of the best arrowroot rubbed smooth in cold water, two tea-spoonfuls of white sugar, and vanilla or other essence; boil until it thickens well, stirring all the while.

Eat cold with cream flavored with rose-water and sweetened to the taste.

PANADA.—Six split Boston crackers, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a good pinch of salt, and a little nutmeg; enough boiling water to cover them well; salt the crackers and pile in a bowl in layers, with salt and sugar scattered among them; cover with boiling water and set on the hearth, with a clover top over the bowl, for at least one hour. The crackers should be almost as clear and as soft as jelly, but not broken. Eat from the bowl, with more sugar if you wish it.

ICELAND MOSS JELLY.—A handful of moss washed in five waters and soaked an hour, a quart of boiling water, the juice of two lemons, a glass of wine, and a quarter of a tea-spoonful of cinnamon (measure scantily); soak the washed moss in a very little cold water, stir into the boiling water, and simmer until it is dissolved; sweeten, flavor, and strain into molds. You may use two glasses of cider instead of one of wine for a fever patient, putting in a little less water.

Thank you, dear. All these receipts are nourishing and good.

Always serve the meals of an invalid daintily, children. Your very prettiest dishes, your finest napkins, your brightest silver, should be used, so that the meal will look very inviting, and do not offer too much at a time.

DAYTON, KENTUCKY.

This is the first I have written to the Post-office Box. I go to school, and am in the Sixth Grade; I study geography, grammar, writing, reading, arithmetic, and history. I have three brothers and two sisters. I have two dolls; their names are Edith Grace and Ethel Gertrude.

FLOY.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in bad, but not in boy.
My second is in purifying, but not in toy.
My third is in bush, but not in tree.
My fourth is in herb, but not in she.
My fifth is in pen, but not in pen.
My sixth is in duck, but not in ben.
My seventh is in oar, but not in wheat.
My eighth is in warmth, but not in heat.
My whole may be found on the map of North America.

HARRY L. JOHNSON.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. To exan- 3. A small boat.
4. Sandwich-Islanders. 5. A utensil. 6. Part of a plant. 7. A letter. THE MAN IN THE MOON.
2.—1. A letter. 2. A kind of fish. 3. Somewhat faded. 4. A kind of loose coat. 5. A substance much used in cooking. 6. Recaptured. 7. Guitars. 8. To put into casks. 9. A letter.

NAVAGO.

No. 3.

CONCEALED HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

1 He is not able to run. 2 They cast over the anchor. 3. The radishes are fresh. 4. Loving lasses sing sweet tunes. 5. Close the door, John! It is cold. JAMES CONNOR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 364.

No. 1.— T R U T T I P
T U N I C T I D A L
C E P L Y

No. 2.—Mamma.

No. 3.— Bear,
Elephant,
Lion,
Owl,
Oval,
Wren,
Sneeze.

No. 4.—Finished. Fineness. Finesse. Fin-fish. Fined. Finish. Fined. Finn. Fin.

No. 5.—Richmond. Spring. Lima. White. Great Bear. Silver.

No. 6.—Damask.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Grace P. Ford, Willie W. Ford, Grace L. Galloway, Frank J. Savage, C. F. Swett, A. A. Foran, Dale Clark, Schurle Marie, Laura E. Jordan, Cecilia B. Adams, Ernest G. Harlow, Helen W. Gardner, Willie K. C. James Connor, Titania, E. W. Simons, The Man in the Moon, Harry Clark, Emma Wilkins, Emma S. C. White, Flora Jane Kennedy, Alice M. Smith, Stevie Penn, Lillie Larkins, John Tucker, Abram Day, Alice Barker, and Jennie and Johnny T.

[For EXCHANGES, see 34 and 34 pages of cover.]



"WHERE DOLLY WAS LOST."

KITTY TELLS HER STORY.

BY M. D. BRINE.

OH yes, there were lots of boys up there,
And I liked them all; but then
The very nicest boy of all
Was only little Ben.

The other boys teased him many a time,

But I liked him the more for that,
And his face was nice as any of theirs
For all his old torn hat.

Mamma used often to say that I

Must play with the boys of our set,
But Bennie was so much nicer than they,
I often used to forget.

And many a time when he drove the cows

I'd help him all I could,
And Bennie would often whisper to me
He liked me for being so good.

Well, just before we came home, one day
I took my dolly to walk,
And there was Bennie under a tree,
And he wouldn't even talk,
But he looked so sorry I almost knew
'Twas 'cause I was going away,
And he didn't smile till I promised I
Would think of him every day.

Then I thought, you know, that he'd like to have
Something to 'member me by,
So I said, "I love *you*, Bennie, the best
Of all the boys; don't cry?"
And I gave him the *bestest* thing I had,
My own dear dolly, you see,
Because I s'posed when he looked at it
He'd make believe it was me.

His face got awfully red, but still
He was glad to have it, I know,
'Cause I wouldn't have given my doll away
If I hadn't liked Bennie so,
And that is why mamma thinks she's lost,
For I do not like to tell
That I gave my dolly to Ben, because—
Because I liked him so well.

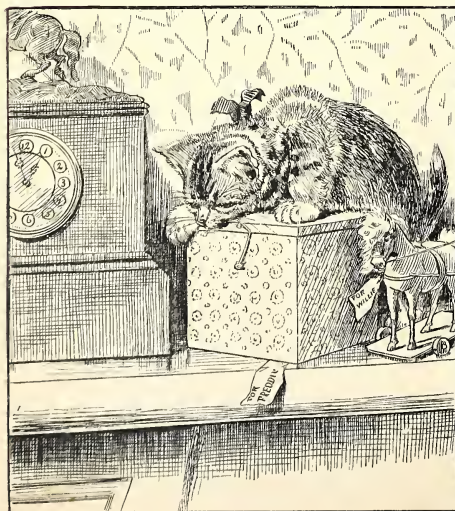
THE GAME OF "NAMES"

LET us suppose that there are ten players. Each should be provided with a long slip of paper and a pencil; and if one of the players has a watch, so much the better. If not, a clock must be used. One commences by calling out:

"Girls' names commencing with A; two minutes allowed."

Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he or she can recollect, and at the expiration of the two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his or her slip all the names he or she has written down—say Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, etc. All the other players, as each name is read out, cancel that name if it be on their list. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel and four have not, each of the six counts one mark; those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list.

When marks have been allotted for all the names, the total is read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in a similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, etc. The game can be continued any length of time, or until all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted.



"I WONDER WHAT'S IN IT."



"HELLO!!!"

PUSSEY'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

Christmas Number.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. VI.—NO. 368.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"FATHER PERKINS LOOKED FIRST AT HIS GIFTS."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 98.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BERT DID NOT GIVE.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.
I.

"**W**E are so going to hang up our stockings; aren't we, Bert?"

"Well, I should say we were, sweet Nancy Lee."

"Silas is always so smart! he said we weren't," said Nancy, indignantly.

"Never you mind Silas," advised Bert, soothingly patting his sister's round cheek. "We know some things that he doesn't, and this is one of them."

"Oh, you can hang 'em up fast enough," exclaimed Silas, with a disagreeable little laugh; "but that doesn't prove you'll get anything in 'em."

"Yes, it does, though," replied Bert, cheerily; "for whoever heard of old Santa Claus passing an empty stocking without putting something in it? Why, if I thought he'd forget us, I'd mount the chimney and sit there all Christmas-eve, and stop him as he passed. I would, Polly, as sure as you live; so you needn't open your eyes at me like that, for I don't allow little girls, particularly fat little girls, to do it without being kissed."

And the big brother pounced upon little Polly and kissed her; and so that Nancy would not feel slighted, he kissed her too; and not to give Rob any chance to complain, he tumbled him on the floor, and pretended to be having a tremendous tussle with him. All of which highly delighted the small children, and made a great deal of noise. At which Silas looked up from a sheet of paper on which he was writing, and scowled.

What a very sour sort of scowl it was! Just as if he had borrowed it from some crabbed, ill-conditioned, dyspeptic old man. But it was not a borrowed scowl at all. It belonged to Silas, and was quite at home on his sharp features. His face might have been as round as Polly's once; but, dear me! a scowl is as good as a grindstone for sharpening.

"For goodness' sake, Bert, do stop fooling with those young ones!" he snarled. "And if you haven't anything better'n that to do, I wish you'd help me with this address."

It was not a very prudent way of addressing quick-tempered Bert; but for a wonder there was no explosion. The truth was that circumstances were decidedly against a Merry Christmas in the Perkins family, and Bert had commenced the week with his mind made up to make it merry in spite of the circumstances. He stopped the romp.

"Address!—address to whom?" he exclaimed, going to the table and glancing curiously over his brother's shoulder.

"Christmas address to my customers on my newspaper route."

"What, give each one an address?"

"Yes; and what I want you to do is to help me write something in the Merry Christmas line—something that will make the people feel happy and generous. You understand that sort of thing," added Silas, complimenting Bert's generous nature without intending to.

Well, this was a surprise! Here was Silas in a new rôle—Silas spending money and Silas taking trouble to make people happy. Bert had done his brother an injustice; he would make amends by entering heartily into the scheme.

"Now that's what I call a good idea, Si!" exclaimed Bert. "You rush by their houses every day in the year but one, and then you stop long enough to give them a hearty

Merry Christmas, just to show you take a living interest in 'em after all. What if it does cost a little money, the satisfaction of wishing two hundred and eight Merry Christmases more'n makes it up, eh?"

"I like that," exclaimed Silas, with a mean sneer. "You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go to all this expense and nonsense just to get my satisfaction in sentiment, do you? Well, I should say not. If the thing works well at all, I ought to clear all of—" He was going to say how much, when it occurred to him that Bert might want to borrow some if he knew, so he ended with, "Well, a pretty fair trifle. More'n my printer's bill, anyhow."

"Well, Si," exclaimed Bert, after he had recovered from his astonishment, "I'm very glad that I don't care as much for money as you do. To want to make it out of the kind feelings of people! I don't mind your taking their money, but you might give a little good feeling in return."

"You're mighty particular, you are; but I notice you don't make money by it," sneered Silas.

"And I don't want to," retorted Bert, hotly. "I want money bad enough. There are those bills Pop owes, and the men worrying him all the time. And the butcher won't let us have any more meat till his bill is paid, and that means no turkey Christmas. I'd like money for all those things, but I wouldn't pay the price for it you do."

Silas only answered by a provoking shrug, which certainly did not mollify Bert, who delivered a final shot, and hurried from the room:

"You want to know what to put in your address," he said. "I'll tell you, and you may think it over yourself: 'It's more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The sentiment is a very sweet and a very true one, but when it is delivered with a flushed face and flashing eyes, and is cut short off by a slammed door, it may be anything but sweet. The white face and tightly shut lips of Silas showed that he found it bitter.

II.

The day before Christmas was cold, and the snow-clouds that cut off the sunshine from the city of Portland were scurrying away south in endless procession.

Along one of the by-streets of the city there hurried a boy—a boy of about fourteen. He had no overcoat on, but he wore two jackets, and that was just as good, apparently, for he seemed perfectly comfortable. Indeed, he was more than that, for he not only whistled in snatches, as if he could not hold in his happiness, but he now and then took a hand out of his pocket, snapped his fingers gleefully, and then hugged himself. And how his eyes sparkled! Between the snatches of whistle he talked to himself:

"Twenty-five dollars!"—a snap of the fingers. "That's a cashmere gown for mother, a pair of skates for Rob!"—a poor attempt to skate on the sidewalk—"a muff for Nancy, bless her fat little fingers! a doll for Polly!"—hugging himself—"a pair of shoes for dear old Pop!"—looking with positive affection at his own worn-out boots—"a turkey!"—a snap of the fingers—"and that old butcher's bill!"—a frown. "Poor old Pop! I wish I could pay all the bills. He looks so tired. If I had the money Si has, how I'd make Pop laugh to-morrow. I'd wrap his presents up in the receipted bills, and as he took each one out of his stocking—he's got to hang up a stocking anyhow—how he'd laugh! No, he wouldn't, though, he'd cry. Hello!"

Bert had so lost himself in his imagination that he had run into and knocked down a little boy.

"Did I hurt you? Up she comes. Why! Oh! You're—" Bert saw that the little boy was lame. "I'm awfully sorry. Did I hurt you? No. That's right. Good-by. Merry Christmas!" and Bert hurried on.

He looked back as he turned the corner. The little boy was just visible in the gutter, seemingly looking for something. Bert was in a hurry, but maybe he had made the little boy drop something; so he ran back.

"What is it? Lost anything?"

The little boy nodded his head without looking up, and continued his search.

"What did you lose?"

"Ten cents," said the little fellow, certainly shivering, and Bert thought he heard a sob.

Ten cents, and Bert had twenty-five dollars.

"Well, never mind, here's another to take its place;" and Bert handed out a silver dime.

The little fellow shook his head silently, and kept turning over the leaves in the dirty gutter.

"Why not?" demanded Bert, a little quickly, for he wanted to be off. "I made you lose the money. Come, take it. Why don't you take it?"

"I earned this one," sobbed the little fellow.

Bert looked down pityingly at the little figure in the gutter—a thin little body covered with very thin clothing, lame, shivering, and crying. Ten cents his whole fortune, maybe, and that was lost. Time was precious to Bert, but if he did not buy a present he was not going to meet Christmas-day with that sorrowful little figure to haunt his memory.

"I'll help you find it," he said, suddenly. "Earned money is the sort to buy presents with, eh? I know all about that. I'm off for the stores now, and I've earned all my money. Now you hunt up that way and I'll hunt down here. You never can tell how money will roll. Can you?"

Two great gray eyes wet with tears looked gratefully up at Bert and then looked down again. Bert's heart was not proof against all he saw in the short glimpse of the pinched face with the big eyes, and he made a resolve: "I'll take him to a store and spend fifty cents for him. I'll spend that much less on Silas's present." Bert could not help chuckling at the thought of Silas giving in spite of himself in a charitable cause.

Bert was not going to lose any time poking about that cold, dirty gutter, however; so he prepared an innocent deception, the sly rascal. He took a dime out of his pocket and held it between his fingers. Suddenly he cried out: "Here you are!" and made believe to pick up the lost ten-cent piece. "I lost it and I restore it."

The little fellow nodded his head.

"Well, now, look here. What's your name?"

"Billy Carew."

"Well, Billy, I want you to do something for me; will you?"

"If I can."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that. I want you to go along with me and see what's in the stores."

"I'm afraid I haven't time," said Billy, timidly.

"Why, you've got to buy your own presents, haven't you?"

"Yes, but"—with a faint smile—"that won't take long, and, besides, I'm to be here at six o'clock, so's I can earn ten cents more."

"Six o'clock! Goodness! Why, that's two hours to wait, and if you stay here all that time you'll shiver your head off. Come along; we'll be back in time. What are you going to get? Who's it for, anyhow?"

"It's for mother," said Billy, shivering, as he limped by Bert's side.

"That's good," exclaimed Bert, heartily. "And what's it to be?—a seal-skin cloak, eh?" and Bert looked jocosely down at his companion.

"No," answered Billy, very seriously: "a loaf of bread, for one thing."

A loaf of bread!—what an odd present! Bert looked sharply at the tiny, shivering boy. Hunger and want were written on every line of his face. Bert had not thought of that.

"Billy, you're hungry," he blurted out.

Billy shrank within himself, but did not answer.

"Are you?" demanded Bert.

"Yes," faltered Billy, timidly, "but—but I don't care. It's—it's my mother." And the sob in the little fellow's voice was followed by big tears that rolled down his cheeks.

"Are you very poor?"

"My mother—hasn't—had anything—to eat—since day before—yesterday."

The quivering of Billy's lower lip, the slow welling of big tears from his eyes, and the convulsive, catching sobs, as he manfully tried to keep from crying, were too much for Bert. He winked a couple of tears out of his eyes, and taking Billy suddenly by the arm, pulled him into an open doorway.

"Put that on." It was one of Bert's jackets.

It was useless for little Billy to struggle against energetic Bert. The jacket was on him in a twinkling.

"Now come with me." Bert was filled with a sudden resolve, and the way he whisked that little lame boy from store to store was a marvel. It was a dream to Billy; he did not realize what he was doing or how he did it.

When he waked up he was sitting with his mother in their little room, and both of them were drying their eyes. A fire was in the stove, and parcels of all sorts of things were scattered about the floor. A month's rent was paid, too; and it would not have surprised Billy if Bert had bought the whole house for them.

Bert had not enough money left for that, however. In truth, he had only enough left to pay the butcher's bill. Not a present had he bought—not one.

III.

About two hours after Bert had tumbled over little Billy, another boy, perhaps a year and a half older than Bert, hurried along the same street. Just listen as he talks to himself:

"Merry Christmas, indeed! I should say it was. I've made since morning—let's see. There are twenty-one dollars and forty cents on that address. Bert thought he was awfully sarcastic with his 'More blessed to give than to receive'; but it was a good dodge, and I worked it well, and I'll bet half the folks took it all in, and gave down handsome on account of it. 'More blessed to give than to receive!' Maybe it is, but I'm willing to sacrifice myself, and do the receiving."

What a disagreeable chuckle that was!

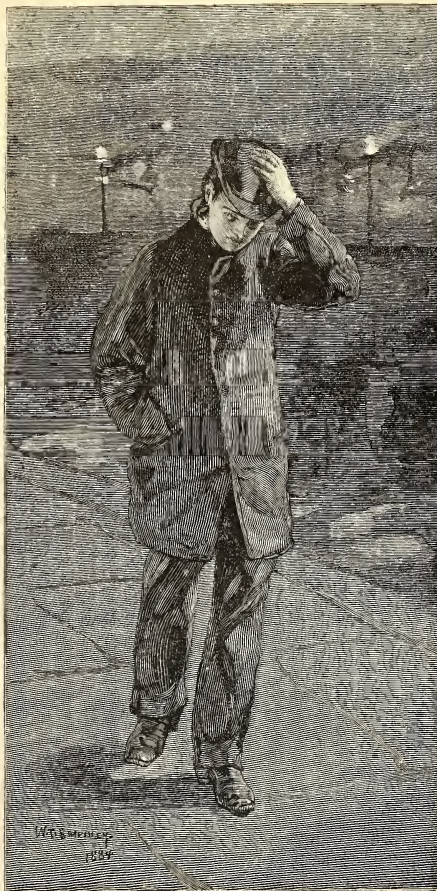
"Then there's a dollar ninety on those bundles. I'd a had to pay most boys half a dollar anyhow, but that lame Billy is such an innocent little fool he was glad of ten cents. I believe he'd take five. I'll try him. Let's see; that's twenty-three thirty. Twenty-five for holding the horse ten minutes. It was worth ten, but he gave the rest for Merry Christmas. Oh, dear; that's twenty-three fifty-five and one ninety, no, say, one ninety-five—I can get him down to five—I'll make twenty-five fifty. By gracious! I've a great mind to lay out the extra half in presents. No, I won't, though. I've got to pay that butcher's bill, or I'll have to go without meat, unless I go to a restaurant, and that'll cost more in the end, so I'll get the credit of it and save money too. Oh, hello, Billy! Come along."

"Please," chattered Billy, "I can't go with you."

"You can't go? Why can't you go? Have you had a fortune left you since morning?"

"No, sir," replied Billy, awed by the sharp tone of the big boy. "I'd go, only I promised I wouldn't."

"Promised whom?"



SILAS, WITH WHITE FACE AND TIGHTLY SHUT LIPS.

"Him."

"Him? Who's him? Somebody's been putting you up to this to get more out of me. Well, I'll pay you fifteen cents, then, but you needn't try it on any more, for it's all it's worth."

"I don't want any more," said Billy, indignantly. "I told Bert I wouldn't go, and I won't."

"Bert? Bert who?" demanded the big boy, savagely, as a sudden idea flashed through his mind. "Where did you get that jacket?"

"Bert gave it to me," and in the fullness of his gratitude Billy was easily induced to tell all about his meeting with Bert.

"Isn't he awful good?" he added, smiling, when he had told the story.

"Good!" There was a bitter sneer on the boy's face. "You'll see him again, I s'pose?"

"Oh yes, I hope so."

"Of course you do, naturally. Well, if you do, will you tell him something for me?"

"Yes," said Billy, eagerly, for all the sneering had been lost on him.

"Well, you tell him that Silas—that's me—that Silas says that charity begins at home, and that he's a bigger fool than I thought he was."

With these bitter words Silas darted angrily away, leaving little Billy with a swelling heart to sob surprisedly after him.

"You wicked boy, I won't do it."

The words never reached Silas, however, for he had turned the corner before Billy had fully understood his brutality. He did not need to hear them. His own angry passions were punishing him.

It was in no pleasant mood that he walked into the butcher's, and demanded the bill.

"Your brother Bert paid it more than an hour ago. We have some nice turkeys left that we'd—"

But Silas had stalked out of the shop more angry than before. Bert had not forgotten the needs of his own family, then.

Silas sought the man for whom he was to carry the bundles. He was a wealthy man, who was giving many presents. A fool, Silas called him. He greeted Silas with a hearty "Merry Christmas, my lad. Cold, isn't it? Come in. Here are the packages, all addressed. Can you carry them alone? Where's the little fellow who was with you this morning?"

"He's going to stay home. It was too cold for him. I'm going to pay him just the same. I can carry them all. If I can't, I'll come back."

Was this Silas? Did he mean it? Or was it perhaps said, as the address had been written, because he knew it would be a good stroke of business?

"Now that's the Christmas spirit, my boy. It does me good to hear you say that. You've already found out, then, the pleasure of giving? I hope you'll some day be a rich man, and be able to give as much as you please; but believe me, lad"—here the gentleman's voice trembled—"the poorer you are, the more you enjoy the giving. I know it now, but I didn't believe it when I was a poor boy. You needn't come back for your pay. I can trust a boy like you. Here's your money, and here's a Merry Christmas for you"—giving him a five-dollar bill; "and here's another for the lame boy, and God bless you both, and never forget that there's more happiness in giving than in getting."

How did Silas feel then? Do you think the heart that had been loaded down and cased in with hundreds of petty schemes for making money could be touched by so simple a shaft? Do you think the angry passions roused by the goodness of his brother Bert could be laid to rest by the kindly words of a gentleman—a man who was so very foolish as to really believe that he could find more pleasure in giving than in getting?

Follow him now that his task is done. He has five dollars for little Billy. Does he take that to the lame boy? No. What! can he not bear the sight of the happiness he will cause? Where does he go? Into the bright and joyous streets where the fools are buying Christmas gifts? Not yet, anyhow. He turns into a side street, and, with head down, speeds along.

What is he saying to himself? He is adding figures—the money he has earned, perhaps. Now what! He is muttering Bert's name. Is there a sneer on his lips? Why, there must be, for he is repeating what he saw on a slip of paper that morning.

Cashmere gown for mother, skates for Rob, muff for Nancy." And so he rehearses all of poor Bert's intended gifts, and when he has finished he laughs. Why should he laugh? Is it because he knows that Bert has spent all his money, and will be miserable when morning comes, and Rob and Nancy and Polly will seek in vain for the coveted gifts from Santa Claus?

IV.

What a jolly hubbub of Merry Christmases there was in the Perkins sitting-room that cold 25th of December morning! If Santa Claus had not been so hard beset to keep ahead of the sun, he would have been on hand in that sitting-room to have seen the fun. Indeed he would!

But then they were not dressed for company, so perhaps it is just as well, though it is said Santa Claus is not very particular about that. Bob had taken just time enough to put his little shirt on, and Polly had not had even that much time to lose, but appeared in full night costume. Nancy had brushed her hair, and that was all the toilet she had made. They had reached the sitting-room first. After that nobody in the house slept.

Silas came in next. He said "Merry Christmas," but he was not used to it, and the words scrambled out of his mouth as if glad to be out of such a strange place. Then he went to the window and looked out. If he did not like such foolishness, why not stay away?

Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Perkins came in next. No trouble about their Merry Christmases. But where was Bert? He was usually on hand first, his cheery voice filling every corner of the house with greetings and jests and laughter long before Silas was out of bed. Had Silas risen early on purpose to enjoy Bert's misery? It looked like it.

Well, there were the stockings hanging under the mantel. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. One apiece, and each individual stocking provokingly full and bulgy. Why did not Bert come? You see, it was not to be thought of that the inspection of stockings could take place without Bert.

"I'll fetch him," said Silas.

Bert was dressed. He was sitting on his bed. He was not sorry for what he had done, but he could not bear to see the disappointment of the "babies." He sat

listening to the merry voices down-stairs, and picturing to himself the limp and empty stockings.

"Come along, Bert; they're waiting for you down-stairs."

Did he see a mocking smile on his brother's lips? Never mind, he must go. He could not explain; they might think him mean now, but when they thought they would know there must be a good reason.

Ho! what a shout of Merry Christmases there was for Bert! But what was this? A furtive glance at the chimney told him that the stockings were full. Who had done it? Did he suspect that Silas had prepared a practical joke? No; but we, who know how angry Silas was, we can suspect.

There was a rush for the stockings. Mr. Perkins dealt them out. There was much feeling, many oh's and many ah's, but no plunging into the stockings. There was a custom in that family: father Perkins looked first at his gifts, and everything was properly oh'd and ah'd before mother Perkins began, and in this way the pleasure of Christmas morning was long drawn out. No wonder Bert shuddered. He stood near the door nervously pulling at his stocking. Silas looked out of the window. Was there a twinkle of gratified malice in his eye?

"Merry Christmas from Polly," read Mr. Perkins, holding up with admiration a chubby pincushion.

"Merry Christmas from Rob." Only a lead-pencil, but then!

"Merry Christmas from Nancy." A neck-tie: exactly what he had wanted.

"An envelope! Who's this from?"

This was mysterious, and there was a solemn stillness as father tore open the envelope and took out a sheet of paper.

"Merry Christmas! A pair of good shoes, and all Pop's debts paid. From Bert."



"BILLY, YOU ARE HUNGRY," HE BLURTED OUT."

There were tears in father's eyes, tears in mother's eyes. Nobody spoke. Silas looked out of the window. His face was white, his lips compressed. He had heard a groan from Bert, and knew the cause. Was he satisfied with his joke? The paper told what Bert would like to give. Did Bert suspect Silas? He did. And as he rushed from the room and threw himself in a frenzy of strangling sobs on his bed, he felt that he could never, never forgive the heartless brother.

"Generous boy!" exclaimed father Perkins, turning toward where Bert had stood. "Why, bless me, he's gone!"

"He didn't want you to thank him," said Silas, turning around. "I'll fetch him."

"Don't you dare to come near me," cried Bert, when Silas entered the room.

But Silas did go near him, and finally persuaded him to go back to the sitting-room, promising to explain his joke to them all. They returned together, Bert with red eyes and bent head, and Silas with white face and sparkling eyes. He had not yet played out his joke. Father Perkins would have spoken, but Silas stopped him.

"I want to speak. That paper is a joke of mine. Don't look so startled. Maybe you will laugh when I am through. Bert had saved twenty-five dollars to buy presents for you all. He went out yesterday to buy them. He met a poor, starving, lame boy, and spent some of the money on him. Then he found the boy's mother was starving and freezing, and he spent the rest of the money on her, so that except for paying your butcher's bill, he had no money left."

Had Silas been preaching, there could not have been greater stillness in that room. He held Bert's hand in his and was squeezing it painfully; but Bert understood the joke now, or thought he did, and would not have complained for the world. Silas had taken this way of setting him right.

"Another boy," Silas went on, "had taken advantage of the little boy's lameness and need, and had hired him to do work for ten cents which he would have had to pay any other boy fifty for. He learned how good Bert had been to little Billy, and how he had made Billy promise not to work any more at that price, and he hated Bert."

"Oh, don't, Silas," pleaded Bert.

"Be still, Bert; I'm going to make a clean breast of it. This other boy then went to pay his father's butcher's bill, not because he wished to do a kind act, but because he did not want to go without meat. His brother had paid the bill, and this boy hated him for that; but he kept feeling all the time—I did; it was I; you know it was I—I kept feeling that I hated Bert because he was so good. That was something. I was feeling better myself, or I couldn't have told myself the truth, could I?"

Oh, the piteous energy of Silas as he spoke!

"Then the man I carried the bundles for praised me for saying a kind thing I did not mean. But maybe I did mean it without knowing it. I was getting better—indeed I was. And when he praised me and said kind things about the happiness of giving to others, I began to see myself and feel how contemptible I was. And I kept thinking it more and more as I carried the bundles about, and saw how happy everybody was. And then"—Silas spoke very quickly now—"I made up my mind to give the presents for Bert that he had intended to give. And you will all find them in your stockings. They are from Bert, not me, remember. And Billy and his mother will be here to dinner to-day. The turkey is in the cellar."

If there was any more to be told, it was obliged to wait, for Silas at this point rushed from the room, and nobody followed him.

There was no one missing at dinner. And you may be sure that Bert's turkey, as Silas insisted on calling it, was thoroughly enjoyed, Billy in particular doing wonders in the eating line.



THE WAX-WORKS' HOLIDAY.

A Christmas Play.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, AND PROPERTIES.

WAX FIGURES.

JULIUS CESAR.....	Wears purple robe, and wreath of green leaves. Stands at extreme left of stage, with pencil in right hand, memorandum pad in left, and eyes cast upward, in attitude of deep thought.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE...	Long hair, false mustache and goatee, knickerbockers tied at knee with yellow ribbon, broad collar, under which immense yellow tie. His hands hang down at his side, and he must look as stupid as possible.
QUEEN ELIZABETH.....	Trained dress of velvet, high ruff, and gilt crown.
ROBINSON CRUSOE.....	Peaked fur cap, tippet, and leggings. He is kneeling, measuring with yard-stick the up-turned sole of an old shoe.
MOTHER HUBBARD.....	Modern "Mother Hubbard" dress. She holds in her right hand a large bone, at which she is gnawing with the utmost disgust.
SINDBAD THE SAILOR.....	Sailor suit. Stands with hands on hips, and his mouth puckered up as if for whistling.
BROTHER JONATHAN.....	Long trousers, on which are stitched red stripes; white stars on blue coat, and an enormous white "stove-pipe" hat. He carries a small American flag across his shoulder.
JACK.....	Boys of twelve or thirteen. Derby hat, winter overcoat, knickerbocker suit.

SCENE: Room with door on one side, through which JACK may be drawn on child's express wagon, or similar contrivance on wheels, to which a rope is attached, and which may be concealed from view of audience by potted plants placed behind the figures. At each wing small table to hold *unlighted* candelabra. The seven "wax" figures are arranged in a semicircle across the stage in the order indicated above. Each stands on a low box covered with green baize, and on which the several names are plainly labelled. The curtain rises (or is drawn aside) to show masks, which latter continues for a minute or two, during which time the figures (which are the sole occupants of the stage) must remain immovable. In the attitudes above suggested. Suddenly a clock (any sort of bell will do) strikes twelve, and at the last stroke all the figures begin to move, gasping, rubbing their eyes, and stretching their arms, as if just awakened from sleep.

ROBINSON CRUSOE (*dropping the shoe, and straightening himself up*). Dear, dear, how stiff I am!

(Julius Cesar and Shakespeare *shake hands*.)

SHAKESPEARE. What's the good word, Julius? How dost come on with those new Commentaries of thine?

CESAR. Ah! but sadly slow, Will. What with the cantlevers and suspension contrivances of these mad moderns, I fear me much that my ten-day bridges will command but scant attention. (*The two continue to converse in an under-tone between themselves.*)

BROTHER JONATHAN (*taking off his hat and bowing to Queen Elizabeth*). Ahem! And how does your Majesty to-night?

QUEEN ELIZABETH (*coughing*). But indifferent well—thanks, Brother Jonathan. 'Tis the dampness of this vault under the sidewalk that doth affect me.

(*She coughs again, whereupon Brother Jonathan steps down from his pedestal and comes over to converse in pantomime with her.*)

MOTHER HUBBARD (*who meanwhile has been gesticulating violently with the bone to her neighbor Sindbad*). No, no, Mr. Sindbad; it is all wrong, I tell you. Does not the poem say that Mrs. Hubbard went to the eupboard and found, not a bone, but bareness? So it is therefore, I maintain, improper—quite improper—to have



"OATS, PEASE, BEANS, AND BARLEY GROWS."

walking along trying to see the numbers, I plumped right into a hole in the sidewalk, and found myself down here.

BROTHER JONATHAN. I see. They leave the lid off to give us air, and Tim must have forgotten to put the stool in its place.

JACK. Oh, that's it, is it? Well, if you waxies—excuse me, I mean your Waxen Majesties—will only be so kind and obliging as to get me out of this pickle before morning, I won't make a complaint against Tim, whoever he is.

CÆSAR (standing up). Tim is the janitor. And now, my friends, I move that we lay our heads together, and think up a means of aiding this youth to regain his freedom.

(All the figures rise and literally put their heads together, Queen Elizabeth and Mother Hubbard occupying the foreground. There is a moment's silence, while they cast their eyes thoughtfully toward the ceiling. Jack remains seated, watching the proceedings with the greatest interest.)

ALL THE FIGURES (in chorus). Ah, we have it!

CÆSAR (motioning for Jack to rise, and leading him to the low car or little wagon behind the flower-pots). Stand thou here, my son, and by the magic properties contained in a gift from each of our number shalt thou be transported back to thy natural element. Here is my contribution.

(He takes off his purple robe, drapes it around Jack, then returns to mount his pedestal.)

SHAKESPEARE (tying on Jack his enormous yellow neck-tie). Thou'rt welcome, minion, to whatever moving virtues this pun-

QUEEN ELIZABETH (placing her crown on Jack's derby). With my best wishes.

(She then returns to her proper place, as do Shakespeare and all the others, after having bestowed their gifts.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE (presenting the old shoe). Here's a seven-league boot for you.

MOTHER HUBBARD (offering her bone). And here's refreshment by the way.

SINDBAD. I'll whistle for the spirits to move you.

BROTHER JONATHAN. And by my trusty flag I'll summon them.

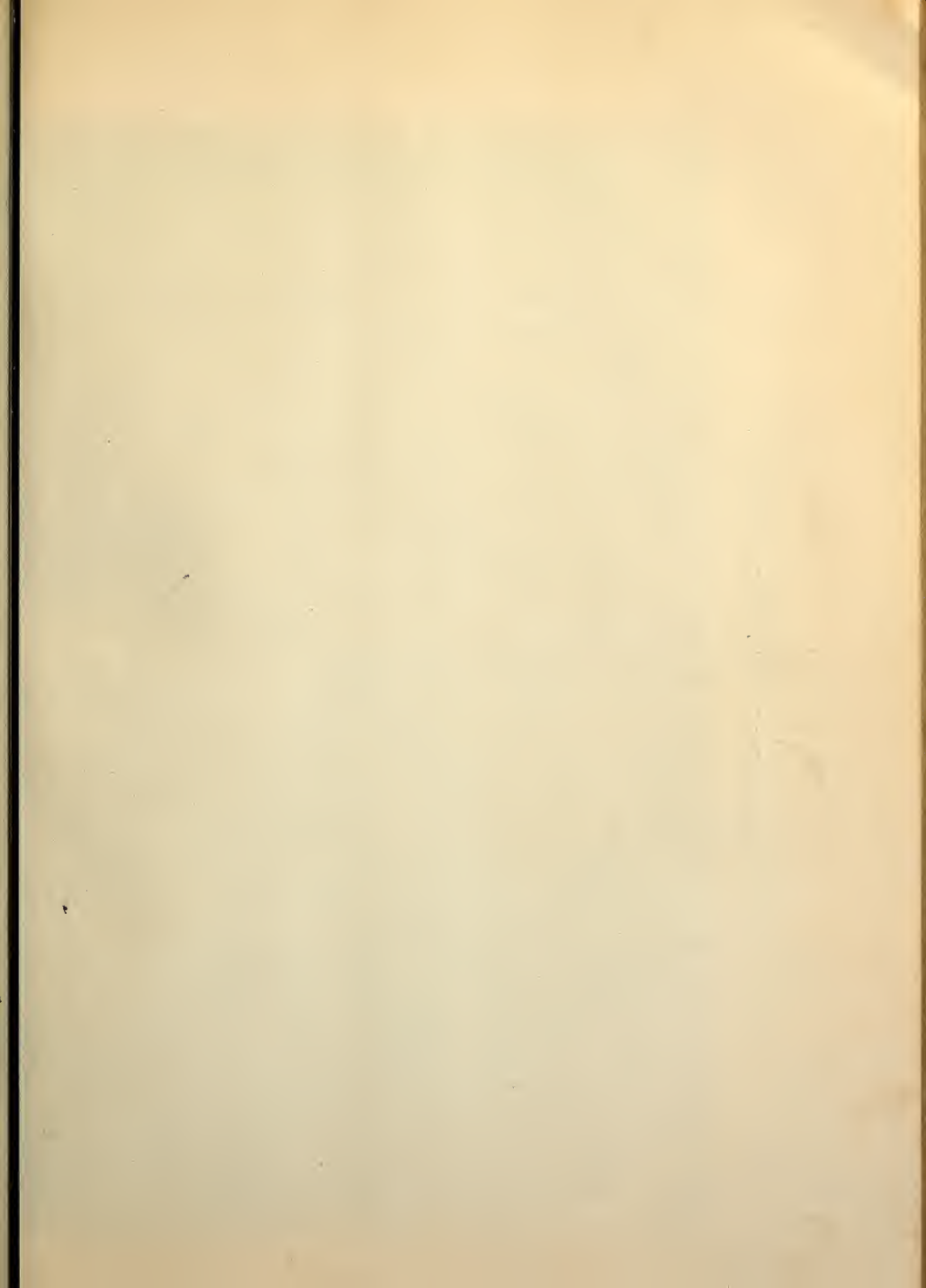
(Waves it over Jack's head. At the same moment Sindbad gives a sharp, low whistle, soft music is heard, and with all the figures waving their hands toward him in token of good-by, Jack is drawn slowly off.)

JACK (who is moving backward, with one foot in the big shoe and the bone held in a flourishing fashion above his head). Here I go; good-by, good-by. I'm ever so much obliged. I'll send the traps back by telegraph, and wish you all the jolliest of Merry Christmases. (Disappears.)

CÆSAR. 'Tis well, and we have done most fitting deed for Christmas-eve. Now to our play again. Tempus fugit.

(As they all hurry off to secure corners, the cur-





SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, DECEMBER 16, 1884.





"THE CHRIST CHILD."—DRAWN BY MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD.





CUFFY AND HIS FIDDLE.—SEE POEM, "AN ADVENT SERENADE," ON PAGE 106.

*"Oh! was it a dream that Cuffy had—
Or did Jesus come to the little lad?"*

AN ADVENT SERENADE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

BLACK CUFFY had come in the bluebird's train,
When the tender leaves were jewelled with rain,
When daisies were starring the hedge and field,
And the pasture gay with the clover yield,
When rank upon rank the green canes stood
In the violet bank of the swampy wood,
When the roads were decked with jasmine flower,
And the wild rose peeped from its leafy bower.

Whose boy was he? There was no one who knew
Any more than whence came the birds of blue,
While he, with a laugh or a sigh, would say:
"I's Cuffy, and 'longs to de broad highway,
Just as de bubble belongs to de spring,
Or de fiddle bow to de fiddle string.
I's gay as a squirrel in a hickory-tree,
For me and my fiddle was bofe born free."

"Twas Cuffy who knew where the sweet plums grew,
Where the brown thrush built or the birds of blue,
Who knew where the berries were thick and black,
Where the clover drooped to the rabbit's track,
Who could tell the name of an herb or flower,
Or find yon the spring in the ferny bower.
He was always thoughtless, loving, and gay—
Just a wild bird caught in a cage of day.

And, oh! when the Christmas feast came round,
There was not a lad that could be found
Who knew so well where the berries were red,
And the straightest cedar lifted its head,
Who dared to climb for the mistletoe white
As it hung far up in the wintry light.
'Twas Cuffy who knew how to bind the leaf,
And mingle it best with the golden sheaf.

When the church was decked, and left in the night,
And the cabins were full of ruddy light,
And the women were busy with loving hands,
As they talked of Christ, and the angel bands
Who had sung from the north, south, east, and west
That the earth was still and at perfect rest,
For Jesus his King had come from above
To bind it to God with a cross of love,

Cuffy listened with face and heart aglow;
Then he raised his fiddle and poised his bow;
As swiftly he patted his small bare feet,
And told to his fiddle a secret sweet,
Whispered it down to the little brown thing
As though there was life in its every string.
"For de Christ-child be berry glad," said he,
"For a serenade from you and from me."

So away he sped when the stars dropped low,
Lovingly hugging his fiddle and bow.
"For surely Lord Jesus dwelled," said he,
"In de church where dey dressed de Christmas tree."

Away he sped to the church in the bend,
Where he laid his cheek to his trusty friend,
And he drew such tones from its tender strings
That the night-bird hushed its whirring wings.

Gavly he played all the tunes that he knew,
From "Home, sweet Home," to "Red, White, and Blue";
Gavly he whistled and gavly he sang,
Till the echoing pines to the music rang;
Then he touched the strings with a tender grace;
"Lord Jesus," he cried, "let me see dy face."
And the tall pines stood like priests in the night,
And they sighed, "Amen," from their stately height.

"Lord Christ, it's dy birthday," sweetly he sang;
"Let me see dy face," through the wild woods rang,
When, with bow half drawn, he paused in surprise,
And lifted to heaven his wondering eyes;
For just where the morning star was in sight
Stood Jesus, the Child of the Christmas night;
He stood with his feet on the great white star,
While the angel host shone down from afar.

Sweet was the vision that answered his call,
But sweeter the smile that the Lord let fall
On Cuffy, who stood with his half-drawn bow
That night by the church where the pine-trees grow.
He had brought his gift to the Master's feet,
Of humble songs that were caught in the street.
So simple the gift! so great was the grace!
For he saw, as he sang, the Christ-child's face.

Oh, was it a dream that Cuffy had?
Or did Jesus come to the little lad?

ON THE TRACK OF CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGARET E. SARGSTER.

ANINETEENTH-CENTURY child! Did you ever think what that means, little Robin and Ruby? You live in the time of the telegraph, the telephone, and the type-writer, the railroad and the ocean steamer, and I don't know what else that saves minutes and muscles. How your little great-grandmothers in their day would have stared if they had been told of half the fairy-like wonders which are every-day and commonplace and matters of course to you. Why, even Christmas has grown to be lovelier and brighter in these days than it ever was before. It was a dream of delight to me in my childhood, but it has gained some charms since then, and every year it comes with new beauty and added enchantment.

"Merry Christmas!" The sweet words have a music all their own, the sweeter that everybody is saying them, and they are popping from lips which are often pursed up and crusty, as well as from those which are always smiling and bland. The cook wishes the milkman a "Merry Christmas," the mistress wishes it to the maid, the merchant says "Merry Christmas" to his customer, and, in fact, we all wish it. Like jolly Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim, the thought in our hearts is not "Merry Christmas" only, but "God bless us every one!"

There were thousands of years during which the earth waited for Christmas. There were sowing and reaping, winter and summer, and the years with their changes rolled round, but no Christmas came with its songs and gifts and its great gladness, until the angels brought the first good news of its advent.

I like to think of the Wise Men—whom tradition tells us were three kings of the East—Melchior, Nicanor, and Balthasar, journeying slowly through the desert day after day, and following the wonderful star, until at last it stood still over the manger where the infant Jesus lay. They brought gifts to Him, gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and He was Himself God's gift to mankind. So you see that giving is bound into the very fibre of Christmas.

Better even than to think of the Eastern princes is it to recall the shepherds watching their flocks by night on the Judean hill-side, when, as they talked together to keep themselves alert and wakeful, the glory of God shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And there, right above them, hovered a mighty angel, majestic and serene, who told them to "fear not," because this very day a Saviour is born in the city of David. Suddenly through the opening skies issues a host of the seraphim, praising God and singing—singing such a strain as the earth had never heard before—and when the last sweet echo dies away the angels go back into heaven.

Then the shepherds, in the gray dawn, take their reverent journey to Bethlehem to find the young Child and His mother.

At the period of our Saviour's birth the world was ready for Him in a peculiar way. For a long time there had been war and fighting everywhere, but now there was profound peace.

The great empires of Assyria, Persia, and Greece had passed away, one after the other, and the magnificent empire of Rome had succeeded them. The whole known world was under the sway of the Seven-hilled City. Augustus Caesar was the supreme ruler of the world. Every nation paid him tribute; the Roman eagles had conquered all who opposed them.

When people are at war there is little time for learning or art or commerce to flourish. It is only when peace prevails that there is time for these things. Although Rome was despotic, yet in her vast provinces she allowed a good deal of liberty, and altogether there had never been an era so fit for the coming of the Prince of Peace as the golden age of Augustus.

It was in the middle of the fourth century that Christ-

mas was first observed as a festival. From Rome it passed over into Asia, and as years elapsed it was kept in Europe. One of the last places where Christmas was greeted with anthems and processions, strange to say, was Jerusalem, although Christian worship began there.

During the Middle Ages there sprang up in the track of Christmas what we have all read about as the institution of chivalry.

There was a time when nobody's life was safe anywhere. People had to surround their castles and homes with deep ditches, and then keep warders on their drawbridges by night and by day lest assassins should find their way into the hall or chamber. Bold barons, and bands of robbers and marauders went roistering up and down the land, and there was nothing but riot and turmoil and plunder going on, the rule being the right of the strongest, and only that. A very, very bad rule!

With the sweet spirit brought into the world by Jesus there grew up reverence for woman, a desire to protect the weak, and a resolve on the part of the nobles to set wrongs right if they could.

So the order of knighthood came into being, and through the forests and over the mountains and into the cities rode the goodly knights, sworn to deliver all who were in peril, and to scorn every mean action.

The mother of the pure and lofty Bayard said to him, when he received his sword, "Serve God, and He will aid thee; be sweet and courteous to every gentleman in disesteeming thyself of all pride. Be not a flatterer or talebearer, be loyal in word and in deed, keep thy word, be helpful to the poor and orphan, and God will reward it to thee."

Can the gentlemen of to-day adopt a better code of morals and manners?

When gradually the gloom of the Dark Ages passed, and the invention of printing came, so that books were multiplied instead of being slowly copied out by hand, the track of Christmas grew wider and plainer.

In the pleasant homes of Germany the Christ-child was lovingly remembered, and the Christmas-tree was lit by numbers of candles, and strung with shining balls, and hung with presents. Then came the pleasant fiction of the good St. Nicholas with his laden pack, his jingling bells, and his galloping reindeer.

English children, Dutch, Spanish, French, Norwegian, and Danish children are all in wild spirits when Christmas comes. Perhaps American children are a wee bit wilder than any of the others. The stockings are hung up in the chimney corner, and with hearts full of delight the little folk go to bed, sternly determined to stay awake all night.

Strangely enough, no child ever has staid awake all night, and no boy or girl has ever beheld the face of Santa Claus, or ever heard the prancing of his fleet-foot steeds, except in dreams. But that he is real, and that he comes some time between the dark and the daybreak, your stockings crammed with gifts testify.

Dear children, amid the pleasures of the season, I beg you not to forget the gladness which lies at the heart of Christmas. It was sung by the angels. It was brought by the Lord Himself when He became a little child.

The track of Christmas is ever gaining breadth and taking to itself new glory. Christmas is kept in islands of the ocean which a little while ago were occupied by cannibals. To-day the islanders are Christians.

India, China, Japan, Syria, Africa, are joining the multitude who worship the Saviour born in Bethlehem. Wherever there are idols, and wherever there are misery, want, and sin, the true religion is slowly but surely making its way. And before many years shall have gone, Christmas will be kept the wide world round. The twentieth-century child may say that happy time when all tongues and nations shall say "Merry Christmas!"

THE SWORD OF HILDEBRAND.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.



HE revels ran high on Christmas-eve in the great hall of Castle Erlstein. Never before during the centuries that the Counts von Erlstein had waged war and vassail in that vast feudal fortress had the heavy oaken rafters rung with such gay laughter, or looked down upon such a band of

merry-makers, as upon this Christmas-eve when the young Count Rudolf celebrated his fourteenth birthday.

Seated upon a great rock which rose abruptly from the plain, Castle Erlstein frowned grimly down upon the town of the same name. A vast, fierce-looking pile was the castle, with many bristling towers. Within, mazy corridors and wide halls, decorated with old portraits and curious trophies of the chase and the battle-field, told of ages long gone by.

It was fitting that the young Count should celebrate his birthday here, for it was his home, and he was heir to the great castle and its surrounding lands. In obedience to their young host's request, many of the guests had come in fanciful costumes, and he himself, clad in a rich court suit of purple velvet, fashioned after the style of the sixteenth century, was the leader in every gay frolic. They had danced the cotillion until their restless spirits had demanded something in which ceremony could be laid aside, and real fun play the leading part. Hardly was one game well begun before another would be suggested, and, if it promised wilder gayety, immediately adopted.

"A forfeit!" "A forfeit from Rudolf!" cried a score of voices, as the chances of the game claimed the young host as a victim.

Then the children gathered, noisy and jostling, around the young girl whose office it was to name the penalty that each should pay.

"Come, Cousin Marguerite," said Rudolf, "I know you have some wicked scheme in your head. Do your worst. The more difficult the penalty, the better I shall like it."

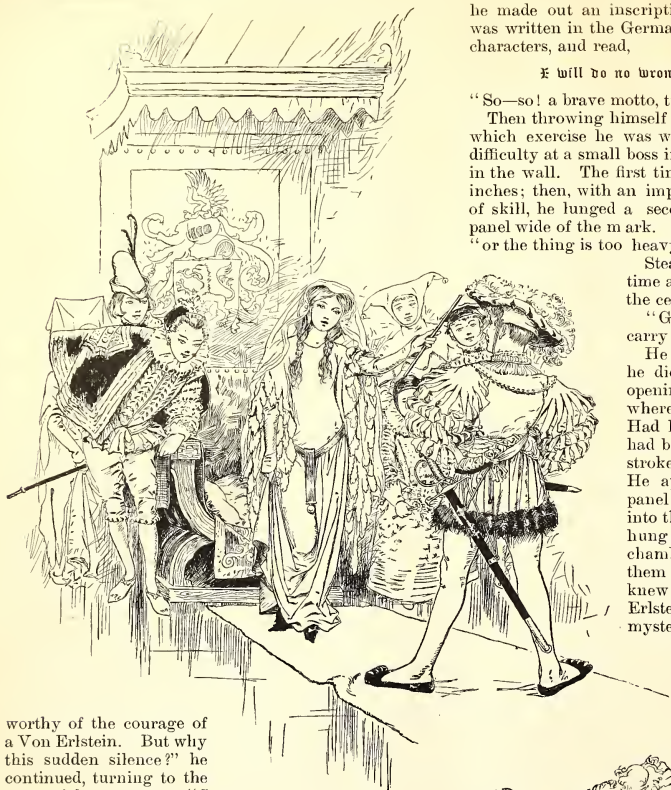
The clamor rose again as he ceased speaking, and his fair cousin was deafened by the noisy suggestions that were offered her. But she heeded them not, and a half-merry, half-frightened look lighted up her black eyes as she held up her wand to still the tumult.

"My cousin Rudolf," she said, "has hidden me set him a difficult penalty, and a Von Erlstein would never shrink from a challenge, no matter how great the danger. But what I shall say demands no extraordinary courage. I decree that my cousin Rudolf shall go alone and bring me the Sword of Hildebrand from the Haunted Gallery."

For the first time since the merry company had assembled the great hall was hushed in a deep and breathless silence. To these young people the Haunted Gallery had long been a subject of fearful curiosity, and its legend a mystery in which their interest was the greater for the reason that hardly any of them had ever entered it, or indeed knew where in the great castle it was situated. To what unknown terrors, then, had the whim of his fair cousin subjected their gay-hearted playmate! The Sword of Hildebrand, too! There was a chapter of romantic adventure in the very name.

But the silence lasted only a few moments.

"Is that all, fair cousin?" cried Rudolf. "Your behest shall be obeyed. I had, indeed, expected something more



worthy of the courage of a Von Erlstein. But why this sudden silence?" he continued, turning to the awe-stricken group. "I believe you think I am going on a real adventure. Well, I will go and bring hither the Sword of Hildebrand from the Haunted Gallery. If there be a ghost, he is a Von Erlstein, and should give his kinsman hearty greeting."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the boys, their spirits restored by his bold words and careless manner. "Hurrah for our brave Rudolf!"

"Thanks," he replied, bowing, cap in hand, with mock courtesy. "If I don't return to-night, you will know that my ghostly ancestor has been hospitable enough to entertain me on this my birth-night, and so I bid you all meet me here in the morning."

In a few moments Rudolf had reached the gallery. To him the errand on which he had been sent was a matter of no anxiety, for he was perfectly familiar with the Haunted Gallery, and he had been taught to laugh at ghosts and all such foolish old women's tales. The lamps in the room were not lighted, but the full moon shone in through the tall, narrow windows, and by its light he easily found his way to the corner of the room where the great weapon he sought hung upon the wall. Standing upon a chair, he disengaged it from the nail that supported it, and for the first time in his life held the great Sword of Hildebrand in his hands.

"Aha, old fellow!" he muttered to himself, "my ancestor that carried you into battle was no weakling. Ah! what is this?" he continued, as he examined the weapon in a ray of the bright moonlight. Then with difficulty

he made out an inscription on the tarnished blade. It was written in the German language, and in old German characters, and read,

Æ will do no wrong that Æ will not right.

"So—so! a brave motto, truly!"

Then throwing himself into the attitude of a fencer—in which exercise he was well instructed—he lunged with difficulty at a small boss in the centre of one of the panels in the wall. The first time he missed it by two or three inches; then, with an impatient exclamation at his want of skill, he lunged a second time, but again struck the panel wide of the mark. "I am a bungler," he exclaimed, "or the thing is too heavy for me. Again!"

Steadying himself, he lunged a third time at the boss, and struck it fairly in the centre.

"Good!" he said. "Now I will carry it to my cousin."

He turned to leave the room, but as he did so he became aware that an opening had appeared in the wall where he had struck it. He started. Had he displaced the panel? There had been no sound except the hollow stroke of the sword upon the wood. He approached closer. The whole panel had moved back. He stepped into the open space. There the panel hung back on a hinge. "It is a secret chamber," he thought; he had read of them in romances, but knew not that Castle Erlstein contained such mysterious apartments.

His first impulse was to run back and an-

H.P.



HP

nounce the discovery to his friends, but a desire to explore it a little way by himself urged him on, and he entered the passage. After a few steps he heard a faint click, and looking back, he saw that the panel had closed behind him. This startled him; but supposing that it could be opened from the side he was on, he groped his way back, and began to feel for the lock. The panel was perfectly smooth; there was no lock nor handle, and not so much as a projection on the surface which he might take hold of.

He was now thoroughly frightened, but he tried to keep his courage up by remembering that if he did not return in a few minutes his companions would become alarmed, and would come with lamps and servants to seek him.

In the mean time his young friends waited anxiously in the hall for his return. The uneasy feeling that had taken possession of the party when Marguerite named the penalty had deepened into real alarm as the minutes passed by and Rudolf did not return. Marguerite herself was frightened at what she had done, but she tried to hide her fears from the others, and when

some of them proposed that servants should be summoned to seek the young Count in the gallery—for none of the guests cared to venture on the errand—she prevented it, fearing some unknown consequences of her foolish whim. And so the young host was left in his gloomy prison alone and unsought.



The serious nature of his position brought back his presence of mind, and soon the hot blood flushed his cheeks as he thought of the ridiculous side of his plight. That he should have been sent to bring the Sword of Hildebrand to his cousin, and, instead of doing so, should be found shut up in a hole in the wall, would seem pitiful; whereas, if he could escape unaided, the adventure would be one to boast of.

Thus reasoning, he moved slowly away from the place by which he had entered, and groped his way along the narrow passage. After some minutes of this slow progress, he turned an angle, and saw, not far ahead of him, a thin ray of light which came from a loop-hole high up in the wall.

Hardly staying to wonder at this, he walked a few more steps in the same direction, but seeing no more

light, he made up his mind to go back. Acting upon this decision, he turned, and, following the wall, soon saw the dim light ahead of him. A few more steps, and he found himself at the head of a long flight of stairs. He now knew that he had missed his way, for the stairs by which he had come would have led him up instead of down. Then, as he cautiously descended, he became aware that the passage seemed to be quite light at the foot of the stairs, and the further he went down the more plainly could he make out the floor and walls of the corridor beyond.

In a few seconds he stood at what seemed to be a natural window in the rock, and saw below him the roofs and towers of the town of Erlstein clearly defined in the bright moonlight.

But where was he now? The castle, its courts, offices, and pleasure grounds were familiar to him, but this stern, forbidding rock was strange, though he had often seen it from a distance, whence, however, it was partly hidden by the stunted trees and shrubbery that managed to maintain life in the scanty soil almost up to the line where the masonry of the castle met its rocky foundation.

Following a narrow ledge along the side of the rock, and using the trunks and roots of the trees for support, he gradually descended; and when he had nearly reached a broad stretch of level ground he was startled by a sense of suffocation by smoke. A moment's examination showed him the hole in the rock whence the smoke came, and leaning over it to satisfy himself, he drew back suddenly, for his ear caught the murmur of voices.

The sound made him pause to reflect. This was his grandfather's domain, and he had a right—so he told himself—to enter any part of it. Possibly some groom or forermoster might lodge here. On the other hand, it was so far removed from the inhabited part of the castle that a band of robbers or smugglers might have taken up their quarters here. But whosoever were the voices he heard, they were human voices, and were a welcome sound, for Rudolf seemed to have been away from human companionship for hours.

In another minute he had reached the entrance to the cave in which he had heard the voices, and as a bright light shone through the crevices of the rickety door and shutters, he made up his mind to knock.

Within, a young girl heard the knock, and started. "Some one knocks at the door, grandfather," she said.

"It can not be, my child," replied the old man. "We have no visitors. No stranger has come here in many years. It is your fancy."

Rudolf heard the gentle voices, and knocked again, and louder.

The old man got up, and opened the door. "Who comes at this hour to our quiet home?" he demanded.

"I have lost my way, sir," said the boy, "and would ask shelter or guidance back to the castle."

The old man started as he recognized the young visitor, and trembled with excitement. "The young Count von Erlstein is welcome to my humble shelter; but I never thought to see one of your race visit the old servitor of your family in this poor place."

"Then you are one of the old pensioners of the castle?" said the young Count. "Strange that I have never seen you before. But you should have come up this morning to wish me blessings on my birthday; then you might have been feasting in the servants' hall at this hour. And who is this?" he asked, looking at the girl, whose large blue eyes had been devouring the youthful figure in the strange suit of purple velvet and plumed cap ever since he appeared.

"It is my granddaughter, Wilhelmina, Herr Count. As for me, I had a name once, but it is forgotten. May I ask how happens it that the young Count is abroad at this hour?"

"Oh, I've had such an adventure! and if you'll let me

warm myself at your fire—for I'm almost frozen—I will tell it to you."

It was a strange party that sat around the fire as Rudolf told his story. The old man's hair and beard were long and white, and his tall form bowed by the weight of years and sorrow. The young girl was blue-eyed and fair-skinned, and her golden hair hung in two long braids over her shapely shoulders, but her face told of quiet content and happiness as certainly as his spoke of age and its sorrows.

In a few minutes Rudolf had told his story. His hearers were visibly moved, the one as if she were listening to some old-time tale told by the hero-prince himself, the other with excitement, as if the depths of memory had been powerfully stirred.

"Herr Count," said the old man, in trembling tones, "your story has interested me greatly. Have you leisure to listen to a tale that I would tell you?"

"Many years ago a rich noble, who dwelt in a great castle, had a son whom he loved dearly. He was handsome, clever, and winning in his manners, and he had married a young wife no less well-favored than himself. After a time a little baby came to them, and the cup of happiness of that noble family seemed full to the brim. But the son—the young Count, as he was called—was headstrong, and could ill bear restraint. One day he had set his heart upon some foolish exploit which his father, the old noble, forbade; and as the young man threatened to go in spite of his father's commands, the old Count took advantage of his son's presence in a large unused apartment in the castle, and turned the key on him, so that he was a prisoner in his father's house.

"The steward of the castle had served that noble and his father before him for years with a true, faithful service, and when the old Count had locked the door on his son he gave the key to the steward, commanding him not to unlock the door until he bade him, on pain of his lasting displeasure. It was sad work, as you may imagine, for the steward to be jailer of the lad, whom he loved as his own son. But the old Count was his master, and he had never failed in his duty yet. He would not prove false to his trust now.

"At night the old Count came to inquire how the young man fared, and to release him; but when in obedience to his master's commands the steward unlocked the door, the room was empty. Lamps were brought in, but the young man was not there. The old Count's first thought was that, in desperation, his son had attempted to make his escape by the windows, and he turned pale as he thought of the hundred feet and more of sheer wall and precipice that lay below them. But the casements were untouched, and it was easily seen that no attempt had been made to force them.

"Then the old Count turned fiercely upon the faithful steward, and accused him of having betrayed his trust by releasing the young man, and raising a heavy sword that chanced to lie near by, made as though he would strike him to the ground. But the steward did not flinch.

"My lord," he said, "I have served your father and you for more than half a century in this castle, where my forefathers served you before me, and never has a breach of trust been scored or even suspected against me. After such service, think you I would fail in my duty now, even though I love that boy as if he were my own son?"

"The next day was Christmas-day, but it was a melancholy day for all in that great castle. Messengers had been sent in all directions to seek the young Count, and in the morning one of the grooms came, saying that the young Count's horse had returned home to his stable without a rider. A few hours later a wood-cutter brought word that the young man's body had been found in the forest—dead. In his mad ride he had been struck by an overhanging bough, and had died where he fell.

"The father's grief was great, but it turned to fierce anger against the faithful old servant of his house. He was believed to have given the young man his liberty, and was thus held responsible for his awful fate. Bitter words were spoken, and though the steward over and over again denied his guilt, he was stripped of his keys of office, turned out of doors, and bidden seek a kennel out of sight in which to pass the remainder of his miserable life. A poor hermit's cave was assigned him as his home, a scanty pension granted him, and there for many years he lived, a broken-spirited man, under the shadow of the great castle where he and his fathers before him had served faithfully as chief of the retainers of a great family."

As the old man finished his story, the girl started forward, while the tears streamed down her fair cheeks, crying, "Grandfather! grandfather!"

But he only kissed her tenderly, soothed her head on his breast, and whispered in her ear; and soon she looked up at her "fairy prince" through the mist of her tears. The boy seemed to be wrestling with some uncertain idea. At last his face cleared, and his eyes flashed with indignation. He had guessed what the quicker wit of the girl had discovered some time ago.

"I see it all!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with excitement. "You were the steward so cruelly wronged, the unjust noble was my grandfather, and the unfortunate young man who was killed was my father. Am I not right? He was imprisoned in the Haunted Gallery, and by some means opened the secret door which I accidentally discovered to-night. Was it not so?"

"Yes, Herr Count, it was so," replied the old steward, whose excitement had calmed down. "There is one thing that your story called to my mind, but which I omitted to speak of in mine: when your grandfather and I entered the gallery we found the sword of Hildebrand lying upon the floor."

"Then the motto on the sword is a true boast, 'I will do no wrong that I will not right.' Oh, this is wonderful! All shall be set right. To-morrow you shall again be steward of Erlstein, and you, Wilhelmina, shall dance with me on Christmas night. Ah, wicked little Cousin Marguerite! you little knew the good you were to do, though I fear you have sadly frightened our good people up at the castle, and yourself not the least. Well," he continued, "this has, indeed, been a Christmas-eve worthy of the old knightly days, and I would willingly go through all the fright of it again for such an ending up."

"And now, sir," said the old steward, "I must direct you on your way back to the castle. You have said that you will see me righted. I demand, but will not beg for, justice."

"Depend upon me, good steward," said the young Count, warmly, as they parted; "all shall be well. The Christmas sun shall hardly have risen before you shall be summoned back to the castle as steward of Erlstein."

The great clock in the court-yard was striking the hour of midnight when Count Rudolf reached the castle. His disappearance had created the greatest alarm and confusion. The guests had been hastily dismissed to their homes, servants had searched all through the castle, messengers had been sent out in all directions, and while all were more or less affected by grief and fear, two persons in the castle were utterly overcome. The old Count paced his room restlessly, in great distress. The memory of that Christmas-eve thirteen years ago came back to him now with awful clearness when he heard that it was from the Haunted Gallery that his grandson was supposed to have disappeared. He could hardly persuade himself that the fate of the father had not fallen upon the son, and the idea crushed him. As for poor little Cousin Marguerite, though she feared to tell the Count her share in the matter, she had confessed it all to her nurse, and was now crying her heart

out on her pillow. Wicked little Cousin Marguerite!—she little knew the good she had done.

Into the midst of all this confusion at the castle the young Count returned as coolly as if his absence had been no one's affair but his own. Silencing the eager servants, he demanded to be conducted to his grandfather's presence, where he was received with many protestations, on the old Count's part, of relief, joy, and thankfulness. To his grandfather's inquiries he merely replied that he had been outside of the castle gates on an errand which he would explain. He was sorry to have given cause for so much alarm, but his adventure, he said, had had a strange result.

"It is thirteen years ago to-day," he continued, "since my father disappeared from the castle, and never entered it again alive."

The old man started, and turned pale. "Boy! boy!" he cried, "who has told you the story of that miserable night?"

"You laid the blame of that fatal midnight ride on an old and trusted servant of our house. You stripped him of his office, and turned him out-of-doors for a fault that was not his."

"It was! it was!" cried the Count, excitedly. "He let my unfortunate son escape, and that night he was killed. Could any father forgive that? Boy, you know not what you are saying."

"Sir, I can prove it. You are a just man, and at this happy Christmas tide—"

"You know not what you are saying, child. Some one has told you that sad story, and your tender heart is touched. My boy, I honor you and I love you the more for it, but it can not be. Such a wrong as I suffered can never be forgiven. Say no more. Forget what you should never have learned."

"Grandfather, that old man has been cruelly wronged, and I have proved it."

"You have proved it! You were but an infant. Forget it, I say, and let me thank God that you are restored to me, who I had thought were lost."

"You shall hear my story, grandfather: then say if I am not right."

In a few minutes Rudolf had told the old Count the story of his adventure. His grandfather heard him eagerly and with much agitation. When he had finished, the old man clasped him to his heart, but could say nothing. Then he led the boy out of the room and along the great silent corridors until they reached the Haunted Gallery, pausing only to take a lamp from the table on which it stood.

"Show me the place," he said in a trembling voice.

Rudolf touched the spot and pressed the boss, but the panel did not move. Then he glanced around, and saw the great Sword of Hildebrand standing in a corner close by, and taking it up he carefully fitted the point to the centre of the boss, and sharply thrust his weight against it. The panel slowly swung back.

Rudolf's last words to his young friends as he was leaving the hall on his errand to the Haunted Gallery had been a laughing invitation to them all to meet him in the morning if he did not return that night. When, therefore, his servant awoke him in the morning with the news that the court-yard was thronged with children and others from the town who had come to inquire after him, he remembered his invitation, and hurriedly dressed to receive his guests.

Leading his cousin Marguerite by the hand, he went out on the steps in front of the great door, and was received with eager welcome by the assembled crowd.

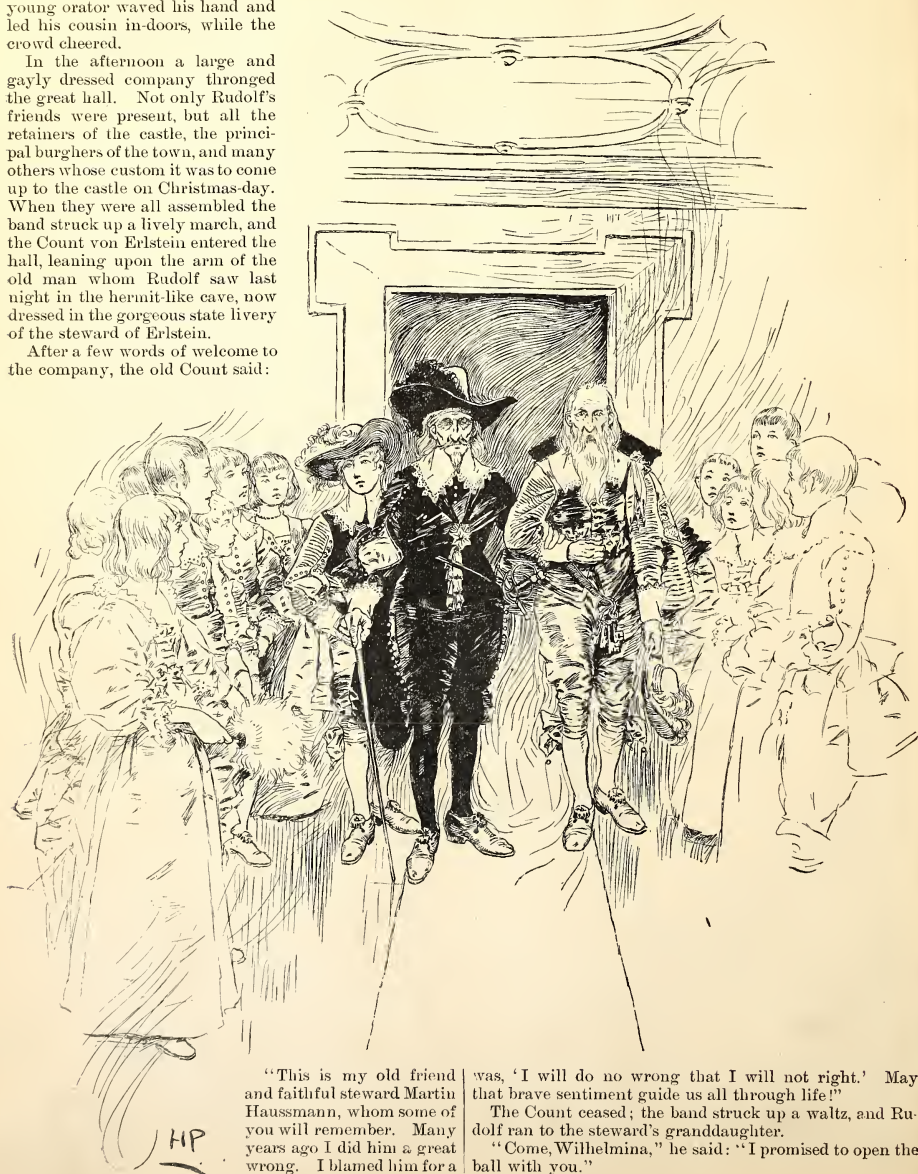
"Well," said he, "I'm glad to see you took me at my word, and I wish you a right merry Christmas. Why, I do believe you thought the ghost had eaten me. I didn't see or hear any ghost after all, and Cousin Marguerite knew as well as I did that it was all fun. Ghosts and Haunted

Galleries are all nonsense, and I'm going to use ours as a play-room in wet weather. But I'll tell you what—I want you all to come up this afternoon in those fancy costumes, and we'll have a royal time. I'll not tell you whom I shall open the cotillion with. Oh, it's none of you here. Wait and see. Till then, good-by. Marguerite and I haven't eaten our Christmas breakfast yet. Good-by." And the young orator waved his hand and led his cousin in-doors, while the crowd cheered.

In the afternoon a large and gayly dressed company thronged the great hall. Not only Rudolf's friends were present, but all the retainers of the castle, the principal burghers of the town, and many others whose custom it was to come up to the castle on Christmas-day. When they were all assembled the band struck up a lively march, and the Count von Erlstein entered the hall, leaning upon the arm of the old man whom Rudolf saw last night in the hermit-like cave, now dressed in the gorgeous state livery of the steward of Erlstein.

After a few words of welcome to the company, the old Count said:

fault that he did not commit, and dismissed him in anger from my service. He has borne his sorrows patiently. A strange circumstance has opened my eyes to the injustice I did him, and I now receive him back, with honor and gratitude, as still steward of Erlstein. The motto that my ancestor, Count Hildebrand, wrote upon his sword-blade



"This is my old friend and faithful steward Martin Haussmann, whom some of you will remember. Many years ago I did him a great wrong. I blamed him for a

was, 'I will do no wrong that I will not right.' May that brave sentiment guide us all through life!"

The Count ceased; the band struck up a waltz, and Rudolf ran to the steward's granddaughter.

"Come, Wilhelmina," he said: "I promised to open the ball with you."

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 209.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.—SEE "THE MOON CHILDREN," ON PAGE 119.

AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

I.



CTORIA HOUGHTON, as she turned over her embroidery silks in quest of a desired shade, exclaimed, "Well, I begin to think Christmas is about used up!"

"Why, Vic, what a wicked thing to say!" and her sister Bell stopped, quite startled, in the centre of the room.

"Not the day itself or the event it commemorates, of course, so don't look so frightened, Bell. I mean our manner of celebrating it. We work for weeks preparing for the grand holiday, and when it comes it always falls

below our expectations. Stockings and Christmas trees have lost their charms, and I think that after we have ceased to be children the 25th of December is a disappointing day."

"But what could we do?" asked Bell.

"I would like to see the real old Christmas customs revived—the wassail bowl, the boar's head, and the wails singing from door to door. Then the holidays were merry in deed and in name;" and Victoria's eyes sparkled.

"Not a bad idea, my Early English maiden," laughed a hearty voice, and both girls turned to welcome a cheery-faced old gentleman with soft, snowy hair.

"I did not know, grandpa, that any one was listening," said Victoria, with a blush.

"But I think with you, my dear, that familiarity has made balls and sugar-plums a trifle 'flat, stale, and unprofitable.' Perhaps, with your assistance, we can make a change this year, and even in this nineteenth century have a sort of old-time Christmas at Hollywood."

"Oh, that will be charming!" cried Victoria, beginning at once to ransack the library for any book that might give suggestions.

Hollywood was a delightful old mansion not many miles from New York, and in days gone by had sheltered a myriad happy boys and girls, but one by one the birds had flown from the home nest, until only father and mother Houghton and the youngest son remained beneath the quaint gable roof; and soon now Archie, this last child, was to say farewell, and go to seek his fortune in far-away Japan. But Christmas was a time of reunion, when children and grandchildren came to spend the happy, holy season with "the old folks at home," and was the "red-letter day" of the whole year in the history of Hollywood.

This year the day before Christmas was the coldest of the season, but not one was missing from the bevy of cousins that gathered about dusk in the Grand Central Depot, from Dick Bartlett, a young collegian, down to baby Ellis, crowing and capering in his nurse's arms. There were eight Houghtons, five Bartletts, three Ellises, and one Hastings, who with parents and attendants trooped gayly into the warm car, and were whirled away to the little station nearest to Hollywood.

An omnibus sleigh is in waiting, and, well tucked up in furs, all are packed in, and dash off up the winding road to the old homestead, from which many lights are twinkling a welcome, while the boys shout at the top of their lusty young lungs, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year."

Victoria, assisted by grandpa and Bell, has done her work well. From the moment of their arrival the newcomers meet with a series of surprises. Scarcely are greetings exchanged and wraps laid away before a loud-

voiced bell summons them to the dining-room. The long table seems fairly groaning beneath its weight of good cheer, everything being set on together, as in the simple old days, and there are several dishes which none of them has ever seen or tasted.

Before grandpa stands a tureen of rich plum porridge, while grandma's end of the board is adorned with an enormous "Christmas pye," shaped like a manger, and filled with a composition of cows' tongues, geese eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, according to a very ancient and famous recipe. But what please the children most are the little *Yule-doughs*, or baby cakes—quaint little images made of paste and baked a fine light brown; and they have great sport over these old-time Christmas dolls.

"Where are the boys?" asks Gladys Ellis, suddenly missing her brothers and boy cousins.

But at that moment the shrill notes of a fife are heard, the door is thrown open, and in come the lads in procession, led by Dick, bearing a platter on which rests the crown of the Christmas feast, namely, the boar's head (although it bears a striking resemblance to a fat pig), decked with ribbons and garlands, a lemon in its mouth, and rosemary in its ears. This with great ceremony they set upon the table, singing meanwhile:

"The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all sygne merrily,
Qui estis in convivio."

This is received with great applause, and amidst the clapping of hands, the boys take their seats at the bounteous board.

The Christmas-eve supper was eaten with jokes and laughter and fun, and afterward they all assembled around the glorious wood fire.

Then grandpa had his surprise. His face was a study when, as Mrs. Hastings struck a few chords on the piano, there entered little Dolly Houghton and Max Ellis dressed like a lady and gentleman of the *ancien régime*, in ruff and farthingale, three-cornered hat and high-leathered shoes. They took their places on the polished floor, saluted their hosts, and with amusing dignity commenced the first stately steps of the *minuet de la cour*.

It was indeed a charming picture, and the dainty little pair went through the difficult dance with perfect accuracy. Such high steps and *glissades*, such deep courtesies and courtly bows, such reverence on the part of the gentleman, and such gentle condescension from the little lady! How deftly Max hopped on one foot and clapped his wooden heels together, and how coquettishly wee Dolly tossed her pretty golden head and gave her tiny white hand to her partner! until at length they ended with the *balance royale*, joining hands and making a profound reverence to the company.

"You precious darlings!" cried grandpa, rushing to embrace them; and suddenly divested of their dignity, the little dancers were passed round to be kissed and admired, and were soon romping as merrily as the rest in a grand game of blindman's-buff.

"The stockings must not be given up, on account of the little ones," said grandpa; "so we must to bed in time to give St. Nicholas a chance;" and soon a motley array of red, blue, and brown hose were swinging before the dying embers of the great Yule-log.

Then, Gladys playing a gay air, all joined in an old Christmas carol, the chorus of which was:

"Hail, Father Christmas! hail to thee!
Honored ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures, wait on those
Who, like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due."

After which the happy children dispersed to their respective bedrooms.

As the last footstep died away old Mr. Houghton laid his hand sadly on the shoulder of his youngest-born, and looking round on the others, said: "Another month, and Archie will have left me, while Hollywood will be desolate with only the old people in it. I am therefore, my children, going to ask of you a rare Christmas gift. It is that you give mother and me one of your boys to be the comfort and stay of our old age. His education and welfare shall be our fondest care, and he will have four parents in place of two."

Aghast the fathers and mothers gazed at each other. They were unwilling to part with their sons.

"Dick and baby Ellis are out of the question," continued grandpa, "but Charlie, Tony, Fred, or little Max would make the old homestead bright again. Shall it be so? Will you give us one of your boys?"

All hesitated, until Mr. Ellis said: "It does not seem right, indeed, father, that you should be left alone; but it is a hard thing to ask, and you must give us time to think and decide. It may be that the right one will be pointed out."

"Yes, let us wait and see." So, with a slight shading of the Christmas joy, they too parted for the night.

II.

While all this fun and frolic was going on at Hollywood, people were quite as busy elsewhere. In the great city there was Christmas bustle and hurry and rush, on side street and thoroughfare, in home and store, and the shop of Graball & Co. was no exception to the rule. Too crowded and overheated it seemed to little Peter Kinkle, as he sped here and there, obeying the shrill cry of "Cash! cash!" on all sides. But both fear and love lent wings to his feet; for had not old Dame Snapper called after him that morning as he left the wretched tenement he called home, "Don't you dare to come back the night without yer board money, if ye want a whole bone left in yer skinny body?" and was not his little sister Greta, at the big orphan asylum, eagerly expecting the Christmas doll he had promised to bring her without fail?

He would receive his wages that evening, and perhaps be able to add a candy dog to Greta's gift; and full of these pleasant anticipations, he started hurriedly to answer an unusually sharp call. But two other boys were before him, striving to see which could reach the spot first, and as he came quickly around a corner they pushed rudely against him, almost throwing him to the ground. As he flung out his arms to save himself, he knocked from the counter a glass vase, that fell with a crash, and was shivered into a thousand atoms.

Too frightened to move, Peter stood gazing upon the disaster—although the real mischief-makers had disappeared in a twinkling—until one of the managers laid a hand on his shoulder and harshly exclaimed: "See what you have done now, you young rascal! Do you think we keep boys to smash our goods?" Then, as Peter tried to stammer out an explanation: "No words, please, but march up to the desk, get your week's wages, with the price of the vase taken out, and then go. We don't want such careless boys here."

Almost before he knew it, then, poor little Peter was hustled into the street, a mere pittance in his hand, and with nowhere to go, for he fully believed Dame Snapper capable of carrying out her most direful threats.

"If mother had but lived, we might have been happy together, as we were last year," he sobbed, as he turned toward a small toy shop, for, whatever happened, Greta must not be disappointed.

A collection of waxen beauties was soon before him, from which he selected one with very red cheeks and yel-

low hair, and although it took all his money to pay for it, a wee ray of comfort stole into his heart as he hastened up-town, thinking how the little sister's eyes would sparkle at sight of this long-desired treasure.

The Orphan Asylum is a large and imposing building, and Peter's limbs trembled as he climbed the steps and rang the bell.

It was answered by the matron herself. "Another contribution for the orphans' dinner?" she asked.

"No—no, ma'am," stammered Peter; "this is a little present for Greta."

"Greta!—Greta who?"

"Greta Kinkle, ma'am. She's my sister."

"Kinkle! Ah, yes; but she's not here. Was adopted last week by a lady going to Kansas. First-rate home."

"Greta gone?" gasped Peter, hardly believing his ears.

"Yes. Don't look so distressed, child. Best thing for you both. But I have no time to answer questions now. Call again. Good-by." And the great door slammed shut, while the busy woman bustled away.

Stunned and bewildered, Peter retraced his steps. All alone—all alone in the great dreary world, for to him Kansas seemed as far off as heaven; and, hardly knowing what he did, he stumbled on until he came to a net-work of rails, up and down which engines were running and puffing like big black-beetles in distress. Some boys made fun of his tear-stained cheeks, and to hide his misery he clambered up into a baggage-car that stood on the track. Curling among the trunks and boxes, he took out the little doll, and sobbing out all his grief and loneliness, fell asleep with it in his arms.

"Hello! be you an express package? 'cause if yer be, I think this is where you're going." And Peter rubbed his eyes, and gazed up at the grimy brakeman in surprise, to find the car in motion.

"Where am I?"

"Seven mile or so from the city; and as we're slackin' up, p'raps you'd better be a-rollin' out of here, as your damages ain't paid. I'll lift yer down." And two minutes later Peter found himself in what seemed the country, trudging along over the snow, with a biting wind chilling him through and through.

"I am so tired and my feet are so heavy I can't walk any farther," he murmured, drowsily; and then, as a pleasant numbness stole over him, he sank down by the road-side. The Frost King wound him close in his cruel, subtle mantle, and he fell asleep, with the little doll buttoned next his heart.

How long he lay there he never knew, when a rude shake and some burning liquid being poured down his throat aroused him to see, by the light of a lantern, two men bending over him.

"He's comin' round, Bill," said one.

"That's good, for he's just the cove we want for to-night's biz. Here, my hearty, git up and walk as far as yonder barn. You'll be froze if you lie here;" and dragging him between them, the strangers conveyed Peter to a stable that seemed to belong to a gentleman's country-seat. More of the fiery fluid set him to coughing, but brought warmth to his benumbed limbs, and after partaking of bread and meat, life and color returned to face and frame.

But he almost wished they had left him to die when the roughest of the men said: "Now, my man, we've saved your life, and expect a good turn back again. We're bound to have a crack at this house to-night, and a slap at the plate they have out for the family party, and we want the help of a chap about your size. Understand?"

"Do you mean you want me to help you rob a house?" cried Peter, in horror.

"That's about the talk."

"Oh no! I can't; I won't."

"We'll see about that. Hand me the barker, Bill;" and



THE MINUT.

the muzzle of a pistol was pointed at Peter's head. He started back, cowering and frightened, and took refuge in an empty stall, while Bill roared with laughter, and then said,

"Let him alone for a while, Jake; he will be ready enough when the time comes, or we'll make him;" and as they sat down, with a bottle between them, Peter was left to creep into one of the mangers, feeling the companionship of the honest cow and carriage-horses far better than that of these house-breakers and burglars.

III.

Hollywood is a large mansion, but this Christmas had stretched its capacity to the utmost, so Tom Houghton and Charlie Bartlett were obliged to occupy a small attic store-room. They rather enjoyed, however, sleeping among the odds and ends stowed away there, and as Tom unlaced his shoes he remarked, "This old-fashioned Christmas is quite fun, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we'll have more to-morrow," responded Charlie, "for we are to try a queer Kentish frolic called 'hodening.' Uncle Archie has fastened the head of a dead horse on a pole, with a string tied to the lower jaw,

and a horse-cloth attached to the whole. He is to get under this and head the procession, snapping the jaws, while we rig up in masks and march after, going round to the houses in the village ringing bells and singing carols."

"How jolly! But where is the horse now?"

"In the shed by the barn. It is called the 'hoden,'"

"That reminds me," said Tom, "of something I wanted to do. You know, they say cattle go down on their knees as the clock strikes twelve on Christmas-eve. I'd like to go and peep at the cow and horses, and see if it's true."

"I don't believe it."

"Neither do I; but Dick was telling Gracie Hastings a story to-night, and he said: 'Just at midnight the cock crows, "*Christus natus est*" (Christ is born). The raven asks, "*Quando*?' (when?). The crow replies, "*Hac nocte*" (this night). The ox cries, "*Ubi? ubi?*" (where? where?). The sheep bleats, "Bethlehem, Bethlehem," and then a voice from heaven sings, "*Gloria in excelsis*" (glory in the highest).' You know Dick has been to college, and knows a great deal."

"That's so," said Charlie, quite impressed by the Latin. "Suppose, then, we slip out the back door and see, for it is ten minutes of twelve now."

No sooner said than done, and the two boys stole softly down the kitchen stairs.

"See! there's a light," whispered Tom as they approached the barn; and, trembling with excitement, both crept up on tiptoe and peeped in the dusty window. Quiet enough were Dobbin and Jerry and the pretty Alderney Buttercup in their comfortable stalls; but the lads started with surprise at the sight of two men examining some curious tools by the light of a dark-lantern.

"Burglars!" gasped Charlie, and his suspicion was confirmed by the words that floated through a broken pane.

"There's the jimmy and the keys and the darkies all right. We'll put the boy through the pantry window, and he can draw the bolts of the door. Then in and off with the swag before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Well enough, if the little 'un don't cut up rough."

"No danger; I'll fix him. But hark! what's that?"

"Don't know; but it's sort of creepy here to-night. I always heard as how ghosts walk on Christmas-eve."

"Nonsense, you—" But what he would have said was lost in a piercing shriek, as, leaping to their feet, both men, with ashy, frightened faces, rushed from the barn,

cleared the fence, and disappeared in the darkness; for "conscience makes cowards of us all," and the wooden horse, or hoden, in its white drapery, which Charlie was waving up and down close to the window, had startled these hardened men as no mortal ever could, and they fled blindly away, stricken by an unreasoning and supernatural terror.

"Well done, Charlie!" cried Tom, when they were sure the robbers were really gone. "I never should have thought of such a cunning trick."

"That was hoden to some purpose," laughed Charlie, as they entered the barn. "And they have left their tools behind them."

"Something else besides," said Tom, who was exploring every corner. "If here isn't a little boy sound asleep in the manger!"

"Perhaps he is a son of one of them."

"Oh, I am sure he is not; he looks too good and innocent."

"I think we had better go and tell grandpa." But just then Mr. Houghton and Mr. Bartlett entered the stable, having been roused by the noise made by the fleeing burglars.

"Charlie! Tom! what are you doing here?" they exclaimed, and then listened in amused surprise to the way the lads had saved the family silver.

"And look what they have left!" said Tom, pointing to the little sleeper.

"Poor, poor child," said grandpa, bending over the boy, who opened his eyes and started up, crying wildly, "Oh, don't let them shoot me! please, please don't let them!"

"No one shall hurt you, my little man," said Mr. Houghton. "Only tell us how you came to be here."

And surrounded by the pitying quartette, Peter told in simple, childish words, that bore the stamp of truth, his sad little tale.

It seemed very sad to the boys, and grandpa wiped his spectacles many times during the recital, and when the child closed with, "You will save me from the wicked men, won't you?" he clasped him protectively in his arms, while at that moment a chorus of voices without sang,

"Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given."

It was only the choristers returning from a late rehearsal at the church; but the effect was so magical that Mr. Houghton said, in a voice that was full of awe, "Yes, Peter, you shall stay with us for the present, and if you prove worthy, shall find a home and friends at Hollywood. It may be you are my Christmas gift from Heaven."

Merry Christmas dawned in a shower of sunbeams, and the wee folk were early astir to examine the treasures left by the good St. Nicholas; but none caused more delight than little Peter Kinkle, who appeared from the depths of a huge bag labelled "Grandmamma's Stocking."

Mrs. Houghton received this strange gift with open arms, and her children were no less hearty in their welcome, hoping the one to fill Archie's place had been satisfactorily pointed out.

So it proved, for no one could dislike the gentlemanly little fellow, whose language and bearing showed the training of a lady-like mother, and by his behavior at church, and the way he joined in the games of snapdragon and forfeits afterward, won golden opinions from all.

Before Archie sailed, grandma could not have been induced to part with her adopted son; and Victoria often says, "You may thank me for it all, for we should have lost the silver and never found Peter if it had not been for the hoden and our old-time Christmas."



VIVIAN'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY, AND WHAT HE SAW DURING IT.

BY EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.



THE sound of his brothers' and sisters' voices loudly raised in the carol rang very pleasantly across to Vivian as he lay on the lounge in the dining-room listening to their music coming through the open doors. Dinner over, Vivian had found himself mysteriously sleepy, so he left Bert and Lottie and the rest to troop off into the parlor and shout at the top of their lungs. Vivian, stretched out on his back, enjoyed the fire-light and the music dreamily, too comfortable to get up.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" Vivian reflected, lazily. "Always the same words every year. I wonder how it would seem not to know or care anything about the holidays or Christmas-time coming round again—to be too sick or too busy or miserable about some disagreeable thing or other to stop to pay any attention to it. Pshaw! I wouldn't like that myself. Yet there must have been lots of people in just that sort of a fix, to whom the holidays weren't a bit 'merry.' And I don't mean just the beggars in the streets and the charity-school children ei-

ther. But *I* never heard of things happening to people in the histories about the holiday-time except just their getting presents, and having a good time, and so on. Besides—

Vivian did not finish his sentence. He started half up from the lounge in surprise. He was not alone. While he had been talking thus to himself the room had grown strangely dim and shadowy, and he could no longer hear the singing nor see distinctly, except that in the corner by the book-case, with its long lines of richly bound histories, Hume, Motley, and Macaulay, a pale light spread and brightened. In the centre of that glow was standing another boy, looking steadily at him, with a smile on his lips. "Who are you?" faltered Vivian, "and—where did you come from?"

The new-comer, now more plainly seen, advanced, and stood beside Vivian. Never had Vivian seen a face so wonderfully beautiful, nor eyes that, in spite of their being those of a boy, seemed so deep and clear and full of wisdom as to look into Vivian's very soul.

"A friend, Vivian," he said, in a grave, sweet voice that was nevertheless a boy's voice in its tone. "They call me one of the Spirits of Christmas. Just now you were saying—what was it?—that you wondered whether the blessed holiday-time ever came either solemnly or sadly to men and women that the world reads and talks about. Why, my dear fellow, only think one moment, and you can remember a dozen. Or if you cared to come with me for a little while, why, you might save yourself the trouble of thinking out so much history."

Vivian could not decide yet whether the Spirit of Christmas was that extra piece of plum-pudding at dinner or not. But the Spirit put out his hand, and smiled so kindly that the boy ceased to feel any fear or surprise, and somehow found himself stretching forth his own hand in return. The Spirit grasped it firmly. "Do not be afraid," he said, as Vivian felt himself lifted from his feet. It seemed to him that clouds were rushing about them. He found that he could see nothing. Farther, farther, that magical flight went on, and then all at once the Spirit's clear voice said to him, "Now look!" and Vivian found that they were standing motionless in some out-of-door spot in clear starlight.

"First of all, Vivian, here are people who do not think of Christmas at all," said the Spirit, "because the first Christmas-day is just coming to them and the whole world."

I.

A wide plain stretched before them, covered with white objects, moving or still, which Vivian at once guessed to be sheep. From far and near came the tinkle of their bells in the quiet night air. Vivian presently discovered groups of men dressed in long rough robes, and with crooks in their hands, scattered among their thousand woolly charges. Some of the men talked gravely together in a strange, hoarse language; others lay on the ground, watching the stars. But suddenly two shepherds leaped up and cried aloud something. One pointed eastward. The sky there was flashing with a marvellous light. Group by group the men began running about, calling and questioning as the light spread, and all the country, the sleeping city near by, and every object for miles and miles, could be seen in its glory. Quickly it became too white and dazzling for Vivian to look up at it. The sky seemed full of brightness like the lightning. Vivian would have fallen in fear upon the ground, as the humble shepherds had done, but the Spirit turned away with him as they caught sight of a host of winged figures filling the air close at hand; and as the Spirit and the boy left the scene behind them there began on every side a chorus of joy, the words of which Vivian had read long ago—"Glory to God in the highest—in the highest!"

"It is the first Christmas-eve," said the Spirit. "So much for the coming of it to those who were not to be blamed if they gave no thought at all to its being so near."

II.

"It is hundreds of years later already," said the Spirit, as Vivian tried to open his eyes, still blinded by all that wondrous light left behind. They were standing together in the nave of some vast, dim cathedral.

It was sunset. Vivian could tell that by the blue and yellow and red stains from the painted windows falling across an altar. "It is the altar of Saint Bennett, in Canterbury Cathedral," murmured the Spirit. But how terrified was Vivian to find close together before it four knights in full armor, such as he had seen pictured in books! They held swords and daggers drawn in their hands, and before them stood another man—in the robes of a priest—on the altar steps, who seemed to be arguing with them. His servant, frightened and pale, stood a little way from him. "Down with the traitor! cut him down!" all at once cried one of the knights. Thereupon the four all fell upon the priest, and struck him to the ground, and stabbed and thrust him through until he was dead. Then they fled, leaving the servant alone by his dead master.

Vivian had been too frightened to open his lips.

"It is four days after Christmas, Vivian, in the year 1166, and Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito have murdered Archbishop A Becket, of Canterbury, before the altar, thinking to please King Henry II. It is a wicked holiday-time to them. Away from such a place!" And having so spoken, the Spirit drew the boy thence.

III.

A long city wall with tall towers and great gates Vivian next beheld. The day was bright, but wall and towers and city were wrapped in smoke and flame. A terrible battle was in progress, and cannon thundered on all sides. Everywhere along the wall leaped or ran men and women in Dutch costumes, soldiers and common people. Their faces were blackened with powder, and they were pouring boiling water and seething oil and pitch upon the heads and shoulders of other soldiers who were assaulting the fortifications from outside and below them. Every now and then a great shout would go up as they hurled to the ground one of the long scaling-ladders by which the foe was striving to reach the top of the wall. The cries of the wounded, the clash of arms, and the smoke and flame made the scene too terrible for Vivian's eyes. The air was full of Spanish curses and Dutch war-cries.

"It is Christmas-tide in 1572," spoke the Spirit, as they glanced at the awful picture for only a few seconds. "The Spanish army under the terrible Duke of Alva are besieging old Haarlem, in Holland. Within a few months he will burn it to ashes over their heads, and slay as many more of its people as he can. Let us think of it no more. It is not Christmas to these desperate souls!"

IV.

"Open your eyes, Vivian!" came the Spirit's grave command.

Where were they now? Apparently they had entered an ancient bedroom, furnished with old carved and gilded chairs, a huge bed, with steps to climb up into it, and on the walls rustled faded hangings of velvet. There were bars across the narrow windows. Beside a smouldering fire and at a table was sitting a lady, writing. She wore a black gown, and a high white ruff about her neck. Vivian thought that she must have once been very beautiful, although her face was now pale and thin, and her hair gray. "Ah me," Vivian heard her say to herself, as she laid down her pen, "the blessed Christmas-day is near, truly. I had forgotten it. A bitter, sad Christmas-time is it for me."

She turned to her letter again—a letter addressed "To my dear cousin the Queen of England," asking the mighty Elizabeth to take pity upon some of her sorrows.

"It is Mary Queen of Scots whom we see, Vivian," whispered the Spirit of Christmas, pityingly. "She

is a prisoner here in Fotheringay Castle this holiday week. Centuries have passed by since we might have cheered it for her. Farewell, poor Queen!"

V.

A magnificent council-chamber, adorned with stately banners and tapestries, unfolded itself next to Vivian's bewildered eyes. It was a French palace, and on a high seat sat a French king, with a group of chosen nobles standing about a table before him. Behind them, and ranked about the room, were at least a hundred guards with bared weapons. Presently the great door of the room opened, and a man, tall, proud-looking, and gorgeously dressed, walked up to meet the rest, and bowed to the King. "I am ready," Vivian heard him say. "It is cold here. Let a fire be lit!"

But just as he spoke out stepped one of the other men. He cried out angrily, and plunged a dagger into the tall councillor's breast. Each man except the King leaped forward too, and struck at the same struggling figure, and cut and stabbed until he moved no more. And the King stepped trembling from his seat, and said, "Is he quite dead? Then carry him away."

"We have seen the murder of the Duke of Guise, two days before Christmas in the year 1588," said the Spirit. "His friend and king, Henry III. of France, wished it, and betrayed him into ambush."

A welcome cloud rolled between Vivian and the gorgeous room full of angry men gathered about the body of the fallen Duke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



By Eva Muller.

LONG ago, before astronomers had begun to take care of the Moon and put it into ugly almanacs every month, it was much pleasanter to think about. The New Moon stuff was piled up in great soft clouds like sunset clouds, only not quite so yellow—more like vanilla ice-cream, you know. You could not always see it—only when the sun was shining in a particular way upon it; but the Moon Children always knew just where to find it, and the moons were always ready exactly at the right time.

A little while before sunset on New Moon night a darling little wee girl went flying to the Moon Cloud, and said, in a silvery sweet voice,

"Where is my dear New Moon?"

"Then a voice said, 'Here it is,' and out of the soft cloud rolled a lovely New Moon, all shaped and smooth, ready to be hung in the sky.

The little wee girl softly clasped her dimpled hands around the New Moon, and they flew away together till they found the New Moon's place, near the sunset. They staid together for two whole weeks, but every night they

went a little farther away from the sunset, and both the New Moon and the little wee girl kept growing larger, till at last they were too big to stay as New Moon any longer. Then the little wee girl kissed the New Moon, saying,

"Good-by, darling New Moon; go and shine forever."

Then the New Moon broke into a thousand pieces, and each piece became a little star, and found its place in the wide blue sky to shine forever. The little wee girl came down to the earth, and when she found a little girl of her own age who was sweet and good, she staid with her and played with her, and they grew up together. No one ever saw the little Moon Child, for she was an angel from far up above the sky; but she was always beside her little chosen earth girl, trying to keep her good and happy.

As soon as the New Moon was gone another little girl went and got the Full Moon out of the Moon Cloud, just as the little wee girl had got her New Moon. But the Full Moon girl was older, and she had more to do. Her Moon was larger, and had to draw the tides in the sea, and scatter the clouds in the sky, and turn the storms, and make



"SHE KEEPS ALL THE OLD MOONS IN A WONDERFUL BOX MADE OF ICE."

newly planted seeds grow quickly, and to shine gladly upon weddings; and oh, it had many other things to do which can only be done by the Full Moon; so it is no wonder that both the little girl and the Moon were tired enough after two weeks, and were glad to rest.

The little girl kissed her Moon good-by, and flew down to the earth to be a companion to some gentle, pure-hearted girl of her own age, for she too was an angel. The Full Moon was too old to make stars out of, so the queer old woman who lives at the North Pole among the polar bears came and carried it away to make Northern Lights of it. Some say she keeps all the old moons in a wonderful box made of ice, and when she opens the box to look

at her treasures the light streams out all across the sky, and then we see the Northern Lights. After the old woman carried off the Old Moon another little wee girl came down and brought a New Moon; then came the Full Moon girl, and so on every month till December.

The December New Moon has always been the best and dearest, for in December comes Christmas. A tall, beautiful angel then came, standing in the lovely New Moon, and, holding in her arms a baby angel with loving eyes and outstretched arms, she said, in a voice like the sweetest music,

"I am the Christmas angel, and I bring you all a Merry Christmas."

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

BY C. O. THOMAS.

TWAS the night before Christmas, and golden-haired Willie
Knelt down to his evening prayer.
He'd been thinking all day—now don't call him silly—
Of old Santa Claus driving a pair
Of the cunningest reindeer, with toys a big sleigh full,
And smiles on his broad face bewitching and playful,
Swooping down through the keen snowy air.

And while "Now I lay me" he whispered, in fancy
He saw the bright vision again
Toys, reindeer, old Santa Claus, all at a glance he
Recalled as he ended; and then,
With troops of glad hopes through his little brain flock-
ing,
He prayed, "And let Santa Claus fill my stockings
Just as full as he can. Amen."

Jumping quick into bed, the dear little fellow
In a jiffy was sound asleep,
When, lo! all at once a clear light, soft and mellow,

Began through the chamber to creep.
But Willie saw nothing save piles of nice candies,
Drums, trumpets, tin soldiers, and queer jack-a-dandies,
That danced through his slumbers deep.

Yet still, when the beautiful light, like a glory,
Fell full on his face as he dreamed,
He saw from the fire-place, as in the old story,
Dear Santa Claus come—so it seemed,
And he laughed—in his sleep—as the funny old chappie,
So round and so rosy, so jolly and happy,
Upon him with gentle smile beamed.

But when, with a wink, the dear, merry old fellow,
With hair and long beard white as wool,
All sorts of nice things—red, green, blue, and yellow—
Began from his pockets to pull,
Willie woke from sheer joy, and, behold! it was morning,
And there hung his stockings, the chimney adorning,
And *Some One* had crammed them chock-full.



"He prayed, 'And let Santa Claus fill my stockings
Just as full as he can. Amen.'"

—SEE POEM ON PAGE 120.

MR. THOMPSON'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON sat in his easy-chair before his open fire and watched the glowing embers, and mused.

It was the night before Christmas, and Mr. Thompson had been busy all day down-town buying presents for his friends; for notwithstanding his peculiarities, he is a good-hearted old fellow, and besides his many young friends, this year he was obliged to buy a present for Miss Angelina.

He had changed his boarding place, when he returned from the country, so as to be near her, and had moved all his goods and chattels from his bachelor's apartments to the big front room under hers. He now had the satisfaction of hearing her footsteps just above. Every time she crossed the room to her writing-desk and then went back to the window, Mr. Thompson knew that she had taken the paper, pen, and ink from the desk, got a book from her shelves, and had gone over to the window, after the manner of womankind, to write on her lap.

It always puzzled Mr. Thompson why, with a prettily furnished desk in the room, a woman will always prefer to write on her lap. He gazed fondly at a handsome lap tablet which he had purchased for her, and murmured softly, "I would I were a Christmas present!"

"A pretty-looking Christmas present you'd be," chirped a stuffed sparrow, which sat on an impossible-looking bough just over Mr. Thompson's mantel.

Now Mr. Thompson had become quite used to having live animals talk to him, but to be addressed by a stuffed bird was a new sensation—so new, in fact, that he could not refrain from remarking, politely, "I spoke to a cousin of yours last summer, but it is hardly the thing for a stuffed bird to speak;" and he added to himself, with a shudder at the recollection of the usual result of these conversations, "I'll be turning into a stuffed bird myself before I know it."

"You are stuffed enough already," said the sparrow, pertly, "after all the dinner you ate."

Mr. Thompson sighed as he remembered the mince-pie and coffee, but said nothing.

"Humph! I should think so," said a new voice, which seemed to proceed from a case of birds which ornamented one side of the room. He turned, and then in the case all was activity. The great quack, or the bird with the lantern, who was evidently the speaker, was snapping his bill viciously; the crow was pulling at the imitation grass, which he mistook for corn; the gray owl was winking on his perch, and the little prairie owl was skurrying around, vainly looking for a prairie-dog's burrow. Without thinking, Mr. Thompson arose and threw open the glass doors. Such a fluttering as ensued!

"So you want to be a Christmas present!" said the sparrow, jeeringly, as he left his perch and sat familiarly on the arm of Mr. Thompson's chair.

"Yes, or a stuffed bird," replied Mr. Thompson, desperately. "You must have a pretty good time of it; no one to bother you, no fear of hawks, or men with guns, or anything of that sort."

"Of course, of course," answered the crow, sarcastically. "But just look at my wing, half-eaten up by moths, and my feathers covered with dust!"

"Yes," chirped the cat-bird; "and to be obliged to sit day after day tip-tilted on a bit of twig in a position I could not hold a moment except for the wires."

"Or to stand on one leg from one year's end to the other, and have everybody take you for a stork," grumbled the crane.

"But the very worst is to have you tell a different story about each of us every time you have a new visitor," said the owl, glaring at Mr. Thompson reprovingly. "Your mendacity is something alarming."

"Where did you get the dictionary?" shouted all the birds in chorus, turning upon the owl.

Mr. Thompson was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable, and was glad of any change in the conversation. He was also becoming angry, and he blurted out, "I'll give the whole lot of you away."

"To who? to who?" asked the owl.

"To Miss Angelina," answered Mr. Thompson, defiantly, turning to his desk, and rapidly penning a note to her to that effect.

"Oho! oho!" said the owl. "He wanted to be a Christmas present; now is his chance. Come along." And before he knew what the matter was, he found himself in the glass case. All the rest of the birds had returned, and were regarding him with malicious eyes. He had time to notice that he was standing on one long leg just opposite to the crane, and he realized that his long nose had grown longer, his neck thinner, and that, in fact, he was a stork, such as one sees on the fancy painted panels. Suddenly the glass doors shut with a click, and he was imprisoned.

How long he staid this way he does not know. After a time he heard a knock on the door of his room, and presently the chamber-maid entered.

"Misther Thompson isn't here at all at all," she remarked, as she glanced round the room. "Well, I s'pose he's gone off to the country agin. He's a quare one intirely. Phwat's this?" she added, seeing the note on his desk. "A letter to Miss Angelina. Mebbe that 'll tell where he's gone." And, to Mr. Thompson's vexation, she deliberately opened and read it. "No," she continued, as she held it musingly in her hand. "He only says he'll give her the ould case of stuffed birds; and that's a funny present. Well, I'll be after taking her the present." And she left the room, returning shortly with the waitress. The two lifted the case carefully enough, and, after some consultation, bore it between them to Miss Angelina's room.

"Here's a Christmas Mr. Thompson bid me bring to ye, mum, and here's a bit note that goes with it," said the girl.

"Oh, how lovely!" murmured Miss Angelina, who was talking to two lady boarders when the case was brought in. "Where is Mr. Thompson?"

"Faith, I'm thinking he's gone to the country; he's not in his room, mum," replied the girl, going out.

"Isn't it nice!" exclaimed Miss Angelina to her friends, examining the case of birds.

The two ladies exchanged glances.

"The case seems to be very cheap black-walnut," said one.

"And you'll find it an awful bother to keep those things clean," added the second.

"And they don't seem to be very well stuffed," said the first.

"And that stork is positively hideous," said the second, pointing to Mr. Thompson. His blood, or perhaps we should say his stuffing, fairly seemed to boil. But Miss Angelina set it all right by saying, brightly, "I think them very nice, and the stork is perfectly lovely."

The two ladies exchanged glances again, and left the room.

All through that long Christmas day the boarders came into Miss Angelina's room to display their presents and talk them over, making quite a Christmas party, as Miss Angelina said. Many were the criticisms upon the case of birds, and much sly fun was poked at the stork.

Mr. Thompson noticed, however, that it was only the grown-up folks who found fault. The children were all pleased, and they all seemed to like the poor stork. One bright little girl was the only one who seemed disappointed, and she gazed longingly at a beautiful doll held tightly by one of her companions; and then coming over to the

case of birds, which Miss Angelina had opened that they might see them the better, she stroked the head of the stork softly, and as she pressed her cheek against his soft feathers, she murmured, "I wish I had a dolly like that."

Mr. Thompson's heart—for despite the stuffing he still felt his heart—jumped in his breast, for he remembered that he had just such a doll, which he had bought for her, snugly packed away in his closet down-stairs. He felt that he could stand it no longer. He must get away from this hateful case. He made a desperate effort, and found himself sitting in his easy-chair in front of his fire, which had long since gone out. A childish voice rung in his ear and a chubby hand was on his arm.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Thompson." He turned, and there was the little girl at his side.

"You shall have your doll," he exclaimed, rising and going toward his closet. She looked at him in bewilderment, which was soon changed to joy in the possession of "Just the loveliest dolly in the world," as she called it, hugging it tightly to her bosom. Mr. Thompson did not give the case of birds to Miss Angelina, but, as the young man who told me the story remarked:

"He told her the story, and she compromised by taking the stork, which she still thinks 'perfectly lovely.' So sometimes good results may come of eating mince-pie," the young man adds, with a mysterious smile.

Mr. Thompson, contrary to his usual custom in such cases, admits that he may have dreamed, but he too claims that it is sometimes a good thing to be stuffed *before* you go to a Christmas party.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

AT length Mr. March detected a glimmer of light on the ground, and dismounting, found a few charred sticks, one of which still glowed with a coal of fire.

"Hallo!" he shouted; "here's where Mark emptied his fire pan."

They all gathered around, and having brought a supply of light-wood splinters with which to make torches, they each lighted one of these, and began a careful search for further evidences of the missing boy.

A shout from Jan brought them to him, and he showed the broken fire pan, which he had just picked up.

A little further search revealed the deep imprints of the horse's hoofs when he had plunged and reared as the burning brands fell on his back, and then, step by step, often losing it, but recovering it again, they followed the trail until they came upon the rifle lying on the ground, cold and wet with the night dew.

Mr. March, holding his torch high above his head, took a step in advance of the others, as they were examining the rifle, and uttered a cry of horror. "A sink hole! Good heavens! the boy is down there."

A cold chill went through his hearers at these words, and they gathered close to the edge of the opening, and peered into its black depths.

"We must know beyond a doubt whether or not he is down there before we leave this place," said Mr. Elmer, with forced composure, "and we must have a rope. Frank, you know the way better than any of us, and can go quickest. Ride for your life back to the house, and bring that Manila line you used to catch the alligator with. Don't let his mother hear you: a greater suspense would kill her."

While Frank was gone the others carefully examined the "sink hole," and cut away the bushes and vines from around its edges. It was an irregular opening, about twenty feet across, and a short distance below the surface had limestone sides.

Begging the others to be perfectly quiet, Mr. Elmer lay down on the ground, and reaching as far over the edge as he dared, called: "Mark! my boy! Mark!" but there was no answer. Still Mr. Elmer listened, and when he rose to his feet, he said, "March, it seems as though I heard the sound of running water down there. Listen, and tell me if you hear it. If it is so, my boy is dead."

Mr. March lay down and listened, and the others held their breath. "Yes," he said, "I hear it. Oh, my poor friend, I fear there is no hope."

The first faint streaks of day were showing in the east when Frank returned with the rope and an additional supply of torches.

"Now let me down there," said Mr. Elmer, preparing to fasten the rope around him, "and God help me if I find the dead body of my boy."

"No," said Frank; "let me go. He saved my life, and I am the lightest. Please let me go."

"Yes," said Mr. March, "let Frank go. It is much better that he should."

Mr. Elmer reluctantly consented that Frank should take his place, and the rope was fastened around the boy's body, under his arms, having first been wound with saddle blankets so that it should not cut him. Taking a lighted torch in one hand and some fresh splinters in the other, he slipped over the log which they had placed along the edge, so that the rope should not be cut by the rocks, and was gently lowered, by the three anxious men, into the awful blackness.

Thirty feet of the rope had disappeared, when it suddenly sagged to the opposite side of the hole, and at the same instant came the signal for them to pull up.

As Frank came again to the surface the lower half of his body was dripping wet, and his face was ghastly pale.

"He isn't there," he said; "but there is a stream of water so strong that when you let me into it I was nearly swept away under the arch. It flows in that direction," he added, pointing to the south.

CHAPTER XVI.

BURIED IN AN UNDER-GROUND RIVER.

WHEN Mark felt himself flying from his horse's back through the air, he, of course, expected to strike heavily on the ground, and nerved himself for the shock. To his amazement, instead of striking on solid earth, he fell into a mass of shubbery that supported him for an instant, and then gave way. He grasped wildly at the bushes; but they were torn from his hands, and he felt himself going down, down, down, and in another instant was plunged deep into water that closed over his head. He came to the surface, stunned and gasping, only to find himself borne rapidly along by a swift current. He did not for a moment realize the full horror of his situation, and, with the natural instinct of a swimmer, struck out vigorously.

He had taken but a few strokes when his hand hit a projecting rock, to which he instinctively clung, arresting his further progress. To his surprise, on letting his body sink, his feet touched bottom, and he stood in water not much more than waist deep, but which swept against him with almost irresistible force.

His first impulse was to scream, "Frank! oh, Frank!" but only a dull echo mocked him, and he received no reply but the rush and gurgle of the water as it hurried past.

Then in an instant it came over him what had happened. He had been flung into a "sink-hole," and was

* Begun in No. 232, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"'NO,' SAID FRANK, 'LET ME GO. HE SAVED MY LIFE.'"

now buried in the channel of one of those mysterious underground rivers of which Mr. Marsh had told them a few nights before. That was at home, where he was surrounded by his own loving parents and friends. Should he ever see them again? No; he was buried alive.

Buried alive—he, Mark Elmer? No; it couldn't be. It must be a dreadful dream, a nightmare; and he laughed hysterically to think how improbable it would all seem when he awoke.

But he felt the cold water sweeping by him, and knew it was no dream. The reality stunned him, and he became incapable of thinking; he only moaned and called out, incoherently, "Mother! father! Ruth!"

After a while he began to think again. He had got to die. Yes, there was no escape for him. Here he must die a miserable death, and his body would be swept on and on until it reached the Gulf and drifted out to sea; for this running water must find its way to the sea somehow.

If he could only reach that sea alive; but of course that was impossible. Was it? How far is the Gulf? And the poor boy tried to collect his thoughts.

It couldn't be more than five miles in a straight line, nor, at the most, more than three times as far by water. Perhaps there might be more sink holes opening into this buried river. Oh, if he could only reach one of them! He would then die in sight of the blessed stars, and perhaps even live to see the dear sunlight once more.

These thoughts passed through his mind slowly, but they gave him a ray of hope. He determined that he would make a brave fight with death, and not give up like a coward without making even an effort to save himself.

Thus thinking, he let go his hold of the projection to which he had clung all this time, and allowed himself to be carried along with the current. He found that he could touch bottom most of the time, though every now and then he had to swim for greater or less distances,

but he was always carried swiftly onward. He tried to keep his hands extended in front of him as much as possible, to protect himself from projecting rocks, but several times his head and shoulders struck heavily against them.

Once, for quite a distance, the roof was so low that there was barely room for his head between it and the water. A few inches lower would have drowned him, but it got higher again, and he went on.

Suddenly the air seemed purer and cooler, and the current was not so strong. Mark looked up, and saw a star—yes, actually a star—twinkling down at him like a beacon light. He was in water up to his shoulders, but the current was not strong; he could maintain his footing and hold himself where he was.

He could only see one star, so he knew the opening through which he looked must be small; but upon that star he feasted his

eyes, and thought it the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

How numb and cold he was! Could he hold out until daylight? Yes, he would. He would see the sunlight once more. He dared not move, nor even change his position, for fear lest he should lose sight of the star and not be able to find it again.

So he stood there, it seemed to him, for hours, until his star began to fade, and then, though he could not yet see it, he knew that daylight was coming.

At last the friendly star disappeared entirely, but in its place came a faint light—such a very faint suspicion of light that he was not sure it was light. Slowly, very slowly, it grew brighter, until he could see the outline of the opening far above him, and he knew that he had lived to see the light of another day.

Then Mark prayed—prayed as he had never dreamed of praying before. He thanked God for once more letting him see the blessed daylight, and prayed that he might be shown some means of escape. He prayed for strength to hold on just a little while longer, and it was given him.

When Frank March was drawn to the surface, and said he had been let down into a swift current of water, Mr. Elmer buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud in the agony of his grief.

"Why did I bring him to this place?" sobbed the stricken man. "To think that his life should be given for mine! If we had staid in the North my life might have been taken, but his would have been spared. O Heavenly Father! what have I done to deserve this blow?"

For some time the others respected his grief, and stood by in silence. Then Mr. March laid his hand gently on the shoulder of his friend and said:

"You are indeed afflicted, but there are others of whom you must think besides yourself. His mother and sister need you now as they never needed you before. You must go to them."

Turning to Frank, he said, "I will go home with Mr. Elmer, but I want you to ride with Jan in the direction you think this stream takes, and see if you can find its outlet. There is a bare possibility that we may recover the body."

So they separated, the two gentlemen riding slowly and sadly homeward, and Frank and Jan riding southward, with heavy hearts.

They had not gone more than half a mile when they came to a little log house in the woods; and, as the sun had risen, and they and their horses were worn out with their night's work, they decided to stop and ask for something to eat for themselves and their animals.

The owner of the house was a genuine "cracker," or poor white; lean, sallow, and awkward in his movements,

but hospitable, as men of his class always are. In answer to their request he replied:

"Sartin, sartin; to be sho. Light down, gentlemen, and come inside. We 'uns is plain folks, and hain't got much, but sich as we has you 'uns is welkim to. Sal, run for a bucket of water."

As Frank and Jan entered the house, a little, barefooted, tow-headed girl started off with a bucket. They were hardly seated, and their host had just begun to tell them about his wonderful "nateral well," when a loud scream was heard outside. The next instant the little girl came flying into the house, with a terror-stricken face, and flung herself into her father's arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



Some days I take him in the house and play with him. He will stand up on his hind-feet and beg for a cookie.

FRANK W. C.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I staid at Atlantic City all summer, right opposite the light-house, and every night I could look at the light and see how bright it was. I have been up in it three or four times, and had such a beautiful view from it. Sometimes ducks and birds strike against the wire netting, but they can not break the glass, as this wire netting is around it. Sometimes when it has been blowing a gale and there is a heavy shower of the stove, it will splash over the sides on the floor. But I must stop, as I must not forget to tell you about the fishing. I was out fishing many great many times. I suppose this will be a very small letter in print. Good-bye, Postmistress.

HARRY H. H.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I go to the High School, and am in the second year. We have a club in our class in which we have Harper's Young People. We have a class of fifty girls; we each bring a cent every week, and then one of our teachers buys the paper for us, and with the money we buy the books and books. When we get all the papers of one continued story we bind them all in one book ourselves. I will tell you how we bind them. First we sew them all together, we take a piece of paper, then we get two pieces of pasteboard the size of the books; then we put a strip of cambric up the back; then we take the book on the outside and cover it with paper. It is then in a very nice form to pass around among the school girls. We call it Harper's Young People very much. We are going to start a Christmas Club in our class. We shall bring the little articles that we are making to school and work on them there. Then we will show each other how to make things for gifts. Our teacher is going to help us too, and in my next letter I will tell you how we succeeded.

L. E. W.

I will be very much pleased to hear about the Christmas Club and its doings. I am sorry that there is not room in this crowded Post-office Box for the pretty story which you sent with your letter.

PROVENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I have written to you before, but I thought you would like to hear from me again. This time I will tell you about my travels. First I went to Bar Harbor. We took a great many backboard rides there. From there we went to Camp Beaulieu, where they put up herring. First they string them; then they put them in the smoke-house. Then they take them out and dry them a month or two, put them in boxes, and they are all ready for market. From Camp Beaulieu we went to the famous Grand Pré, the land of Evangeline, which is a very nice place. There are dirt roads covered with hay, and two miles wide; then there is Evangeline's Well, where I drank some water. Then we came to Acadia, and did some things there. From there we went to Halifax, and went through the Citadel, which is a very strong place. From there we went to St. John, which is much like a city in the States than any city in the Provinces. We stopped at the only hotel that was not burned in the great fire. Next, from St. John we went to the White Mountains through the Crawford Notch to the Profile House and Echo Lake. I have seen the "Old Man of the Mountain." I think it looks like a man, don't you think so?

MATRICE H. C.

A very good night, Maurice. I agree with you about the "Old Man."

MANAYUNK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I study reading, writing, spelling, geography, grammar, and history. All the children like their pets, so I thought I would tell you I have but one pet; that is a cat. It is so cute. My sister asked him if he was going to get into her coach, and right after supper he went into it. I used to have a little canary, but the cat killed it. I was so sorry, for he had just begun to sing and was such a pretty bird. I did give him a cage in North America, but I am not pleased with the way I draw the Great Lakes, but I can draw everything else in it. Sincerely yours,

MAY C. S.

Keep on trying, dear, and you will draw the Great Lakes to your satisfaction, I am sure.

CAMBRIDGE, NEBRASKA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly a year, and I think it is a very interesting paper. I could not do without it. I am a little over eleven years old. I go to school in winter; in summer I herd my father's and uncle's cattle. I have probably seen queerer some of the readers of the Post-office Box—the idea of herding cattle—but as there is not much fencing done here now, besides, we have a very good fence. I came here from New York State; he owns three hundred and twenty acres of land. I saw a great many deer, and a few wolves out on the prairie; they were gray, and ran from me as I came near

them. We just had a terrible prairie fire near our place; it came near burning our house down. Nearly every one who was fighting fire, as I take great interest in reading the letters to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I hope you will consider this worthy of publication.

ARTHUR F. S.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am one of the many little readers of this lovely paper, and like it very much. I have for my pet a large dog, which I call Tom, and I had a number of cats and silver fish, but I have all died. I take music lessons, and like them very much. Would some little reader or the Postmistress please tell me the meaning of the word Mizpah? I am afraid my little letter is getting too long, so I will close.

LEULY F.

Mizpah is a Hebrew word. It means, "The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent, the one from the other."

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I have not seen any letters from this city for a long time, so I thought I would write one. I am a little girl ten years old, and go to school. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I have a little sister two years old, and twin brothers five years old. We live in a little cottage with a garden and a well. This is my first letter to the Post-office Box, and a surprise to my papa and mamma and brothers. I would like to see it in print. I think I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the very nicest paper there is for little folks; don't you? I am your little friend and constant reader.

BELLE K. C.

I certainly think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE interesting, and so are the little ones at home who read it.

RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

Once upon a rainy day

I sat and watched the rain at play,

And as it glided along the walk

It seemed as if 'twere trying to talk

And all how much good 'twas doing

To things in the fields and gardens growing,

But after a while the sun burst through

To show how much good it could do.

EMILIE W.

Lizzie wrote a dear little letter as well as these pretty verses. She is a little Kentucky girl, and her home is in the pleasant valley of Glasgow.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

We have a foot-ball club, named the "Jersey Blues." We practice every day, and are making good progress. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year, and had it bound. I have no pets, but I have a great many birds, of which I will name a few. There are a pair of Java birds, a German bullfinch, two canaries, and a parrot. I also had a bird which was caught a thousand miles from land on a Cunard steamer. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for its interesting stories.

CHARLIE F. N.

PORT MISSOURI.

I am a little army boy. I am eight years old, and I go to school here in the garrison. I like the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We have a pet hawk named Jimmie, and I have five sisters and two brothers; one of my brothers is five years old, and marches splendidly, sings, and dances the polka. I have a pony. I learned to ride when I was six years old. I hope you will print this letter, as it has been a good deal of trouble. I am your little friend,

WILLIAM H. J.

And it was very nicely written, my boy. Next time tell us something about army life, if you can.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I have been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, and tell you how much I enjoy the letters and stories in my dear magazine when it comes, but I am a little boy, and can not write myself, but I have a very good pen, and I can write for me. I am not going to tell you about my school, because all the other boys do, and I think you would rather hear something else. My dog is a pretty curly-haired bull terrier, and is my constant companion. My brother hunts with him, and when he shoots the birds, Flop (that is my dog's name) jumps up and catches the bird with his last summer to the sea-shore, but I don't think he enjoyed the surf-bathing as much as I did. I was very much afraid of the great breakers that came rolling in, but I thought the boys were good for him, and so I would take him in every morning. There is going to be a city on our beach, and so we will have a city, but there are no houses there yet. I want to see the town site and the grading for the new railroad, and I want to see the new public beach, and the new artesian-well, which is three hundred and fifty-four feet deep. This city will be ten miles south of the mouth of the St. John's River, but of course you can not find it yet on a map. Now I want

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To all the girls and boys,
With lots of fun and frolic,
Of laughter and of noise.

May every boy be jolly,

And every girl be gay;

We'll even pardon folly

Upon our holiday.

A Merry, Merry Christmas!

Who's there? Old Santa knocks,

And leaves his love, dear children.

To Your post-office Box.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I want to tell you about a game we played last summer in the evenings. It was something we had never heard of before, so I thought I would write you about it. We shut the doors between the parlor and the hall, and placed a table on the hall side. We put some books and a few little ornaments you find in a parlor on the table, and then covered it with a table-cover or a shawl. We have opened the doors, and my two brothers, my cousin, and myself stood in a row, and mamma and papa held up the cloth for about six seconds. The point was to see which one of us could name most of the things we had seen on the table during the few seconds that the cloth was held up. My eldest brother saw the most every time. You see, it makes us very observing, and it is also good practice for our memory. I hope some of the children will try it, and enjoy it as much as we did. This is the first letter I have written to the Post-office Box, and I shall hope to see it in print. Yours lovingly,

MAY H.

Some time I intend to play the game myself. I hope this will not be little May's only letter. It is a very bright one, and the penmanship was excellent.

CLAPHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am so pleased with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, mamma says I may take it regularly. I have got the first number. I am eight years old, and have got one sister who is ten years old. My sister likes the long stories and I like the short ones in the papers. We both go to the same school. I have no brother and dear papa died three years ago. I have no pets but a nice little doll, which I can dress myself. Please will you print this letter for my little friend,

NELLIE K.

Dear Nellie, we are ever so glad to have you write to the Post-office Box, and we hope you will always enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, liking it better the longer you are acquainted with it.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, GOODWIN TERRACE, LONDON.

I wrote to Your magazine once before, but not finding my letter in print, I thought I would try again, hoping you will publish it. I am going to tell you something very funny. One morning at breakfast, while eating her mutton-chop, one of my friends said to her father, "Papa, this meat tastes sheepy." The next morning he had beefsteak, and her father said, "Do you think the meat tastes sheepy this morning?" But her little brother said, "No." His father hurried to the course everybody laughed. She meant that it tasted sort of "beefy."

WILLIE M.

FARMER, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy six years old and most seven. We have a little canary; her name is Dot. She used to be blind in one eye, but she's not now. I have three sisters. My sister Estelle wrote to you a while ago, and her letter was printed. She is sick now. My sister Helen is writing this for me. I liked Christmas is coming. There is a pretty little dog that I play with, only he isn't ours.

to tell you about my home. It is a plantation on the St. John's River, and its name is San Jose; do not you think it pretty? I take up the oranges, called it so long time ago. The oranges in the grove are ripe now, and they look beautiful. I wish I could give you some. I am afraid if I write any more my letter will be too long for the Post-office Box, and I would like to see it in print if there is room for it. If you would like to hear from me again, may be I will write you my own letter the next time. For the present I wish you a very Merry Christmas.

GEORGE W.

PETROLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought that perhaps you would like to hear from a little boy in Petrolia, Ontario. I have never written before, and will think great fun to see this printed in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which we all love so much; we have taken it for more than two years. Mamma is going to have the numbers bound next year. I like the story of "Ten Days a Newsboy" the best. Where I live oil is pumped from the ground. Papa says there are about two thousand wells here, and I think there are ten refineries for making it ready for use. I am writing this on a caligraph. We are all longing for snow, so as to have our sleigh down from the attic. It has been all summer; it holds four. There is a splendid hill at our back gate, where we can go so far. As you will see, I have not written before Christmas. I wish the kind Postmistress and all the little girls and boys of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a Merry Christmas and a happy New-Year.

GEORGE M.

P. S.—I forgot to say I am nine years old.

A Happy New-Year to you in return.

HIGHLAND PARK, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl, and live in Oakland. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Mamma reads it to me. I like the letters the best. After we read it I send it to my brother, who is in Oregon, going to school. He likes it too. I want to tell you about my trip to Los Gatos. We rode two hours in the train from San Francisco to Los Gatos is at the foot of the Santa Cruz Mountains, and the hills about it are very pretty. Some are covered with grape vines and fruit trees. Very early in the morning big waves of smoke came from the mountains, loaded with wood. The horses had bells on their harness, which made a great noise. We spent a pleasant week here, and then we went to Santa Clara to a small farm, where they had apples and grapes and other fruit. They had two little boys and a dog there. The youngest has no name yet. When we got home my little dog Jim went almost wild; he was so glad to see me, and I was just as glad to see him. Besides, I have four cats and a bird. Now I hope I have not made this letter too long to print.

VERONICA W.

A very bright letter for a little girl only eight years old.

LONG LAKE, HAMILTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live in Glendale, Ohio, and I have been a subscriber to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years. I have never written you three times besides this one. While we were coming in papa killed a big deer on Forked Lake, and has killed four since. Papa went out to camp at the foot of this lake, and the whole three camps together killed thirty-two deer and three bears. We have a nice comfortable house, kept by David Barker, who lives on Long Lake. The lake is thirteen miles long, and Long Lake village, where the post-office is, is about three miles from the foot of the lake. The lake is frozen and the mountains are covered with snow. There is pretty far coasting where the snow is not drifted or too wet. There are nice little boats and sleds I play with. All the old people here are spinning for their winter knitting. Some of the spinning-wheels are so old that nobody can use them. It is snowing hard this morning, and the snow is very wet. Last night was not as cold as the night before. The snow is three inches deep, and increasing all the time. Raquette Lake is the highest lake in the Adirondacks, and is the prettiest. There are a great many beautiful camps on that lake. We are the first to boarders in this house now.

MURRAY MARVIN S.

LENA, OHIO.

Mamma has been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to me this morning; it is full of nice Thanksgiving stories, and I can hardly wait till the Christmas numbers come. I have been a subscriber since the 1st of September; I was seven years old that day, and it was one of my birthday presents. Mamma wrote the letter for me and I mailed it. I have not written you on my birthday, and can read and write a little. I got the medal last week for being head in the class. I got a quarter every time I read a story. I keep my money in grandpa's bank. Papa has given me seventy-five cents every week since I was a baby, and I am to have it all when I am twenty-one years old if I do not drink, chew, or smoke; I now have \$350. I have a new cousin; they call him Frank. He is going to have a bank account like mine. Mamma says I must start it with, because he is her namesake. I have no

brothers or sisters, but I have some little cousins and a little Uncle Thorne. I have a little dog, Nip, and a cat, Maudie. I take up the leaves in my yard, and papa lighted the boiler for me. Uncle Thorne had one too; he just lives over on the other corner. I will write about my trip to Washington and Baltimore if you would like to hear about it.

REX M. B.

Certainly I would. If you keep to your agreement with your papa until you shall be twenty-one, you will have formed good habits to last all through life.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have never written a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, though I have taken it nearly two years, and so I thought I would begin now. I find this is the most interesting book I have ever read. "Wakulla" is very interesting, like "The Ice Queen" and "Raising the Pearl." We boys here have a splendid Thanksgiving day; we had a fine time playing Hare and Hounds, and the hares led us a good long chase, but we caught them when they stopped for want of paper. Coming home we found an old fort with three old-fashioned guns in it, and then we separated and played strolling and holding the fort.

FRED E.

WYANDOTTE, KANSAS.

I enjoy the Post-office Box in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have no brothers or sisters, but have nice little playmates. I go to school, and am in my eighth year. I have a pair of Seabright chickens that papa gave me. Papa has two cows, and sometimes I drive them home from pasture. I have to cross a little creek when I go for them. It is fun to watch the little fish start about in the water. Once I caught one in my hand. I carried it home and kept it about four weeks; it used to eat cracker and bread crumbs, and you may take, and would come to my hand. One morning I went to feed it, and it did not come out from under the stones as usual, but it did not eat; but could not get it after searching some time I found it lying on the carpet—dead! Mamma said she heard it splashing about in the water in the evening, but did not think it could throw itself out.

J. WILLIE S.

CAREY, MINNESOTA.

I thought I would tell how to make chocolate candy. Take the whites of two eggs, beat to a froth, then put in a tea-cupful of pulverized sugar, and stir well; put in an ounce of melted white warm, then take out and rub in chocolate, and flavor if wished.

MAY H.

JAMESTOWN, KANSAS.

I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before, although I have taken it two years. I have got a pig, and so has my brother. My father is the proprietor of the *Gloucester Kansas*. I will send you one of the next copy.

CHESTER L. B.

Thank you.

Big Creek, Oregon County, Michigan.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly one year, and I think it is very nice. Of all the stories in it I can't tell which is the best. I have no brother nor sister, but lots of cousins. I have no pets. Papa said he would get me a pony. We are very glad to have it, and I hope to have it. I am a mile from a school-house, so papa is going to have my study at home. I began a book to-day. We friend,

ROSA JULIA G.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

My friend Rebecca W. and myself wrote you a letter a little while ago, and also sent you a story. We had four little cats, and one of them had four little kittens, but two got poisoned and died. One of them came to us, but will not play with the others, but always stays down in the barn. I have two ham-birds, and one day when I fell out of one of the cages when they were hanging out-of-doors, and the bird flew away. I was very glad to hear that papa said he would get me one. May I join the Little Housekeepers? I send you a receipt for candy. It is very good, and has never been known to fail. If you would like the readers of this paper try it. I hope they will write to the Post-office Box and tell how they like it. With much love to you, dear Postmistress, I am your constant reader.

YOLKE T.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, three table-spoonfuls of vinegar, seven levels of sugar, butter half the size of an egg; boil over a hot fire, stir frequently, until it is very thick, then you must drop it in cold water; put into buttered tins, and when partly cool, pull with the tips of the fingers, and then pull it out with the thumb, so that when pulling, as it will get very hard before you finish pulling it.

MAUDE S.: Your drawing is very well done, and I hope you enjoy school-days so thoroughly.

LENA D.: You wrote a bright little letter. I wish you a Merry Christmas.—SUSIE O. D.: It is just splendid, dear, to have a big brother.—Just

think of it, Lily M. has for a pet a tame black-bird! He eats seed from her hand. A friend of hers has a lovely French poodle, and the girls have great fun playing with it.—Eddie Clark H.: Your request has been granted.—N. Norm K.: Mr. Walter Scott would have liked your merry family.

All the way from Green Springs, Louisiana, your letter came swiftly, but I can not crowd it in this time.—Eddie M. has a rabbit for his pet.—Mamie A. has a cat.—Mary H. likes Miss Alcott's stories very much. So do we all.—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are being given every week to Sylvia S.—Florence A. H. is very busy at school. So is Gertie V. F.—Grace P. attends a school opposite which is a saw-mill, which keeps up an incessant commotion.—Spencer G. L. has a Maltese kitten. Ever so pretty, I am sure.—Ira W. and Jennie P. are two great boys. I hope to see Eddie M.: Do not be discouraged because your exchange does not appear at once. A good many boys were before you.—Bessie V. B.: Would Puff, Muff, and Fluff do for the kittens' names? Anna B. lives in Lawrence, Kansas, and has two Maltese kittens.—Albert G. has a kind feeling to all who are invalids, though he is himself a healthy, lively boy, has seven brothers and two sisters. They have grand times when they are all together.—J. E. A. Joe R. B., Lillian L. R., and Florence E. H. will all write again, please.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

EXPLANATION.

My first is in tea, but not in cup.
My second is in eat, but not in sup.
My third is in man, but not in boy.
My fourth is in pan, but not in toy.
My fifth is in youth, not in old age.
My sixth is in house, not in cage.
My seventh is in Dan, not in Danby.
My eighth is in Dan, not in Charley.
My whole is a world-famed poet.

CHARLIE KELLOGG.

No. 2.

THREE SQUARE WORDS.

1.—A. A young animal. 2. A space. 3. A soft metal. 4. To lose color. OTTO KAHN.
1.—Gray with age. 2. A side glance. 3. An exclamation. JAMES CONNOR.
3.—1. To receive. 2. Rest. 3. Small serpents. 4. A plague.

No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. Healed. 4. Pertaining to earth. 5. To titter. 6. A river in Scotland. 7. A letter. CHARLIE DAVIS.
3.—1. A letter. 2. A bit of cloth. 3. An estimate. 4. A revelation of secrets. 5. Cold. 6. A primitive color. 7. A letter. CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 4.

REHARDINGS.

1. Bebead departed, and leave a number. 2. Bebead a word, and leave a number. 3. Bebead the plural of a human being. 4. Bebead did ride, and leave a sonnet. 4. Bebead the visage, and leave a unit. 5. Bebead a bird, and leave a word meaning twice. 6. Bebead an exclamation expressing surprise, and leave the point of a spear. 7. Bebead placed aside, and leave help. 8. Bebead finished, and leave a number.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 365.

No. 1.—B L O T
L M A M
O M E N
A T A T
No. 2.—Turkey. Christopher Columbus. Slate.
No. 3.—Dog. Apes. Goat. Zebra. Camel. Doe. Panther. Cat. Cow. Llama. Pig. Bear. Otter. Beaver.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emerson Jenkins, Little Aunt Sue, Helen G. Gardner, Fred Little, Florence P. B. B. R. The Man in the Moon, Frank Marsh, Edward White, James Connor, F. Roy Rutter, Titania, Robin Dyke, Harry N. Nichols, Elizabeth, Ann Fry, Anna Noble, Eunice Temple, Ronald McKenzie, Dana Westcott, J. S. T. Tony Brown, Grace and Amy Corley, Francis C., Elsie M. Cartwright, George S. Weller, Emily Keesee, Emily Benson, Jchu, Tim Trotter, North Pole, Ella and Freddie, Filget, Floy Harline, Willie James, W. H. Colburn, David H. Colburn, George W. H. Colburn, Charlie Davis, Myrtle Pardee, Little M. H., F. W. H., and Steele Penn.

[FOR EXCHANGES, send 24 cent 24 pages of cover.]



LAP-LAND.

BY E. E. OLMSTEAD.

A SUNNY clime I know full well,
Where merry little people dwell.
Its funny name, if I may tell,
Is Lap-land.

A balmy air, an April sky,
Breezes that sing sweet lullaby
To cradles on the tree-tops high
In Lap-land.

'Tis there one learns his Q's and P's,
How the young moon is made of cheese,
And many wonders such as these,
In Lap-land.

And one may read upon one's toes
How this wee pig to market goes,
And that one squealeth out his woes
In Lap-land.

E'en there the jolly baker-man
Doth pat his cakes as best he can,
And tosseth them into the pan
In Lap-land.

And there resides good Dr. Bliss—
A very wisecare, I wis—
Who cures all ailments with a kiss
In Lap-land.

But I lived there so long ago,
The little folk I scarce should know
Whom once I met, for weal or woe,
In Lap-land.

Yet oft I dream, with happy thrill,
A little king I reign there still,
And all bow down to my sweet will
In Lap-land.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 270.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



A CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

I.

THERE was a flaming poster on the side of Link Fickett's store. Nance stopped to spell it out. Parson Tim, a miner who had been crippled by an ex-

plosion, had taught her to read, but some of these words would have puzzled Parson Tim himself.

SIGNOR TITO BENDELARI'S
WORLD-RENOVED VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE.

The Skeleton Lady. The Fat Boy. The Great African Snake Swallower.
The Texan Giant. The Mexican Fairy.

ALSO,

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

IN WHICH

SIGNORINA CARLOTTA BENDELARI, THE CHILD ANGEL,
WILL APPEAR.

So it was Christmas! Nobody lived in Lone Pine but miners, a few store-keepers, some gamblers, who came and went, a half-dozen women old and worn out with much hard work, and Hop Lee, the stolid and thrifty little laundry-man, whom the women were always attacking for having stolen their trade. And Santa Claus never came there.

If she could only see the Child Angel in the Christmas Pantomime! thought Nance.

But she must hurry home; the baby was fretful, and Sally was always angry when she had to take care of him.

At the foot of the long hill that fell away from the row of shops that constituted the main street of the town, Nance met four great covered wagons, gay with flags and colored pictures—the show!

The back of the last wagon was rolled up, and dangling out were a pair of red-stocking legs and stout little boots. The wagons stopped just then, and Nance walked around and took a nearer view of the red stockings. They belonged to a little girl about twelve (Nance's own age). She wore a warm little coat trimmed with fur, and a hood tied with red ribbons.

She gave Nance a friendly little nod and smile, and then asked, "Are you coming to the show to-night?"

Nance shook her head. "If the baby wa'n't a-screechin' I might come and peek in at the winder, but he 'most always is a-screechin'."

"I wish you were coming, because I haven't seen a little girl for 'most a month. There don't seem to be any round here."

"I never see one afore in my life!—only when I was such a little mite of a thing that I've forgot," said Nance.

"Why, how queer! Where do you live?" exclaimed the little girl.

"With Old Sally, in that shanty down behind the last o' them small hills. I don't b'long to her. I don't b'long to nobody, but she picked me up when I was a young one. What's your name?" added Nance, suddenly.

"Sharly—Sharly Benson. In the show we're Italians, and that's why we have such funny names; but at home, 'way off in Connecticut, papa is Titus Benson, and I'm Charlotte Benson. On the bills I'm Carlotta, but that's because I'm the Child Angel. I'm growing so stout now that papa has had the machinery made stronger for fear I should fall. He says that he shall have to get another Angel before long. And then I shall be the Fiend. That is ever so much more fun, for he has horns and a fiery tail, and frightens people."

The wagons were beginning to move. "Do come to-night if you possibly can," called Sharly.

II.

The show was quartered in rooms over Fickett's Hall, where it was to exhibit. While the preparations for the

entertainment were going on, Sharly was continually running to the window to watch for the little girl whose acquaintance she had made. But Nance did not come.

"It seems as if I might have one little girl Christmas-eve," she said to herself, with a great sigh. "I suppose Old Sally won't take care of the baby. Perhaps she would, if I asked her. Why couldn't I ask her? It isn't far to that shanty where she said she lived. I could see the smoke from the chimney before it grew dark. I know the way; the road turns off at the great pine-tree. I don't go on till the pantomime, so it wouldn't matter if I should be a little late. And Old Sally couldn't help letting her go if I went after her."

This reasoning seemed to Sharly so conclusive that she immediately put on her cloak and hood, and slipped out unobserved.

It was very dark, and a fine sleet began to blow into her face before she reached the foot of the hill, but Sharly did not think of being afraid; her wandering life had made her brave. She turned at the lone pine, and followed a faint light that shone from the window of Old Sally's shanty.

The road was little more than a path; it was difficult in the darkness to follow it. Sharly stumbled against hillocks and rocks, but at length she reached level ground, and ran bravely on, until suddenly her feet struck a board made slippery by the sleet, and she fell. She flung her arms out as she felt herself going down, caught the board, and clung to it desperately. Into what had she fallen? Her first thought was that it might be a creek, and the board a bridge across it; but she was soon convinced that there was no water. It seemed to be a gulf over which she was hanging, deep—who could tell how deep?—and wide. She tried desperately to raise herself upon the board, but it was slippery and she was heavy. She felt that she could not hold herself there long; she was slowly slipping off, down into the black yawning gulf.

"Help! help! oh, *help!*" she cried; but the wind blew so hard now that it seemed to drown her voice. Sharly screamed again. It seemed as if mocking echoes answered her, but no human voice. And it was Christmas-eve—good times everywhere, brightness and jollity, and she there alone slipping into that gulf of darkness, to be dashed to pieces on rocks or—

"Hullo! who are you, and where are you, and what's the matter?" It was Nance's voice, and it sent a thrill of hope to poor Sharly's despairing heart.

"I'm clinging to this board. Oh, can you pull me up?"

"Oh-h-h!" shrieked Nance, "if you ain't been and fell into Flighty Sol's old mine! And I can't pull you up; you're too heavy! But you jest hold on, now!" and Nance tore her shawl into strips, and made a rope of it, which she fastened around Sharly, under her arms, and then tied the ends securely around the board. Then Sharly let go, and hung there safely, with a blessed sense of relief.

Nance stooped and patted her on the head in motherly fashion, and then darted off like a flash. It was not long before she was back, with two men and a horse and wagon. The strong arms of the miners lifted Sharly, who was half fainting now, and scarcely knew where she was, and placed her in the wagon. She clung wildly to Nance.

"You'll have to go with her," said one of the men.

"Oh, you must go!" cried Sharly. "I'm afraid to go without you. And we're going to have a Christmas tree. We always have one, wherever we are, after the show. Tom cut such a beauty this afternoon! And we have time to make lots of presents when we're travelling in the wagons."

"I can't," said Nance. "Who'd take care of the baby?" "My wife will. I'll send her over," said the other miner.

Nance was very glad to go, as soon as she was assured that the baby would be taken care of.

"I don't see how I'm going to be the Angel, I'm so trembly," continued Sharly. "Oh, don't you suppose you could do it for me? Your hair is just right without any wig."

III.

When they got back to the hall Sharly was kissed and cried over, and then, when the story was told, the same thing happened to Nance, who had never been kissed before in her life that she could remember, and who had to work very hard to keep back the tears.

Sharly's father was the first one to propose returning to business, and Sharly suggested to him that Nance should take her place as the Angel.

Signor Tito Bendelari stood off several paces from Nance and surveyed her critically.

"She's got the makin' of a tip-top angel, and no mistake! The clothes will need a little nippin' and tuckin', but your mother will see to that, and you can jest give her a few p'int's."

Sharly explained to Nance that it was quite easy. The chief personages of the pantomime were the Fiend and an Orphan Boy, and whenever the Fiend tempted the Boy to evil, the Angel came sailing down on a bank of white and rosy clouds—really a wooden platform moved up and down by springs—and spread her wings over the Boy.

Nance felt a little timid, but still it was delightful to think of being, even for one short Christmas-eve, not poor Nance, neglected, abused, and overworked, often hungry and cold, but an angel in a white dress that glittered like frost, with wings upon her shoulders.

When the nipping and tucking were accomplished, and Nance was dressed, even to the white slippers with glittering things upon them, and Sharly drew her up to the looking-glass, she started back. "Is that me? Is it really, for sure?" she exclaimed.

She was a little bewildered when she alighted from the clouds, and the Fiend had to prompt her, which was a little awkward, but she was very quick-witted, and after that everything went well.

It was hard, when it was all over, to find out that she really was only Nance, to take off the sparkling dress, and put on her old clothes again.

But that feeling was lost in delight when Sharly, quite herself again, though a little pale, and with one hand in a bandage, drew her into an inner room, and she saw a beautiful, glittering Christmas tree. And there was Santa Claus, round and jolly, with red cheeks and frosty beard, and a twinkle in his eye!

"Tom is ever so much better for Santa Claus than he is for a Fiend, because he can laugh as much as he wants to," said Sharly.

When Santa Claus took the presents off the tree, lo and behold, there were more for Nance than for anybody else. There was a hood with red ribbons, as pretty as Sharly's, and a bright plaid shawl, nicer and warmer than the one she had torn up, and, best of all, a fan with flowers and a lady on it. How did they know that if she never did have enough to eat or to wear, a fan was just what she wanted?

All the show people seemed to try to be kind to her. And what delightful people they were!—although the looks of some of them were a little disappointing. The Fat Boy seemed to collapse, like a balloon, in private life, and the African Snake Swallower was just a common man, and the snakes—this was quite gratifying to know—were not snakes at all. But the Texan Giant was real from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head; he bumped that crown against the ceiling every time he arose from his chair. And the Mexican Fairy was such a mite that one could hardly have believed she was real flesh and blood if she had not been so cross. She scolded everybody in a shrill, high-keyed voice, and when Santa Claus gave her off the tree a tiny box, and she opened it and found only

one sugar-plum in it, she began to scream in a big voice which one would not suppose her little body would hold.

Nance was almost too happy, when a sudden thought came to her.

"Oh, the baby! the baby! I've left him too long! I must start for home this minute!" she cried.

They all urged her to stay; but the baby was crying, she felt sure; he never would be quiet with anybody but her, and the woman who was taking care of him would be quite worn out.

"But there's a little matter o' business that I was calculatin' to talk to you about afore you went," said Sharly's father. "I've been on the lookout for an Angel for a consid'able spell, sence my Sharly begun to grow too big and heavy to make a real interestin' one, and I hain't come acrost nobody that seemed so fitted by nater for the part as you. With your pink an' white complexion, and dark eyes and yaller hair, you look as if you growed a pup-pose for an Angel. I'll give you a reg'lar engagement and a good salary, and bime-by, when we give up this rovin' kind of a life that has its bad p'int's as well as its good ones, and have a home of our own, why, then you'll be jest one of the family, for we ain't them to forgit what you done for our little gal."

To be an Angel every night! to belong to somebody! to have only kind faces about her, and pleasant words spoken to her! to have it Christmas all the time! Nance's face grew radiant.

"You don't mean it, now! It's just too good to be true!" she gasped; and then her face fell suddenly.

"Oh, I can't do it nohow. There's the baby! I can't leave the baby. I can't, I can't!" she almost sobbed.

"The baby ain't nothin' to you, as I understand it," said the showman. "If his mother's gone off and left him, why, then, it belongs to the town to take care of it. What can a little gal like you do to support yourself and a baby?"

"That's a great many will give me washin', for all o' the Chinyman, and the baby is crooked and ugly, and folks won't do anything for him. I jest *couldn't* leave him."

Sharly whispered something in her father's ear.

"Oh, la, no!" he answered, with decision; "I ain't forgettin' what we're owin' of her. But a baby, even if he's a likely-appearin' one, ain't no good in a show. Infant wonders is a drug. We can't take the baby."

IV.

Nance rushed out, not trusting herself to speak. She ran so fast that even the Giant, who was escorting her home, could scarcely keep pace with her. When they reached the shanty she let him shake her small hand, which was almost lost in his huge one, but she could not say good-night.

The woman who had been taking care of the baby was at the door with her shawl on as soon as Nance opened it. "I don't begrudge yer your good time," she said, "but if I *ain't* glad to get rid of that young one!" And she was gone before Nance could utter a word of thanks.

The baby ceased to cry when Nance took him into her arms. She walked the floor with him until he fell asleep; then she laid him on the bed, and lay down herself beside him. But she could not sleep. Nance had a stout heart, but she was afraid of the future. Times were apt to be hard at Lone Pine in the winter; the miners often had to do their own washing for lack of money to pay for it, and food was very high. Could she keep the baby and herself from starving?

At last she fell into a troubled sleep, and awoke with a start, to find that the sun had already climbed Polly's Roost—the great hill that overhung the shanty—and was looking in at the window.

The baby stirred in his sleep, and flung his arms across her neck. Nance hugged him tightly to her breast.



GRANDPA'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS HOLIDAY VISIT.

"You're smaller an' worse off nor me, an' I'll jest stick to you anyhow," she said, and rose and dressed herself with a firm courage. Looking out of the window at a notch between the mountains, where the road ran, she suddenly caught sight of a gleam of white canvas and gay bunting—the wagons were going!

Nance's courage gave way at the sight; she hid her face in the bedclothes and sobbed.

Just then there came impatient knocks at the door. Nance wiped her eyes on her apron, and opened it. There stood the Giant and Sharly's father and Sharly, and in the road was one of the great wagons.

"You and the baby too!" cried Sharly, joyfully.

"To come to business," said Sharly's father. "I couldn't sleep last night for thinkin', and says I at last, if infant wonders is a drug, the friendless and the orphan brings a blessin', to say nothin' of you bein' the tip-toppinest Angel I ever did see! So now if you'll jest step round lively and pack up yourself and the baby, we'll start as soon as possible."

The packing was soon done, Nance did it so joyfully.

In the mean time the Giant devoted himself to the baby, and the baby sat upon the Giant's huge hand and laughed and crowed like a cherub. And the Giant, who was thought to be a remarkable judge of character, foretold that he would be a great honor and comfort to his friends.

Nance and the baby were soon tucked cozily into the back of the great wagon. The sleet had changed to snow in the night, and it was a white, sparkling Christmas world into which they went out.

"Parson Tim he 'lowed that Christmas would get round to everybody some time," said Nance, "an' I guess he was right, for it's a real one that's come to me."

VIVIAN'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

AND WHAT HE SAW DURING IT.
BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

VI.

WHAT a contrast was the scene to which the Spirit of Christmas next turned Vivian's eyes!—a cheerful, sunshiny English house, with odd gables and dormer-windows and a sundial before the door, and snow all over its lawn.

"We will go within," said the Spirit, smiling; "and this time, for the sake of change, I will let you see some people who are not sad a bit, but only too happy over a certain Christmas gift that has come to them to recollect that it is Christmas-day."

"I don't understand you," Vivian responded. Nevertheless, he had no time to receive explanation then. In a quiet, old-fashioned bedroom where the two next paused a bright fire blazed, and half a dozen people were gathered about a fat nurse who held a baby, a very little baby, which she had just brought in from the adjoining room to show to the circle.

"Well, 'tis a dear little midget indeed!" remarked a lady, leaning on her husband's shoulder to admire it. "I trust it may live to be a man of sense."

"How, think you, Vivian, that child will be called in history after he is grown to be 'a man of sense'?" inquired the Spirit, as the pretty home-like scene disappeared, or they parted from it, Vivian could not tell which.

"I don't know," replied Vivian. "Tell me."

"Sir Isaac Newton," answered the Spirit, "the greatest philosopher of his time. He was born on Christmas-day, 1642, at Woolthorpe, England. He was a present that all the world is thankful for; he taught it some of the greatest lessons it knows by heart nowadays."

VII.

Vivian's guide hurried Vivian now through several scenes so rapidly that he could scarcely take them all in one after another. "Another baby!" he said, in some disgust, as they slipped into a great apartment, so splendidly furnished and lofty, and so full of magnificently dressed princes and cardinals and ladies, that Vivian was astonished to find them all staring at a cradle, some kneeling before its little occupant.

"You see here the first New-Year's Day reception that the gallant young Pretender, Charles Stuart, 'Prince Charlie,' as his soldiers called him, held in Rome in the year 1720. He is only a few days old, but the court makes stir enough about his coming into the world. By-and-by he will make a stir in it himself."

VIII.

Presto! The Roman palace was no more to be seen. Before them was a broad river flowing between snowy and muddy banks. Huge cakes of ice floated by thou-

sands in the water, and dashed and ground now and then against each other. But Vivian's eyes were quickly attracted to a far more important feature of the winter landscape. All along one bank of that cold stream were drawn up an army in full uniform, with their cannon and baggage-wagons in the rear. They seemed in deep perplexity, and the leaders were galloping up and down to encourage them.

"They are going into a fight," said the Spirit of Christmas, "but it is a fight with ice and that current. Do you see that other shore? This army must cross to it at once if boats can float. They have no choice. It is Christmas-eve, 1776."

At the same moment Vivian saw a score of boats filled with men and horses push out and thread their way amid the ice-floes. First in the line was rowed a transport, in which stood several generals. One of them, a tall, noble-looking man, was pointing out the course with his sword. All at once Vivian remembered that their uniform was blue and buff, and that the flags he saw were much like the Stars and Stripes of to-day, and that the face of the officer with the sword was one he had seen in many a picture before.

"Oh, gentle and wise Spirit," he cried, "is this America, and are we looking at Washington crossing the Delaware in our Revolution?"

"Yes," replied his guide, solemnly. "They are terribly serious days for the country and its defenders, Vivian;

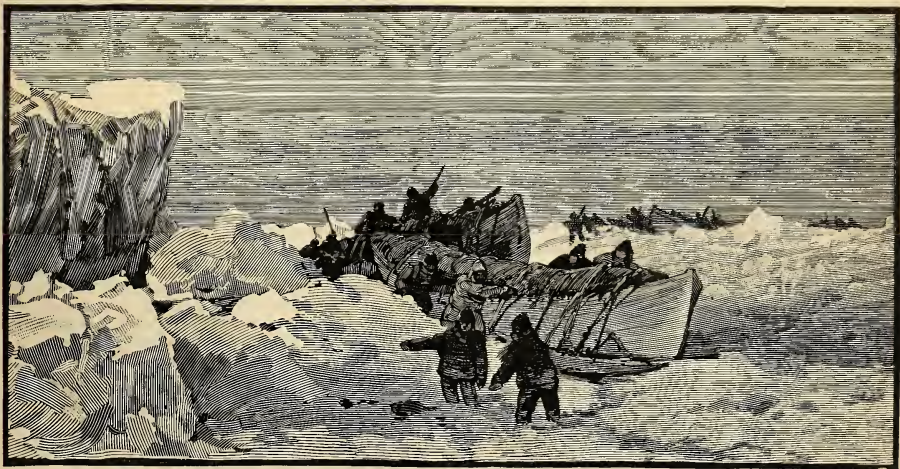
"This is Jamaica island in the year 1831," explained the Spirit, "and the slaves have risen in revolt against their masters and mistresses to destroy their plantations, and kill them. While the rest of the world is rejoicing over the holiday-time, here every white man's life is in danger. It was a woful hour for the planters, Vivian, and for years after they talked of 'the terrible Christmas-tide of 1831.'

X.

"Back to England, you see!" whispered the Spirit. They stole into a plainly furnished room where a man lay dying, surrounded by weeping friends. "His name is William Makepeace Thackeray," said the Spirit, softly, as Vivian looked at the face on the pillow, which smiled calmly. "You will read more about him and the wonderful books he wrote when you are older. He died on Christmas-day, 1863. Better than all his wit," said the Spirit, "he had a kind heart, and men loved him dearly and mourned when he left the world. On his head-stone might well have been placed the words which he used in describing one of his heroes: 'Everybody who knew him loved him—everybody, that is, who loved modesty and generosity and honor.'"

XI.

Vivian felt a chill of cold air steal over him. Clouds full of snow seemed to be whirling about them. He and the Spirit were surrounded by vast bergs and white drifts and desolate scenery of an arctic land. A party of weary



THE ICE JOURNEY AFTER LEAVING THE "JEANNETTE."

and General Washington and his brave officers feel more like praying to God to fight for them than making merry over Christmas-day. But to-morrow morning they will fight the battle of Trenton, Vivian, and conquer their foes, and the first great step in the freedom of the United States will be taken."

IX.

Like magic, snow and ice were seen no more. Palm groves and deep green forests surrounded the two. They were looking down over a fair country, full of fields and woods. But cries of terror came up to their ears. Vivian could see men and women running for their lives, with negro mobs pursuing them, and burning and shooting and laying waste the landscape.

and desperate men were making their way along, dragging after them a number of boats wherein were packed all the goods left them since their ship was crushed by the remorseless ice.

"Who are they?" asked Vivian.

"They are the survivors of the *Jeannette*, the exploring ship sent out by James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, to find the North Pole."

"And is it Christmas with them?"

"No. On Christmas they had their ship. This terrible experience came very soon afterward. They were sitting in the cabin. One of the party said:

"Well, good friends, it is Christmas-day at home. It's a comfort to think that our wives and children are

not shut up here in this prison with us, and that they can be merry if we can not."

"Yes, it is indeed, Melville," said one of the group. "God bless Christmas-day and them, wherever they are! And all the rest repeated softly after him, 'Ay, God bless them, wherever they are!'"

"Oh, good Spirit of Christmas!" the boy cried, with tears starting into his eyes, and forgetting that he and his companion had only stepped back into the sorrowful past, "can we not tell them that they will—that some of them will be saved yet from the ice and snow? Will you not speak to them? May not I?"

Vivian's voice sounded loud and clear in his own ears. He stretched out his hands to the Spirit.

"Oh—ugh—what's the matter?"

Vivian discovered himself back in the dining-room at home, half fallen from the lounge, with the pillow on the floor, and a neck as stiff as possible, while loud and clear from the other room came the words of the carol:

"Welcome, welcome, thou Merry Christmas-day!"

There was a great shout as he entered the parlor. "Oh, do look at Viv! He's been sound asleep. Such eyes!"

"I haven't," he retorted indignantly. "I've had the most wonderful thing happen ever you heard of! I've been with the Spirit of Christmas, and, oh, he's a boy like me—and it—they—"

There was too much laughing from all sides for Vivian to explain himself further just then. When he did, I am sorry to say nobody would believe him.

"Such a jolly old nightmare!" declared Val.

But Vivian has always insisted that he did not go to the land of Nod, and that he *did* go with the Spirit.

"For how could I dream about things happening in Christmas-time that I never should have thought about in the world?" he always asks, triumphantly: "and at any rate I learned that there have been lots of people who weren't a bit 'merry' when Christmas was coming round, and that a 'Merry Christmas' is something quite worth wishing to folks, after all."



MALACHI BIGSBY'S REFORM.

BY HARRIET WATERMAN.

MALACHI BIGSBY was very bad indeed, and the more he thought about the matter, the more surely was he convinced of the fact. It was easy enough to prove it. He was a little colored boy who went to school in Florida. There was a rule in that school that every time one of them was naughty a mark should be put on his card; when five marks were there, a round black zero was added, and when three of these zeros, which meant fifteen sins, were on the card, the boy or girl was sent home, and not allowed to return to school for a whole week.

Thinking about it this morning, it seemed to Malachi that the cause of his getting so many marks was that he did not begin to "look out" soon enough. So he resolved that he would turn over a new leaf with the new year.

Just as he made this resolution Malachi looked up at the big live-oak which grew by the road-side, and remembered that he had heard the song of an oriole from that tree before.

"Spects yer got yer nest thar," he shouted, and without delay Malachi clambered up the trunk. He looked carefully among the branches, and at last he found the nest. He looked at it with great satisfaction, but did not take it away, because he felt that it was safer there than in the crown of his hat, which was his only pocket.

He came down from the tree, and very soon caught up with the dozen or two Slabtown boys, who were slowly walking toward school.

Malachi winked in a wise way to Ananias Loomis, who soon dropped out of the ranks, and the two fell a little distance behind the rest.

"What cher got?" said Ananias.

"Oh, nuthin'—nuthin' exactly," answered Malachi, mysteriously. "I reckon thar's a right smart oriole's nest up some o' these trees, an' I thought yer'd like ter know."

"Whar? whar?" cried Ananias, eagerly; "I'll swap yer my bottle of water with a hole in the cork, that has ter be filled twicet every day."

"Huh!" said Malachi, scornfully. "Mammy 'd give me ez many bottles ez I'd carry fur nuthin'. I was er thinkin' about yer knife that teacher give back ter yer last week. But I recollect the aige ain't oversharp. Miss Bright she don't like us ter steal birds' nests; says it's mean. I reckon so myse'f. Ad Adams is gettin' a c'lection of nests. 'Spects I'll speak ter him at recess; but I'll think about the knife and bottle tergether," and he would say no more.

But a strange thing happened in the Lincoln school that day. Instead of going out-of-doors at recess, they all marched into the big assembly-room, where, on the platform, stood an enormous chimney and fire-place.

Miss Bright was there, and a lot of other white folks, all smiling in a very queer manner. The children sang two or three songs about "The whale did swallow Jonah whole" and "Gabriel blowing his trumpet, tramp, tramp!"; then Miss Bright took out a little book and began to read,

"'Twas the night before Christmas."

She stopped after a line or two, and said: "You must watch, children, for I think that Santa Claus will come pretty soon."

They all knew about Santa Claus, and had hung up their stockings Christmas-eve. Nearly every one had found "nigger-toes" and "Jackson balls" in those same stockings Christmas morning.

But she was a long time reading the story, and they listened so hard in order not to lose a word, and looked so

intensely at the chimney for fear Santa Claus should whisk by before they saw him, that their three hundred little hearts nearly stopped beating. Then,

"Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,"

read Miss Bright; and down he came, fur-coated, white-haired, red-nosed, pipe in his mouth and pack on his back.

For one awful second the children were too frightened to stir; then, like a great wave, the whole mass surged back toward the door, crying and trembling, the big ones falling over the little ones in a genuine panic.

Ahead of them all Malachi Bigsby had sprung out of the door, and above all their voices rose his terrified scream: "It's me he's come fer! I knowed I was wicked!"

The familiar bell soon calmed the children so that they would look at Santa Claus from a respectful distance, and when he pulled off his beard, and they recognized a well-known face, they were glad to take the candy from his pack and the presents from his hands—clothes, books, and dolls—which the kind children in the North had sent.

All but poor Malachi. No amount of persuading could coax him inside the door. Miss Bright brought his presents to him—a bag of candy, some trousers, almost whole and with two pockets, and best of all, a red Tam o' Shanter, which she had added especially to soothe him. He would only say, "I knows I's dreadful wicked, teacher, an' I ain't ter goin' near him."

When they walked home after school Ananias said, "Yer needn't say nuthin' ter Ad about that nest; I'll give yer the knife an' bottle."

"No, yer don't," responded Malachi, with dignity. "I ain't ter goin' ter tell yer whar that nest are. I spects I sha'n't never steal nests no more."

"Fraid cat!" sneered Ananias, tauntingly. "I warn't scared at all, quick ez I see the p'int, and that he warn't no real Santa Claus, but jest Pete Blackman rigged up."

"Huh!" made answer Malachi, "yer warn't fur behind me racing fer the door. I warn't too scared ter see that. And I ain't ter goin' ter tell yer whar that nest are, and I'm goin' ter begin lookin' out soon's I get five marks on my car after this."

Ananias, who never "looked out" until he had thirteen marks, was too astonished to do more than stare at Malachi, who had turned his corner and was walking slowly down the road.

IN THE FIRST FLIGHT.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

"A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning." So says the old English hunting song, and on such a morning in the autumn and winter months it is no uncommon thing in merrie England to see horsemen gathered together in scores, sometimes in hundreds, to follow the eager pack of hounds in pursuit of the wily fox.

But cunning though Reynard be, our Young People's Hunt Club, as we may call it, has met to follow more tricky and daring game, for Jack Featherweight, mounted on his gray cob Pete, is a plucky rider, knows the country through and through, and will scatter the shreds of paper which represent the "scent" in such a manner as to confuse and bewilder the sharpest of his followers.

The sport of hare and hounds on horseback differs somewhat from ordinary fox-hunting, for whereas in the latter the hounds chase the fox and the riders follow the hounds, in the former the riders represent the hounds. They it is who follow the scent, mark where it lies thick upon the ground, and ride more slowly where it is spread

at long intervals. Perhaps in spite of sharp eyes the scent will be overridden, and the leading horseman will do well to notice where Pete's hoof-prints come to an end, as if the animal had stopped there, and disappeared into the ground. There Master Jack has doubled upon his tracks. Having brought Pete to a stand-still, he turns him round and rides back a few rods; then strikes off again in another direction, thereby gaining two or three minutes of time.

The rule is, as regards the "hare," that he be allowed to start five minutes ahead of the hounds, and as soon as he gets out of sight he begins to scatter the scent. Then, when time is up, the Master of the Hunt sounds his horn and leads the way in the direction that the hare was seen to take.

Let us look at the hare and his hunters, as our artist has shown them, in "full cry" over the meadows. Jack Featherweight has already been mentioned. He and his pony are old friends, and the one knows that he can depend upon the other in everything. Jack rides at a rail or a ditch in full confidence that Pete will carry him over it somehow, or if not, that he will inform his rider that too much is being demanded of him by steadily refusing to face the leap. Jack, indeed, when he is in the hunting field, entertains exaggerated ideas of Pete's jumping powers, and is willing to put him at a five-foot fence when he knows that Pete's limit is only an inch or two over three feet. Fortunately for Jack's safety, Pete is not so ambitious as his master.

Here, on the left-hand side of the picture, is that gallant huntsman and accomplished rider Arthur Martingale. He is only ten years old, but he rides with an ease, grace, and nerve that many an older man might envy. See how he sits his pony, with body leaning slightly forward as the pony rises to the leap, hands lying low near the withers and just feeling the animal's mouth, ready to hold him up when he lands on the other side of the fence. And it is to be hoped that the two will come over safely, and not meet with such an accident as has happened to Tommy and his "mount," who are both in the act of turning somersaults. Tommy's pony has struck the strong hurdle with his knees, and the result is that Tommy has had a "cropper." However, the ground is soft and Tommy is light, so the chances are that they will both scramble to their feet unhurt; and as the pony will probably be even more frightened than Tommy, he will stand still and allow himself to be caught.

But if it should happen that the pony in his struggles should roll over the hapless boy, or should strike him with his iron-shod hoofs, then perchance there would be great sorrow in a certain country house where Tommy has been in the habit of ruling like a young king. No longer do his jolly laugh, his merry song, his shrill whistle, ring through the silent house. Instead, his mother and the maids are going about on tiptoes, and the doctor's buggy drives up three times a day to that house, while the pony in his stable wonders why he never sees his young master now, and begins to find out that people do not pet him so much as they used to. But as the spring comes round he hears the sound of a familiar voice. It is his young master, thinner and paler than of old, but still the same, even though that nasty "cropper" in the field had laid him on a bed of sickness for months.

The young huntsmen that we have noticed are in the "first flight," as the phrase of the hunting field has it; but gallantry as well as her capital riding should induce us to give a place among that favored few to Mabel also, who is only a few yards behind the first. In a few minutes she may be up with the best of them, for in a long run it is not always those who get the best start that are "in at the death." Behind her the hunting party streams out in an ever-lengthening line, for, as the hunt progresses, the bad riders, the too eager jumpers, the ponies



THE "YOUNG PEOPLE" HUNT CLUB.—THE "FIRST FLIGHT."

that are "touched in the wind," and the ponies that are given as much oats as they can eat and too little exercise, gradually fall back, while the well-conditioned animals and their judicious riders maintain their places, and may-be after an hour's hard riding they will run down Master

Jack and his fleet-footed Pete. He who is first "up" at the finish may claim the "brush," which in this case is only the honor of the thing, and judging from the way the first flight is going it looks as if Miss Mabel would win the honor.

HOW HARTY'S HOPE "CAME TRUE."

A Christmas Story.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

I.

"THERE ain't no other way's I see," said Grandma Hartwell.

"I don't like sick children, an' I don't want him," growled Grandpa Hartwell.

"He was named Hartwell on purpose for you."

"Don't care if he was. He'll make no end o' trouble."

"But," said Grandma Hartwell, as she saw "how set in his way" her husband appeared to be, "there ain't no other way, Jacob. I know Mary's my daughter by my first husband, an' she don't belong to you—but you've always liked Mary—an' Harty's got this paralyzed side, so 't he's only a baby, 's you might say, for all 't he's six years old. But he's bright, an' you'd love him, I know. Just think! His father was buried last week, an' he an' Frank are all alone in the world, and, dear knows, Harty oughter be here. Frank he's thirteen, an' got a good place on the horse-cars, an' I won't say nothin' about Frank, but I'd oughter see to Harty. Now, Jacob, how *can* you!" and Grandma Hartwell looked as though she was going to cry.

Grandpa Hartwell kept up an impatient rat-tat-tat on

the floor with his knotty cane for a while; then he said, "It'll cost ten dollars an' more to go an' git him."

Grandma's keen ear caught the note of surrender, and she knew that Grandpa was almost ready to give up.

"Well, there's more'n twenty dollars in the clock," she said, cheerfully. The big old clock had a sort of a self in it, on which Grandma Hartwell kept, in a little red collar-box, all the hen money and egg money and milk money that came to the farm. "And, massy me! if I'm goin' down to New York to-morrow, I must step lively;" and Grandma began to tie on her big baking-apron over her white one, and to look very busy and excited.

"Who said you was goin' to New York to-morrow?" stormed Grandpa. But the anger was gone from his voice, and Grandma stopped for only just a word in response to him as she disappeared through the kitchen door.

"Why, Jacob!" she said, sharply, "I told ye there was twenty dollars an' more in the clock."

That seemed to settle the matter.

II.

It was late on the following day when the train bearing Grandma reached the station nearest the old farm, and close up to her nestled a tiny figure, which she lifted tenderly into Grandpa's arms when the train stopped.

"Quick!" she said. "Hurry, Jacob, an' put him under the blanket in the wagon. He ain't used to chill nights like this. My! but September down in the city is a mighty different thing from September up here. There! there!" and soon Grandpa and Grandma Hartwell, with little Harty between them, were speeding along toward the farm-house under the hill, where the little boy, who had hardly ever known the green, beautiful country, except in his sweetest dreams, was to find a happy home.

"Bless his heart!" cried Grandma, as they drew up before the door. "Here we are! Ain't it nice, darling? There, Grandpa, I've got him tight now. You can drive right along to the barn;" and Grandma brought the tiny bundle into the sitting-room, where Solon, the hired man, had just built a roaring fire in the fire-place. The bright rag carpet, the sleek cat and dog lying on the rug basking in the pleasant heat, the gay prints on the clean walls—all these made a most home-like and satisfying picture; but the gaze of the child rested on them for only a moment. The great hill outside the window, and separated from the house only by a little river, with a strip of meadow on each side, caught his eager eye.

"What's that, Grandma?" he said, feebly, pointing up to where the last rays of the sun were resting, though the valley below lay in shadow.

"That? Why, that's Pulpit Rock. Folks come from all around to see that great rock, and always want to hear the story about old Parson Penny. He was so cranky an' queer he couldn't get a church to preach to, an' so he used to preach on top o' the rock yonder. Mis' Penny an' the three boys an' seven girls used to be the audience. They say he used to holler himself hoarse up there, an' they could hear him—your Grandpa an' his folks when he was little—down here to the house. I guess they used to have great times. That's why they called it Pulpit Rock. 'Tis pretty," continued Grandma Hartwell, watching the lame boy's face as he looked at the mighty precipice, "an' awful high an' steep. I believe they call it nigh onto seven hundred feet straight up from the meadow, an' the top part 'most hangs over—don't know it *does* hang over a little."

Little Harty curled down in Grandpa's big chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, and resting his head upon its faded cushions, gazed out through the gathering twilight upon the mountain opposite, with its rugged granite front; and when Grandma came, a little later, to lift him into the high chair which she had brought for him from the garret, she found him asleep upon the chintz cushions, his pale face uplifted, with a smile upon it, toward the giant cliff opposite.

When he had waked up, a little later, and had eaten a nice supper of bread and milk, Grandma undressed him in front of the warm fire. They were all alone,



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN FRANK AND HARTY WHEN THE CARPET-BAG WAS OPENED."

and the little boy was telling her stories about his brother Frank, of whom he was very fond.

"Frank is always good to me, Grandma," he said, in his feeble but intense voice, and with his large hazel eyes shining in the fire-light. "But, oh! he has to get up so very early since he got to be tow-boy on the Noland Avenue cars! And when he got up early this morning, before he went to see you, he bent over me and cried and cried because I was going away. Oh, Grandma! I want him so! I want him so!"

"Don't!" cried Grandma, as the child began to cry.

"No, no; I won't," said the little fellow, making a brave effort to control himself, "for Frank is earning money, and he's coming up Christmas, sure—isn't he, Grandma?"

"I hope so, dear. He promised us that he would if he possibly could."

"And, Grandma"—lowering his voice, and showing on his little face the same awe-struck look which she had seen there when he first beheld the mountain—"oh, Grandma!"—and he turned to where the darkness hid the mighty rock—"my mountain there is so high that I am sure it must see into New York. Don't you believe it sees Frank, Grandma? Don't you believe it could let me know if anything happened to Frank?"

The earnestness of the child as he advanced these startling queries quite took away good old Grandma Hartwell's breath.

"What a notion! Bless his heart!" she ejaculated, as soon as she could. "Where ever did Grandma's Harty get such crazy thoughts? Why, Harty, there's Hoosac Mountain and Greylock and lots more between Pulpit Rock and New York."

A look of disappointment came over the trustful little face.

"But—but don't you think—" he began, with quivering lips.

Grandma saw his grief, and her woman's wit taught her that she must not shatter his dream so rudely.

"Oh, of course, Grandma wouldn't pretend to say it *couldn't*, darling," she hastened to add. "God knows everything. He sees Frank, and Grandma is sure she doesn't know what He lets big old rocks see like ours over here. That's beyond Grandma!" And when the child had whispered his prayers, and had thought it all over, he was comforted, and fell asleep with a smile on his face as before.

III.

Autumn passed, and the little cripple's face grew round and fair under the kind care of Grandma Hartwell. Harty was making his way slowly and surely into Grandpa Hartwell's heart, though wild horses could not have drawn a confession of the fact from that old gentleman. Letters came every week from Frank full of love and encouragement.

"I'm so glad you are growing fat, Harty," he wrote in November. "Eat my share of the Thanksgiving turkey. I guess you can do it by what Grandma says about that appetite." Frank had not learned to spell very well, though he was fourteen years old. "But you want to be just looking out for me 'long about Christmas-eve, and you can just be lookin' out for something 'long with me too. I've told Joe Card, who drives car 40, about you. He calls me Grand Panjandrum, to make fun of my bein' so little, I s'pose. Every day when old 40 comes along, and I jump on and hitch my horse on, Joe he says, 'How about Harty?' or, 'Bully for Christmas!' or something like that. He just likes you, an' mebbe he's going to send—but that's tellin'. There's lots o' secrets; but I'll tell you all about em when I come."

As Christmas-time drew nearer, the little boy's anxiety to see his brother became almost painful, especially when two weeks passed and nothing more came from Frank.

"My rock says he'll come, Grandma," he said, confidentially, to his grandmother, "but somehow I worry about him. Oh, I do hope he'll come!"

It was on that very day that Frank, looking even smaller than usual—and he was very small for his age—stood on the pavement beside tall Jumbo, the big horse of which he had charge on the Noland Avenue horse-car line. Car 40 was coming, and Joe Card stood on it, beaming down upon his little comrade as his tired horses toiled up to where it was Frank's duty to attach Jumbo.

"Hello, Grand Panjandrum," said Joe Card, cheerily, "and how's Christmas?"

"Oh, Christmas is comin'," said little Frank, smiling back into his eyes, and the two or three men who were smoking on the platform looked a little kinder as they saw the pleasant expression on the two faces.

"Don't know how I'm goin' to spare you Christmas, Grand Panjandrum," Joe Card went on, bantering. "I s'pose the little feller up country 'll like it, but to take a great big Panjandrum like you off the Noland Avenue cars for a day or so—I tell you it makes a big hole. Don't you see it?"

At this instant, Joe Card's speech was cut short, and an expression of dismay burst from every man on the platform, for little Frank, usually so nimble and sure of foot, had caught his toe as he attempted to step off, and in some strange way had been thrown flat, with one leg under the car. It happened so quickly and unexpectedly that the smile had not had time to vanish from Joe Card's genial face, when a wheel of the heavy car passed over the little tow-boy's ankle, and he lay faint and bleeding upon the muddy ground.

"Oh-!-h!" cried Joe Card, stopping his car with a jerk, just in time to prevent the second wheel from passing over the thin, helpless little leg. "Oh! oh! hold the horses, will you, while I pick him up?" cried the poor driver, in distress. "Oh, he's all gone! To think it should 'a been my car that did it! and the Christmas comin'! Oh, it's too bad!" And with broken murmurs of this sort, Joe Card conveyed the frail form of little Frank to the drug-store, and then, making the druggist promise that the boy should receive the best of care, and that he should be told what was done with him, Joe Card unwillingly went back to his work.

For days after the accident Frank lay upon a little white bed in the hospital, his ankle, which had not been broken, but violently bruised and wrenched, swollen and very painful, and his mind weak and wandering. Every night faithful Joe Card managed to get around to ask for him, and to bring him a flower or some other little token of affection, though he was obliged to come usually very late, and at great inconvenience to himself.

Three days passed, and still Frank was not himself. He slept for many hours at a time, spoke little, and that not intelligently, and Joe Card began to get very fidgety. But on the morning of the fourth day he was much better, and that night, when Joe Card came around, the nurse had a great story to tell him.

"He's doing first-rate," she said, "and he'll be about in a week or two, though of course he'll have to go on crutches for a while; but he seems mightily cut up about Christmas. Here it is coming in a few days now, and I don't see how he's ever going to get to his 'grandma's' that he tells about. He's been talking with the doctor about it. The doctor was immensely wrought up."

And this same story, with a pathetic "I must get these Christmas, Joe," was told to that perplexed young man when he reached Frank's bedside.

IV.

It would take too long to try to tell here how the doctor, who had been thoroughly interested from the very first in Frank's case, became even more so when he heard

Joe Card tell the whole simple, touching story, and how he and Joe resolved to exert themselves to the utmost to bring to pass the desire of the little invalid's heart; how a substitute was procured for Joe on "old 40"; how the warmest wraps were found for Frank; how on the morning of the day before Christmas, folded tenderly in Joe Card's strong arms, he boarded the train for Grandma's; and how a certain big carpet-bag, which Joe had managed to carry by means of a strap around his shoulder, lay beside them on the floor. But all these things certainly did happen in the most delightful and bewildering way, and in the big carpet-bag—but I couldn't begin to mention the things in the big carpet-bag.

That morning Harty had been in very high spirits.

"He'll come, Grandma; I know he'll come."

"Did your rock say so, my little pet?" asked Grandma, laughing at him a little.

The color came into the child's face, and he straightened up his poor little form proudly.

"You mustn't make fun of my rock, Grandma," he said, solemnly. "It can see, oh! so much further than we can, and it's always true—always—and I know my Frank is coming."

Grandma had been to the collar-box in the clock, taken out some money, and bought some trifles to put into Harty's stocking on Christmas-eve. She felt a strong fear that he was to undergo a terrible disappointment, and she hoped the little presents would help him to bear the blow.

But who is that driving up to the door in the early twilight? Harty's face, pressed against the pane, glows as if an electric light had just been turned upon it, while into the room, amid the blessed shadows of the Christmas-eve, stalks big Joe Card with Frank in his arms.

V.

You should have seen Frank and Harty the next morning when the carpet-bag was opened. No words can possibly depict the scene. What games, and toys, and bright soldier caps, and warm scarfs, and beautiful books, and the music-box! Harty almost succeeded in walking across the room without his crutches amid the general hilarity.

But it was after breakfast that the greatest surprise came. Grandpa Hartwell went out to a room back of the shed where he kept his tools, and where he did a little carpentering at odd times. When he came in he was dragging something noisily on the floor behind him, and his face was trying to look sour so hard and so unsuccessfully that you would have laughed outright to have seen it. He stopped before little Harty very shamefacedly.

"Here, Harty," he said, trying to speak in a very cross voice, and bringing a bright red sled within the range of Harty's vision, "here's somethin' mebbe you'll like."

"Chain-lightning," read Harty on the side of the red sled; and then he exclaimed, looking up into Grandpa's face, where he could not help observing that the twinkling eyes formed a strong contrast to the puckered mouth and fierce brow: "Did—did you make it for me, Grandpa? Why, I thought you didn't like me!"

"You see," said Grandpa, ignoring Harty's last remark—"you see, it's for you and Frank. I want Frank to stay here right along now. When his ankle gets well he can help me a sight, an' my crops have turned out pretty good this year, an' I might as well keep another boy as not." And here Grandpa's mouth kept on going, but no sound seemed to come forth, and what should he do but catch up Harty and hug and kiss him for a full minute.

"Then who'll ride Jumbo?" exclaimed Joe Card; but he noticed just then that Grandma was crying softly, with her apron over her head. What under the sun did that mean? Joe Card wondered.

"Just what my rock said," whispered little Harty to himself beside the window—"just the Christmas that it said; but I couldn't quite believe it would really come true."

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"WHY! what is it, gal? So, honey, so! Tell yer daddy what's a skeering of ye;" and the man tried to soothe the child and learn the cause of her sudden fright.

At length she managed to sob out, "It's somethin' dreadful in our well, an' he hollered at me, an' I drapped the bucket an' run."

At these words Frank sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "What! a voice in the well? And you said it was a natural well, mister? Oh, Jan, can it be?" And then, turning fiercely to the man, "Show us to the well, man, quick! What do you sit there staring for?"

Without waiting for a reply, he rushed from the door, and running along a little pathway leading from it, was in another minute lying flat on the ground, looking down a hole of about six feet in diameter, and shouting, "Hello! down there."

Yes, there was an answer, and it was "Help! he-l-p!"

The two men had followed Frank from the house, and Jan had been thoughtful enough to bring with him the Manila rope that had hung at the pommel of Frank's saddle.

There was no need for words now. Frank hastily knotted the rope under his arms, handed it to Jan, and saying, "Haul up gently when I call," slipped over the curb, and disappeared.

One, two, three minutes passed after the rope had slackened in their hands, showing that Frank had reached the bottom; and then those at the top heard, clear and loud from the depths, "Haul away gently."

Very carefully they pulled on that rope, and up, up, up toward the sunlight that his strained eyes had never thought to see again came Mark Elmer.

When Jan, strong as an ox, but tender as a woman, leaned over the curb and lifted the limp, dripping figure, as it were from the grave, he burst into tears, for he thought the boy was dead. He was still and white; the merry brown eyes were closed, and he did not seem to breathe.

But another was down there; so they laid Mark gently on the grass, and again lowered the rope into the well.

The figure that appeared as they pulled up this time was just as wet as the other, but full of life and energy.

"Carry him into the house, Jan. He isn't dead. He was alive when I got to him. Put him in a bed, and wrap him up in hot blankets. Rub him with alcohol, slap his feet—anything—only fetch him to, while I go for help."

With these words Frank March, wet as a water-spout, and more excited than he had ever been in his life, sprang on his horse and was off like a whirlwind.

That that ride did not kill the horse was no fault of Frank's; for when he was reined sharply up in the "Go Bang" yard, and his rider sprang from his back and into the house at one leap, he staggered and fell, white with foam, and with his breath coming in gasps.

In the sitting-room Mr. Elmer was just trying to break the news of Mark's death to his wife as quietly as possible, when the door was flung open, and Frank, breathless, hatless, dripping with water, and pale with excitement, burst into the room shouting,

"He's alive!—he's alive and safe!"

Over and over again did he have to tell the marvellous story of how he had found Mark standing up to his neck in water, at the bottom of a natural well, nearly dead, but still alive; how he had knotted the rope around him and sent him to the top, while he himself staid down there until the rope could again be lowered; how Mark had fainted,



"HE'S ALIVE!—HE'S ALIVE AND SAFE!"

and now lay like dead in a farm-house—before the parents could realize that their son, whom they were a moment before mourning as dead, was still alive.

Then the mules were hitched to the farm wagon, a feather-bed and many blankets were thrown in, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, Ruth, and Frank climbed in, and away they went. John Gilpin's ride was tame as compared to the way that wagon flew over the eight miles of rough country between Wakulla and the house in which Mark lay slowly regaining consciousness.

The meeting between the parents and the son whom they had deemed lost to them was not demonstrative; but none of them, nor of those who saw it, will ever forget the scene.

A solemn "Thank God!" and "My boy! my darling boy!" were all that was heard; and then Mark was lifted gently into the wagon, and it was driven slowly and carefully home.

An hour after he was tucked into his own bed, Mark was in a raging fever, and screaming, "The star! the star! please let me see it a little longer." And it was many a day before he again left the house and breathed the fresh air out-of-doors.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO LETTERS AND A JOURNEY.

It was late in April before Mark rose from the bed on which for weeks he had tossed and raved in the delirium of fever. He had raved of the horrible darkness and the cold water, and begged that the star should not be taken away. One evening he woke from a heavy, death-like sleep in which he had lain for hours, and in a voice so weak that it was almost a whisper called "Mother."

"Here I am, dear," and the figure which had been almost constantly beside him during the long struggle bent over and kissed him gently.

"I ain't dead, an I, mother?" he whispered.

"No, dear, you are alive, and with God's help are going to get well and strong again. But don't try to talk now; wait until you are stronger."

For several days the boy lay sleeping, or with eyes

wide open watching those about him, but feeling so weak and tired that even to think was an effort. Still, the fever had left him, and from the day he called "Mother" he gradually grew stronger, until finally he could sit up in bed. Next he was moved to a rocking-chair by the window, and at last he was carried into the sitting-room and laid on the lounge, the same lounge on which Frank had lain, months before, when he told them what a wicked boy he had been.

Now the same Frank, but yet an entirely different Frank, sat beside him, and held his hand and looked lovingly down into his face. Each of them had saved the other's life, and their love for each other was greater than that of brothers.

After this he improved in strength rapidly, and

was soon able to ride as far as the mill, and to float on the river in the canoe, with Frank to paddle it; but still his parents were very anxious about him. He was not their merry, light-hearted Mark of old. He never laughed now, but seemed always to be oppressed with some great dread. His white face wore a frightened look, and he would sit for hours with his mother as she sewed, saying little, but gazing wistfully at her, as though fearful that in some way he might lose her or be taken from her.

All this troubled his parents greatly, and many a long consultation did they have as to what they should do for their boy. They decided that he needed an entire change of scene and occupation, but just how to obtain these for him they could not plan.

One day Mrs. Elmer sat down and wrote a long letter to her uncle Christopher Bangs, telling him of their trouble, and asking him what they should do. To this letter came the following answer:

"BANGOR, MAINE, May 5, 188—.

"DEAR NIECE ELLEN,—You did exactly the right thing, as you always do, in writing to me about Grandneph. Mark. Of course he needs a change of scene, after spending a whole night hundreds of feet under-ground, fighting alligators, and naturally having a fever afterward. Who wouldn't? I would myself. A good thing's good for a while, but there is such a thing as having too much of a good thing, no matter how good it is, and I rather guess Grandneph. Mark has had too much of Florida, and it'll do him good to leave it for a while. So just you bundle him up and send him along to me for a change. Tell him his old grandunk Christmas has got some important business for him to look after, and can't possibly get on without him more than a week or two longer. I shall expect a letter by return mail saying he has started.

"Give Grandunk Christmas's love to Grandniece Ruth, and with respects to your husband, believe me to be, most truly, as ever, your affectionate uncle,

"CHRISTOPHER BANGS.

"P.S.—Don't mind the expense. Send the boy C.O.D. I'll settle all bills. C.B."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE FORCE OF NEED.

Hey, Robin! ho, Robin!
Singing on the tree,
I will give you white bread,
If you will come to me."

"Oh! the little breeze is singing
To the nodding daisies white;
And the tender grass is springing,
And the sun is warm and bright;
And my little mate is waiting
In the budding hedge for me;
So, on the whole, I'll not accept
Your kindly courtesy."

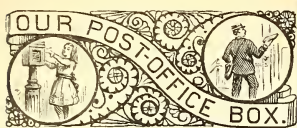
"Hey, Robin! ho, Robin!
Now the north winds blow;
Wherefore do you come here,
In the ice and snow?"

"The wind is raw, the flowers are dead,
The frost is on the thorn,
So I'll gladly take a crust of bread,
And come where it is warm."

Oh, Children! little Children!
Have you ever chanced to see
One beg for crust that sneered at
In bright prosperity? crumb

HP:





A HAPPY New Year to you, my dear children. The new year is a time for good beginnings, and for leaving off bad habits, if unfortunately we have formed any. You remember the verse in the Bible which says, "Take care of the foxes, the little foxes, which spoil the vines." I don't want to preach a sermon, because, as a rule, children do not care for sermons, particularly long ones; but you will let me tell you that among the little foxes which nip the home vines, and make young lives unhappy, are ill temper and deceit and indecision. Be amiable, be honest, be decided, in this new year, and every day ask God's help that you may grow better and nobler. Let not such mean words as "I can't," nor such silly words as "I don't want to," nor such absurd excuses as "I couldn't help it" or "I didn't mean to," have any place in your life this coming year. There is a line I am rather fond of, and so I shall write it down for you: "In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." We shall not fail if we take hold of our tasks and our play in earnest.

The Postmistress wishes you each and all A Happy New Year.

Here is a bit of rhyme for you:

"Come, dear," to the year
Said Nature, the mother,
"You must go, you know,
To relieve your brother,
It is now his turn
To sleep with the Past,
And he's last-coming home
On the midnight blast.
I'll give you playthings
Of frost and time,
Fifty-two weeks,
And twelve months of time,
Blossoms and buds
And dancing streams,
Rivers and floods
And rainbow gleams,
Corn and wheat
With their golden sheaves,
Cold and heat
And the ripened leaves,
Birds to cheer you
Bees to make money,
While men and women
Are earning money.
So waken, year,
For the children call
You Happy and Bright.
While the snow-flakes fall,
You must haste, you see,
To relieve your brother,
Who is tired and old."
Said Nature, the mother,

In the next number the Postmistress will tell you a true story about a certain Little House-keeper of her acquaintance.

Shall we give the place of honor this week to some little letters which a great steamer brought over the wintry Atlantic from some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in Great Britain?

CHARLIE CROSS, LONDON, W. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—The one number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE I have thought very nice. The best piece, I think, was "The Fish and the Fly." I shall often write letters to you and tell about my pets, have at present a guinea-pig, two canaries, and a cat. I sometimes catch flies, and put them in wide-mouthed bottles, which I can see them playing about nicely. I used to have a tortoise, but he is dead now, poor old fellow; I think he was cold. I will tell you about my tortoise next time. Wishing you and all little people a merry Christmas, I remain

Yours affectionately,

FRED P.

Keep your promise, Fred. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

This is a cold and chilly night, and preferring to stay indoors I just ran along to the book-stall to get some sort of paper or other. I was, as particular what paper I got, as I do not take out any. So I just asked the man who kept the stall to show me a good paper. He said, "I have a paper and looking over them I decided on taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "The Lost City" very much; also the other stories are very good. I have a very beautiful copy; it is a buff color, and a splendid singer. It is about six months old, and is very tame. When I got it it was in

the moult, so I put a rusty nail in its water, and also two or three drops of castor-oil. I keep its cage hanging at the window during the day, and at night I cover it up with a black cloth, and hang it in a warmer place. I change the water every second day, and fill the seed box every fourth day. I always blow the seed every morning. Twice a week I give a small piece of cabbage; I also give it canary-seed in the larger quantity, for the reason that too much hemp-seed makes it fat, and thus prevents it from being a good singer; also, in the case of young birds, it breaks their bills and hurts them very much. I understand that if any reader of the magazine, in getting this, ordinary sex single will do as well, only you must first boil it to take the salt taste out of it, as the birds eat it; and it is good for them, as it helps to digest their food.

RODERICK.

DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in to-day for the first time, and think it a very jolly magazine, especially the Post-office Box. I am fifteen, and I'm afraid rather a tomboy, as I like rough games and boys' books. I am the youngest. I think American children have a jolly time of it from the interesting letters they write about riding, and I think tennis is very amusing, and skating too, only we don't often get any in England. I go to a school where I like very much, and I don't know that there were High Schools in America until I read your paper. I hope you will think this little letter worth putting in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. You have read it, and you are very proud to see it. I wish the American contributors would put their ages in their letters, as you seem to know them so much better than I. I live in one of the prettiest counties in England—Derbyshire—and we live in the country. I love the fields and the flowers, and the other dials, and I don't go to "meet" of the hounds; it is great fun to watch the beautiful creatures bounding after the fox, quite as eager as their masters. I hope you will not think this letter too long. With love from

AMY W.

The Postmistress feels very well acquainted with you, Amy, from the picture you have given of yourself. You could not do a better thing than to love the woods and fields.

ACCRINGTON ROAD, BURNLEY, LANCAIRE, ENGLAND.

A book stationer from whom I usually get a paper came to our house last Saturday, and looking through his papers I selected HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and read it very much to my heart. I was about to put the paper away, when my eye caught Our Post-office Box; I read the numerous letters, and was very pleased to know that the paper is being published in London as well as in America, it will give the English back the privilege of corresponding with their American friends.

Now let me, in our English fashion of greeting anything that pleases us, shout, Hurrah for Our American country—success to the press, and three cheers for Our Post-office Box!

JEAN C.

Juan will pardon me for having published only a part of his pleasant letter, owing to the demand upon our space.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Though I am not one of the "Little Housekeepers" myself, I think perhaps that flourishing society of industrious little women might like to hear about my kitchen, which we all think is the prettiest we have ever seen. The room is almost square, with two opposite windows, making it very bright and pleasant during the day, and the dresser with its rows of dishes, suggesting delicious possibilities, while to the right is the large double range. The walls are all painted a rich blue, and are "picked out," as the painters say, with a warm rich red, and the furniture is painted a bright vermilion. There are two tables, one before each window. The servants' dining-table, when not in use, is covered with a bright striped cloth, the other here, but just as white as strong arms and sand-soup can make it. Besides the ordinary kitchen chairs there is a comfortable rocking-chair, with split seat and back, the wooden part vermilion. In each window there are blinding glass curtains, and in the top of the window are curtains of cross-hatched muslin, while last, but not least, a bright rag carpet of many colors covers the floor. Now don't you think that this must be a pretty kitchen? And I am sure that the Postmistress and the Little Housekeepers agree with me that, when cooking, a great deal of enjoyment and pleasure is derived from the fascinating art if one has a clean, comfortable, cozy room to work in.

Another thing that helps to make our kitchen so pleasant is the fact that we have a large window so that from one window we have a lovely view of the meadows and the woods, while not far off the valley of the Schuylkill we can see the city of Germantown. In a part of this valley, called Harper's Hollow, is a cluster of little houses, and we can always see the smoke swirling up from the chimneys. It is a very pretty view, very cozy look. We do not live in Germantown proper, but about half a mile from the main

street, and only twenty minutes by railway from Philadelphia, so you see we enjoy both the beauties of the country and the convenience of the city.

I am sorry I have not room to describe some pretty Christmas gifts. However, I think the girls are pretty well supplied with ideas from the descriptions in "Milly Cone's" Christmas, and the boys generally prefer to buy their gifts, and I think they lose half the pleasure of Christmas by doing so, don't you?

Y. B.

DANVILLE, NEW YORK.

I attend school, and am in the seventh grade, I am twelve years of age, but I am so tall that I am much mistaken for an older child. I have taken piano lessons for some time. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the Post-office Box. I am one of the girls who have been helped in my designs for Christmas presents by the Post-office Box, also by "Milly Cone's Christmas Presents." Hoping to see this letter published, I am your constant reader.

ANNA.

The Postmistress is very proud of a boy who at ten years of age has written so good a composition as this.

THE STORK.

The stork is a native of Holland, and is thought by very people of that country. The people think that it brings good luck when the stork builds its nest on the top of the house. It is fond of making it on the top of the chimney. People in Holland burn many of these storks, these birds there. The nest is made of sticks, weeds, and dried grasses. When the storks leave the nest they fall the year they hold a council, and a great many storks get together—so many that it sometimes takes three hours for them to pass in their flight. The flock of storks is sometimes called a mob, and is another characteristic of the stork is that it makes a noise only with its bill and wings, and the people call it a mob. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they are dead. The stork lives in the valleys and the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the stork lives in the nest on the little roof that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is very kind bird to the children and the poor. When they get old and can not get their food, their

stitched on the edges with bright silk flosses in contrasting colors. Have the first heart as large as you desire, the next a little smaller, and gradually come up to a tiny one.

Little girls can easily make nice warm wristlets of dark-colored Saxony yarn in Afghan stitch, with scalloped edges.

These suggestions come too late for holiday gifts, but as birthdays are always happening along through the year, our little readers may be glad of the hints for those occasions.

DEAR LOUIE BAR (DEAR LAYDEEN POOL), TENNESSEE.

I live in the mountains, on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, at the ten mile south of Rugby, in the same county. We lived in Rugby until my father died, the Tabard Inn, near the station, and we moved to our farm. We call it Deer Lodge because we have three pet deer now, and papa says he intends to have a hundred. Good many men when deer in our woods; they have spots on them when they are very young, and then they get very tame, and eat out of my hands. We raised some in Rugby, and papa sent them to Ohio; he gave two to the Orphans' Home at Lebanon, Ohio. I was born at Dayton, but we moved to Chicago. I went up on Lake Superior, and saw good numbers of Indians; the mothers carried the babies on their backs in a blanket. Then we moved to a new place, and I liked to live here better than a nice Sunday-school, and I had so many little girl friends come to play with me. I love our farm, but have no one to play with. I have my dog, and my boys, and lots of pictures and a piano; but I can as yet play only some little tunes. But Cousin Lina plays, and we all sing Sunday-morning after supper. Papa has good many men cutting down trees, and clearing, and building fences, and ploughing; and we lived in a log-house at first, but we had it burned up, and a veranda made, and it looks very fine now. We have cows and calves and horses and colts and pigs and sheep. We have plenty to eat, and never lack, and papa says there are hundreds of people now living in the cities who ought to come and buy lands cheap, and raise all they want, and be happy, and never get bored. We can see Pilot Mountain from our porch, though it is five miles away. The cattle and sheep here run in the woods, and get plenty to eat most of the year, and don't have to be fed.

We have a school started here soon. I want to go after Christmas. I know John, who lives in the city of Baltimore, sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week. I am always so glad when the mail-man comes, just to get my paper. GEORIE R.

WALL HILL, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I live in a pleasant village called Wall Hill. We have a good school here. Our school is out now, but will be open the first Monday in January. I study Latin, familiar science, grammar, arithmetic, and dictionary. I will begin music next March. I have been taking root papers two years, and like it very much, especially the stories, pictures, and Post-office Box. We have four pigeons, six cats, and one dog. I have two brothers and one sister. I send much love to the Postmistress.

MINNIE C.

Big Rapids, Michigan.

I have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and so far I like it very much. I go to school every day, and my studies are arithmetic, grammar, United States history, geography, and spelling. I am also taking lessons on the clarinet, and so I do not have much time for fancy-work. I have been making some pretty crazy-work of silks, velvets, plushes, and satin. I have no pets except a baby niece two years old, and she takes up a good deal of my spare time. I was twelve years old last September.

EDITH W.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I like your little paper very much. I have a few kullies the best. I wrote to you once, but my letter was not published. I have but one pet, and that is a bird; he is so tame that we can let him sit on our hand and walk on our feet; he will drink water out of a glass. I have no brothers nor sisters to play with. I take music lessons, and like them very much. I go to school and study arithmetic, reading, writing, geography, and spelling. I have been at school every day, and have not been late once this term. I shall be eleven years old on my next birthday.

DECLAR B.

Hampden, Connecticut.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and have often thought I would write a letter and tell the other little boys and girls about my pets. First is my little black and white splendid old dog, who is a year older than I am, and will follow any of us if we let him. He followed mamma and me to the wedding once, and my little brother and dog. Next comes my kitten, Bob; he is nearly all black, with only a few yellow hairs. He is

minus a tail, and jumps and runs like a rabbit. Then I have two hens, with twenty-three chickens about the house; they are red and orange, and will follow either one. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and geography. I hope you will publish this. I write to you and all the little readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

LOUIE W.

SHEMMA, ALABAMA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. This is the first letter I ever wrote to any paper. I have no pets except an old yellow cat. I had a little canary, but it died. Papa has a great many goats. I went up to Memphis this summer, and saw a boy there had a pet one which he rode, and another which he was breaking. If we go to the Exposition this winter, I want to get me some nice books to read. I am attending school at home. I have never been away. My teacher's name is Miss Lizzie L.

MARY V. C.

LEAKINGTON, MISSISSIPPI.

I am just seven years old, and I am writing this letter myself. I have two sisters and two brothers. My brother, nine years old, takes this paper, and we all like it very much. I like the Post-office Box better than any other part, especially the letters from Papa. I want to be a doctor. I want to make some candy when I finish this, and I will send the receipt for sugar-candy: two cups of sugar, vinegar enough to keep it from burning, and boil until it is crisp.

Your loving little friend, KATE F. M.

We will try to have some puzzles to suit our wee tots as well as our older girls and boys.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE, NEWBROUGH, ONTARIO.

I have no pets except a dear little sister three months old. I have two sisters and one brother. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and think it is the nicest paper that ever was published for children. I am ten years old. Newbrough is a very pretty little village on the Rideau Canal, and has a pretty lake. I have been very dull in winter, especially now, on account of diphtheria being so bad. Thirteen children have died of it in this little village, and they have closed the school for a time because of it. A kind auntie who lives in Jamaica, West Indies, sent me YOUNG PEOPLE for a present. We have not named our baby yet. What do you think would be a pretty name to call her? I think you must know of some pretty names for a little girl. I go to school, and am in the first grade. I like to read many books. Mother, my little sister, and myself were visiting my grandma in Toronto last summer, and we had such a nice time.

LOUIE R. C.

A name for the baby sister.

What shall it be?
Alice, or Bessie, or Ethel,
Amy, or sweet Maria,
Jessie, or Blanche, or Mabel,
Fanny, or Maud, or Sue,
Edith, or Grace, or Nellie—
Will any of these names do?

GREENFIELD, VIRGINIA.

I have a good many dolls, but do not play with them much, because I have a live one, a little sister named, eleven months old. She can walk alone. My brother Harry has been taking the paper for four years, and we like it very much. I have two Aunt Marys and a Big Mary, and the house. We have to learn a verse in the Bible and a question in the Catechism for school every day. I have never seen any letters or print from this play. We live in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, six miles from Winchester.

BESSIE B. S.

MILROY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy six years old. I have never written a letter to you before, but hope to see this one in Our Post-office Box. I have just got a new pet, a setter dog, sent to me from Philadelphia; he is very nice. I used to have two prairie-dogs grandpa brought me from Kansas, but we sent them to the Zoo in Philadelphia. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Winkie," best of the stories, also the last page in HARPER'S BAZAR. My auntie takes that. One of my aunts helped me to write this letter, and I hope it is all right.

ROBERT W. S.

Louie M., Albert C. S., and Sol T. P. may write again. Sol must let me know how "Innocent Mirth" prospers. —Blanche Van B.: I am not fond of a parrot myself, but I agree with you that for a person who likes Madam Poll she is an entertaining pet. You need not apologize for your writing, dear; I consider it very good for a little girl of nine. My very first letter was sent to you, and I received these horrible lines was sent in a dear little letter by my little friend Myra A. T. all the way from Texas. I wonder if Myra will find a kiss somewhere between these lines.—Corra May S.: If mamma does not forbid it, dear, please write with ink next time. The pencil marks are too indistinct for

eyes which work so steadily as mine.—Maud K. C.: No doubt you will have many sleigh-rides this winter.—May H. S. and Anna F.: Always send your answers at the same time you send puzzles, please.—Martha F.: Please write a longer letter.

—Ned C.: I am very sorry that your papa feels as he does, but I hope things will turn out better than he fears. Meanwhile I am glad that you enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and that your mamma is so pleased with it. For a lad only ten, you write a capital hand, and the composition of your letter clearly shows that you are a bright and intelligent lad, taking, as all boys ought, a strong interest in the politics of their country.—Guy D. S.: Will you not write in ink instead of in pencil next time? Business men are always pleased to hear that you are studying hard.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning."
Before the keen bounds my first shall fly;
Their bay shall sound our warning.
My second a girl as soft as a dove,
With a voice attuned to cooing.
Once gave a knight she pretended to love,
When proudly he came a-wooing:
She threw it down to the hounds, you know,
And after it bravely the knight did go,
And that made me the end of his suing.
My whole is something quite fair to see,
But it holds a poison in dower.
Put my first and my second together, I think
You'll call me a beautiful flower. LUCY L.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In rye my first you'll find me, not in wheat.
In sour my second soon you'll find;
In bitter, too, my third, but not in sweet;
And, strange, in doe my fourth, but not in hind.
In river is my fifth, and in meadow, too,
In hornet is my sixth, and not in honey-bee.
In whose bite, not in whose sting, my seventh
You must take.
The uru counts my eighth, and not its tea.
In fire my ninth discover, not in coal.
The hunter hounds my tenth, but not his game;
My eleventh is my fifth, and in meadow, too,
My whole's a poet of undying fame.
Now guess away, and let me have his name.

NIXA T.

No. 3.

HIDDEN FISHES.

1. How do you feel my dear? 2. The tiger was spotted. 3. Mary had a gallo dress. 4. Can you guess my conundrum? 5. Poll was perched on my shoulder. 6. The rockets were very pretty. 7. He was a famous ambassador. 8. Lucy's her ring in the garden. 9. Charles had a pony. 10. The passengers in the car pat the baby.

WILLIE T.

No. 4.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Space of time. 3. Self-esteem. 4. Fuss. 5. A letter. F. W. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 366

No. 1.— H O B O B R
P O B S H R
H O W B I T R E B E L
B L E A T R E L
S I T I
T
R A T
C A T H
E A V E S C U T
R A V I N E S H U R O N
T E N E T T O E N
S T N

No. 2.— T I E R V A I N
I D L E A B E R
L E A L A R E
R E A L N E S T

No. 3.— 1. Hannah. 2. A pair of spurs.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Fred W. Heill, A Constant Reader, Jennie Fay, Lewis Hanscom, Hattie S. Bigelow, Nina and Willie T. H., Helen M. Hedges, W. N. Sturmer, Sydney Killam, Elmer C. Davis, The Man in the Moon, Rob Sterling, Puss Willow, Maudie Pierce, Jack Hazard, R. H. Hedges, W. N. Sturmer, John Clark, Crook, Eva and Alice May, Nannie Thompson, Winifred James, Deacon Snow, Arthur Gillette, Polly Andrews, Jennie Livingston, Wm. H. Theobald, Blanche, Tim McKee, Appleton Smith, Jennie Lester, Earl Luck, Busy Bee, W. K. T., and Emily Jenkins.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d page of cover.]



WHAT FREDDIE DREAMED HE WAS CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

PEARLS FROM CEYLON.

FOR the last hundred years Ceylon has been one of the main sources of pearls, the best coming from the western coast of the island, where the oyster producing them is of a different kind from that on the eastern coast. The pearl-oyster banks are under control of the government, which allows fishing only for a short season, and may stop it altogether if the banks seem to be in danger of exhaustion. A large number of boat-owners from Ceylon and India, from 150 to 200 in all, will enroll themselves, and assemble in March at the banks, where they are divided into two fleets, one sailing under a blue and the other under a red flag. These fleets fish on every other day. Each boat provides its own crew and divers, and has on board a government guard, whose duty it is to see that no oysters are sold without their knowledge.

The oysters are caught by divers. When one of these men is about to go down, he stands on a flat stone attached to the diving-rope, draws in a deep breath, and holding his nostrils closed with one hand, is lowered swiftly to the bottom. There he hastily collects as many oysters in his basket as he is able to scramble up, and when unable to endure it longer, gives a signal, and is hauled to the surface. A diver who can remain under water a whole minute is thought to be doing unusually well.

At a given signal the boats all sail for shore, and the oysters are placed in the government's receptacles. Each boat is then given its share for its

services, and the rest are sold by the government at auction. Before the pearls can be washed out the oysters must rot, and are spread out upon cemented floors while they undergo this process. The smell of this decay is so great that no one can live near the place, and formerly diseases like the cholera nearly always broke out in the neighborhood before the end of the season.

The prodnet varies greatly, but at present from fifteen to twenty millions of oysters are annually caught in Ceylon, during about forty days' fishing, and the pearls yielded are worth about \$500,000.

A NEW-YEAR JINGLE.

BY C. O. THOMAS.

"LITTLE maid, little maid, where are you going?
"Oh, The snow gathers fast, and the bleak winds are blowing."
"Oh, the keen blast is blowing, but never care I;
I'm going there to coast, sir, and that is just why."

"Little maid, little maid, whom will you see there?"
"Oh, the girls and the boys; they will every one be there—
They will every one be there. Their shouts don't you hear?
Oh, we have lots of fun on the happy New-Year."

THE TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

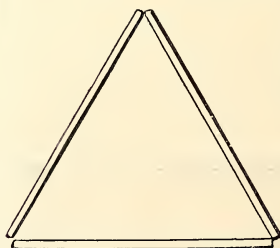


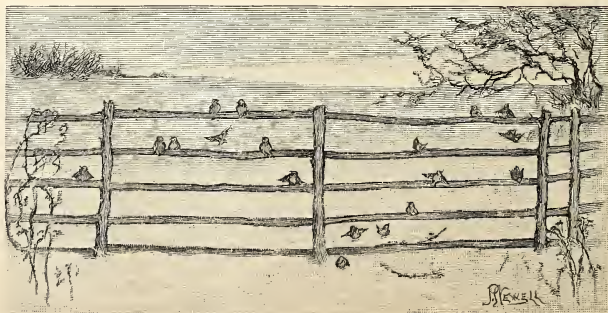
FIG. 1.

TAKE three matches and lay them on the table in the form of a triangle, as represented in Fig. 1. Then lay three other matches carelessly by the side



FIG. 2.

of the triangle, as at Fig. 2. Challenge any of the company present to so arrange the six matches as to make four perfect triangles precisely like Fig. 1. Try as hard as you can. If you do not succeed, we will give you the solution in next week's YOUNG PEOPLE.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 271.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



SANTA CLAUS'S MISTAKE.

A Christmas Story.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

I.—THE TWO NORRIES.

"NORRIS NOONAN" is such a queer name that it seems somewhat surprising that two of them should live in New York at the same time. But in reality their names were very different, and it was only their pet names

"IT WAS FULL OF GREAT ROSY-CHEEKED APPLES."

that caused the trouble, confusion, and subsequent happiness that came to the two little girls just a year ago this very holiday season.

Miss Marie Antoinette Noonan was a most stylish, aristocratic-looking, and exquisitely dressed young woman, twelve years of age. She had travelled abroad with her mother, usually went to Saratoga in the summer, and to a fashionable city school in the winter, and was already beginning to look forward with impatience to the time when she should be "finished" and ready to "come out."

Her father was the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan, ex-State Senator, successful politician, and millionaire. He had retired from active business, and had built for himself a palace on the upper part of Fifth Avenue, near Central Park, which was where the Noonans were living at the time of this story. They had become Noonans since moving into it, and it seemed as though the "Noo" was gradually disappearing from the name, which was now generally pronounced "N'uan" by the members of this particular family.

The other Norrie Noonan was of about the same age as the young princess just described, and she also lived on Fifth Avenue, but here all resemblance between them ceased. The full name of this second Norrie was Norah Bridget Noonan, and in this case the surname was pronounced Noonan with the "Noo" very broad, and not much attention paid to the "nan." Her father had never been an Honorable, but always plain Pat Noonan, the hod-carrier, from the day he landed at Castle Garden until the sad one on which he fell from a tall ladder and was carried home with a broken neck. Since his death Mrs. Noonan had supported herself and the four little children, of whom Norrie was the eldest, by taking in washing and doing odd jobs of scrubbing, or whatever else came to her strong hands to be done.

Sometimes Norrie went to the public school, but she generally had to stay at home and "mind the children," as she explained to her teacher, while her mother was out at work. Her one experience of travel, other than that gained by occasional trips in the horse-cars, or on the elevated railroads during five-cent hours, to carry home bundles of washing, was a Fresh-air Fund journey to a New Jersey village, where she had spent two weeks of bliss in a farm-house during the summer just past. It was the event of her life, and everything that happened before or afterward was spoken of by her as having taken place before or since "my trip to the country."

Right here it should be stated that although the Noonans lived on Fifth Avenue, it was in a rickety old back tenement-house on South Fifth Avenue, several miles from the fine residence of the Noonans. They occupied a single room up four flights of stairs.

Although this one room was very much crowded with Mrs. Noonan and the four young Noonans, a cat, a big bed, and a little bed that pushed under it, a stove, a table, two chairs, a chest, and a dresser, it was kept as neat as wax. The sun always seemed to smile when he looked in at the shining windows, the kettle always sang more merrily here than it did in ordinary rooms, and as for Tommy Moore, the tortoise-shell cat, he was the very happiest and jolliest cat in all New York.

On the same floor with the Noonans, in the two front rooms, lived honest John Mack and Mrs. Mack, his wife, and they, having no children of their own, were much interested in the growth and welfare of the young Noonans. Mr. Mack drove an express wagon, and was one of the most trusted employes of a big foreign express company.

II.—CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

For a week before the 25th of December there was an unusual amount of Christmas preparation going on among both the Noonans and the Noonans at opposite ends of Fifth Avenue. At its upper end Miss Norrie Noonan was

in a flutter of excitement. Her papa had given her fifty dollars with which to purchase Christmas gifts, and she spent all except five dollars of it in various pretty, expensive, but useless little knickknacks for her father, mother, and two of her most fashionable school friends, who always expected her to give them something handsome. She secretly hoped they would give her presents of equal if not of greater value, and gave them to understand by carefully worded hints that she was prepared to do her part in the matter of present-giving, at any rate.

At the other end of the avenue Norrie Noonan was equally excited over the near approach of the merry season, and every day she had some new and marvellous story to tell to Teddy and Tim, her brothers, and to little Tisler, her four-year-old sister, of "Sandy Claws."

She had opened the little pasteboard box that she called her bank, in which she had been saving her pennies for a year, and found that it contained forty-eight cents. All these had been given her, one or two cents at a time, at rare intervals, except ten cents that represented two car fares, saved by taking long, tiresome walks. To these her mother now added two pennies, and thus Norrie had a whole half-dollar—more money than she had ever owned before in all her life. With this magnificent sum she intended to buy four presents, one for her mother, and one for each of the children.

She had already made up her mind what she should give her mother. It was to be a lovely artificial rose to wear on her shabby old black bonnet, and make it look as fine as anybody's. In regard to the children, however, she had thought of so many things that she might give them that she was unable to decide which they would like best. To try and settle this most important question she took them on long walks past the wonderful shops on Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. At the many windows filled to overflowing with toys and costly objects they gazed and gazed, and decided a hundred times that they wanted this or that, and as often changed their minds on seeing some new and more attractive article.

At one time Teddy felt certain that nothing would so surely please him as a magnificent musical box that they saw in one of the windows. A card on the box showed its price to be only one hundred dollars. Tim's fancy was about evenly divided between a big rocking-horse, a pair of roller skates, and a drum. Little Tisler wanted a baby-house that occupied the whole of one of the largest windows in one of the largest stores on Fourteenth Street, and could probably have been bought for about five hundred dollars. Norrie herself cast longing eyes upon an exquisite French doll, almost as big as little Tisler, that seemed to smile at her every time they passed a certain window.

Finally, on the very day before Christmas, Norrie invested her fifty cents as follows: For her mother she bought an artificial rose on a stem with two green leaves. It was almost as big as a small peony, and quite as gorgeous. For Teddy she bought a kazoo, which not only cost much less money than the musical box he longed to possess, but was capable of producing a greater variety of tunes, and was in this respect the more satisfactory instrument of the two. The kazoo only cost ten cents.

Tim had finally made up his mind that a drum would please him about as much as anything, and so Norrie went to store after store until she found one that came within her means, and then bought it for him. For Tisler—dear little Tisler—she purchased five presents with the five cents she had left, and they were a tiny china doll, a little cradle, a tin whistle, a stick of candy, and a red apple, each of which cost one cent.

The next morning was as bright and beautiful a Christmas morning as ever was seen, and the jolly red sun, peeping in at the shining windows of the Noonans' room, suggested nothing so much as it did a Merry Christmas. Each little golden speck of dust floating in the air danced a Mer-

ry Christmas; Tommy Moore purred a Merry Christmas, and the whole bright frosty world outside was full of Merry Christmas. The little Noonans shouted "Merry Christmas!" to each other and their mother almost before their eyes were opened; and when they fairly woke up, and saw the elegant presents Norrie had provided for them, they all sprang out of bed, and danced a Merry Christmas dance. Then Teddy played on his kazoo, and Tim beat the drum, and little Tisler tried to blow on the tin whistle and eat her stick of candy at the same time, and Norrie pulled on the warm mittens that her mother had knitted for her, and Mrs. Noonan pinned the gorgeous red rose to the bosom of her dress until she should find time to place it in her bonnet, and until breakfast-time they were all so happy that it did not seem possible for them to be any happier.

III.—THE LEFTINANT OF SANDY CLAWS.

On the day before Christmas two large boxes, both directed to "Miss Norrie Noonan, Fifth Avenue, New York," and looking very much alike, had arrived in the city. One of them came by a French steamer from across the ocean, and the other came by rail from a little village in New Jersey. The one that came from across the ocean went directly to the office of the foreign express company that employed honest John Mack as a driver.

"Hello!" exclaimed John, "phat's this? 'Miss Norrie Noonan, Fifth Avenoo.' Sure there's niver another av that name in the city, an' livin' on the Avenoo at the same toime. It's for me own little Norrie, an' no other, an' be-like it's from her father's own sisters, the Noonans of Ballybaugh, as it's from over the say. I'll take it up me own self, wid a Merry Christmas, an' won't their eyes shlick out whin they see the same!"

So John Mack put the box aside until he had selected all the packages that belonged on his route, and then he loaded them into his wagon and drove off.

As the Noonans' door was opened in answer to his knock, and those within saw who it was, he was greeted with a chorus of "Merry Christmas, Mr. Mack! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" mingled with the music of the kazoo, the tin whistle, and the drum.

"A Merry Christmas to yez, childer; an' be the same token I'm the Leftinant av Sandy Claws, an' have his resp'cs for yez here widin the box."

"Is it for me?" asked Norrie, in amazement, as she read the address.

"Yis, darlint; it's for yez, an' well do yez desarve all that's intill it, whatever it is," replied honest John.

As he had to hurry back to his work, he did not wait to see the box opened; but as he left he said he would look in during the evening to see what was in the box from the "ould counthry," and then he went clattering down the rickety stairs.

With the aid of a poker, and a hatchet that Teddy borrowed from a neighbor, the box was quickly opened, and then began a period of the most tremendous excitement for the Noonan family. On top of the other contents of the box lay a dainty note addressed simply "Norrie"; but as the Noonans were not much given to either letter-reading or letter-writing, this was laid aside for a while as a matter of small importance, and the family proceeded to explore further into the box.

After a quantity of straw, wrapping-paper, and tissue-paper had been removed, the wondering gaze of the children and their mother rested on what they thought for a moment must be a real live baby lying sound asleep amid the softest wrappings. But Norrie seized it in her arms, and hugged it to her bosom with a wild cry of delight, and as she did so its big blue eyes flew wide open, and it said, as plainly as could be, "Ma-ma." The other children were almost frightened; but Norrie knew that it was a perfectly lovely talking French doll, even bigger and more beautiful than the one she had gazed at so longingly

ly in the window on Fourteenth Street. Then came two embroidered silk dresses, a morocco case containing a full set of pearl jewelry, boxes of delicious bonbons, and a doll's trunk filled with the daintiest of clothing. Poor Mrs. Noonan began to look frightened and anxious at this unexpected and unexplained result of Christmas.

"Sure, darlints, it can't be for us at all at all!" she exclaimed. "There's a big mistake av some kind, an' I'm afear'd the beautiful things 'll only bring throuble to us, after all. Wirra, wirra, but I'm thriublin'!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Norrie, "nobody else could have wanted this dear, splendid doll as much as I did. Who in the whole world would love it so dearly?"

"Perhaps the letter will tell," said Mrs. Noonan, brightening with the sudden thought. "Norrie, yez have the eddication; read it till us, loike a good gurrul."

So Norrie opened the dainty, sweet-scented note that until then had lain on the table unheeded, and attempted to decipher its contents. It began, "*Ma chère Norrie*," and from the first line to the last it was written in French, though the little girl only knew that it was some foreign language that she did not understand.

Taking the letter from Norrie's hand, Mrs. Noonan looked at it gravely for several minutes, holding it right side up, upside down, and sideways; but of course she could make nothing of it, for she could not have read it even if it had been written in English. At length a bright idea struck her, and she exclaimed: "It 'll be from yer aunt Tilly Noonan in Ballybaugh, who niver sent a letter in her life, for the reason that she can't write, more's the pity, an' she's got the praste, good luck till him, to write it for her. Be the same token it's writ in Latin, for he'd niver use a wurrd eise, barrin' he was shapakin'. We'll just lave it till yez can run up till Father Cromarty's, an' he'll rade it ilegant for yez, an' thin we'll know the manin' av all this."

Then the good woman made them put everything back in the box, but the beautiful doll, which Norrie begged with tears in her eyes might be left with her, and one box of bonbons that was given to the boys and little Tisler to quiet their howls of disappointment as they saw the treasures of the box being returned to it.

After the box had been repacked and pushed under the table to await the result of the priest's reading of the mysterious letter, Norrie settled quietly down to the enjoyment of her doll, and the children began to divide their bonbons into three equal parts on the floor. While they were thus engaged a slight confusion was heard outside. In another moment the door was thrown open, and there before their astonished gaze stood an elderly gentleman wearing a fur-trimmed overcoat and a tall shiny silk hat, and holding by the hand a little girl so elegantly dressed that she might have been a princess. With them was honest John Mack, and behind them were crowded half the inmates of the tenement-house.

IV.—HONEST JOHN MACK.

To understand who these new arrivals were we must go back to the evening before, when an express wagon had driven up to the residence of the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan on upper Fifth Avenue, and the driver had gone to the area door with a big box on his shoulder addressed to "Miss Norrie Noonan, Fifth Avenue, New York City." A servant had signed the delivery-book, and then reported the arrival of the box to Mrs. Noonan. It so happened that on that very afternoon Mrs. Noonan had received a letter from her sister Julia, who lived in Paris, and who had written:

"By the same steamer that takes this letter I have sent a Christmas-box to my dear little niece Norrie. Hoping that she may enjoy its contents as thoroughly as I have enjoyed preparing them for her, and with wishes for a



Miss Della, on coming down-stairs New-Year's Morning, after a good look from the Window, exclaims, "Why, Mamma, the New Year is just like the Old one."

merry, happy Christmas to you all, I am your loving sister,
JULIA."

"P.S.—I have written a note in French to Norrie, and placed it in the very top of the box. I hope that she has been so diligent at school that she may be able to read it all herself without any help."

Having read this letter, Mrs. Noonan was expecting the box, and when one came, she told the servant to put it somewhere for the night where Miss Norrie would not see it, and to bring it into the dining room at breakfast-time the next morning.

After wishing her father and mother a Merry Christmas somewhat languidly the next morning, and receiving their thanks for the presents she had bought for them, Miss Norrie Noonan admired the dainty *châtelaine* watch that her father gave her, and the seal-skin jacket that was her mother's present, and then she went down to the dining-room quite full of curiosity as to the nature of the surprise that awaited her there.

Beside her plate lay two small packages, and on the floor near her chair stood the large box addressed to Miss Norrie Noonan. In the small packages were presents from the two fashionable girl friends for whom she had bought Christmas gifts. Although they were pretty trifles, Norrie regarded them with a dissatisfied air, and turned to the box, saying she knew her aunt Julia would have sent her something truly elegant.

A servant was sent for a hammer, and when he returned and began to knock the cover off the box, both Mr. and Mrs. Noonan stood near it with Norrie, in their curiosity to see its contents. When these were finally revealed the

surprise and excitement of this Noonan family were fully equal to those of the other family of the same name, who lived on the same avenue, over the box that they had opened on that same morning.

The first thing they saw was a letter lying on top of several bags. One of these bags was opened; it was full of great rosy-cheeked apples. An angry flush sprang into Norrie's face. Another bag was found to contain quinces, a third cabbages and carrots, and a fourth potatoes. In the spaces between these bags were tucked five pairs of warm gray yarn stockings of different sizes.

As each of these successive bags was opened the wonder of the family knew no bounds, and when the potatoes were disclosed, poor Norrie burst into a flood of angry tears. The Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan muttered something about the most extraordinary form of a practical joke he had ever heard of; and Mrs. Noonan said she would never have believed that her sister Julia could do such a cruel thing.

While Mrs. Noonan was trying to soothe and comfort her little daughter, she suddenly bethought herself of the note that came in the box, and picked it up.

Like another we have heard of, it was addressed simply "Norrie." Tearing it open, Mrs. Noonan read, with ever-increasing amazement, the following remarkable lines:

"MY DEAR LITTLE NORRIE,—We wish you a very Merry Christmas, and to help you remember the good times you had at Squanset last summer we send you a Christmas-box containing a few fruits and vegetables from the old farm. I have also knitted five pairs of stockings: one for your mother, one for each of the boys, one for little Tisler, of whom you talked so much, and one for yourself. Trusting that the Fresh-air Fund may bring you to us again next summer, I remain your loving friend,
"SARAH SUSAN SMITH."

Even Norrie's tears were dried as she listened to this most extraordinary epistle, and when it was finished she could not help laughing.

"What ever does it all mean?" exclaimed the Hon. Fitzgibbons.

"It means," answered Mrs. Noonan, "that we are the victims of some very stupid mistake on the part of the express company, and I think you should go directly downtown and see about it."

V.—SANTA CLAUS'S MISTAKE IS SET RIGHT.

An hour later the Noonan carriage drew up in front of the foreign express office downtown; the footman sprang from the box, opened the door, and let down the step with a clatter, and the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan and Miss Norrie Noonan entered the office.

The manager of the office recognized Mr. Noonan at once, and came forward, bowing most politely, and inquired what he could do to serve him.

"I want to know if a box or package addressed to me has recently reached this office from Paris?" said Mr. Noonan.

"I will find out in a moment, sir," replied the manager, as he stepped over to the delivery clerk's desk.

One of the delivery clerks consulted a big book, and said that nothing had been received for the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan, but that a box had arrived from Paris the day before addressed to Miss Norrie Noonan, and that it had been delivered that very morning.

"No, sir, it has not been delivered," thundered Mr. Noonan; "it has been stolen."

"What driver took it?" inquired the manager of the delivery clerk.

The clerk again consulted the big book, and answered, "Mack, honest John Mack, as we call him; and there he is now," he added, pointing to John, who was just entering the office by a rear door.

The manager called to him to step that way, and said, "Mack, did you receive a box this morning addressed to Miss Norrie Noonan of Fifth Avenue?"

"Dade an' I did, sor."

"What did you do with it?"

"Delivered it, sor, wid me own hands to Miss Norrie herself."

"Oh!" exclaimed Norrie, who had listened to all this with the utmost surprise.

"Where does Miss Norrie live?" asked the manager.

"In the same house wid meself, sor, in South Fifth Avenue."

"This is very curious," remarked Mr. Noonan. "My man, can you go with us and show us this place?"

"Av coorse I can, sir, if the boss bids me," replied John.

A few minutes later the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan, Miss Norrie Noonan, and honest John Mack stood before the open door of Mrs. Patrick Noonan's room.

In a few minutes more the mystery of the mixed Christmas-boxes had been fully explained, and two Norrie Noonans had made each other's acquaintance. During the day the boxes were exchanged, and each was sent to its rightful owner. When Norrie Noonan understood that she must give up the beautiful French doll, her anguish was extreme, and it so touched the heart of Norrie Noonan that she insisted that the doll and all its fine clothes should remain where they were. In witnessing the unbounded joy of her namesake when she was told that the doll was

Starting for the second time, she reached the tropic seas only to take fire. Lieutenant De la Fond, the officer of the watch, caused some sails to be at once dipped in the sea and placed over the hatches, but such a cloud of smoke issued from between the crevices that none could endure it, and the flames gained ground notwithstanding all efforts to subdue them. In vain buckets were filled, pumps plied, and pipes introduced from them into the hold.

The yawl was hoisted out, and some men jumped into her, but the ship, which had her sails set, soon outstripped it. The other boats could not be got out. Discipline, as is too often the case among French sailors, was at an end, and every one did what was right (which generally means wrong) in his own eyes. "Terror pervaded everywhere; nothing but sighs and groans resounded through the vessel; the very animals on board, as if sensible of the impending danger, uttered the most dreadful cries. . . . Each was occupied in throwing overboard what promised even the slenderest chance of escape, yards, spars, and hen-coops, and to them they clung." The sea, terrible as it was, seemed to be less terrible than the flames.

"The shrouds, yards, and ropes along the side of the vessel were crowded with the crew, as if hesitating which form of destruction to choose. . . . A father was seen to snatch his son from the flames, and then throwing him into the sea, himself followed, where they perished in each other's embrace." Think of this, dear children, safe on shore with your parents, and pity these unfortunates!

By order of the lieutenant the helm was shifted, which caused the ship to heel to larboard. This for a time confined the fire to the starboard only, where it raged from stem to stern. The captain, overwhelmed with grief for

PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE BURNING OF "LE PRINCE."

A FRENCH East India-man, *Le Prince*, sailed on February 19, 1752, from Port l'Orient. She had scarcely cleared the harbor when she was driven upon a sand bank, and was injured to such an extent that she was obliged to return to port to be refitted.



"HE FOUND THE GOOD CHAPLAIN, WHO ADMINISTERED ABSOLUTION."

his female relatives who were among the passengers, could do nothing for the general good. He was engaged in attaching the women to hen-coops, "while some of the seamen, swimming with one hand, endeavored to support them with the other."

In the midst of this turmoil a new and undreamed-of danger suddenly showed itself. The guns, heated by the fire, began to discharge their contents among the poor wretches floating on the masts and yards. The flames by this time had gained such a mastery as to burst through the cabin windows.

M. De la Fond was compelled to do what he could for himself. He endeavored to slip down a yard which dipped into the sea, but it was so crowded with human beings that he tumbled over them and fell into the water, where a drowning sailor seized hold of him and carried him twice under water. Though a very resolute man, this incident shook his nerves, "and in making a free passage through the dead bodies floating around him, he shoved them aside with one hand, impressed with the apprehension that each was alive and would seize him."

The spirits-lair then appeared in view, but so covered with people that he hardly dared to ask for help. Some were quite naked, the rest only in their shirts, and all were expecting instant death; yet, remembering his late efforts for their preservation, they "cheerfully made room for him."

He presently changed this situation for a place on the mainmast, which had toppled overboard, crushing many in its fall. On this he found the good chaplain, who administered absolution (the last rite of the Catholic Church) to him—surely a striking picture of religious devotion!

Upon this mast were two young ladies (the only female survivors) and no less than eighty of the crew. The chaplain presently lost his hold, whereupon the lieutenant seized him.

"Let me go, De la Fond," said he; "I am already half drowned; it is only prolonging my sufferings."

"No, my friend," replied the lieutenant. "When my strength is exhausted I must drop you, but not before. We will perish together."

One of the young ladies fell off and was drowned.

Presently the yawl came in sight; it could hold but very few people, but those in it insisted on saving the lieutenant, "since he alone could guide them to land." As they would not come near the mast lest the numbers should swamp the boat, he swam out to them and was taken on board. The pilot and the master did likewise.

A few minutes later the fire reached the magazine. There was a tremendous explosion. "A thick cloud intercepted in an instant the sight of the sun, and amidst this terrific darkness nothing could be seen but flaming timbers high in air. Then they beheld the sea covered with pieces of wreck, mingled with bodies 'half choked, mangled, half consumed, but still retaining life enough to be sensible of the horrors that surrounded them.'"

The lieutenant's courage did not even then desert him. He caused the yawl to approach this terrible scene, to see whether anything could be picked up to save them from a death even worse than that which had befallen their fellows. They found several barrels, but only full of powder, which had been thrown overboard during the conflagration. They did pick up, however, a cask of brandy, fifteen pounds of salt pork, some scarlet cloth and linen, a dozen pipe-staves, and some cordage. This was all. They had neither chart nor compass, and only knew that they were six hundred miles from land.

Every article they had was by the lieutenant's orders at once made use of. "The lining of the boat was torn up for the sake of the planks and nails; a seaman had luckily two needles, and the linen afforded whatever thread was necessary. The piece of scarlet cloth made a sail, an oar a mast, and a plank a rudder."

Eight days and nights they sailed on, guided by the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and the position of the stars; their naked bodies exposed to scorching heat by day and to intense cold by night; their food a small piece of pork once in twenty-four hours, until the fourth day, when they could eat it no longer on account of the inward heat and irritation it produced; their only drink was a glass of brandy from time to time, which inflamed them without satisfying their thirst.

They had no water, nor till the sixth day did any rain fall; this they caught in their mouths and hands, but dared not pray for more, for with the rain the wind, in which lay their only chance of safety, lulled. Abundance of flying-fish were seen, and if they could have devised any means of catching them they need not have suffered so much from hunger. But although nearly within arm's-length they were in reality as far off as if in another realm. So the sight only increased the agony of the suffering creatures, and drove them almost frantic. The eighth night was passed by the brave De la Fond at the helm, where he remained ten hours, and on the ninth morning they saw land—the coast of Brazil.

SAFE COASTING.

A BOB-SLEIGH, AND HOW TO MAKE ONE.

BY HORACE R. JOHNSON.

AMONG the various vehicles used for coasting, from the Canadian toboggan to the ordinary hand-sled, probably the best and safest for use on long, steep hills or on untravelled roads in the country is the bob-sleigh, or, as it is usually called, "bobs"—the plural being used for the reason that it consists of two board runner sleds connected by a long board, the forward sled working upon a central pivot in a similar manner to the forward wheels of a common wagon. The cord with which the whole thing is drawn is also used to steer with, and can be easily handled by a good strong boy.

When the writer was about twelve years of age he possessed the second "bobs" in his particular section of the country. The first one which graced (?) the one great hill of his boyish remembrance was an exceedingly tame and rustic affair, and was built to carry five persons. After severe study and criticism he concluded that the general idea of "bobs" was a great one, and immediately began the construction of an *ideal* coaster. The task was not an easy one, but after two weeks of hard study and harder work he completed a "bobs" that carried six or seven persons with ease, and attained a speed that was marvellous. The main point to be secured is strength, and with that there need be little fear of accident, as even the feet of the passengers are placed upon a rest, "high and dry," as the sailors say, from harm's way.

TOOLS AND MATERIALS.

You need a fine brace-backed hand-saw, a drawing-knife, a good brace or bit stock, a pair of compasses, a half-inch bit, some fine bits (or a gimlet will do), a medium-sized chisel, a square, a bevel, and a hammer. The bevel will not be found in the common amateur's tool chest, but it is a necessary tool, and a good one with brass tips can be purchased for half a dollar. Of course you will buy your lumber already dressed. First you need an ash board 94 feet in length, 6 inches wide (plump measurement), and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, free from knots of any size. You need also a piece of ash, oak, or walnut 5 feet in length, 2½ inches in width, and 1 inch in thickness. For your reach-board you had better use seasoned pine absolutely free from knots. The length of this is rather optional with the builder. It may be anywhere from 6 to 9 feet in length. If 6 or 7 feet long, it should be at least 1½ inches in thickness, but if longer, it should be 1¾ to 1½ inches thick. For mine I had a board 7½ feet long, 1½ inches thick, and 16 inches wide. These are the correct proportions for the bobs about to be described. For the remainder of your material you may add a few pieces of pine board, which can be found around almost any house, and then look to your hardware. As for the latter, you first need 11½ feet of half-round $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch rolled iron rod for shoeing the runners, a pair of

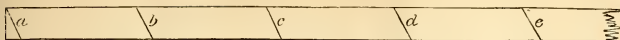


FIG. 1.

4 × 4 drilled door hinges or butts, full swing (that is, those that will swing around from face to face), a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch bolt 5 inches long, about 2 feet of light chain, half a dozen screw eyes to fit the chain, four $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch iron or brass rings, two dozen 1 × 13 screws, and two dozen 2 × 13 screws. Also get a few wrought nails, and a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch twist drill, with reamer to match it, for drilling the screw-holes in the iron shoes. Although this list of hardware is rather long, all the articles mentioned may be purchased for a small amount of money. When you visit the store to buy, it would be well for you to take this list along with you just as it is printed; it will explain precisely what you need.

DIRECTIONS FOR MANUFACTURE.

You will now turn your attention to the carpenter and joiner work, and unless you are an experienced workman, you should proceed slowly and carefully, for, as I have said, *strength* is the main object to be attained, and such a thing is impossible where there are loose, weak joints. Take your ash board, and, after squaring one end, point off from one corner 3 inches and connect this point with the other corner on that end, as *a* in Fig. 1. Now, from both of these corners mark off 24 inches along either edge of the board, and draw the diagonal lines *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e*, then saw carefully through them, which will leave you four pieces like A, Fig. 2, and an odd piece, which you will save.

Next with your pencil draw the line *a*, as in A, Fig. 2. There is no guide for this, but draw it as near as you can like the one in the cut, making the point *b* about 8 inches from the lower corner of the board.

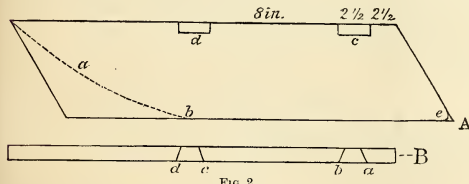


FIG. 2.

Now cut away that corner to the line *a*, which will leave you a fair-shaped runner, and repeat with the others.

Take your level (which is represented in Fig. 4), and set it to the angle there represented, which is the same as *c*, in A, Fig. 2.

Now on the upper edge of each runner point off from the rear 2½ inches, and from that point 2½ inches more. With your square, mark down on the runner from these points lines an inch long, and connect the other ends, as *c* in A, Fig. 2. After this mark off 8 inches more, and 2½ again from that point, and draw *d*.

Turn your work on the edge next, apply your level, and draw across the edge with your level *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*, as B, Fig. 2. This will leave what are called dovetails, the wider edge of which will be 24 inches.

Now with your fine hand-saw saw carefully down through the lines *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*, as B, Fig. 2, 1 inch; then with your chisel cut out the pieces, leaving open mortises.

Before going further mark your runners 1, 2, 3, and 4, and remember that the one represented as A, Fig. 2, is a left-hand runner. When marking the right-hand runners 2 and 4 you should reverse their positions, and point off from the left instead of the right, as you did with A.

You would, perhaps, before cutting the mortises in runners 2, 3, and 4, better "get out" your cross-bars, of which Fig. 3 is a representation. These are to be made from your ash, oak, or walnut wood, which you will remember is 5 feet long, 2½ feet broad, and 1 inch in thickness. Square one end, and cut off four pieces each 14 inches long.

With your square, mark off from each end of all of them 1 inch, and apply your level, which is already set, marking out the dovetails to exactly fit the mortises in the runners. After these are completed you can set up your runners and place the cross-bars in place, so that you may make

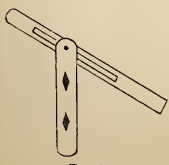


FIG. 4.

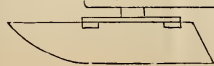


FIG. 5.

no mistake in cutting the other mortises.

Next slightly round off the rear corner of each runner, as *e* in A, Fig. 2, so that the shoes will round over the corner easily.

You may now proceed to put your bobs

together, dovetailing in your cross-bars, and securing them with screws, two in each end, as 1, 2, 3, and 4 in Fig. 3. Use a small bit to bore the holes through the cross-bars, and a reamer to let down the heads of the screws. The latter should be No. 2 × 13.

The next and probably the most difficult job is to shoe your runners, and I should strongly advise you, if not at all accustomed to the work, to take your material to the nearest blacksmith, and have him do it, or at least allow him to cut and fit them, for the ends will have to be heated in order to bend them around the corners of the runners properly.

If you do undertake it, be sure and obtain a good fit, but previous to

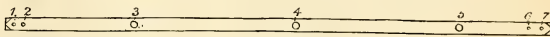


FIG. 5.

bending them, make them 34 inches long, and drill seven holes in each, as represented in Fig. 5. Two should be drilled near each end, about an inch apart from their centres, No. 3 should be drilled about 8 inches from the end, No. 4 about 18 inches, and No. 5 28 inches, or 6 inches from the other end. You should ream out each hole well, so that each screw head will be well buried, for if the edge projects, the speed of your bobs will be much lessened by means of it.

The screws used should be No. 2 × 13. Now take a nice piece of pine board 1 foot wide, 15 inches long, and 1 inch thick; connect each diagonal corner with a line, and bore a hole where the lines cross with your half-inch bit. This will be exactly in the centre. Place this length-

wise upon the cross-bars of your forward bob, and secure it to the bars with the long screws.

You will now turn your attention to your reach-board. If it be 14 inches wide, take your compasses, set the points 7 inches apart, place one point upon each end of the board in the centre 7 inches from either end, and describe semicircles around the ends. Now with your saw and drawing-knife round off the ends, shave the edges, and sandpaper them smooth.

Now choose which end you will have forward, and from the under side of the board, 8 inches from the extreme forward end, draw a line squarely across. Take the piece of ash board you had left over from your runner wood, and cut it lengthwise in two with a rip-saw. Then cut off the ends to make them precisely as long as your reach-board is wide.

One of these pieces you will screw on to the front end of your board, so the outer edge will just come up to the line just drawn. In securing this, screw through your reach-board into the cross piece. Now in the centre of the latter bore a hole through into the reach-board with your half-inch bit for the king-bolt. After doing this, take the other piece of ash, and close to each end place one of the hinges, letting the bolt sockets extend over the edge as in Fig. 6. After securing these with the No. 1 × 13 screws, draw a line with your square across the under side of the rear end of the reach-board 5 inches from the end.

Now take the cross piece with the hinges on it, and place it on to the rear cross-bar of the rear bob, and secure the other flaps of the hinges to that with short screws.

After this is done the cross piece should close over, so that it is raised from the cross-bar but the thickness of the hinge flaps. This being done, lay on your reach-board so that the outer edge of the cross piece shall just come up to the line drawn on the former, and fasten with screws the reach-board to the cross piece. Now you are ready to put on your forward bob, which is done by simply passing the half-inch bolt down through the hole in the reach-board and through the hole in the top of the front bob, and after putting on a washer or two, you can screw on the nut, and your bobs are constructed, with the exception of putting on the chains as represented in Fig. 7.

The writer's bobs had foot-rests made of iron rod bent up at the ends, and secured to each end of the reach-board. These were also strengthened by a brace in the centre of the board on each side.

At first, of course, you will not make very fast time in riding down a hill of moderate slope, but as soon as the shoes become bright and smooth you will fairly fly over the snow.

Your steering cord should be braided window-cord line, and the steerer should be seated back of the bolt-head. He should hold the cord on the outer edges of the reach-board. If you have foot-rests put on, the steerer will thereby gain a good brace for his feet, and be able to hold the cord with a firmer hand.

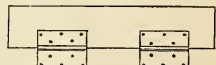


FIG. 6.

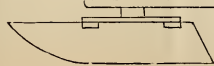
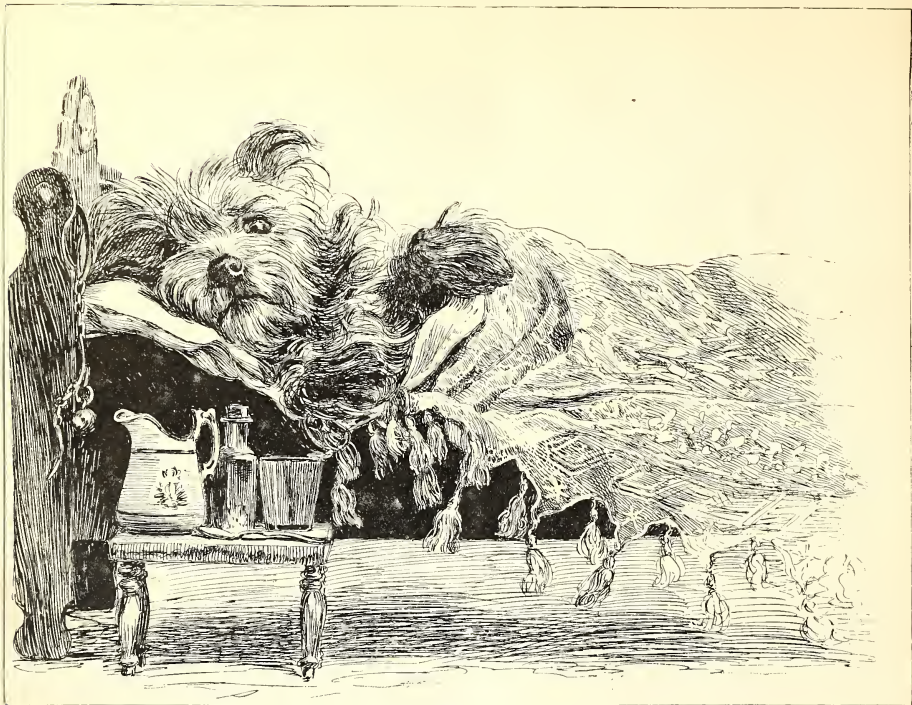


FIG. 7.



"SEND FOR THE DOCTOR!"—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

THE LIONESS AND THE TERRIER.

THIS luxurious young Bow-wow, wrapped in an embroidered quilt, with medicine by his bedside, and seemingly enjoying all the delights of a slight illness, with plenty of attention, and all possible delicacies in the way of food, only shows what a skilled photographer can do when posing an intelligent Scotch terrier for his portrait.

But the picture recalls an instance where one of these dogs played the part of sick-nurse so well that the story will certainly interest all who have dog pets.

There died a few years ago in the Zoological Gardens at Dublin, Ireland, a large and remarkably handsome lioness. It was of South African stock, and had been in the Gardens for nearly twenty years. Though it was a high-spirited animal, it was one of the gentlest of these royal captives, and interested its keepers greatly.

These great beasts of prey do not object, when in good health, to the rats which are likely to come into their cages. It may be that the rats devour vermin which annoy them, or possibly they look upon the small visitors as a welcome amusement in their quiet life. Therefore it is not uncommon in menageries to see half a dozen rats gnawing at the bones from which lions have dined.

It seems strange that rats should be able to tell when a lion is ill. But, in fact, they find it out very quickly. If they were human beings familiar with the old proverb "A live dog is better than a dead lion," they could not display more intelligence in finding out the very moment

when the huge beast is so overcome with pain and weakness as to be at their mercy. Recognizing the signs of suffering, the bold and ungrateful intruders will leave the bones, and begin to nibble at the toes of the dying monarchs of the forest, and give them much trouble, if not pain.

To save the fine lioness of which I have spoken from this annoyance during the closing days of her life, the keepers put into her cage a brisk young rat terrier. It was at first received with an ominous growl. The brave little dog did not show the least sign of fear, but quickly turned his attention to his task. The lioness saw him snatch the first rat that appeared, toss it into the air, and catch it skillfully with a deadly snap across the middle as it came down. She seemed at once to understand what the terrier was for.

The greatest friendship sprang up between the two animals. One snap from the jaws of the lioness would have ended the terrier's life at any moment, and when she became very old and feeble it would have been easy for the dog to seize her food and annoy her in a great many ways. But instead of this each seemed to study the other's wishes and habits. Ever on the alert, Doggie kept the rats at a distance; the two took their meals together; at night they were never apart. Coaxing the dog to her side, the lioness would fold her great paws around him, and seemed to thank him for his protection. Thus it came that the terrier slept at the breast of the lioness, infolded in her arms, and watching that no rats disturbed the rest of his noble mistress.



CHOOSING A TURKEY FOR GRANDPAPA'S BIRTHDAY DINNER.

W. D. Miller

GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS PARTNERSHIP.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

THEY were counting their presents in Grandma's room, Where the dear old lady sat knitting away, Exchanging with Grandpa a nod and a smile Over the children at their play, Counting their gifts, till Arthur asked, As he climbed at last to his Grandpa's knee, "Say, Grandpa, say, when you were a boy Did you have a Santa Claus, same as we?"

"When I was a boy," said Grandpa then, "The jolliest Christmas that ever I knew Was the time when I went into partnership— I, and some of my comrades too— With kind old Santa himself, and helped To make that Christmas a merry day For a lonely woman who, widowed and sad, Lived with her child not far away.

"A short half-mile from my own snug home Lived Widow Lane and her little Bess, And griefs and losses and sickness too, Had filled their hearts with a sore distress. Nobody knew them. Strangers they In the village. Nor sought they word or aid. But, boy-like (passing the house each day), We fell in love with the bonny maid,

"Whose hair was golden, whose eyes were blue, And who smiled at us as we loitered near, And whose home, we knew, could catch no gleam From the light of the Christmas-tree so dear. So we made a plan with a boyish zeal That won from our elders a glad consent, And on Christmas-eve, when the stars were bright, We started out with a brave intent

"To act as Santa Claus' partners. So We carried her wares and piled it high, We filled a basket with goodies and toys, Then homeward stole 'neath the midnight sky, Leaving the tokens of 'peace, good-will.' To gladden the two, who would wake next day To a 'Merry Christmas' so unforeseen And a share in the season for us so gay."

"Oh, what became of the little girl?" The children cried, "and where is she now? And what did she do when she grew big?" "She wore white blossoms above her brow," Grandpa answered, "as pure as snow, And went into partnership with me For the sake of that Christmas long ago, And the best of partners she's proved to be."

"But *what* do you do together, say, And *how* are you partners, Grandpa dear?" Then Grandpa laughed and Grandmamma smiled, And drew the little questioner near. "What do we do together? Ah! well, We spoil you little folks every day, For grandmas and grandpas in partnership plan To spoil all children—so people say."

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNKOE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

TWO LETTERS AND A JOURNEY.

IN the same mail with this letter came another from Maine, directed to "Miss Ruth Elmer." It was from her dearest friend Edna May; and as Ruth handed it to her mother, who read it aloud to the whole family, we will read it too:

"NORTON, MAINE, May 5, 188—.

"MY OWN DARLING RUTH,—What is the matter? I haven't heard from you in more than a week. Oh, I've got such a plan, or rather father made it up, that I am just wild thinking of it. It is this: Father's ship, *Wildfire*, has sailed from New York for Savannah, and, before

he left, father said for me to write and tell you that he couldn't think of letting me go to Florida next winter unless you came here and spent this summer with me.

"The *Wildfire* will leave Savannah for New York again about the 15th of May, and father wants you to meet him there and come home with him. His sister, Aunt Emily Coburn, has gone with him for the sake of the voyage, and she will take care of you.

"Oh, do come! Won't it be splendid? Father is coming home from New York, so he can bring you all the way. I am sure your mother will let you come when she knows how nicely everything is planned.

"I have got lots and lots to tell you, but can't think of anything else now but your coming.

"What an awful time poor Mark has had! I don't see how he ever lived through it. I think Frank March must be splendid. Write just as quick as you can, and tell me if you are coming.

"Good-by. With kisses and hugs, I am your dearest, lovingest friend, EDNA MAY."

These two letters from the far North created quite a ripple of excitement in that Southern household, and furnished ample subject for discussion when the family was gathered on the front porch in the evening of the day they were received.

Mr. Elmer said, "I think it would be a good thing for Mark to go, and I should like to have Ruth go too; but I don't see how you can spare her, wife."

"I shall miss her dreadfully, but I should feel much easier to think that she was with Mark on this long journey. Poor boy, he is far from strong yet. Yes, I think Ruth ought to go. It seems providential that these two letters have come together, and as if it were a sign that the children ought to go together," answered Mrs. Elmer.

Mark, who had listened quietly to the whole discussion, now spoke up and said: "I should like to go, father. As long as I stay here I shall keep thinking of that terrible underground river over there. I think of it and dream of it all the time, and sometimes it seems as if it were only waiting and watching for a chance to swallow me again. I should love dearly to have Ruth go with me, too, though I am quite sure I am strong enough to take care of myself," and he turned toward his mother with a smile.

Ruth said, "Oh, mother! I should like to go, but I can't bear to leave you; so, whichever way you decide, I shall be perfectly satisfied and contented."

It was finally decided that they should both go. Mark was to accompany Ruth as far as Savannah, and see her safely on board the ship; then, unless he received a pressing invitation from Captain May to go with him to New York, he was to go by steamer to Boston, and there take another steamer for Bangor.

This was the 10th of May, and as the *Wildfire* was to sail on or about the 15th, they must be in Savannah on that day; therefore no time was to be lost in making preparations for the journey.

Such busy days as the next three were! such making of new clothes, and mending of old to be worn on the journey! so many things to be thought of and done! Even Aunt Chloe became excited, and prepared so many nice things for "Misto Mark an' Missy Rufe to eat when dey's a-travelin'" that Mark actually laughed when he saw them.

"Why, Aunt Clo," he exclaimed, "you have got enough there to last us all the time we're gone. Do you think they don't have anything to eat up North?"

"Don' know, honey," answered the old woman, gazing with an air of great satisfaction at the array of goodies.

"Allus hearn tell as it's a powerful pore, cole kentry up dar whar yo's a gwine. 'Spec's dey hab sofmin to eat, ob co'se; but reckon dar ain't none too much, sich as hit is."

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The good soul was much distressed at the small quantity of what she had provided for which room was found in the lunch basket, and said she "lowed dem ar chillun's gwine hungry heap o' times befo' dey sets eyes on ole Clo agin."

It had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and Frank March should go with the travellers as far as Tallahassee, and see them fairly off from there. Bright and early on the morning of the 13th the mule wagon, in which comfortable seats were fixed, was driven up to the front door, the trunks, bags, and lunch basket were put in, and everything was in readiness for the start.

Mr. March, Jan, Aunt Chloe, and several of the neighbors from across the river had assembled to see them off, and many and hearty were the good wishes offered for a pleasant journey and a safe return in the autumn.

"Good-by, Misto Mark an' Missy Rufe," said Aunt Chloe. "Trus' in de Lo'd while yo's young, an' He ain't gwine fo'git yo' in yo' ole age."

"Good-by, Aunt Clo! good-by, everybody!" shouted Mark, as the wagon rattled away, "don't forget us;" and in another minute "dear ole Go Bang," as the children already called it, was hidden from view behind the trees around the sulphur spring.

They stopped for a minute at the mill to get a sack of corn for the mules; and as they drove from it its busy machinery seemed to say, "Good-by, Mr. President of the Elmer Mills."

They reached Tallahassee early in the afternoon, and went to a hotel for the night. From the many cows on the street Mark tried to point out to Ruth and Frank the one he had seen climb into a cart on his previous visit, but none of those they saw looked able to distinguish herself in that way. They concluded that she had become disgraced at being called "a ole good-fo'-noffin," and had carried her talents elsewhere.

The train left so early the next morning that the sadness of parting was almost forgotten in the hurry of eating breakfast and getting down to the station. In the train Mark charged Frank to take good care of his canoe and rifle, Ruth begged him to be very kind to poor Bruce, who would be so lonely, and they both promised to write from Savannah. Then the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" hurried kisses and good-byes were exchanged, and the train moved off.

Ruth cried a little at first, and Mark looked pretty sober; but they soon cheered up, and became interested in the scenery through which they were passing. For an hour or two they rode through a beautiful hill country, in which was here and there a lake covered with great pond-lilies. Then the hills and lakes disappeared, and they hurried through mile after mile of pine forests, where they saw men gathering turpentine from which to make resin. It was scraped into buckets from cuts made in the bark, and the whole operation "looked for all the world," as Mark said, "like a sugar bush in Maine."

At Ellaville, sixty-five miles from Tallahassee, they saw great saw-mills, and directly they crossed one of the most famous rivers in the country, the Suwannee, and Ruth hummed softly,

"Way down upon de Swanee Riber,
Far, far away."

Soon afterward they reached Live Oak, where they were to change cars for Savannah. They made the change easily, for their trunks had been checked through, and they had little baggage to trouble them. A few miles farther took them across the State line and into Georgia, which Ruth said, with a somewhat disappointed air, looked to her very much the same as Florida.

Now that they were in Georgia they felt that they must be quite near Savannah, and began to talk of Captain May, and wonder if he would be at the depot to meet them.

Letters had been sent to Uncle Christopher Bangs, to Edna, and to Captain May, as soon as it was decided that they should take this journey, and Mr. Elmer had telegraphed to the Captain from Tallahassee that morning; so they felt pretty sure he would know of their coming.

At a junction with the funny name of Waycross their car was attached to an express train from Jacksonville, on which were numbers of Northern tourists who had been spending the winter in Florida, and were now on their way home.

These people interested the children so much that they forgot to be tired, though it was now getting to be late in the afternoon. At last the train rolled into the depot at Savannah. Taking their bags, they stepped out on the platform, where for a few moments they stood undecided what to do.

Just as they were beginning to feel quite discouraged and a little bit homesick a cheery voice called out:

"Hello! here we are. Why, Mark, my hearty, this is indeed a pleasure—and little Ruth, too! Won't my Edna be delighted!" And Captain May stooped down and kissed her, right there before all the people, as though he were her own father.

"Oh, Captain Bill," said Mark, greatly relieved at seeing the familiar face, "we are so glad to see you. We were just beginning to feel lost."

"Lost, eh?" laughed the Captain. "Well, that's a good one. The idea of a boy who's been through what you have feeling lost, right here among folks, too! But then, to one used to the water, this here dry land is a mighty bewildering place, that's a fact. Well, come, let's get under way. I've got a carriage moored alongside the station here, and we'll clap sail onto it, and lay a course for the *Wildfire*. Steward's got supper ready by this time, and sister Emily's impatient to see you. Checks? Oh yes. Here, driver, take these brasses and roust out that dunnage. Lively now!"

When they were in the carriage, and rolling quietly along through the sandy streets, Captain May said they were just in time, for he was ready to drop down the river that night.

"Then I'd better go to a hotel," said Mark.

"What for?" asked Captain May.

"Because I'm to go to Boston by steamer from here, and Ruth is to go with you."

"Steamer nothing!" shouted Captain Bill. "You are coming along with us on the *Wildfire*. Steamer, indeed!"

This seemed to settle it, and Mark wrote home that evening that, having received a "pressing invitation," he was going to sail to New York with Captain Bill May in the *Wildfire*.

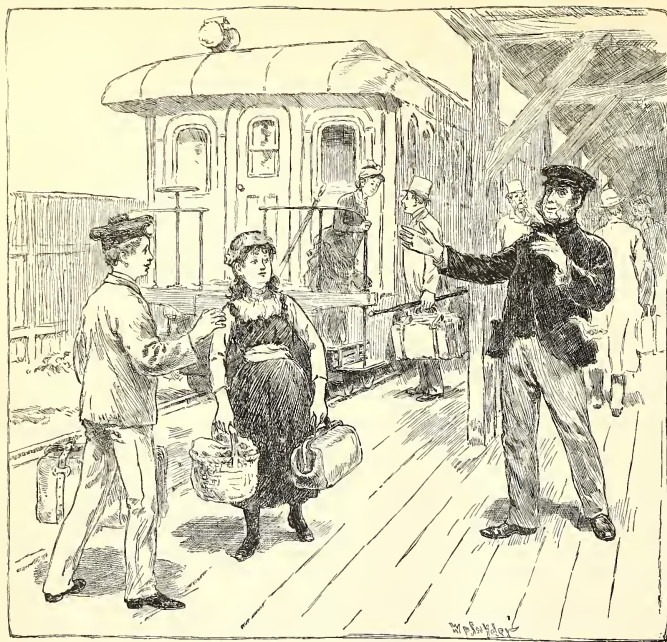
CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BURNING OF THE "WILDFIRE."

"AUNT EMILY," as the children called her at once, because she was Edna May's aunt, welcomed them as warmly as Captain May had done, and everything in the cabin of the *Wildfire* was so comfortable that they felt at home at once. Supper was ready as soon as they were, and as they sat down to it Mark said he wished "Aunt Clo" could see it, for he thought it would give her some new ideas of what Yankees had to eat.

After supper each of the children wrote a letter home, and Mark and Captain May walked up to the post-office to mail them.

About nine o'clock a tug came for the ship, and very soon they had bid good-by to Savannah, and were dropping down the muddy river toward the sea. As it was a fine moon-lit night, the children staid on deck with Mrs. Coburn to see what they could of the river which here forms the boundary line between the States of Georgia



"WHY, MARK, MY HEARTY!"

left them when they reached the siren buoy that keeps up a constant moaning on the outer bar; one after another of the ship's sails were loosed and "sheeted home," and then Captain May said it was "high time for the watch below to turn in."

The sea was so calm and beautiful the next day that even Mark did not feel ill, nor was he during the voyage. As for Ruth, she knew from her experience on the last voyage they had taken that she should not be seasick, and so everybody was as happy and jolly as possible.

During the afternoon, after they all had been sitting on deck for some time talking of the dear ones left at home, and of the many friends whom they hoped soon to meet, Ruth said she was going down to open her trunk and get out the album containing the pictures of her girl friends in Norton, and see if they looked as she remembered them. It was so long since she had opened this album that she had almost forgotten whose pictures were in it. She soon

and South Carolina. On both sides, as far as they could see, the marshes were covered with fields of growing rice, and every now and then they heard the sound of music coming from the funny little negro cabins which were scattered here and there among the rice.

They passed the old forts Jackson and Pulaski, both on the south side of the river, and both deserted and falling to ruin, and very soon had left behind Tybee Island, with its flashing light, at the mouth of the river. The tug

returned with it in her hand, and with a very puzzled expression on her face.

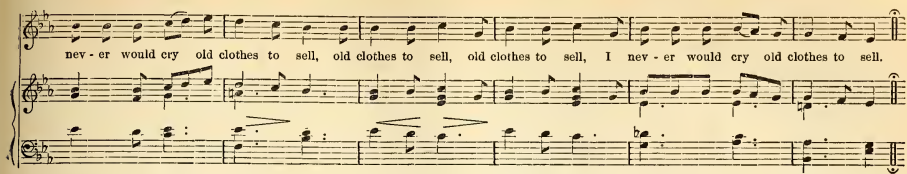
"Mark," she said, "did you ever think that Frank March looked like anybody else whom we know?"

"I don't know," answered Mark. "Yes, come to think of it, I have thought two or three times that his face had a familiar look, but I never could think who it was he resembled. Why?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF I'D AS MUCH MONEY.

MUSIC BY S. B. MILLS.





OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE WAY THEY FORMED THE CLUB.

"YES," said Irene, as she finished reading the Post-office Box, "I mean to do as the Post-mistress wishes, and try to form a Little Housekeepers' club. Malvina Sophie, you needn't open your eyes so wide and look so scornful, if you did come from Paris."

The French doll, sitting on the sofa in a splendid costume of the latest style, stared at Irene so steadily that she was presently shut up in the closet in disgrace.

"I will have my children behave," remarked the little mother, as she instilled Miss Becky, a doll from New England with a plain, sensible face and a checkered gingham dress, in the corner which Blanche had occupied. Then she set out Dinah, a charming black doll, with a jolly twinkle around her mouth and in her eyes, and a red silk turban over the wisps of her woolly hair, and with the two for her audience she began to count over her intimate friends.

"There are May and Ethel, and Frances and Maggie," she said. "We five would be enough to make a lovely little club. Mamma—just then mamma came in and sat down by her desk to write a note—"would you have any boys in it?" Mamma was mystified. But Irene explained, and was of course very much pleased when her mother said that she thought brothers and cousins might be allowed to share the fun and help in the work.

Presently Irene, in a warm fur-trimmed jacket and seal cap—for the day was very cold—tripped out to invite her friends to a consultation.

They all came. They all agreed to join.

When they organized, the members present were May H., Ethel D., Frances R., Maggie M., and Irene S., also Fred P., Harry H., Charlie D., and Lewis S. They chose Irene for President, Ethel for Secretary, and Fred for Treasurer.

The Secretary wrote a little Constitution, as follows:

"This society shall be called 'The Little Housekeepers' Club of Brier Junction, No. 1.' Its object shall be for us to learn how to keep house."

"Its motto shall be, 'Little children, love one another.'"

"When we break any of our by-laws," said the President, "we must pay a fine of two cents."

"We haven't any by-laws," shouted Fred. "Ho! ho!"

"You are very rude, Cousin Fred," said Ethel, offended.

And Irene remarked, with dignity, "If the boys make fun, we will not have them in with us."

"Don't let us forget our motto," pleaded gentle May; and peace was restored.

"We must have by-laws," observed Maggie. "Grown people always do."

They finally decided on two:

"1. Never put off until to-morrow what must be done to-day."

"2. A stitch in time saves nine."

By the time they had adopted these it was almost dark, and older sisters and nurses were calling for the children to take them home; so I will have to tell you some of the doings of the club, and some of Irene's experience, next week.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS AND CHILDREN.—I am afraid you are wondering why you don't hear from me. I have been very sick for over six weeks, and as I am not able to answer your letters, I will send the specimen stamps, etc., to those I love, and as soon as I am able to pack them and get them ready. But I can not, I am very sorry to say, answer any more letters, as I am not able to write except for a very short time, and have quite a large correspondence.

You all order a hundred thousand times for the lovely letters I have received. I would like to write to you all, and would if I were able. I have received about one hundred and twenty-five letters, and all have amused me ever so much; some have made me laugh very heartily. I should love to receive more letters from those that are fond of letter-writing, if the dear Postmistress will allow me to send in a report once in a great while to tell you all. I have had quite a number of pretty things sent me for my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE's shelf; among them are some bugs, bees, and butterflies from Southern America that I prize highly. Some one sent me some pretty gray moss from Pennsylvania, but sent no address. I accept my thanks. "Comet's Nib" is the nicest short story that has ever been printed. I received my Christmas presents before Christmas; they are a lovely present and very nice paper. I have received quite a number of pretty cards and scrap pictures. As all the children are anxious to know my name, I will give it fully. I know how to make a number of pretty things suitable for Christmas, but I have not been able to write them down to send, and now it is too late. I will write you next year. I close with much love to all that have written me.

NELLIE MASON,
708 North Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

FORT SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY.

I am an army boy. I was born in California, and have travelled in the Pacific States and the Indian Territory. We have lots of Indians here. I have no pets except a cat. I am ten years old, and my birthday comes on the 19th of July. I have one little sister and one little brother. Mamma teaches us at home. I study history, geography, arithmetic, and reading, and writing. I go to school nearly every day, and Saturday we play hide-and-go-seek. Don't you think that is a nice game? I do. We went over to Dripping Spring Cañon quite a while ago, and had a nice picnic.

RALPH P.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy seven years old, and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since I was born. I like it so well that I would like to see my little letter printed in it, if you can find room for it. I like to read about all the pets and birds and tell you of, but we have none in our family except two little brothers that we call Timothy Tiggs and Timothy Toggles; they are such funny little fellows.

JAMES HENRY O.

EAST SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

I have written you before. My father has a farm fifty miles north of here; it has three lakes on it, and has two deer, but the old one is ugly, and my father won't let me go in the pen with them. We have a granary and a barn, a pig-house, a slaughter-house, hen-coop, and a blacksmith shop. One day a hawk got in the pen and killed seventeen hens, and one of the men that works for papa shot it. The men work and skid the logs, and draw them to the mill and saw them into lumber, and send them to Butte and Durkirk and other places. I have fun up there, and slide down-hill in the winter-time. We have a log named Gyp, and two doves that are tame and fly around the room. I have a brother named Sidney eight years old, and I am ten. I take music lessons, but have not taken a year yet, and Latin lessons, and learn German.

GEORGE D. H.

WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI.

I am eleven years old. I go to school to my mother. My mother and I visit in Springfield, Massachusetts, every summer. We go by New York. Next summer when I go, I intend to look for your publishing house. My mother has one hundred and seventy-five school children and five assistants. My sister has a class who read

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am one of them. We have been taking it two years. I think it has done equal. I get it from the Post-office, so I read it first. My father took HARPER'S MAGAZINE many years. We have bound volumes in our library as old as 1850. I expect to kind him and find out did. I have two brothers named Chapin and Tom; they are both older than myself; they are in Springfield, and live in the largest city in the State. I am going to have a bicycle for a Christmas present. When I was in New York, I rode a bicycle on the elevated train. I wrote one letter before, but it was not published. Please put this one in, for I want to surprise my sister. I remain your little friend,

YVONNE G.

Of course you will call on the Postmistress when you pass through New York next time.

HATCHVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Wishing to write to you some time, I have just begun to do so, and it is my birthday to-day. I am fourteen. First I must tell you how much I enjoy reading your delightful paper. "Wakulla" and the Post-office Box are great favorites with me. My home is in the beautiful and fertile land of Cape Cod, a month, which is the town, is noted for its nice sea-breeze that brings so many people from the cities to settle in the salt sea of the Vineyard Sound, or to roam on its shores and pick up shells or pebbles during the summer months. Hatchville is my post-office address, and the village is called Hatchville. My father died when I was but three years and a half old. I study history, reading, grammar, geography, spelling, arithmetic, and French, besides music. I have thought of taking up physiology soon. I have some plants for winter blooming. We have a horse which I can drive. My grandfather owns a large tract of land, and acres. Now please, dear Postmistress, tell me if I may not join the Little Housekeepers? I have made a number of Christmas gifts, the directions taken from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. L. M. A.

Certainly you may join our band.

FLORENCVILLE, GROVE ROAD, SUTTON, SURREY, ENGLAND.

Not long ago uncle sent me two pretty canaries, one dark green with a light green breast, the other a greenish yellow breast. I go to school at Sutton, and like it very much. I am only about one hundred scholars, not like the Whitgift, which has about five hundred, a number of whom I travel with in a very big school bus and learning, so father takes in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us; and as my brother can not read him, I read it for him. Besides taking in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us, my father takes in HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for himself and mother; we can read it too if we want to. I collect shells, rocks, fossils, animals, butterflies, moths, stamps, skins of birds, animals, etc., skeletons, pressed leaves, seeds, comets, names of trees, plants, butterflies, animals, and engines. My elder brother collects stamps only; the other two, Ronald and Douglas, are too young to do anything of this kind yet. Ronald is four years old, and Douglas is only two months and a fortnight; so Ronald keeps what we give him till he is older. My eldest brother is seven and three-quarters, and I was born in November. It was very dirty in Croydon; I got covered with water and mud. I began this letter on Monday, and finished it on Friday till to-morrow, because I take such a long while to write a letter, and I have to go to school. Now I will say good-by.

H. S. F.

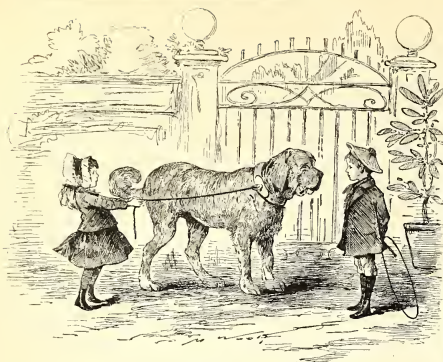
DORRING, SURREY, ENGLAND.

As I take this nice paper I will write you a little letter, as I go to work in the daytime and attend school in the evening, where some of us take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and always read it in the morning. I have seven sisters and two rabbits, black and white, and two cats. I am a very fond of playing with them, but I do not get much time. Good-by.

EDGAR F. C.

KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am taking in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is a very nice book. I like "The Lost City." The Undiscovered Island and "The Book of the Sea." I have heard that we are a great success in England. I can swim and skate, but we do not have so much skating in England as in America, and it keeps away from us all the night with excitement. Does he come to America? I play foot-ball at school in the winter, except when it rains, and plays cricket in the summer. We have only had one little fall of snow this winter, but we would rather have skating, because the snow does not melt so fast. We have heard a few silk worms in the summer, but we don't have much silk, as it is hardly warm enough for them in England. I have heard that the book is a very good one of it. (I have inclosed some silk to send to



A STRONG HAND.

"Aren't you frightened he'll run away with you, Maud?"
 "Oh, not at all. He knows what to expect if he tries any of his fooling with ME."

CUTTING AN ELEPHANT'S NAILS.

HOW many of the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE have been told that an elephant's feet demand an amount of care and attention from his keeper which the latter counts among his hardest duties? Three times a year at least each one of these monsters must have his hoofs cut and trimmed into good shape—once in the spring, once when travelling with the circus in the summer, and once more after the huge beast has returned to winter-quarters.

The sole of the elephant's foot becomes gradually covered during the year with a substance resembling horn, much like the three great toe-nails. This, if allowed to grow too dense, is apt to crack and make the beast lame. Accordingly one of the keepers stations the elephant in the ring and bids him balance himself on three legs while he stretches out the other behind him, resting it on a tub or box. With a large carpenter's "drawing-knife" the hoof is then attacked, and shaved quickly

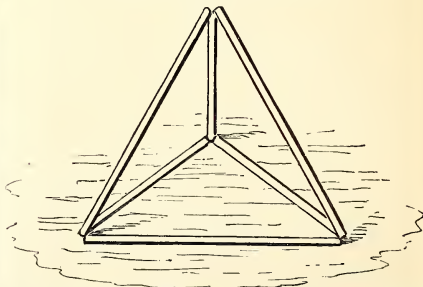
down. Sometimes pieces of the bony substance five or six inches long and nearly as thick are cut off without the elephant's feeling any pain whatever, or the knife taking too much from the sole.

Frequently pieces of glass, nails, splinters, and the like are found imbedded in the growth, and these it is very important to have extracted, lest they should work their way upward and fester in the foot. Recently a nail was discovered and pulled out from the foot of the elephant Pallas that only came to light after three inches of the hoof had been cut off. When the first rough going over is completed, the keeper with a smaller knife trims each nail into handsome shape (its cleanness and new color quite improving the animal's appearance), covers any small wounds with tar, and dismisses the patient.

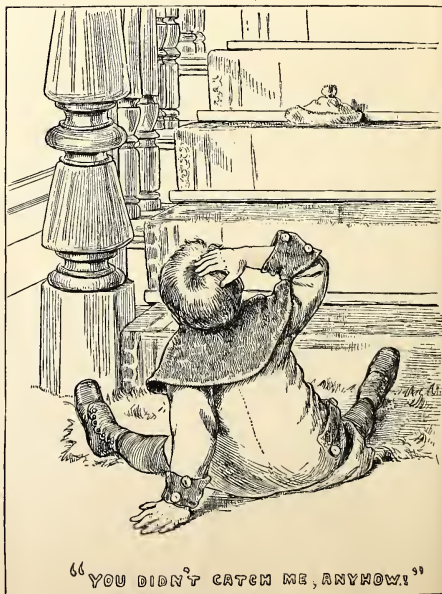
It takes six hours to do this curious job in a proper manner, and the keeper is tired out when two beasts have received his attentions.

THE TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE IN No. 270.



YOU take the three loose matches and raise them in the form of a pyramid, as here represented, and you will have four perfect triangles.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 272.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THEY WERE WALKING ALONG THE OLD TURNPIKE."—SEE STORY, "ROLF HOUSE," ON PAGE 162.

LITTLE RUTH'S GUEST.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

A SOBER little maiden in a little cloak of gray,
A silken hood and tippet, and tresses tucked away,
Sweet Ruth, the Judge's daughter, came tripping down the street,
With merry smiles and glances for friends she chanced to meet.

It was a New-Year morning, the bells were chiming clear,
And trooping to the meeting were folk from far and near;
Grave men and lovely women and little children gay
To praise the Lord were wending unto His house that day.

Small Ruth, the Judge's daughter, within the high-backed pew,
Alone and very patient, sat all the service through;
And when, the worship over, the people left the place,
Still in the aisle she lingered, with eager, blushing face,

Until the white-haired pastor stepped forth and took her hand.
"How happens this, my darling? I do not understand
Why only Ruth is present, a little shy church mouse;
I looked to see a bevy of children from your house."

"There is illness in the family; my cousins could not come.
My parents both were sent for; I was to stay at home.
Nurse could not leave the baby. I knew not what to do,
And so I thought I'd go to church. 'Twas right, I think; don't you?"

He looked quite grand and stately, this Puritan divine;
But the Judge's little daughter of tremor gave no sign,
As, skipping lightly onward, she prattled at her will,
Her good companion smiling at her artless freedom still.

"I thought, dear Parson Lathrop, that 'twould be truly fun
To sit alone in church there, myself the only one.
But you preached a long, long sermon, though very, very good,
And now come home and dine with me. How much I wish
you would!"

At the Judge's courtly table the pastor's chair was set
On feast-days always as of course; and Ruth, his little pet,
In her mother's absence hostess, would not have been at rest
To have a New-Year dinner without the honored guest.

With the flowers and the silver, the china fine and old,
The board was all in order; but this I have been told,
That at the nuts and raisins the maiden left her seat
And climbed upon the good man's knee her dessert there to cat.

And in the happy gloaming they played at checkers long,
And the pastor had a story, the little one a song,
Till the darkness gathered softly, and at early candle-light
He read a psalm, and knelt in prayer, and kissed her for good-night.

Then Ruth and nurse together packed a basket very full
For a certain little Mabel, too frail to go to school;
And a tired head was pillowed, "Our Father" having said,
And I know the angels guarded the darling's little bed.

pleasant, and conversation was not apt to languish between two such devoted comrades as the cousins Nan and Joan Rolf.

The compact they had entered into nearly two years before, asking a blessing on it, never had been broken.

Few changes had taken place in the Beverley circle. Lance was still in Paris at school, but writing regular letters, which were received by the "tribe," as he called the Rolfs collectively, with great rejoicings; Laura's invalidism had developed into something far less trying to herself and others; the younger boys were going on as usual; and Phyllis had only changed, so far as Nan could see, for the better. She was certainly as lovely and gentle as ever, and Nan felt herself "growing up" to be more the older cousin's companion. As for Nan herself, walking along the country road by Joan's slim, small figure, the girl looked tall for her years, but the childish lines of her face were the same, the dimpling smile which beautified her expression was unchanged, and what old Miss Rolf called her "sweet little motherly look" remained, so that, in spite of her tall strong young figure and the dignity of her fifteen years, Nan remained to the Rolfs "little Nan" still.

She had decided a year ago that she never could be "remarkable" in any scholarly way, but none the less had she devoted herself to the useful studies Miss Rolf selected, and every one of the circle would have laughed to scorn the idea that Nan was not "clever," for could she not do all sorts of things that every one needed? Who took the best care of David Travers when he had the measles? who comforted Mrs. Heriot when her son died in Australia, knowing just what to say and how to say it? whom did the school-children want to "help" at their treats, if not Nan Rolf? How many people, morning, noon, and night, found out that they were absolutely in need of something that nobody but Nan possibly could do? and the light, quick step, the sweet, gay voice—the ready smile, the "loving"-sounding laughter, to whom could all these have belonged but to their darling Nan! So it sounded, Joan would have said, with a most characteristic grimace, "perfectly ridiculous" to say Nan wasn't cleverer than all of them."

As for Joan, the last year she had begun to sigh very dismally over herself. She could not resist the temptation of any "fun"; she was readier for frolic than ever, and yet, whether it was Lance's example or some burning inspiration within herself, she had determined to become a great student. Many and terrible were the conflicts which resulted from such a contrary state of things. Sometimes for a week Joan would shut herself up with her books, turning a deaf ear to Alfred's or Dickie's entreaties, and to their carefully devised baits to lure her from her seclusion. But they had learned to know that such "fits," as they called them, rarely lasted over ten days at a time, after which Joan would appear, rather sobered down, and given to telling them historical or classical romances. A striking evidence of what she had been absorbing was her insisting on their plays or "made-ups," as she called certain ingenious games which were acted-out stories, having a sprinkling of allusions to Greek mythological characters, or, as Dickie said, the "people in Lance's Latin books." At present the young Rolfs were engaged upon a very elaborate theatrical enterprise, but the news that Nan was going away for a visit had fallen among them that morning like a thunder-bolt.

In a general sort of way Nan had known ever since she came to Beverley that there were family relations named Farquhar, of whom her grandfather had been very fond, but who had for some years visited Rolf House only at rare intervals. Miss Rolf was not given to discussing people or their ways even with her favorite Nan, and when an invitation came from Mrs. Farquhar to the old lady's niece, Nan had been told very little about the unknown relations further than that they lived in New York and

ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDERED'S BARBANS," "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FARQUHARS.

"HEY'RE just old lumps; that's what I call them."

Joan Rolf was the speaker. Nan laughed. "What are lumps?" she inquired, with an affectionate and admiring glance at Joan.

"Oh," said Joan, in a very careless way, "lumps are—well, sort of dead-and-alive people; only the Farquhars are alive enough to make themselves very disagreeable whenever they choose. Nan, I don't envy you your visit to New York."

The two girls were silent for a few moments. They were walking along the old turnpike which led from Ramstollora, a village down in the valley, to Beverley. But it was a clear October afternoon, warm and



were a large family. Joan's brief description of them as "lumps" was certainly not encouraging, and the pleasure Nan had tried to feel over the prospect of her first visiting experience was considerably dashed.

"Oh, Joan!" she said, after they had walked five minutes in silence, "what shall I do in New York for a whole month? And Aunt Letty particularly said I was to behave as well as ever I *could*, and be very nice to all the cousins there. Do tell me something about them."

Joan sniffed, as she did when a subject was particularly distasteful to her, and then catching sight of Nan's woe-begone face, she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, Nan!" she exclaimed, "I can just imagine you trying to be very nice to Betty and Bob Farquhar. Just wait until you see them. Really I *couldn't* describe them. They spent a few days with us once, and I thought we would die of them. Cousin Letty hasn't a ghost of an idea what they are like. I wouldn't tell her for worlds."

"Why not?" said Nan, in her direct way.

"Oh," said Joan, "it would be mean. But I presume she will question you on your return, and you can tell her all you like. You'll have enough to say: just wait and see."

Nan had to laugh, in spite of her misgivings, Joan was so much amused over the idea of her being "very nice" to the terrible Farquhars; and as the girls had reached the main street of Beverley by this time, other objects and questions interested them. Joan had promised to call at the library for a book for Laura, and Nan had some errands for Miss Rolf, so that it was nearly sunset when they left Main Street, and, crossing the bridge, separated, Joan to go to College Street, and Nan to Rolf House, where Phyllis and Joan would later spend the evening.

Nan never came home to the great brick house standing among its beautiful trees and gardens without a delightful sense of the welcome waiting for her, and the coziness and comfort she was sure to find. Miss Rolf was in the parlor window as her little niece came up the path, and the two exchanged a nod and a smile even before Nan was in the room and had her arms around the old lady's neck.

At tea, while the demure Roberts waited on them, Nan looked at her aunt, wondering whether she should broach the subject of the Farquhars. What would Miss Rolf have said had she heard Joan's definition of them? "Lumps!" Nan could not help a little giggle.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Miss Rolf, in her quiet tones.

"I was thinking of the Farquhars, Aunt Letty," said Nan. "I hope I will get along nicely with them; but— you know I don't like strangers."

"You need not be afraid, my dear," said Miss Letty said, smiling. "The Farquhars will make you very welcome, and the young people, their mother writes, are very anxious to know you. Mrs. Farquhar was always a favorite of mine. She was here for a whole winter when she was just your age."

Miss Rolf seemed pleased by the recollection, and Nan hastened to ask:

"What was she like, Aunt Letty?"

"I will show you her picture," the old lady answered, as they rose from the table. "It was taken that very winter—twenty years ago."

Nan followed her aunt to the room upstairs which was called Miss Rolf's study, and which was one of Nan's favorite places to sit and read or sew or *think* in. The furniture was light in color and old-fashioned in design, satin-wood and chintz gave the room a bright cheery look, and even the large cumbersome secretary between the windows, and the three or four family portraits, did not interfere with this impression. Nan liked to hear Mrs. Heriot tell her how it had been fitted up for Miss

Rolf on her return from school fifty years before, and the little corner cupboards held many souvenirs of that time, some of which on special occasions Nan and Joan had been allowed to see. The large fire-place with its tall old-fashioned wooden mantel was filled with boughs and blossoming vines in summer, for Miss Rolf and Nan liked during the warm weather to sit in the study every evening—the windows seemed made to admit the coolest breezes. Nan kept every vase and jar full of roses and Miss Rolf's favorite heliotrope, and since the little girl's return various evidences of her special occupancy were seen in the room. There was her own book-shelf, a work-table which she had rescued from oblivion in the garret, and Miss Rolf had ordered for Nan's fifteenth birthday a picture of her mother, painted on porcelain, which occupied a place of honor on one of the panels of the room, just where the sunset came and faded last on every summer evening.

Nan looked on with interest while Miss Rolf went to the little octagon-shaped cupboard at one side of the chimney-piece, and took down from it a box of old-fashioned ambrotypes and photographs. From these she selected one and handed it to Nan.

Joan's unflattering description certainly could not have applied to Mrs. Farquhar, thought Nan, as she looked at the fair, smiling young girl in the picture. How placid and sweet-tempered she seemed! "If that is the mother," thought Nan, "I don't see how Betty and Bob can be so *very* terrible."

"Aunt Letty," she said, looking up from the ambrotype in her hands, "tell me something about them?"

Miss Rolf sat down, and for a few moments was lost in thought.

"There is not very much to tell, my dear," she said, finally. "Mrs. Farquhar was Mary Rolf when she had that picture taken, my father's youngest niece, and she was undoubtedly his favorite—after your father, that is. When your father disappointed him in certain ways, he thought more of Mary than ever. She was here a great deal, and always was good-tempered and docile and easy in her ways. My father sent her to school, and she was always a favorite with her teachers. Then she married Mr. Farquhar, and they lived in Paris the first six or seven years, and since then have been most of the time in New York."

Nan was silent for a moment, and then she said, a little timidly, "Aunt Letty, why do you want me so much to go and visit them?"

Miss Rolf looked slightly annoyed.

"My dear little girl," she answered, gravely, "I want you to know more about your relations, about the people you are to be among when—I am not with you."

Nan uttered a quick exclamation, and came over to Miss Rolf's side. The old lady smiled softly and tenderly upon her little niece, and continued:

"I am not a great strong girl like yourself, my love, and some day—perhaps very soon—I will have to leave you, and before I go I want you to meet and be among the people who I am very sure will seek you, even if you do not them, when I am gone; and I know," added Miss Rolf—"I know I can trust my little Nan for a week or two even among strangers in New York."

Nan, for promise, laid her cheek lovingly against the beautiful old hand which was clasping hers, and when Miss Rolf said a cheery, "Well, dear," and she lifted her eyes, shining with tears, to the dearly loved face, a pang shot through her heart at the bare thought of a day when, looking up or listening, she could not see it nor hear that sweet, mild, gentle voice ever again.

It was well, perhaps, that Joan's step was heard, running ahead of Phyllis, and that the two cousins appeared in the doorway. Nan dashed away her little gust of tears and sprang up to welcome them.

Phyllis speedily had the box of ambrotypes in her lap, and was chatting over them with Miss Rolf, while Nan and



"SHE SELECTED ONE AND HANDED IT TO NAN."

Joan occupied themselves in the former's room for an hour discussing the projected visit and planning the morrow's work. Joan was to stay all night at Rolf House in order to go out with Nan early the next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOM FAIRWEATHER VISITS THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

FROM St. Paul de Loanda the *Neptune* proceeded up the coast. A stay of two days only was made at Banana Creek, near the mouth of the famous river Congo, where are factories or stations for trading with the people of the interior.

Here the African fever lurks in its worst form, for which reason it is a place for white men to avoid. But even in those two days Tom had an opportunity of seeing those remarkable floating islands that sail out to sea. They are huge masses of earth that are at times washed from the banks by the swift current of the Congo River, and as they often have bushes and trees standing on them, a nov-

el sight is presented as they sail down and out upon their ocean voyage.

A little farther along the coast Captain Fairweather communicated with the villages of Mayamba and Kabenda. It was at the latter place Stanley emerged from his trip across the Dark Continent, and Tom was given a photograph of the great explorer as he appeared at the end of that wonderful journey.

On again to the northward, with a look into the Gaboon River, and a day at Fernando Po, in the Bight of Benin. On this little island the native people are so small as to appear almost dwarf-like. It is a wretched place, full of fever and sickness, with a climate almost fatal to Europeans. A white trader came on board the *Neptune*—at least he was white once, but his thin yellow features told the story of the life he was leading. And yet he said in the most cheerful way that he was going to run over to the Gaboon River shortly for a change of air—from one bed of fever to another!

From this island across to Cape Palmas, and the *Neptune* was on the coast of Liberia, where she remained several months, cruising about from point to point. During this time Tom had more than enough of West Africa. Yet, always asking questions, he learned a great deal about the country and the coast tribes in that vicinity. His friend Jollytarre told him that as long ago as 1816 it was thought that the condition of the free

blacks in the United States would be improved by establishing them as a colony on the coast of Africa, and that in 1820 a company of such emigrants landed at the island of Sherbro, between Sierra Leone and the present Liberia.

"But," said Mr. Jollytarre, "nearly all of these pioneers died. A few withstood the climate, and later on, when they were joined by others from the United States, a tract of land was purchased from the Dey tribe. In 1822 the colonists removed to Perseverance Island, in the Mesurado River.

"They cleared away part of the mainland they had purchased, and then hoisted the American flag on Cape Mesurado, where is now the town of Monrovia, Liberia's capital. The thick forest gave them a great deal of trouble, and frequent fights with the natives made their position a very trying one, but they persevered, and gained ground steadily.

"Other settlements were made at different points of the coast as new emigrants arrived, and mission stations were established in many places with a view of converting the native tribes to Christianity. In 1848 all the different colonies were united under the name of the Republic of Liberia. A President was elected, a Declaration of Inde-

pendence was adopted, and from that day Liberia took her place among the nations of the world."

"How have they succeeded?" asked Tom.

"Oh, fairly well. They had a revolution in 1871, and the opposition chased the President into the water, and then shot him as he was trying to escape, but now they are doing rather better. You will see for yourself when we reach Monrovia. You can go on shore and talk with the people, and any number of them will visit your father on board ship."

A few days afterward the *Neptune* dropped anchor at Monrovia. Visits were exchanged between officials on ship and on land, and then trips on shore were permitted, with the restriction that every one was to be on board at sundown. This condition was imposed on account of the increased danger of catching the fever after night-fall.

Tom found the town a straggling place, but one of especial interest. He was glad to talk with any of the people who could give him information. To one of them he said one day: "Why, your government is just like ours at home. You have a President and cabinet, a Senate and House of Representatives. How many Senators and Representatives have you?"

"We have eight Senators and thirteen Representatives."

"That isn't very many," said Tom. "And are there Republicans and Democrats? or don't you have any parties here?"

"Oh yes, we generally have two parties opposed to each other, but we don't call them Republicans and Democrats. Usually an election depends upon the personal friendship the people have for a candidate. Sometimes there is a struggle between the mulattoes and the pure blacks, but that occurs very seldom. We elect our President every four years, just as you do, and we have very little trouble."

"Well, I am sorry your Congress is not in session. I would like to see it making laws."

One day Tom went with his father to visit the Vice-President. This man was very keen and observing, and had formerly been President of Liberia. He said they had no little trouble with the young men.

"They don't like to work, Captain, as their fathers do, but wish to be made officers and government clerks. These boys could all make fortunes if they would turn their attention to agriculture. You know what this country is able to produce. Take coffee, for example: you see it growing here even in the streets, and it is the best coffee in the world, for it brings the highest price. Then there are pepper, sugar, indigo, cotton, rice, and many other things, to say nothing of the profits from trading with the natives for ivory, palm oil, and rubber. Now look at those two young men walking along the streets. They are government clerks; they get very little pay, and that, too, in our paper money, which isn't worth much now. Those fellows are getting

so aristocratic that they say to a native, 'Here, you nigger, come here.' They forget that their ancestors were natives of this country as well."

The old man took a very gloomy view of his country's future. Not all the Liberians felt as this one did, however, for Tom heard a very rosy coloring given to the nation's prospect on another occasion.

The officers had been asked to a ceremonious dinner on shore, and it was necessary to accept. Tom left the ship that day in a clean and spotless suit of white duck, which was anything but white when he reached the President's house. This is what happened.

Monrovia, like all places on the west coast of Africa near the mouth of a river, has a dangerous bar, and it is necessary to be careful in crossing it in a boat. They had gone back and forth safely many times, but on this occasion they were busily talking of the coming dinner, and wondering what it would be like.

Suddenly one of the men cried out, "Look out, sir! here comes a roller!" and before the boat could be headed to it the wave struck her broadside on, filling her with water, and drenching every one. It was a mere chance that the boat was not upset. If she had been, many of those in her would have been drowned or snapped up by sharks, and Tom might have ended his cruising then and there.

It was too late to return to the ship, so they landed in a very draggled state, and sat for half an hour on a veranda in the sun. Their clothes dried, to be sure, but were hardly as fresh and natty as when they started forth.

The dinner was very good, and the spread-eagle speeches still better. I can't say that Tom quite liked the patronizing way in which the Liberians patted his head, but a look from his father warned him that he must suffer in silence. It was noticeable, however, that after that day he preferred to wander about the native villages, and that he seemed to avoid Liberian "society."



"TOM," CRIED HIS FRIENDS, "YOU ARE A LOST BOY."

Going down to the boat one evening, a native rather roughly asked for a sixpence, and when Tom refused it the fellow began to caper about him in a circle, and draw curious figures in the sand.

"Tom," cried his friends, "you are a lost boy."

"What do you mean?" asked Tom.

"Why, that fellow has 'fetiched' you because you wouldn't give him sixpence."

"All right; I'll take the chances," Tom retorted. "If he had been more civil I would have given it when he first asked, but now I'll keep the sixpence."

Curiously enough, the very next day Tom was out on a bolsa with some of the Kroomen who were employed to man the boat. These men had adopted very curious names. Among them were Black Will, Prince of Wales, Tom Dollar, Two Pound Ten, Pea Soup, and others equally odd.

The bolsa was made of rubber cylinders, which, when inflated, make a very good life-boat.

Tom had gone merely for the fun of the thing, taking Black Will and Prince of Wales with them. They allowed the bolsa to drift into the surf, and Tom was rather enjoying it, for it did not seem possible to capsize such a craft. Finally an unusually heavy roller came along, and over they went.

The Kroomen, who swim like fishes, came up all right, but Tom was nowhere to be seen. Black Will and Prince of Wales dived under the bolsa, and there was Master Tom caught in a tangled rope. They brought him up more dead than alive, just as a boat from the ship started with Captain Fairweather, who had seen the accident from his cabin window. Tom was taken on board and put into his bunk. He had barely escaped with his life. When he appeared again in the ward-room they said to him: "Tom, that 'fetich' was almost too much for you. If you had been drowned, that fellow would have said you were punished for not giving him sixpence. Perhaps you had better not refuse him again."

Tom tried to laugh, but with little success, for it made him shudder to remember his feelings when he was struggling under the bolsa.

The *Neptune* went back and forth along the coast for several months. Finally one man came down with the fever, then another and another, until the sick-list grew alarmingly. Officers and men began to feel the effect of the West African climate.

Captain Fairweather had orders to go from Liberia to St. Helena for instructions as to his future movements, and he now hastened his departure. Tom and every one on board were glad to hear that in three days they would turn their backs upon West Africa.

A BRAVE BOY.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.

"THE hill's just right for it now."

"Smooth as glass from top to bottom."

"So 'tis. Say, Vet, the Reindeer is sure to win."

"Don't be too sure," laughed Vet, pulling his cap down over his right ear. "I won't warrant her to win. She's a good sled, though," he added, with an honest pride in his new possession, all glittering with gold and scarlet paint and bright steel runners.

"So's the Clipper, too."

"She'll earn her name when she beats the Reindeer," said Barney West, looking at the two sleds with the air of a judge. "I'll tell you as much."

Chip Morrow, the owner of the Clipper, laughed good-naturedly.

"Couldn't you tell us a little more, Barney?" he asked. "Tell us which I'll beat, and we won't need to try them."

"Oh yes, we will, for the fun of it. Barney don't know anything about the sleds, Chip. I'll tell you what—I don't think there's much difference between 'em."

"I don't either, come to think. They were both bought at the same place."

"Same man made them, probably, too. They look almost alike, only the paint's different."

"The runners are, too, a little."

"No, they're not!"

"Yes, they are!"

For the twentieth time those sleds were subjected to a most minute examination that morning. The runners were decided to be in the slightest degree unlike.

"Not enough, though, so you'd notice it without looking close," said Vet. "Anyhow, boys, we'll see what's what to-night after school."

"That's so," laughed Zed Pooler. "Mason's Hill will try their mettle. It's as much as half a mile, ain't it, clear down? More, if you go round the turn—a heap more."

"And of course we will," said Chip. "We won't much more than get started before we come to it."

Vet Fairleigh hesitated, and a tinge of red crept into his dark cheeks. He loosened his cap and pulled it on again.

"I don't believe—I can—go round the turn," he said. "I'll go to it."

Poor Vet! A perfect shower of questions was instantly rained upon him.

"Oh, see here now!"

"Don't you show the white feather, Vet!"

"Rah for the Clipper!"

"Oh, now, Vet!"

"Why didn't you say so before we got the fun all spoken for?"

"Because," said Vet, standing red and wrathful now, with clinched hands and flashing eyes—"because I didn't think of it."

"Oh, you didn't," laughed Prince Jerome, sneeringly. "Boys, I believe there is a great deal of difference between those sleds, after all. I fancy that on a long run the Clipper's a good deal the best."

"Rah! rah for the Clipper!"

"I'll tell you why I can't slide round that turn," Vet burst forth, presently, his voice high-pitched and trembling in spite of his efforts to steady it: "I promised mother before she went to Florida with Aunt Dunn that I wouldn't while she was gone. She said she couldn't take a mite of comfort if I didn't promise. She thinks it's dangerous since old Uncle Billy McCartney came so near being run into last winter."

Tears were close behind the boy's dark eyes now, and in his voice as well. There was a possibility that he might never see his mother again—a dreadful possibility, which darkened his pleasures. A little murmur of sympathy ran around the group. Prince Jerome shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, there's no danger now," said he: "that's all nonsense. Almost all the travel goes round the hill. Nobody'd come up anyway when they knew we're coasting."

"Unless they were strangers that didn't know," suggested Vet.

Prince answered with a smile and shrug that said more than words, and annoyed Vet to the last degree. He bit his lips; he had promised his mother he would not quarrel at school—or elsewhere, he remembered.

"If mother were here," he said so gently that it surprised himself, "I think she would let me slide—this once, anyway; but—"

"But she isn't here," said Prince, with a smile, whose quiet scorn was only too apparent. "Of course we understand that. Never mind, Chip, I'll race you with my old sled before I'll see the fun go by. His mother isn't here, you know."

"No, she isn't," flashed Vet, angrily. "If she were, I'd—"

"Oh, come, Vet," said Barney West, with the utmost good-nature, yet, unconsciously enough adding the last straw to the burden of grief and anger that was weighing upon Vet's heart; "of course you know we know you could slide if you'd a mind to. Your mother wouldn't care—she wouldn't know it anyway. But if you're scared, say so, and back out like a man, and we'll think the more of you. Mason's Hill isn't any joke, we all know. Or if you're afraid of your sled getting whipped, say that too, and it's all right. But don't—"

It was rather a long speech for Barney to make, who was usually chary of his words; but it echoed the sentiments of the little crowd around, and was well applauded. Barney stopped suddenly, however, and fell back as Vet sprang forward with clinched hands and a pale face, which instantly flamed scarlet again.

Poor Vet! he was so high-tempered. His mother had known this when she sat, standing with her blue-veined hand on his shoulder, and her kind eyes looking into his, "I wish you would promise me, Vet dear, not to get into any angry disputes while I'm gone. Because I couldn't bear to think of my boy having trouble, and mother not here to share it."

Vet had promised he would try, and so now his clinched hand fell at his side, and the angry pallor departed from his face.

"I won't fight," he said.

"No," said Prince Jerome, raising a shout of laughter by the prudish pucker on his lips; "I promised my mother I wouldn't."

Vet set his teeth and drew a long hard breath. In that moment he felt glad his mother could not know how hard a task she had given him. Then he turned and walked rapidly away toward the school-house. He went straight to his own desk, and studied his algebra lesson hard enough through the rest of the noon recess to give him a dreadful headache.

The boys looked after him.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Jerome: "he's a regular milk-sop."

"But we needn't go round the turn, Prince," Chip Morrows said. "We can stop there, you know, on a pinch."

"Yes, but we don't want to," said Prince. "I wish—See here, Barney, don't you s'pose you could get the Reindeer for me?"

Barney thought he could—good-natured Barney, who was scarcely ever unfriendly with any one—and he did. When Vet's headache gained him permission to go home, he left his sled in Barney's care.

"Won't you come over and see the fun?" asked Barney. "No, I won't," Vet answered, sharply. And then he added in a gentler voice: "You're welcome to the sled, Barney, but I sha'n't care to come. My head aches."

So it did. But when he reached home, kind Aunt Sophia, his father's sister, wisely felt that she must blame something besides his headache for Vet's flushed cheeks and heavy eyes.

"I wish, dear," said she, after a while, "you'd run across to poor old Mrs. Coolbroth's with a little basket of one thing and another I've put up. She has the rheumatism so in cold weather that she can't do much for herself. Tisn't far if you go across lots. Will you, Vet?"

"Yes, ma'am," Vet said, glancing at the clock. It wanted a quarter of four, and school would soon be out. He obeyed his aunt all the more quickly doubtless—although he would hardly have confessed this to himself—because he knew that old Mrs. Coolbroth's cottage was close by the road on Mason's Hill.

The old lady received him with a cordiality which told how great a favorite he was with her, and showed him into her tiny living-room, with its open fire and shining andirons and puffy bed, to sit down and wait while she

emptied his basket. But restless Vet did not care to sit down. He walked to the window and looked out and down the long smooth descent which glistened under the rays of the sun, low in the west now.

As he stood there the old clock in the academy belfry struck four. Vet brought his palms together sharply.

"School's out," he said, aloud, with a quiver of excitement in his voice. "They'll cut across and be on the hill inside of five minutes now. Oh, I wish—"

He turned, and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, paced forward and back across the little room a dozen times, maybe, before he stopped at the window again. There was no sign of the boys yet, but—

Vet's face turned very white, and his heart almost stopped beating. For just at that moment a loaded team, instead of taking the road around the hill, kept straight along in the one that led over it—a heavy sled drawn by three horses and loaded with lumber.

"It's that old Mr. Potter that bought the Lyons farm," groaned Vet, dashing out-of-doors, "and he's deaf as the deafest kind of a post. I *can't* make him hear."

And old Mr. Potter was muffled to his eyes in his long home-made scarf besides, and could see nothing at all, unless it were his horses creeping on so slowly. Vet swung his cap, and danced, and shouted lustily for one brief moment, in the vain hope of attracting his attention.

A sound of cheering arose on the hill above. Vet's heart was in his throat. He looked up the shining slope until the sharp turn cut off his view. Well he knew that before he could reach it those swift sleds would have flown over the level above it and passed him. He groaned aloud. For an instant the awful fear of what might be held him like one turned to stone.

"Oh, what can I do?" he shrieked. "What *can* I do?" And then he wheeled and darted back into the cottage.

It was all in a moment, but it seemed ages to Vet. Down the hill came the two sleds in arrowy flight, followed by a little excited crowd of partisans on foot, cheering one and the other—their riders lying flat, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but the singing of the steel runners over the hard frozen track. The Reindeer was a very little ahead, perhaps because it carried a trifle more in weight, and the Reindeer's friends were cheering most wildly. Whizz-z-z down the upper hill between the rows of evergreens that lined it; whirr-r-r across the level space between it and the turn; whizz-z-z around the sharp bend and down the hill, growing steeper now, down—

Neither of the boys, Chip and Prince, could ever realize just how it was. The first thing either of them knew Chip was lying on his back in some soft mass, with his sled turned over him, and Prince was standing almost on his head in a huge snow-drift. They were both unhurt, though greatly bewildered for an instant. Then Prince scrambled out of the snow, his face scarlet with anger.

"You sneak!" he screamed, striding across to where Vet, almost beside himself with excitement, was trying to put Chip straight again—"you sneak, you."

"Oh no, no!" cried Vet. "I couldn't do anything else, Prince. I couldn't, you know. Look!"

Prince looked, and Chip. Not thirty yards below now, where the road was narrowest and the bank highest, was the team, whose master seemed to have just begun to realize that something was not right, and so had stopped his horses. Prince's fist dropped, the red in his face began to fade.

"Vet," he said, half choking and struggling with a desire to cry—"Vet, oh, Vet, I—I wish you'd kick me."

"Oh no, you don't," cried Vet, wavering himself between tears and laughter. "It would hurt you, and I wouldn't want to do it, either. But you have about spoiled Aunt Betsey's best feather-bed, boys. It was all I could



A YOUNG FAMILY.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

think of to do, though. We'll have to buy her another one. Didn't the feathers fly!"

They were flying yet, for that matter, whirling about over the snow like live things. Old Mr. Potter lumbered up at that instant to hear what the trouble was. "Well, well!" said he, "who'd 'a thought it! who'd 'a thought it! Now that was pretty well done. I rather think I'll settle them damages myself; it saved me a good deal more'n the vally of a feather-bed. I wouldn't run such a resk again for a hundred dollars. Yes, yes; I'll settle 'em."

And so he did, then and there, though poor Aunt Betsey Coolbroth, standing frightened nearly out of her senses in the cottage door, stoutly refused to accept any compensation, declaring over and over that "'twas nothing at all, the bed wasn't, long's the boys were safe."

And Vet was a hero—so the boys insisted with prolonged cheers.

I am not in the least inclined to dispute them. But it seems to me that it was before this that Vet Fairleigh proved himself "a brave boy."

THE NEW ORLEANS CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

IF Dickens's Mr. Scrooge had been in New Orleans a fortnight ago, and seen the spectacle of a great commercial exhibition made for the time a children's Christmas festival, with a live Santa Claus and a real Christmas tree, he would no doubt have been very much surprised. Indeed, a great many people, more warm-hearted and sentimental than Mr. Scrooge, have been surprised, and have read the reports of the entertainment—as Scrooge, perhaps, would not have read them—with wonder and delight. Business men, as a rule, if they do not think as Scrooge did, that Christmas is a "humbug," are so oc-

cupied that they can not give it much attention; and one would hardly dream that the managers of the great Exposition, busy as they must be with the machinery and the exhibits, could turn aside from these important interests to provide a day's pleasure and entertainment for the New Orleans children. And yet this is just what they did on Christmas.

During the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, as every one who is old enough remembers, each State had its own particular day. There was a New York day and an Ohio day and a Pennsylvania day, when people from each of these States flocked to the great show and made it for the occasion their own. The New Orleans managers have done better than that by providing a "Children's Day," and forever linking the Exposition in the little folks' minds with the most delightful recollections.

Really, however, the idea seems to have come, in the first place, from a New Orleans lady, Mrs. Sue E. Burke, and it is due to her generosity that the managers were able to carry it out. Without knowing all the facts, we suspect, however, that a Northerner and a Yankee had something to do with getting the tree, for Christmas trees are not native to Louisiana, and this one, in fact, came from Connecticut. What made it a particularly beautiful tree was not so much its symmetry and height, though it was a perfectly shaped hemlock forty-five feet high, as that it came from the home of the graceful and kindly hearted writer who calls himself Ik Marvel.

One can imagine with what delight he had watched it grow, what "reveries" he had woven around its shapely branches, and with what warmer pleasure he allowed it to be cut down, and sent eight hundred miles away for the enjoyment of children he had never seen.

It was the State of Connecticut, too, which furnished the Santa Claus. The Honorable T. R. Pickering, who took the part of the benevolent old saint, is Commissioner



THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY JOHN DURKIN.

to the Exposition from that State, and represented not only the kindly feeling of the Exposition toward the children, but of his native New England toward the South. His dress had a deep historic interest. The Siberian seal and reindeer-skin garment with Siberian sable boa, hood, gauntlets, and boots to match, which completely enveloped his form, belonged to Lieutenant Buckingham, U.S.N., and was a relic both of the *Jeannette* and Greely expeditions. It had been bought in Russia by an officer of the De Long search party, and afterward loaned to Lieutenant Emory of the Greely expedition, and had done good service in each campaign. Arrayed in this the Commissioner made a most realistic Santa Claus; and when he came out on the elevated platform of the Music Hall, heralded by the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums, no doubt many of the children looked for the reindeer team to follow.

One can gain from our picture some idea of the beautiful sight. Among the rafters down the entire length of the long building hung a dazzling line of Edison electric lights. "If the roof had been rolled back," says one who was there, "and the mid-day sun admitted, it could not have been brighter or more magnificent in its effects." Up into the roof towered the lofty tree, as high as any house. Every twig flashed with electric lights, and was laden with a rich and varied store of gifts.

What lovely gifts they were! Nothing that a child could want was missing—dolls, chairs, wardrobes, watches, clocks, tables, jumping-jacks, woolly dogs, sheep, birds, cages, sugar-plums, fiddles, drums, work-boxes, trinkets—everything to delight the thousands of happy children that waited expectantly around the tree, and to make the Exposition always in their hearts a charming dream. There was so much, indeed, that it could not all be given out at one time, so a second and a third distribution were held on the days following Christmas before the supply was exhausted and every child was supplied.

Was it not a beautiful thing to do? Whatever good the New Orleans Exposition accomplishes—whether it helps business, or encourages manufactures, or binds the North and South more closely together—it can do nothing more useful or admirable than this. Every boy and girl has heard it said that the Americans are a material, pushing, money-getting people, and that where trade is in question they do not stop to indulge in sentiment or romance.

But here is a case where one of the greatest business enterprises which the world has ever seen stopped short, as it were, in its work, and became a children's pleasure-ground. I said at the beginning it was surprising. But yet, why was it not above all things suitable and appropriate? This Christmas celebration in the great hall at New Orleans not only made the children happy; it both recognized and celebrated the coming of Him whose perfect example and teaching opened the way for the civilization under which so many of the wonders of this great Exposition have developed. Amid the labors and the griefs of His mission on earth, He always found time for the little ones. His favored friends, the type of those who shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. And so, was it not most right and fitting that one day of the great show should be given up to the children and to Christmas thoughts?

CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

WE were living in the country last summer. One bright sunshiny day quite a party of us went out for a picnic in the woods. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and were just about finishing our lunch when we espied a round black cloud like a dorky's head peeping over the western horizon. Gradually it mounted and

mounted, until the big round shoulders appeared; then came more woolly heads, then more round shoulders, until a whole family of Sambos were piled together higgledy-piggledy high above the distant hills.

"We are going to have a storm," cried somebody.

"No doubt about it," responded somebody else.

Everybody flew to work. A New York fire-engine could scarcely have been gotten out more quickly than we filled those baskets and were under way. Now a big drop of rain, now another and another. We were running as hard as we could over the dried grass, and dragging the jingling baskets with us, toward a farm-house not far off. We reached the place of shelter in time to escape any serious wetting, but scarcely had we accepted the kindly invitation to "come right in" before down came the storm, thunder and lightning included.

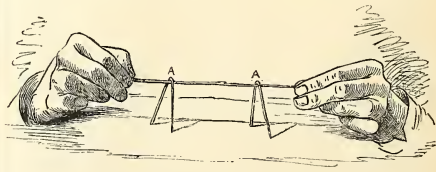
Well, here we were, with the prospect of an hour's detention at least; and although we were a large party, to which had been added one or two young folks belonging to the house, still an hour's confinement in a strange abode, under any circumstances, is always irksome. But Bashan Boracks came to our rescue.

"Did you notice," he said, "how the leaves of the trees rustled before the storm, when there was not a particle of wind blowing? Well, do you know what made them do that?"

"Fright," said some one.

"No, it wasn't," answered young Boracks. "It was electricity. That's my theory, and all out of my own head. It was electricity passing out of the earth into the clouds by way of the trees. Now just look here: I will give you an illustration of electrical or magnetic attraction."

Saying this, Bashan reached over to a broom hanging on the wall, and broke from it two splints. From one of these he cut two small pieces about an inch and a half long, which he doubled into the form of the letter V. These he suspended at each end of the longer broom splint, as represented by A A in the accompanying sketch.



Then he took hold of the extreme tips of the long broom splint between the finger and thumb of either hand, and held it in such a position that each leg of the V's would just touch the top of the table in front of him. After holding them so for a few seconds they began to approach each other slowly, until they finally met in the middle. This, he said, was caused by magnetic attraction, and it certainly looked very much like it. He then gently withdrew the long splint, and left the two V's standing together like this:



"Now I'll show you another," cried Boracks. "Will some one be kind enough to lend me a watch and chain?"

One was soon forth-coming. Boracks took the watch, sat down on a chair, and holding the chain between his finger and thumb, suspended the watch like a pendulum, resting his arms on his knees. Presently the watch began to sway backward and forward with a regular motion, and continued to do so until he handed it to another of the party, who tried the same experiment with a like result.

"That is all caused by the electrical current passing

from one part of the human body to the other," explained B. B. "If you don't believe it, just hold the watch in that position, and if you can keep it still for five minutes I will give you a red apple with a nickel-plated stem to it."

This amused us for a little while, and then B. B. had another proposition:

"Let each one in the room get a small slip of paper, and write on it any short sentence he or she pleases; then roll it up as tight as you choose, and throw them all together in the middle of the table. I will pick them out, one by one, and tell you what is written on each without opening it. Yes; I will go out of the room while you are writing and rolling up your papers."

Boracks left the room, Charley Flinders escorting him to the furthestmost part of the entry, so that he could not possibly hear anything that was going on in the room. Then Flinders returned, and they each wrote something on a scrap of thin brown paper, and rolled it up tight in the form of a bullet. These were then all collected and put into a hat. At a given signal Bashan entered the room. The hat was placed on the table before him. He put his hand into the hat, and taking one of the pellets daintily between his finger and thumb, held it up before the audience. Then he placed it against his forehead, rolled up his eyes, and thought for a few seconds.

"This," he said, "contains the words 'Thunder, lightning, rain.' Is that correct?"—looking round at those present.

"Yes," cried Flinders; "that's mine."

Boracks unfolded the paper and read the words "Thunder, lightning, rain." Then he dipped his hand into the hat again and took out a second pellet, which he held to his head as before.

"On this is written," he said, "the words 'Yankee Doodle came to town.'"

"That's so," gasped a bashful young man in the corner.

The next sentence he read was, "Different folks have different opinions"; the next, "Gingerbread and pickles"; the next, "The rose is the queen of the garden." The next twelve I will not record. Suffice it to say that he read every one of them correctly, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, including the farmer, who hurriedly left the room, feeling in his pocket to ascertain whether his watch was safe.

The rain by this time had ceased, the clouds had cleared away, and the sun shone bright in the western sky; so we thanked the farmer, picked up our baskets, and started for home, not a little surprised to find that we had actually spent an hour and three-quarters in confinement under the farmer's roof.

On the way home B. B. told us how his trick of mind-reading was played. It is very simple, like most tricks, when you know how.

In the first place you must have a confederate. Boracks had a confederate in Charley Flinders, who promised to say that the words "Thunder, lightning, rain" were his when Boracks pretended to read them from the first pellet held to his forehead. The real words, however, on that pellet were, "Yankee Doodle came to town." This Boracks read when he opened it, and pretended to read, "Thunder, lightning, rain." When he took up the second pellet, which really contained the words "Different folks have different opinions," he repeated the words from the previous pellet. "Yankee Doodle came to town." So when he took up the pellet which contained the words "Gingerbread and pickles," he pretended to read from it "Different folks have different opinions," and so on, till he came to the last, when he had a blank pellet concealed in the hat, from which he pretended to read the inscription he had just seen on the previous pellet. The confederate, you must bear in mind, puts no pellet in the hat, but he can slip his into the hand of the performer before or during the exhibition.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.) THE BURNING OF THE "WILDFIRE."

PLACING the album in his hands, and opening it to the first page, on which was the photograph of Edna May, Ruth said, "Do you think he looks anything like that?"

"Why, yes, of course he does!" exclaimed Mark, startled at the resemblance he saw. "He looks enough like the picture to be Edna's brother."

"Aunt Emily," said Ruth, turning to Mrs. Coburn, who sat near them, "do you know in what Southern city Captain May found Edna?"

"Yes; it was in the one we have just left—Savannah."

"And Frank came from Savannah, and he lost his mother and the little sister there, and Edna's own mother was drowned there. Oh, Mark, if it should be!" cried Ruth, much excited.

"Wouldn't it be just too jolly?" said Mark.

Mrs. Coburn became almost as interested as the children when the matter was explained to her; but Captain May was quite provoked when he heard of it. He said it was only a chance resemblance, and there couldn't be anything in it. He had made inquiries in Savannah at the time, and never heard anything of any father or brother either, and at any rate he was not going to lose his Edna now for all the brothers and fathers in the world. He finally said that unless they gave him a solemn promise not to mention a word of all this to Edna he should not let her visit them next winter. So the children promised, and the captain was satisfied; but they talked the matter over between themselves, and became more and more convinced that Frank March and Edna May were brother and sister.

After this the voyage proceeded without incident until the evening of the third day, when they were sitting at supper in the cabin. The skylights and port-holes were all wide open, for, in spite of the fresh breeze that was blowing, the cabin was uncomfortably close and hot. Mark said the further North they went the hotter it seemed to get, and the others agreed with him. Captain May said that if the breeze held, and they were lucky in meeting a pilot, they would be at anchor in New York Harbor before another supper-time, and he hoped the hot spell would be over before they were obliged to go ashore. While he was speaking the mate put his head down the companion-way, and said,

"Captain May, will you be good enough to step on deck a moment, sir?"

As the captain went on deck he noticed that all the crew were gathered about the fore-castle, and were talking earnestly.

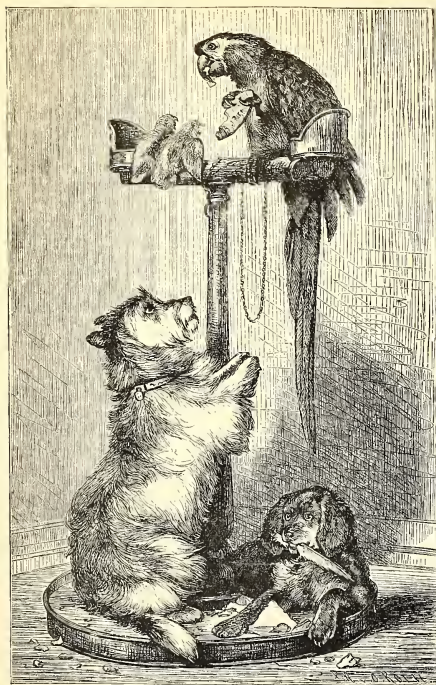
"What's in the wind now, Mr. Gibbs?" he asked of the mate, who at that moment stepped up to him.

"Why, sir, only this, that I believe the ship's on fire. A few minutes ago the whole watch below came on deck, vowing there was no sleeping in the folk'sie; that it was a reg'lar furnace. I went to see what they was growling at, and 'twas so hot down there it made my head swim. There wasn't any flame nor any smoke, but there was a powerful smell of burning, and I'm afraid there's fire in the cargo."

Without a word Captain May went forward and down into the fore-castle, the men respectfully making way for him to pass. In less than a minute he came up bathed in perspiration, and turning to the crew said:

"My men, there's no doubt but that this ship is on fire. It's in among the cotton; but if we can keep it smothered awhile longer, I think, with this breeze, we can make our

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"PLEASE GIVE ME A PIECE."

port before it breaks out. I want you to keep cool and steady, and remember there's no danger, for we can make land any time in the boats if we're obliged to. Mr. Gibbs, have the men get their dunnage up out of the fore-castle, and then close the hatch and batten it."

Going aft, the captain found his passengers on deck waiting anxiously to learn the cause of the commotion they had already noticed. He told them the worst at once, and advised them to go below and pack up their things ready for instant removal in case it became necessary.

"Oh, William," exclaimed his sister, "can't we take to the boats now while there is time? It seems like tempting Providence to stay on the ship and wait for the fire to break out. What if she should blow up?"

"Now don't be foolish, Emily," answered the Captain. "There's nothing on board that can blow up, and it would be worse than cowardly to leave the ship while there's a chance of saving her. The boats are all ready to be lowered instantly, and at present there is no more danger here than there would be in them."

Not a soul on board the *Wildfire* went to bed or undressed that night, and Mark and Ruth were the only ones who closed their eyes. They staid on deck until midnight; but then, in spite of the excitement, they became too sleepy to hold their eyes open any longer, and Mrs. Coburn persuaded them to take a nap on the cabin sofa.

All night the ship flew like a frightened bird toward her port, under such a press of canvas as Captain May would not have dared carry had not the necessity for speed been so great. As the night wore on, the decks

grew hotter and hotter, until the pitch fairly bubbled from the seams, and a strong smell of burning pervaded the whole ship. At daylight the American flag was run half-way up to the mizzen peak, union down, as a signal of distress. By sunrise the Highlands of Neversink, at the entrance to New York Bay, were in sight, and they also saw a pilot-boat bearing rapidly down upon them from the northward.

As soon as he saw this boat Captain May told his passengers that he was going to send them on board of it, as he feared the fire might now break out at any minute, and he was going to ask its captain to run in to Sandy Hook, and send dispatches to the revenue-cutter and to the New York fire-boat *Havemejer*, begging them to come to his assistance.

Mrs. Coburn and Ruth readily agreed to this plan; but Mark begged so hard to be allowed to stay, and said he should feel so much like a coward to leave the ship before any of the other men, that the captain finally consented to allow him to remain.

The ship's headway was checked as the pilot-boat drew near, in order that her yawl, bringing the pilot, might run alongside.

"Hello, Cap'n Bill," sang out the pilot, who happened to be an old acquaintance of Captain May's, "what's the meaning of all that?" and he pointed to the signal of distress. "Got Yellow Jack aboard, or a mutiny?"

"Neither," answered Captain May, "but I've got a volcano stowed under the hatches, and I'm expecting an eruption every minute."

"You don't tell me?" said the pilot, as he clambered up over the side. "Ship's afire, is she?"

The state of affairs was quickly explained to him, and he readily consented that his swift little schooner should run in to the Hook, and send dispatches for help. He also said they should be only too proud to have the ladies come aboard.

Without further delay Mrs. Coburn and Ruth, with their baggage, were placed in the ship's long-boat, lowered over the side, and in a few minutes were safe on the deck of the pilot-boat, which seemed to Ruth almost as small as Mark's canoe in comparison with the big ship they had just left.

As soon as they were on board, the schooner spread her white wings and stood in for Sandy Hook, while the ship was headed toward the Swash Channel.

As she passed the Romer Beacon Captain May saw the pilot-boat coming out from behind the Hook, and knew the dispatches had been sent. When his ship was off the Hospital Islands he saw the revenue-cutter steaming down through the Narrows toward them, trailing a black cloud behind her, and evidently making all possible speed.

By this time little eddies of smoke were curling up from around the closely battened hatches, and Captain May saw that the ship could not live to reach the upper bay, and feared she would be a mass of flames before the fire-boat could come to her relief. In this emergency he told the pilot that he thought they had better leave the channel, and run over on the flats toward Bath, so as to be prepared to scuttle her.

"Ay, ay, sir; I can put her just wherever you want her. Only give the word," answered the pilot.

"I do give it," said Captain May, as a cloud of smoke puffed out from the edge of one of the hatches. "Put her there, for she'll be ablaze before many minutes."

As the ship's head was turned toward the flats the revenue-cutter ran alongside. Her captain, followed by a dozen blue-jackets, boarded the ship, and the former, taking in her desperate situation at a glance, said to Captain May, "You must scuttle her at once, sir; it's your only chance to save her."

"Very well, sir," answered Captain May. "I think

so myself, but am glad to have your authority for doing so."

As the ship's anchors were let go, her carpenter and a squad of men from the cutter, armed with axes and augers, tumbled down into her cabin, and began what seemed like a most furious work of destruction. The axes crashed through the carved wood-work, furniture was hurled to one side, great holes were cut in the cabin floor, and the ship's planking was laid bare in a dozen places below the water-line. Then the augers were set to work, and in a few minutes a dozen streams of water, spurting up like fountains, were rushing into the ship.

While this was going on in the cabin, the ship's crew, assisted by others of the revenue men, were removing everything of value on which they could lay their hands to the deck of the cutter.

Suddenly those in the cabin heard a great cry and a roaring noise on deck, and as they rushed up the companionway they saw a column of flame shooting up from the fore-hatch half-mast high.

Half the people had sprung on board the revenue-cutter as she sheered off, which she did at the first burst of flame, and now the others filled the boats, which were quickly lowered, and shoved off. As the boats were being lowered, a second burst of flame came from the main-hatch, and already tongues of fire were lapping the sails and lofty spars.

Mark had worked with the rest in saving whatever he could lift, and did not think of leaving the ship until Captain May said: "Come, Mark, it's time to go. Jump into this boat."

Mark did as he was told, and as Captain May sprang in after him and shouted, "Lower away!" not a living soul was left on board the unfortunate vessel.

As the men in the boats rested on their oars, and lay at a safe distance from the ship, watching the grand spectacle of her destruction, they saw that she was settling rapidly by the stern. Lower and lower she sank, and higher and higher mounted the fierce flames, until, all at once, her bows lifted high out of the water, her stern seemed to shoot under it; then the great hull plunged out of sight, and a mighty cloud of smoke and steam rose to the sky. Through this cloud the flames along the upper masts and yards shone with a lurid red. At this point the fire-boat arrived; a couple of well-directed streams of water from her powerful engines soon extinguished these flames, and the three blackened masts, pointing vaguely upward, were all that remained to show where, so short a time before, the great ship had floated.

The pilot-boat had already transferred Mrs. Coburn and Ruth and their baggage to the cutter, and she now steamed up the bay, carrying the passengers, crew, and all that had been saved from the good ship *Wildfire*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"COME, MARK, IT'S TIME TO GO. JUMP INTO THIS BOAT."



ANOTHER FALL OF SNOW.

"Hang on tight, dar, Abbey: it's gittin' lots smoother since we passed dat air tree back yonder. Dat has' fall ob snow was jes' de t'ing fur sleighin'."

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE

HE was born in Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, England, on the 12th of February, 1812. He was a delicate, sickly boy, and could not join his companions in their rough games. He had a passion for reading, and devoured every book in his reach. He often amused himself by personating the heroes he admired. When he was six years old he wrote a tragedy called *Misnar, the Sultan of India*.

Until he was nine years old he attended school or studied at home, as circumstances made most convenient. About that time his father was imprisoned for debt, and he was sent to work in a blacking warehouse, receiving about six shillings a week. The work was distasteful to him, and he was very unhappy. When he had been there about a year his father and employer quarrelled, and he was taken away.

He was then sent to Wellington House Academy for two years. While here he wrote a good many short stories, which were highly appreciated by his school-fellows. He was also very fond of private theatricals. He was fourteen when he left the school.

He obtained employment as clerk in a lawyer's office, where he remained a little over a year. He then became a short-hand reporter.

In 1834 he sent his first story to the *Old Monthly Magazine*. It was accepted, and was followed by a number of others. In 1836 these sketches were collected and published in book form. They were so well received that he made up his mind to devote himself to literary work.

He was married on the 2d of April, 1836. In 1842 he made a trip to America. In April, 1858, he made his first appearance as a public reader. After that he often gave readings from his own books. Some of these readings were for his own benefit, and some to aid various charity organizations.

In 1867 he again visited

America. He remained six months, and gave a number of readings.

After his return home he spent his time as before, giving readings and writing new books. His health had been failing gradually for several years. He died June 8, 1870, leaving unfinished the book he was at work on until a few hours before his death.

A RAT WITH BRAINS.

WHILE standing in a large wood-shed, one end of which he had partitioned off with narrow slats as a fowl-house, Mr. X. heard a gnawing noise, and looking about him saw a large brown rat darting away from a dog-biscuit lying on the floor of the shed. He decided to remain quiet and notice if this thief of his dog-biscuits would return.

Presently he did; and slyly glancing at Mr. X. as if to say, "Now you let me alone and I'll let you alone," his ratship began dragging the biscuit over toward the slat partition, behind which were the fowls chinking and scratching. He reached the laths and tried to drag the biscuit through them after him. It would not pass, being flat and broad. After some vain struggles with it, the rat vanished—to return with another of his acquaintance. The newcomer he stationed inside the fowl-house; he himself came out and seized the biscuit by one corner. He then began *tilling it up* on its side, and the adroit friend poked his head through the slats and steadied it with him.

In a few seconds the biscuit was held between them "up and down," and by rat number one's pushing without and rat number two's pulling from within the barrier, the prize was forced triumphantly through the slats.

ENIGMA.

From the German.

UPON a spacious meadow vast
Are sheep in thousands, white as snow.
As we behold them there to-day,
Our fathers saw them long ago.

They ne'er grow old; fresh life they draw
From streams that never cease to flow.
A lovely shepherdess is theirs,
Who bears for crook a silver bow.

She leads them out to pastures fair
Through golden gates. She counts each one:
No lamb of hers was ever lost,
How oft so'er the way they've gone.

A ram she has to go before,
A bear for dog to guard them well.
Now can you guess the shepherdess,
And what the sheep are, can you tell?



WINTER AMUSEMENTS AT THE NORTH POLE.—"OLD MAID"

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 273.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.


TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

FERNS—FASCINATION.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

 ~~722~~ the hill and past the mill
My laddie leads: I follow.
Across the rill, my merry Will,
To seek the ferry hollow,
Where the summer long is the robin's
song.

Where swift wings flash and glitter,
Where the sunbeams peep, and the
shadows creep,
And callow birdlings twitter.

Oh, baby feet, with your patter sweet,
You find the dearest places,
Where eoy ferns greet from their
still retreat

Our hushed and smiling faces.
Through the fronded leaves the south
wind weaves

A strain so softly tender
That the elves draw near in troops
to hear,
And shy responses render.

My laddie knows where the bluebell
grows,

The laurel's shining hour,
When lilies close, when unfolds the
rose,

And where the daisies flower.
He loves the sedge at the river's edge,
Where grasses sigh and shiver,
Nor fears the gloom where the moss-
cups bloom,

And the tall ferns rock and quiver.

In silvery speech the blossoms preach
To the ear attuned to listen,
And small hands reach, when the dew-drops teach,

For sprays that shake and glisten.
'Tis a happy heart that takes its part
In the rhythm of creation,
That with Nature dwells in the
jewelled cells

That are sweet with her fascination.

Ah, well, my dear, by mead and mere
Go, laddie bright; I'll follow
Till we pass the burn, and seek the fern
In the dusk of the fragrant hollow,
Where the summer long the fairies
throng,

Where swift wings glance and
glitter,
Where the robin's throat swells the
flute-like note,
And callow birdlings twitter.



GREAT OAK DAM.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"JUSTIN HARDY, I am obliged to arrest you."

"Arrest me, Mr. Grant! What for?" cried Justin, springing from his bicycle, and staring at the man who spoke in astonishment.

"You have broken one of the laws of this town of Great Oak."

"I am sure I have done nothing, Mr. Grant," replied Justin, in a voice of surprise and alarm. "I am on my way to school, and shall be late if you stop me."

"I am afraid you won't see the inside of your school-house to-day, my boy."

"Now I say that's too bad," cried Justin, appealing to the small crowd of boys that had been attracted to the spot.

"Why don't you tell Justin what terrible crime he has committed?" said Tom Lovett, one of Justin's school friends. "Has he set fire to a house or stolen a horse? It is not fair to take him away to prison without giving any reason."

"Look here, Tom, you keep quiet," said Mr. Grant, "or perhaps you'll be the next. Now listen to me."

The boys drew closer to Mr. Grant, and stood silently waiting for him to speak.

"It is not my fault," began Mr. Grant, looking kindly at Justin; "but, you see, I am constable of Great Oak, and obliged to do my duty. Judge Floyd told me last Saturday that I was positively to arrest any man or boy I caught riding through the village streets on one of those things."

"What a shame!" shouted the boys, excitedly.

"Where are we to go, then?" demanded Tom Lovett.

"What harm do our bicycles do, I should like to know?"

"I didn't make the law, my boys," said Mr. Grant; "but, you see, the folks in Main Street say that they frighten the teams, and are dangerous to foot-passengers. They have been making an awful fuss for the last two months, and now they have got their way. No more bicycles in the streets."

"But, Mr. Grant," said Justin, "I did not know that. I will not do it again."

"Ignorance of a law is no excuse for breaking it," replied Mr. Grant. "I am afraid you will have to come to court with me."

"Shall you have to arrest my bicycle too?" asked Justin, ruefully.

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Grant, looking puzzled; "nothing was said to that effect."

"Then I will settle that matter," cried Tom Lovett. "I will take it home for you, Justin."

"Thank you," said Justin.

"Don't ride that thing through the streets," said the constable to Tom, as he and Justin turned toward the court-house.

Justin did not reach school before ten o'clock that day, and he felt decidedly ill-used, as, in addition to the disgrace of being arrested, he had been obliged to pay a fine of five dollars, all his month's pocket-money. It seemed to him bad enough to be forbidden to ride his bicycle through the streets, for Justin was a very fine rider, and rather proud of his skill.

He walked home alone that day, and as he passed the houses in Main Street he scowled darkly at their offending doors. At home he was consoled with by all, and his mother reminded him that there was a nice smooth road near Great Oak dam. "It was some distance off," she said, "but would pay him for his trouble when he reached it."

The week passed, and Justin's bicycle reposed quietly under the shed where Tom had placed it. Saturday was a lovely day, sunny but cool. Justin thought with re-

gret of his idle bicycle, and cast many a longing glance down the smooth roadway leading to the village. Presently he thought of what his mother had said about the road near the dam, and went to look for his friend Tom.

"Whew!" whistled Tom; "that's as much as two miles away. But I will go if mother says I may."

He obtained leave to go, and the two boys started from Justin's house early that afternoon.

Justin's home stood high on a hill just one side of the village of Great Oak. The village itself, or a large part of it, was built between two hills. Long ago the very spot where the pretty dwellings in Main Street now stood had been the bed of a rapid river. Its source was among the hills some miles away. A dam had been constructed between the hills about two miles from Great Oak, which shut in the river and made it very useful. It supplied the whole village with water, and also turned two or three mills in the place. It was the pride of all the inhabitants.

The road leading to the dam was very steep and narrow, and but seldom used; but just before the wall of the dam was a level space as much as twenty feet broad. It was even and smooth as the floor of a house.

When Justin and Tom started off that day they carried their bicycles across the fields, and so made a short-cut to reach the dam. It was rather bleak and windy and decidedly lonesome, but still the boys enjoyed themselves very much. About five o'clock they started for home, and Justin thought it would be delightful to return by the hill road.

"I am sure I can do it," said he, looking at Tom.

"Then so can I," cried Tom. "Suppose we have a race. Now start fair."

As he spoke he turned swiftly to join Justin, but in turning he struck a stone, and fell heavily to the ground. Justin hastened to help him rise. But Tom had received so many bad bruises that he was unable to mount again, so the boys were obliged to return the way they came, Justin rolling both bicycles along, and Tom limping painfully by his side.

This accident put a stop to Tom's fun, for his mother forbade him to go again to that dangerous place. She looked reproachfully at Justin as she spoke.

"Now," thought Justin, as he walked slowly home, "if I want to ride my bicycle, I suppose I shall have to go to Great Oak dam all by myself."

Every afternoon when the weather was at all fine Justin rolled his bicycle over the fields. Then after spending an hour or so riding backward and forward before the wall, he would return home by the narrow steep path on the hill. After a while he became so skillful in the management of his bicycle that he could skim along the ground like a swallow, avoiding every small stone and inequality on the road. It was not long before he began to enjoy this wild race down the hill much more than he ever had his quiet rides in the village.

One cold windy day, as Justin was about to return home, he noticed a small stream of water trickling out of the ground close to the wall.

"I wonder what that means?" thought he, as he placed a large stone over the spot. The water did not cease flowing, but divided into two jets, and crept out on each side of the stone. After looking at it some moments longer Justin went home.

That evening he told his father what he had seen.

"The dam must need repairing," said his father; "it should be seen to at once."

"Who looks after those things?" asked Justin.

"Judge Floyd is inspector of the dam, I think," replied his father.

"Shall I tell him about the leak?" asked Justin.

"It can do no harm. I wish I had time to go to the

dam with you, Justin; but I shall be very busy for a day or two. After that, if nothing has been done, I will take a look at it."

"If the whole wall came down, father, what would happen?"

"I should think you could see for yourself that the great quantity of water banked up against it would rush down the hill, sweeping everything before it."

"All the houses, too?" asked Justin, both surprised and a little frightened.

"The stone houses might withstand the fury of the water, but all who remained in them would certainly be drowned."

"How about our house, father?" asked Justin.

"This place is safe enough," replied Mr. Hardy, "for it is above the level of the dam. That part of the village in the valley would suffer most."

When Justin awoke the next morning the first thing he thought about was his conversation with his father. So he determined to stop at the court-house, where he knew Judge Floyd would be, and speak to him.

As it was very early Justin met no one, and entered the court-room alone. Judge Floyd stood talking with some gentlemen at the far end of the room.

"Well, what now?" inquired one of the men, turning impatiently toward Justin.

"I have something to tell Judge Floyd," replied Justin, "when he has time to listen to me."

"Speak," said the Judge; "I can spare you about five minutes."

"Great Oak dam is leaking, and ought to be mended," said Justin, hurriedly, for he saw that he had interrupted some important conversation.

Judge Floyd looked at Justin for a moment in silence, then he began to laugh.

"I understand you, my boy," said he; "'tit for tat,' etc. I see you have not forgotten that bicycle affair, and want to frighten me a little. But that won't do. Try something else. I was up at the dam only the other day; it is all right, I assure you."

He whispered something to the gentlemen near him, and they all glanced at Justin and laughed.

The boy was so surprised and mortified that he did not know what to do. He said "Good-morning" hastily, and walked out.

He spoke to no one about the affair, for he began to think that perhaps he had been foolish and meddlesome, but after school he went to the dam as usual.

When he came in sight of the wall he was astonished to see a large crack as much as two feet long, out of which the water was spouting with great force. There had been a heavy frost the night before, and particles of ice were still clinging to the stones.

Justin collected all the stones he could find and heaped them against the wall, but the water hurled them away with great violence.

For several moments he stood looking at the wall; then he noticed there were many more such openings. As he paused, wondering whether there was any danger or not, he heard a noise like the report of a cannon. Looking up quickly, he saw another great rent in the wall, and several new streams of water gushing out.

All that he had ever heard of floods or broken dams rushed through his mind. He knew that when this wall was all destroyed the great lake of water pent up behind it would rush down upon the village and perhaps sweep it away.

He felt that there was no time to be lost, so springing upon his bicycle, he turned toward the steep narrow path. At that moment a large portion of the wall fell down with a great crash, and a vast volume of water roared down into the bed of the stream, while the rest of the wall seemed crumbling away.

With a cry of horror he sped down the hill without once looking behind. How terribly far away seemed the village now as he scudded along past stone walls, trees, and meadows! Justin had never before ridden so fast; it seemed as if the bicycle had wings, and yet he felt as though he should never reach the first house.

At the rapid pace he was going a fall would probably be his death. Then who would warn the people at Great Oak of their danger?

But Justin did not fall. He rushed into the streets, panting and white with fatigue.

The first person he saw was Judge Floyd, who stood talking to Mr. Grant, his hand on his horse's bridle. When the bicycle drev near the horse became restive.

"How dare you bring that bicycle here?" shouted Judge Floyd before Justin could find breath to speak.

"Why, Justin Hardy," exclaimed Mr. Grant, "I would not have believed this of you."

A crowd began to collect, attracted by the Judge's loud words and the boy's wild looks.

"The dam is down," panted Justin, pointing up the hill. "The water is coming; don't you hear it?"

Every one turned to listen, and all distinctly heard a low booming sound.

"It is true," cried Mr. Grant, turning hurriedly away; "we have no time to waste."

"My house is directly in the track of the water," groaned Judge Floyd. "My poor wife and children! can I save them?" He flung himself on his horse, and galloped madly down the street.

The crowd did not wait for a second warning, but scattered in every direction, spreading the dreadful news as they went. Soon every man, woman, and child in Great Oak might be seen hurrying up the hills on either side to escape the coming deluge.

They were scarcely out of danger before the water rushed into the village, sweeping trees, fences, barns, and even small houses before it. But thanks to Justin's timely warning, not a life was lost.

The hills on either side of the village presented a strange appearance that night, for a number of homeless families were gathered there, and they had built large bonfires to keep off the cold and cook their supper by.

Judge Floyd, Mr. Grant, and several gentlemen stood with Justin and his father on a place commanding a view of the scene of the recent disaster. They were speaking of Justin's wonderful ride.

"I shall never say a word against bicycles again," said one of the gentlemen.

"Nor I," exclaimed Judge Floyd. "And I have made up my mind to one thing—Justin shall be rewarded. What shall we give you, Justin?"

"Well," replied Justin, after thinking a moment, "I don't deserve any reward that I know of. But I do wish you would let us boys ride our bicycles through the village again."

"You shall, if I can manage it," said Judge Floyd.

"They ought to have a road on one side of the village on purpose for bicycles, and it should be named the 'Justin Road,'" said Mr. Grant, patting the boy's shoulder.

"A good idea," cried the others.

Justin thanked them, and then ran home.

Next morning the water that had covered the houses the night before had dwindled to a narrow river, which rippled and danced through the street. There was a great deal of damage done, but no lives lost.

Before the new dam was finished Justin Hardy was presented with a splendid new bicycle mounted in gold. His name was engraved on a plate, and under his name were these words: "Presented by the grateful citizens of Great Oak."

ANOTHER TALK ABOUT COINS.

BY W. C. PRIME.

Do not think that a coin or any other object is very valuable merely because it is very old. It must have some other quality than age to make it worth keeping. If you want old things, pick up a stone in the field, and be pretty sure that is many times older than the oldest coin.

Many persons, old as well as young, seem to think that objects made by men are worth a great deal of money if they are more than a hundred years old. You will learn as you grow older the general truth that things are high-priced just in proportion to the number of people that want them, and the number of them that are in the market or can be furnished for sale. Most prices are determined by the law of demand and supply. For example, the gold coin called a stater, of Alexander the Great, which, as you know, is more than two thousand years old, is what we call a



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

very common coin. Many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of them have been found. Some specimens which have peculiar mint marks on them are rarer, and are higher priced than others, but the regular price of these gold coins is about ten dollars for one, and poor specimens are cheaper. You will find specimens of this gold coin of ancient Macedon far more plenty than 1795 half-eagles of the United States.

So it is with many ancient Roman coins; they are much more abundant than some American cents and silver pieces. Small copper coins of some Roman Emperors in the fourth century are found in large quantities, and sold by dealers in Europe at prices equivalent to a few cents each. But do not think a coin is very desirable because you hear that it brings a high price. So many people buy things for the mere pride of owning what others esteem rare that the highest prices are often paid for objects which are of very little importance. And, on the other hand, objects which are not uncommon, and may be bought at cheap prices, are often of the very highest interest.

For example, there are small copper coins of Herod which are found in great abundance. I think that perhaps the most interesting in the whole list of coins of the world, ancient and modern, are some of the little



FIG. 4.

copper coins struck in Jerusalem by the Roman Governors. I have found a great many of these in the earth on the side of Mount Moriah and in the Kedron Valley, at Jerusalem. Here is a picture of one of these, which has on one side the name of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, and on the other that of his mother Julia (Fig. 1). The date is the year 16 of that Emperor, which was in the year A.D. 29.

Pontius Pilate was then Procurator in Jerusalem, and this coin was struck by him. You can see what a very interesting coin this is when you remember that the first visit of Jesus to Jerusalem which is recorded after his boyhood was in this year; and I have no doubt that just such a coin was the "two mites," or one kodrantes, which the widow cast into the treasury. Although coins like this, dating near the time of the Crucifixion, are somewhat rare, others, of earlier and later date, are quite common.

Just so among American coins the most rare are far from being always the most interesting, and you may be well content to make a collection at small expense which will be of great value to you if you connect in your mind each coin with the history of the time it represents. Thus there are several coppers which bear the head and



FIG. 6.

name of Washington, and are very rare and high-priced, but which have little historical value, because they were never issued as coins by authority, and we do not know much about them. Here is, for example, a large piece (Fig. 2), found in copper, and more rarely in silver, sometimes called the Washington half-dollar, and sometimes the large Washington cent of 1792. As an American curiosity this piece is very high-priced and valuable. But it was never a coin in circulation, and perhaps ought to rank as a medal or medalet rather than as a coin in an American series. I think a more interesting coin in your collection would be a Massachusetts pine-tree shilling (Fig. 3), which is not nearly so rare and difficult to procure, and with which, as a regular coin in circulation among



FIG. 7.

our ancestors, you will connect a great many historic associations.

The first copper coin struck in the United States was what is called the Higley or the Granby copper. This was struck by a private person, a doctor or a blacksmith (accounts differ) named Higley, at Granby, in Connecticut, in 1737 (Fig. 4). As the beginning of copper coinage in our country, this piece (of which there are several varieties) is a very valuable curiosity. But I do not think it is as interesting or valuable in a collection as any one of the numerous copper coins which were issued

later by the State of Connecticut, and were in wide use during the latter part of the eighteenth century (Fig. 5).

You can easily procure the Connecticut coins, and also those of Massachusetts (Fig. 6) and New Jersey (Fig. 7).

Be very patient in collecting, and do not be in a hurry to get coins. If you keep at it all your life, you will always have plenty to look for which you have not yet secured. Try to get good, unworn specimens, but do not throw away a poor specimen till you find a better. Don't bother over worn, smooth, illegible coins. They are worthless, unless enough is clearly visible to show the legend and date.

No one can tell you where to look for old coins in this country, but if you live in the East, where there are old houses, it is well to keep an eye on them when torn down. A great many coins are found on the ground under old wooden piazzas and stoops. I have seen a very curious lot of coins and other articles found behind an ancient wooden mantel-piece. Many a copper which had been laid on the shelf has slipped into a space between it and the bricks, and fallen out of sight and out of mind.

In ancient times men had no safes, and there were no banks. Most of the houses of poor persons had no floors. It was the custom to dig a little hole in the ground, perhaps under the bed-place, and bury money there. It was a pretty safe place. A thief might dig in fifty places before he found it. But unless the owner told some one else where it was, it was liable to be lost; for if he died, or went away and did not come home again, and no one knew of it, it might never be found.

Vast quantities of ancient coins which were thus buried in small lots, sometimes in earthen jars, have been found in our time. Men plough the ground where once were villages, and turn up coins. I once found in the mud hut of an Egyptian peasant several quarts of ancient Roman coins which he had discovered in that way. And at another time I bought nearly a quart of silver coins of the later Roman Empire from some men who found them in an earthen pot when they were digging for the foundations of a house in one of the large cities of France.

On the side of Mount Moriah, at Jerusalem, outside the city walls, I have many times broken up the ground with a stick and searched for coins, and never without finding more or less, especially in the sides of the cuts made in the steep hill-side by the flow of water after a rain-storm. It is because coins are thus preserved in vast numbers that they form one of the most important sources of historical information.

You are very much interested in handling a coin which was handled by boys and girls, which was used to buy things, hundreds of years ago. But perhaps you never thought that it is quite likely the cent or the dime with which you to-day buy a newspaper or candy may one or two thousand years hence be in the coin collection of another boy or girl who will try to find out what it can tell about you and the country and times in which you live.

THE TWO BABIES.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

THE night before Christmas we had great fun at our house telling ghost stories. Mr. Travers told about an awful ghost that used to live in an old house where one of Mr. Travers's friends lived. It was a tall, thin woman-ghost, with her hair all down, and dressed in a white nigwon. She used to come into a room in the middle of the night with a rope in her hand, and she would look all around until she found a good place to hang herself, and then she would put the rope round her neck and hang just as if she was dead, and the man that saw her would faint away, and when he woke up in the morning she would be gone.

One night a young man, who was a book agent, and



"IT WASN'T HURT A BIT."

wasn't afraid of anything, slept in the haunted house. Well, in the middle of the night the ghost comes in, and looks around for a nail to hang herself to. The young man said: "Good-evening, ma'am. Going to hang yourself, I see. Let me help you." So he helps the ghost put the rope around her neck; but instead of hanging her, he ties the rope to the bed-post so she can't get away, and then he lights a lamp and reads to her out of a book that he tells her every respectable ghost ought to buy.

The ghost stood it awhile, and then she begged and implored him to stop. So he kindly and affectionately pointed out to her that she had no right to go and hang herself in other people's houses, and that if she'd promise never to do it again he'd let her go, but if she didn't, he'd read the whole book to her, and it had *million* pages. Well, the ghost promised, and the young man let her go, only he kept the rope, and nobody ever saw her again. Mr. Travers says he saw the rope himself, which proves that the story is true.

I went to bed pretty late that night, and woke up about twelve o'clock dreaming of ghosts. I wasn't a bit frightened, though I was a little nervous, just as Sue is when she thinks she hears burglars; but I was afraid mother might be frightened, so I thought I would go into her room and tell her it was all right, and nobody would hurt her.

My littlest sister and the baby sleep in the same room with mother, and the first thing I saw was the baby hanging from the head of my sister's bed. This almost frightened me, for I thought the baby had got up in the night and committed suicide. So I called mother as loud as I could, and she sat right up, holding another baby in her arms. This made me sure that the baby hanging to the bed-post was a ghost, and then I admit I was frightened. After a while I found out that it was made of rubber, with a loud squeak in it, and was meant for a Christmas present.

The rubber baby was just about the size of a real one, and I could hardly tell it from our real baby, only it made less noise. Christmas morning we all had our presents, and had a good time over them. My littlest sister would take her baby to church with her, only mother found it out, and hid it under her coat, where it squeaked every time mother knelt down or stood up.

Mr. Martin came to dinner Christmas-day, and spent the evening with us. He was very good-humored, and brought me a knife, and I forgave him everything. He was very pleasant to mother, and said he did so want to see the baby. After dinner we all went into the parlor, where it was rather dark, for one of the lamps didn't burn very well till it was turned up. Mr. Martin dropped into a big chair, and sat very quiet, thinking, as he said, only I believe he was more than half asleep.

Mother had gone upstairs to see the baby, but presently she came down, and said to Sue, "Where on earth is the baby it isn't in the nursery Susan do you know anything about it?" Mr. Martin said, very politely: "What's that? Baby missing? I'll find him for you." And with that Mr. Martin gets up and turns around, and gives a most dreadful yell. There was a baby lying on the chair just as still as if it was dead. Mr. Martin was sure that somebody had left our baby in the chair, and that he had sat on it and smashed it, and of course he supposed he would have to be hung, and that father and mother would be offended with him. Then mother and Sue they shrieked as if a mouse was after them, and rushed to pick the baby up, and found that it was the rubber baby, and that it wasn't hurt a bit, except that the squeak was spoiled. Just then the nurse brought the real baby in out of the kitchen, and everybody was happy again.

That is, everybody but Mr. Martin. He got angry, and said he knew it was one of that boy's infamous tricks, and he took his hat and went home; but I never put the rubber baby in the chair, and I don't care what he says.

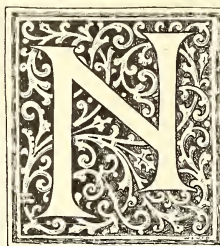
ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDEED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," "DUCK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

NAN SAYS GOOD-BY.



NAN had a great many things to attend to before starting for New York. She and Miss Rolf spent the morning over the account-books in which were Nan's charitable and other expenditures. They were carefully balanced, and Nan "drew" a certain sum to leave her *protégées*, for Miss Rolf still insisted upon her niece managing and planning, so far as she was able, for herself.

"I have David Travers's school bill to pay," Nan said, sitting opposite her aunt, and thoughtfully considering her little check-book. "And then there is Mrs. Travers's allowance, and I owe her ten dollars for the sewing she did, and I must take the things to Love Blake before I go. She made the shirts for old Joel Marsh, and the calico wrappers for his wife, and I have to give Dr. Rogers the books for Sadie Martin."

"You had better take the phaeton, Nan," said Miss Rolf. "You and Joan can drive around and attend to everything in a couple of hours."

Joan hailed this suggestion with delight, and in a short time the two girls were sitting in the basket-carriage which, with a pair of pretty ponies, had been Nan's last birthday present from Miss Rolf. The girls had gone on many a pleasant drive together, but the fascination had always a spice of novelty for small Joan, who, as she took her seat beside Nan, gave vent to a little groan of satisfaction and content.

"Here, Joan," said Nan, "don't you want to drive?" and she handed her cousin the pretty white ribbons which it was Joan's great delight to have intrusted to her. "We'll go first to Mrs. Travers's," Nan added, giving a little timely assistance with her left hand as Joan turned the ponies with a dash around the corner in the road.

"I'll tell you," Joan said, when this was accomplished. "While you are away I'll practice turning corners. I can harness up the goat to a wheel-barrow or something." Nan fairly screamed with laughter.

"Oh, Joan," she exclaimed, "I verily believe you'll be the death of me! No; wait until I come home, and we'll practice all you like with the ponies."

"They're such dears, aren't they?" said Joan, fondly regarding the glossy pair, Dandy and Jim. "I think I never saw anything to equal Dandy's tail."

Nan was ready enough to subscribe to praise of her pets, and, indeed, the little carriage with its crimson cushions, the white reins and silver harness, and the sleek and well-cared-for ponies made a picture which all Beverley admired. As Joan drew rein before the bank, not a few small boys loitered around, commenting among themselves on the carriage and ponies, and in subdued whispers upon Nan herself.

For a year past Nan had had her own bank account, subject of course to Miss Rolf's supervision and direction, but there had been no failure in the keeping of the little books, and the expenditure, if sometimes injudicious, had always been sufficiently under Miss Rolf's control to be

checked in time. Nan's failures and mistakes had been rather amusing than otherwise. Some people had contrived to impose upon her. She had given twenty dollars to a poor man to send to Scotland, and discovered that he knew no one in that country; a pretended missionary had collected ten dollars from her, on which he subsequently feasted himself and family, and a few street beggars had thoroughly imposed upon her; but the losses were not great, and Miss Rolf feared to make Nan oversuspicious by lamenting them. Fifteen hundred dollars were still placed to her credit in the bank, and this morning Miss Rolf had told her to draw four hundred, a part of which she was to take with her to New York.

Nan went in behind the desks to Mr. Field's private room, and there drew her money, answering his various good-humored remarks in a polite pretty fashion. Mr. Field, the banker, was a particular friend of old Miss Rolf's, and took the greatest interest in her niece, believing the old lady was acting very wisely in educating her for the use of the large fortune one day to be intrusted to her care.

"Going to New York, are you, my dear?" Mr. Field said, looking with great kindness at Nan as she sat beside him in front of his secretary. "Well, I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I wonder how the Farquhars are getting on? Give my kindest regards to them, and don't let them keep you too long," he added, smiling. Nan answered with her gay little laugh, and went out, thinking how nice it must be for Annette and Will Field to have such a delightful father.

Mrs. Travers was expecting Nan. The widow and her little son David still lived in the cottage Nan had first seen with Dr. Rogers nearly two years before, and although there was no hope of the poor woman's ever entirely regaining her health, she was strong enough for various employments, sewing a little for the Rolf's and other Beverly families, and attending easily to the housework necessary in her cozy quarters. David was doing very well at school this summer. He had begun to learn his trade of gardener in odd hours, and Nan felt proud of her *protégé* every time he came up to Rolf House, clean and trim, with his honest face beaming with content and admiration of "Miss Annice," as mother and son called their young friend.

"Going away, miss?" cried Mrs. Travers when Nan had explained her errand. "Oh, I wish you back again soon and safe."

"In a month's time," Nan said, cheerfully. "And, Mrs. Travers, Aunt Letty wants you to come up every few days with David to see her while I am gone. The walk and the change will do you good this fine weather."

But Mrs. Travers could only continue to shake her head dolefully, while Nan paid for the sewing and said her final words, departing with a very sorrowful picture of the widow standing sadly in the doorway as the cousins drove off in the direction of the old boat-house, where Joel Blake and his daughter were to be found.

A year had made but little change in the boatman's tidy cottage. David Travers had been very useful during the summer setting out plants for Love Blake, and training vines over the little porch and around Mrs. Blake's bedroom window, so that although it was late in October the cottage and strip of garden either side of the little gravel-path looked very blooming and cheerful, with salvia flourishing gayly, and Virginia creeper coloring the white walls and framing the windows.

Love's head appeared in her mother's window, and before the girls came in she had exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Annice, I hear you are going away;" and as she admitted them, Love's usually cheery face was lengthened to a look of great solemnity.

"It's time I began to go," laughed Nan, "or I should find it impossible to make up my mind to any more good-

bys. Here, Love, are the shirts you wanted, and the wrappers for Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. Are they getting along any better?"

"Oh, some," said Love, rather contemptuously.

The old Maushes were great trials to both Love and Nan, for do what they might the unfortunate couple were neither pleased nor satisfied. Still, Nan tried to be hopeful with each new attempt, and when Love helped her in any of her schemes, she had always a certain sense of success.

The morning's work, on the whole, was satisfactory. The girls returned to the College Street house for dinner, where the whole conversation was on the subject of the Farquhars and Nan's departure.

Could she and her cousins have at that moment looked in upon the New York household to which she was going, I wonder what their sensations and opinions would have been, or what Nan's anticipations for the future?

CHAPTER III.

BOB AND BETTY.

"HENRY, enraged by the contumely of his subjects"—I say, Miss Balch, make Bob leave me alone; he's running a long pin in my back."

"Story-teller. I wasn't, either."

"Story-teller! Oh, Miss Balch, I'm going to tell pa what he called me—there!"

"Betty, go on with your history."

"Miss Balch, he's mocking me."

"Oh, is he? Poor little girl! she couldn't be teased, could she? I'll pay you out, miss, if you are a tattle-tale. I won't tell you my secret."

Silence for a brief space of time ensued in the school-room at the Farquhars. Miss Balch, the daily governess, a small, sweet-looking young girl, who seemed to have given up any attempt at governing her pupils, pointed with a knitting-needle to the well-thumbed page of history, while Bob gave his attention to the caricatures on his slate, and Betty sulkily tried to find her lost paragraph.

It was a sunshiny afternoon, and the room was large, airy, and furnished with all that a school-room needs; yet there was an air of discomfort, carelessness, and the sort of disorder which comes from total lack of interest in its occupancy—in everything, from the curtains, crookedly drawn back, to the globes placed at awkward angles; from the desks, marked and ink-stained, to the well-filled bookshelves, in which no two volumes apparently were on good terms with each other. The carpet was dark red, and half covered by a well-worn Turkey rug; the curtains were green reps faded to quite a pretty tint; and the furniture, in various stages of dilapidation, had at one time been costly; but, as Miss Balch often remarked, it would take cast-iron furniture as well as a cast-iron constitution not to be broken down by two such young people as Bob and Betty.

Sitting at the large table in the centre of the room, Bob, with his slate, and Betty, with her book, although perfectly quiet, looked the impersonations of mischief. Bob had twisted his stiff yellow hair all sorts of ways; his round face was anything but clean, and his hands, from repeatedly smearing his slate with them, were certainly not attractive to behold. It was easily seen that his silence was only the repose before a fresh attack, and Betty evidently understood as much, for while she hunted out her place in the book, she glanced now and then in her brother's direction, wondering whether his next onslaught was to be painful or only amusing.

She was a tall girl for her thirteen years, with the same flaxen-colored hair and the pale blue eyes of her brother. A healthy digestion, fresh air, and a country life might have made a bright-looking girl of her; but at present her sallow complexion and thin cheeks, a something sharp



"GOING TO NEW YORK, ARE YOU, MY DEAR?"

and shrewd in her expression produced just the opposite effect, while, in spite of the expensive style of her dress, her stooping shoulders and jerky manner of walking prevented her ever fulfilling her mother's idea of what a "Farquhar" ought to be.

Betty at last found her place, and began again, "Henry"—but a piteous howl and a grab at one of her feet dangling under the table brought the English reading to a sudden and final close. Bob had been engaged in fastening a pin to a thread, and had contrived secretly to fling it under the table, so that it landed, arrow-fashion, in Betty's leg.

Tears, half of pain, half of anger, burst from poor Betty's eyes as she sprang up and flew at her brother. A short but smart battle followed, Betty, as was not usual, coming off victorious, and Miss Balch vainly endeavoring to separate the combatants.

Flushed, defiant, and rebellious, Betty at length released her hold upon her brother, who showed, in his dull face, flaming with anger, that he intended she should "pay" for this.

"Really, children, I *can not* stand this," said the poor governess, looking from one heated young face to the

other; "if you will not behave, I am going to your father about it; I—"

The door opened suddenly; it was a diversion, and certainly a surprise to see their mother come into the room, for only on rare occasions did she appear there.

"Miss Balch," said Mrs. Farquhar, scarcely observing the children, "Miss Rolf's niece, Nan, will be here in about an hour—the children need have no more lessons this afternoon. Will you tell Louise to see that they are dressed nicely." Mrs. Farquhar glanced around the room with an air of annoyance. "Really," she said, in her very mild, languid voice, "I do not see how it is this room is never in order."

"Miss Balch upset that ink," said Bob, maliciously, as his mother's eye fell upon a large stain under the table.

"But it was you jogged her arm and made her," cried Betty, still half breathless from the recent encounter.

"Children! children!" cried Mrs. Farquhar; "I hope more care will be taken," she added, with a touch of severity in her manner and a parting glance at the governess, who knew that answer or argument or explanation were useless with the children or their mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOLIDAYS IN NOVA ZEMBLA.

BARENDZ, the famous sailor, and his small company of Dutch, were the first to pass the holiday season in the icy wastes of Nova Zembla. In May, 1596, they had sailed in a ship from Holland to search for a passage to China and the East along the northern coast of Asia. Another small ship went with them, commanded by Cornelius Ryp, but parted from them at Nova Zembla. Barendz sailed straight to the north, and in the midst of the month of June—the month of flowers—saw before him the whole sea covered with what seemed to be flocks of white swans. All the crew climbed the deck and the masts to see the wonderful sight. But the swans proved to be countless hillocks of ice. The vessel was soon coasting along the sides of the ice-field, destined to an untimely fate.

The voyagers passed on through the wintry seas, discovered the frozen peaks of Spitzbergen, and sailed along the coasts of Nova Zembla. Here Barendz was alone; his companion ship left him. The summer was passing away. Already in August the cold grew severe. The Dutch sailors turned to go home, but they were caught in the ice on the eastern coast of the island, and inclosed in frozen mountains. The ship was lifted up on the floes, and a horrible noise and crashing of its sides and masts led them to think their end was near. Alone in the dismal arctic seas, they saw no hope.

But they were still cheerful: there was one chance of escape. They might live through the long arctic winter on the desolate island, and find an opening in the ice next summer. They landed, and found, to their great joy, that there was enough floating wood and trees on its shores to build them a house or hut and give them fuel. They began at once. They drew the tall pine-trees over the ice, and carved them into planks and rafters. The cold was often extreme; the snow fell in thick gusts; they were sometimes driven from their work. But the cheerful Barendz never lost his trust in God, and the brave Dutchmen never ceased their labors. They cut up the cabins of the ship to make them a roof, and, like Robinson Crusoe, brought on shore its stores and provisions. They did all that men could do, and cheered and sustained each other.

They had no savages to fear, like Robinson; the island had no inhabitants. Even the birds and the deer fled from it in winter. But one enemy they had met that never left them in their labors. Huge white bears held possession of Nova Zembla, and very nearly drove the white men into the sea. The bears seemed to have no fear of man.

Once on a previous voyage two sailors who had landed on a desolate island lay down to sleep together. A white bear, lean and hungry, approached and caught one of them by the neck. He awoke, and cried out, "Who has seized me from behind?"

His companion, rising, exclaimed, "Dear friend, it is a bear," and fled.

The bear tore the man to pieces and half devoured him. Twenty sailors rushed upon the monster with guns and pikes. He drove them before him, devoured another sailor, and was only killed after a long and desperate contest.

The Dutch were never willing to encounter these ferocious monsters. But the bears gave them little rest. They chased them away from their painful toil, they followed them to the ship, they tried to break into the hut, and even climbed into the chimney. The Dutch killed two or three. When the sun sank below the horizon for the long night of winter the bears disappeared, but only to come back in the spring.

On the 1st of December the hut they had built was covered with snow. The cold was so great that they could not bear it any longer. They looked at each other with

hopeless eyes, full of pity, thinking that their end drew near. The fire seemed to give no heat; they were covered with ice in the midst of the hut. The wine froze; their woollen clothes were burned at the flame that did not warm them. They saw only death before them in the icy realm. Then the snow fell. The weather grew milder; the fearful cold was a little diminished. But their food now grew scarce, and they were forced to live on scanty rations.

On Christmas-eve they opened a way through the snow from the door of their hut; on Christmas-day they looked out on the dreary scene, full of the sad memories of the festivities and joys of home. It was again intensely cold. The fire had lost its warmth, and they shuddered in their loneliness at the fate that seemed to await them. They could afford no Christmas banquet from their scanty store of wine and bacon. But on Twelfth-night, after a day of painful labor in cutting wood, they begged the master to allow them some hours of recreation. They prepared their feast; a few ounces of meat, a hot pudding, a little wine, completed it. But the cold hut rang with merriment. They chose the gunner King of Nova Zembla, and revived the holiday games they had played at home.

These unfortunate men nearly all escaped in the summer in their boats; but Barendz died on the way. He was cheerful and hopeful to the end. He is one of the most famous of discoverers, and his brave sailors owed their lives to his happy spirit, and to the unselfish resolution with which they strove to help and save each other.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

THIS disaster to his ship, which would have been so terrible had it happened out at sea, instead of almost in port as it did, obliged Captain May to remain in New York several days. Of this Mark and Ruth were very glad, for it gave them an opportunity to see some of the wonders of the great city of which they had read so much, and which they had longed so often to visit.

Mrs. Coburn, who had at one time lived in New York, and so knew just what was best worth seeing, took them to some new place every day. They saw the great East River Bridge that connects New York and Brooklyn; they took the elevated railroad, and went the whole length of Manhattan Island, to High Bridge, on which the Croton Aqueduct crosses the Harlem River, and on the way back stopped and walked through Central Park to the Menagerie, where they were more interested in the alligators than anything else, because they reminded them so of old friends, or rather enemies. They visited museums and noted buildings and stores, and Ruth declared she wanted to get away where it was quiet, and she didn't see how people who lived in New York found time to do anything but go round and see the sights.

They were all glad when Captain May was ready to leave, and after the noise and bustle of the great city they thoroughly enjoyed the quiet night's sail up Long Island Sound on the steamer *Bristol*.

At Fall River they took cars for Boston, where they staid one day. From there they took the steamer *Cambridge* for Bangor, where they arrived in the morning, and where "Uncle Christmas," as jolly and hearty as ever, met them at the wharf.

"Sakes alive, children, how you have grown!" he said, holding them off at arm's-length in front of him, and looking at them admiringly. "Why, Mark, you're pretty nigh as tall as a Florida pine."

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

He insisted on taking the whole party to dine with him at the hotel, and at dinner told Mark that that little business of theirs had got to wait awhile, and meantime he wanted him to run over to Norton, and stay at Dr. Wing's until he came for him.

This was just what Mark had been wishing above all things that he could do, and he almost hugged "Uncle Christmas" for his thoughtful kindness.

After dinner the happy party bade the old gentleman good-by, and took the train for Skowhegan, where they found the same old rattley-bang stage waiting to carry them to Norton.

As with a flourish of the driver's horn and a cracking of his whip they rolled into the well-known Norton street, a crowd of boys and girls, who seemed to have been watching for them, gave three rousing cheers for Mark Elmer and three more for Ruth Elmer, and three times three for both of them.

The stage stopped, and in another instant Ruth was hugging and kissing and being hugged and kissed by her "very dearest, darlingest friend" Edna May, and Mark was being slapped on the back and hauled this way and that, and was shaking hands with all the boys in Norton.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNCLE CHRISTOPHER'S "GREAT SCHEME."

How pleasant it was to be in dear old Norton again! and how glad everybody was to see them! Good old Mrs. Wing said it made her feel young again to have boys in the house. She certainly had enough of them now; for the Norton boys could not keep away from Mark. From early morning until evening boys walked back and forth in front of the house waiting for him to appear, or sat on the fence posts and whistled for him. Some walked boldly up to the front door, rang the bell, and asked if he were in, while others, more shy, but braver than those who whistled so alluringly from the fence posts, stole around through the garden at the side of the house, and tried to catch a glimpse of him through the window.

All this was not because Mark kept himself shut up in the house. Oh no! he was not that kind of a boy. He only staid in long enough to sleep, to eat three meals a day, and to write letters to his father, mother, and Frank March, telling them of everything that was taking place. The rest of the time he devoted to the boys—and the girls; for he was over at Captain May's house almost as much as he was at the Wings'. He was enjoying himself immensely, though it didn't seem as though he was doing much except to talk.

If he went fishing with the boys, they would make him tell how he and Frank caught the alligator, or how the alligator caught Frank, and how he killed it; and, when he finished, it was time to go home, and none of them had ever thought of fishing since Mark began to talk.

There was nothing the boys enjoyed more than going out into the woods, making believe that some of the great spreading oaks were palm-trees, and lying down under them and listening, while Mark, at their earnest request, told over and over again the stories of the wreck on the Florida reef, and the picnic his father and mother and Ruth and he had under the palm-trees, or of hunting deer at night through the solemn moss-hung Southern forests, or of the burning of the *Wildfire*.

"I say, Mark," exclaimed Tom Ellis, after listening with breathless interest to one of these stories, "you're a regular book, you are, and I'd rather hear you tell stories than to read Captain Marryatt or Paul du Chailou."

But there was one story Mark never would tell. It was that of his terrible experience in the buried river. Of this he tried to think as little as possible, and when the boys saw that it really distressed him to talk of it, they forbore to urge him to do so.

Of course Ruth did not feel as Mark did about it, and she told the story many times, and everybody who heard it declared it was a most wonderful experience. They also seemed to think that in some way the mere fact that the hero of such an adventure was a Norton boy reflected great credit on the village.

Both Mark and Ruth saw a greater resemblance in the real Edna May to Frank March than had been shown by her photograph; but they remembered their promise to Captain Bill, and did not speak of it except to each other. It was very hard for Ruth to keep this promise, for Edna had become much interested in Frank through her letters, and now asked many questions about him. Ruth told her all she knew, except the one great secret that was on the end of her tongue a dozen times, but was never allowed to get any further.

Two weeks had been spent very happily by the children in Norton, when one beautiful evening in June the old stage rattled up to the Wings' front gate, and from it alighted Uncle Christopher Bangs.

"Hello, Mark!" sung out the old gentleman, catching sight of his grand nephew almost the first thing. "How are you, my boy? Sakes alive, but you're looking well! Seems as if Maine air was the correct thing for Floridy boys, eh?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Christmas," replied Mark, as he ran out to meet the dear old man. "Maine air is the very thing for this Florida boy, at any rate."

"So it is, so it is," chuckled Uncle Christopher. "Wa'al, I suppose you're all ready to go to work now, eh?"

"To be sure I am, uncle; ready to begin right off."

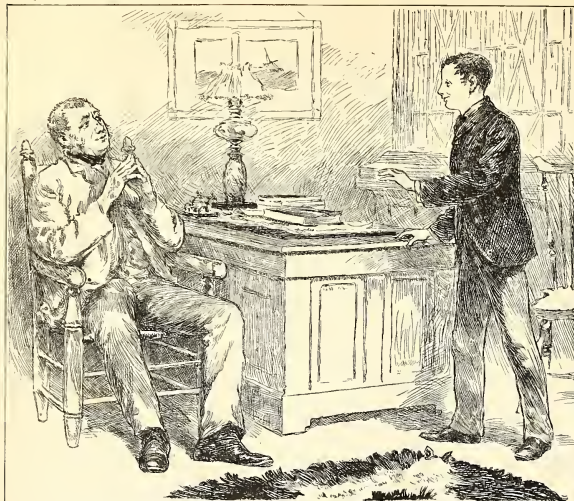
"That's right, that's right; but s'posing we just look in on Mrs. Wing first, and see what she's got for supper; and then after sleeping a bit and eating again, and sort o' shaking ourselves together, we'll begin to consider. There ain't nothing to be gained by hurrying and worrying through the only lifetime we've got in this world, eh?"

The Doctor and Mrs. Wing welcomed Uncle Christopher most warmly, for he was a very dear friend of theirs, and they never allowed him to stay anywhere in Norton but at their house, now that the Elmers had moved away. After supper Ruth and the Mays came over to see him, and he entertained them the whole evening with his funny stories and quaint sayings.

In the morning after breakfast they began to "consider," as Uncle Christopher called it. First he made Mark stand in front of him, looked him all over from head to foot with a quizzical expression, and finally said: "Yes, you look strong and hearty, and I guess you'll do."

"Fact is, Mark, I've got to take a trip down into Aroostook, and as I'm getting pretty old and feeble—oh, you needn't smile, youngster, I am old, and I've made so many bad jokes lately that I must be getting feeble. As I was saying, having reached an advanced state of infirmity, it has occurred to me that I need a travelling companion, a young able-bodied fellow like you, for instance, to protect me against the dangers of the journey. Who knows but what we may meet with an alligator, eh? and so I want you to go along with me."

Of course Mark agreed readily to this proposition, though he had expected one far different; and the next morning he and Uncle Christopher took leave of their Norton friends, and started for Bangor. From there another train carried them for miles along the upper Penobscot River, past the Indian settlement at Old Town, past the great saw-mills and millions of logs at Mattawaumkeag, and finally to McAdam Junction in "Europe," as Uncle Christopher called New Brunswick. Here they took another road, and were carried back into Maine to Houlton, the county seat of Aroostook County. After staying overnight here they took a stage, and for a whole day rode over pleasant roads, through sweet-scented forests of spruce and balsam, broken here by clearings and



"I SAY IT'S THE MOST SPLENDID SCHEME I EVER HEARD OF."

thrifty farms, until at last the journey ended in the pretty little backwoods settlement of Presque Isle.

Here Uncle Christopher's lumber business detained him for a week, and here he introduced Mark to all his friends as "my grandnephew, Mr. Mark Elmer, Jun., President of the Elmer Mills down in Florida," covering Mark with much confusion. Now the real object of bringing the boy on this trip was disclosed. Mr. Bangs not only wanted Mark to meet with these practical men, and become familiar with their ways of conducting a business which was very similar to that which the Elmers had undertaken in Florida, but he knew that pine lumber was becoming scarce in that Northern country, and thought, perhaps, some of these men could be persuaded to emigrate to another land of pines if the idea was presented to them properly. So he encouraged Mark to talk of Florida, and to give them all the information he possessed regarding its forests of pines and its other resources. As a result, before they again turned their faces homeward half a dozen of these clear-headed Maine men had promised them to visit Florida in the fall, take a look at the Wakulla country, and see for themselves what it offered in their line of business.

When Uncle Christopher and Mark returned to Bangor, the latter began to attend school regularly; not a grammar school, nor a high school, nor a school of any kind where books are studied, but a mill school, where machinery took the place of books, where the teachers were rough workmen, and where each lecture was illustrated by practical examples. Nor did Mark merely go and listen to these lectures: he took an active part in illustrating them himself; for Uncle Christopher had explained so clearly to him that in order to be a truly successful mill president he must thoroughly understand the uses of every bit of mill machinery.

About the end of September his uncle Christopher called Mark into his study one evening, and telling him to sit down, said: "Well, Mark, my boy, I suppose you're beginning to think of going home again to Florida, eh?"

"Yes, uncle; father writes that both Ruth and I ought to come home very soon now."

"So you ought, so you ought. When boys and girls

can help their fathers and mothers, and be helping themselves at the same time, they ought to be doing it. Well, Mark, I've got a great scheme in my head, and I want you to tell me what you think of it. In the first place I want you and the other directors to increase the capital stock of the Elmer Mill and Ferry Company, and let me take the extra shares."

"Oh, Uncle Christopher!"

"Wait, my boy; I haven't begun yet. You see, as I've told you before, I'm getting old—not a word, sir!—and my old bones begin to complain a good deal at these Maine winters. Besides, all the folks that I think most of in this world have gone to Florida to live, and it isn't according to nature that a man's body should be in one place while his heart's in another. Consequently it looks as if I had a special call to have a business that'll take my body where my heart is once in a while. Now my business is the lumber business, and always will be; and from what I know and what you tell me, it looks as if there was enough of that sort of business to be done in Florida to amuse my declining years."

"Yes, indeed there is, uncle."

"Well, that p'int being settled, and you, as President of the Elmer Mills, being willing to use your influence to have me made a partner in that concern—"

"Why, of course, uncle."

"No 'of course' about it, young man; remember there's a Board of Directors to be consulted. Friendship is friendship, and business is business, and sometimes when one says 'Gee,' t'other says 'Haw.' Having secured the influence of the President of the company, however, I'm willing to risk the rest. And now for my scheme."

"Supposing, for the sake of argument, that I am made one of the proprietors of the Elmer Mills. In that case I want them to be big mills. I'm too old a man to be fooling my limited time away on little mills. Consequently, I propose to buy a first-class outfit of machinery for a big saw-mill, ship it to Wakulla, Florida, and let it represent my shares of Elmer Mill Company stock. Moreover, as the schooner *Nancy Bell*, owned by the subscriber, is just now waiting for a charter, I propose to load her with the said mill machinery, and whatever articles you may think the Wakulla colony to be most in need of, and dispatch her to the St. Mark's River, Florida. Moreover, yet again, as she is now without a captain, Eli Drew having gone into deep-water navigation, I propose to offer the command of the *Nancy Bell* to Captain Bill May, as his ship won't be ready for some months yet. And, moreover, for the third time, I further propose to invite Mr. Mark Elmer, Jun., Miss Ruth Elmer, Miss Edna May, and the several gentlemen whom we met down in Arcos took last June, to take this Florida trip on board the schooner *Nancy Bell* with me."

"With you, Uncle Christopher! Are you going?"

"Why, to be sure I am," answered Uncle Christopher. "Didn't I tell you it was my intention to reunite the scattered members of my being under more sunny skies than these? Now what do you say to my scheme, eh?"

"I say it's the most splendid scheme I ever heard of," cried Mark, jumping from his chair in his excitement, "and I wish we could start this very minute."

"Well, we can't; but we can start toward bed, and in the morning we'll look after that mill machinery."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Y · STORY · OF · A · BLVE · CHINA · PLATE ·

There was a Cochin Chinaman,
Whose name it was Ah-Lee,
And the same was just as fine a man
As you could wish to see,
For he was rich and strong,
And his queue was extra long,
And he lived on rice and fish and chiccory.

Which he had a lovely daughter,
And her name was Mai-Ri-An,
And the youthful Wang who sought her
Hand was but a poor young man;
So her haughty father said,
"You shall never, never wed
Such a pauper as this penniless young man!"

So the daughter and her lover,
They eloped one summer day,
Which Ah-Lee he did discover,
And pursued without delay;
But the Goddess Loo, I've heard,
Changed each lover to a bird,
And from the bad Ah-Lee they flew away.

Ah me! Ah-Lee; the chance is,
That we all of us may know
Of unpleasant circumstances
We would like to stay, but oh!
The inevitable things
Will take unto them wings,
And will fly where we may never hope to go.
I would further like to state,
That the tale which I relate,
You can see on any plate
That was made in Cochin China years ago.





OUR YOUNGEST CORRESPONDENT.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

COUSIN SOPHIE.

JUST after the formation of the Brier Junction Little Housekeepers' Club a very fortunate thing happened. Irene had a Cousin Sophie, a lovely young lady, who lived in New York, and who was the idol of all children, because she was so sweet and merry, and entered so charmingly into all their plans.

This darling cousin took a sudden fancy to visit her aunt Lois, who was Irene's mother, and spend a month with her in the middle of the winter, so that she might see how people enjoyed themselves when the snow was heaped up over the fences and the world was all dressed in white. The first thing this girl did was to set all the children at work making paper caps for the boys to wear when they were playing at being French cooks, and setting the girls' clever fingers flying over seams as they made white kitchen aprons or dainty cooking caps.

"The club must have its uniform," she said; and very pretty indeed it was when the boys were dressed in a blue blouse and a white paper cap with a smart cockade, and the girls in their dark dresses, full aprons, and frilled caps, filed into the kitchen.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Cousin Sophie, "I have a rule for you. Always know what you are going to do before you begin. Have a plan for the day's work in your mind and follow it. Another thing, be neat about your work. Has everybody been extremely particular to have clean hands? Please let me see."

The little girls showed dainty hands and finger-nails, for each had remembered to wash her hands with great care just before coming to the meeting. But the boys were not so thoughtful, and their grimy hands made Cousin Sophie shiver. She pursed up her mouth in a funny little grimace, and exclaimed,

"Paws, my boys! actually paws!! I wouldn't have expected it of you."

"Well," said Fred, "you'll all have to pause while we make a rush for the soap and water. We'll do better next time, Cousin Sophie."

"You may know a novice or beginner in any kind of work," said Cousin Sophie, "by the awkwardness he or she shows. When people are skilled they do their work with ease and grace. A lady never gets herself floured from head to foot when she is making biscuits, and she tosses off a cake or a pudding as lightly as though she were playing a tune."

"Now, dears, shall we make puff biscuits for tea?—real ones, light as a feather?"

They all clapped hands in token of applause. "Get everything ready before you begin."

INGREDIENTS FOR BISCUITS.—Flour, baking-powder, salt, butter, and milk.

A quart measure for the flour, a sieve, a deep bowl for mixing, a tea-spoon and a table-spoon,

a pastry-board, and a shallow, flat tin pan were the "properties" needed.

"Take the dry things by themselves, dears, please," said Cousin Sophie. "First sift your flour. Sift it twice, please; first by itself, a second time with the baking-powder and salt. May I shall sift it the first and Irene the second time. To one quart of flour add three level tea-spoons of baking-powder and one of salt."

"Now, May," said Sophie, when the sifting was finished, "let Ethel help next. Give me first a table-spoonful of butter, please, Ethel. Now for two cups of milk, poured in very gently. Who is to mix the dough?"

The club preferred to let Cousin Sophie do it herself this time. With a very few touches, handling the mass as little as possible, the lady stirred her biscuits together and shaped them with her hands into small round cakes. The oven was very hot and they were done in a few minutes, and pronounced excellent by the club.

RANELAGH HOUSE, DEAL, ENGLAND, December 25, 1884.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My little sister and I feel we should like to write to you and to send you a very bright and happy New Year. Mamma has taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us for the last six weeks, and it is a great favorite with us. I have only one sister, called Pearl. She is eight and a half, and I am twelve. We both think you must be very kind to give up so much of your time to children.

Two years ago I was fortunate enough to gain two silver medals from one of our English magazines called *Little Folks*. One silver medal was accompanied by a check for £5, and was, as first prize for some original tales. The other medal was given to the competitor who gained the most mention during one year. Don't you think it was very nice?

Have you ever heard of the Humane Society started by the editor of *Little Folks* to cultivate amongst children greater kindness and consideration toward dumb animals? It is such a nice society, and though it is only three years old, it numbers nearly forty thousand members. Every child who joins is required to write out, sign, and send to the editor a certain promise. When the society was first started, in order to induce the children to try and spread it an offer of a small book was made to every child who should induce fifty more to join, also the distinction of being an officer of the society. Pearl and I set to work and got fifty each, and I wrote a letter to our dear Princess of Wales, and asked her to allow me to be a member. I wrote to the Queen, Victoria, and Maud, to join, and before I had waited very long the reply came that they could, and their promises were sent to me to forward on to the editor, for I must tell you each officer has to send the fifty names he has obtained together.

Good-by, dear Postmistress. We send much love to you and to all our dear little cousins.

Your affectionate friend,

UNA MURIEL MAUD H.

Thanks for the pretty New-Year's card. I hope you will write again.

CENTREVILLE, ALABAMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have long read your letters with great pleasure. Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and all of the other publications for a long time.

I write now because I think you are just the one to help me. I am twelve years old, and therefore can't do much church work. Our church is very poor, but I have succeeded in buying and paying for a rectory, all but \$600. During Lent the older members of the Sunday-school met at one of the teachers' houses and make up pretty things to sell. We call ourselves the Busy Bees. After Easter we have a quilt sale. This year we want to make a handsome quilt of silk and velvet, but need pieces, as our mothers used most of theirs on the one they made. If any of your readers will send me scraps for it, I will write them, and I will send them, or selling a quilt for the church; our minister says it is the best way for raising money he ever heard of. This year our mothers made \$400 on one, and we live in only a little country place.

LIZZIE OVERACKER.

I am sure that many readers will be glad to accede to this modest request, and assist in so good a work.

CHRISTIE HILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would write to you and tell you about my pets and other things. I am thirteen years old, and the youngest one of the family. I copied some of Miss Cony's Christmas presents, and am painting on a little palette the head of a girl. There is a little creek at the bottom of our property, and it is usually pretty deep, but last summer it was so shallow that I waded right across it and the water came up only to my knees. We had great fun that day. I was a great swimmer myself—and she had a little French poodle, and we brought him to the water and threw him in. We

have a great many pets; most of them belong to my brothers, but I have a canary and a gold-finch, although I never play with them any more. I have a great many dolls. My brother has two tame hawks, a hawk, and a blackbird. The blackbird is so tame that he eats seed out of my hand, and sometimes he gets angry and pecks me, and I like it very much for itself. I only spoiled our fun for that day. We hunted and hunted, but we could not find him, and at last my friend went home and there he was.

LILY N.

I wouldn't tease my pets, Lily dear. I'm afraid the poodle thought you a little rough, and the poor blackbird will lose his good disposition if you are not gentle with him.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I HAVE TAKEN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and I hardly think I could do without it now. I was interested in "Wakulla" at first because I am acquainted with the author's brother, but I like it very, very much for itself. I wish stories wouldn't always leave off in the most interesting places, and make us wait a whole week before we know what is coming next. At school I study some three R's, good spelling, drawing, grammar, and history. We had natural philosophy for a while, but have given it up for the present. I like it better than any of my studies. I take music lessons at home, and I think I like to practice better than most girls twelve years old do.

LUCY L. T.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

I have often thought of writing to you, but never have done so until now. Perhaps you would like to hear about my pets. I have two cats, named Lorita; she says, "Come," "Good-bye," "How do you do?" "Puss, Puss," and calls our little dog a little bitch, but she is very good. I stepped on it and crushed it. We have a little dog named Dixie, and he is very cute; when he sees a rough-looking man coming out of the house he runs and barks at him. I hope I have not too many letters, you will put this in the Post-office Box.

EILEEN B. G.

HAVRE, F. G.

I attend a private school. My teacher's name is Miss Katie T.; I like her very much indeed. I have three sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is married, and has a little boy named Charlie. We gathered our first crop of oranges last week. We had two trees bearing, and one tree that I had a little bit of. I had some oranges on it. We have a beautiful black cat which came to our house and made it his home. We have a dog named Louie, and he is very safe, and looks up in mother's face, and says, "Mew! mew!"

MINNIE A. W.

FREERHOLD, NEW JERSEY.

MY SISTER takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I greatly love to read it. I think it is the most just splendid. My papa takes me to New York quite often. I was there twice just before Christmas. I have seen many things. I don't remember, but I did not see the place where they print HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I would like to see how books and papers are made. If I come to New York, would likes show me. I am a small town, but we have two skating rinks. One is level with the ground, the other is on the roof. I have been to both. I have seen Bertie M., the champion skater of New York, comes there sometimes, and we have fun. I had a gresed pig race at the third-floor rink, and Gus S. fell and broke his leg. I don't know what risk. Sister and I have three cats, named Fannie, Whisk, and Nig. Nig is the funniest cat I ever saw. He will do anything I want him to do, at least bit of a tail. There are several cats about here that have no tails. I am eight years old, and I think this tale is long enough. I will write you soon.

WILLIAM EYALL B.

When you come to Franklin Square, Will, you will have an opportunity of going over this great printing and publishing house, if you desire it. I do not think a gresed pig race in the least refined, and I hope you will never go to one. There are plenty of amusements which are not coarse.

FRANKLIN, CALIF.

As many of the readers name their favorite authors, I will name nine: they are Harry Castlemon, James Otis, W. L. Alden, Mark Twain, and Harleigh Severne. I was given a tooth-ache, four books. But mark of my Christmas presents, nuts for Christmas. It has snowed very hard here, but yesterday, for a change, it rained. I shaved and became shavvy, but I don't like to freeze. I am eleven years old, and study arithmetic (practical and mental), geography, spelling, reading, grammar, and singing. I don't know except a cat and two kittens. I have no pets whether to call my bicycle a pet or not. In our school we have a race for the first prize. I want your early subscribers; I began with No. 8, but papa sent and got all the back numbers except

No. 1; he couldn't get that. I have four volumes bound, and intend to have the rest of them bound. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best child's paper in the world.

REGINALD C. S.

WEAVERPORT, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write you a little story. It is being sent for the Post-office here, and I have written to you before, but I always read the letters and stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like them very much. We had a Christmas tree in the Methodist Church here, and I spoke. My papa is the minister here. I go to school and Sunday-school. I have a kitty and a bird. I am twelve years old.

JENNIE M. W.

AMENIA, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just been reading in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about some children at Fort Richmond who held a fair to get money for Young People's Cot, but I can not do that, so I have begun to make a bed-quilt for the little cot. I had not heard or seen anything in so long a time from Jimmy Brown that I began to think he was dead, till I saw in the paper another of his fair stories. I want to make a quilt for the cot of skates for Christmas, and a few nights ago I dreamed that I heard little bells tinkle and Santa Claus came into my room when it was all dark and measured my feet, so I think I shall have them. I wrote to you once before, and told you about my dog Jack; this last snow I harnessed him to my sled and have had him on my rides.

AMY B. P.

This was written before Christmas. Did the dream come true?

This pretty fairy story, written by a little girl, has been waiting to find its place a long time. I hope you will all like it:

SILVERHAIR'S JOURNEY.

A FAIRY STORY.

Once upon a time there lived in a great castle in the woods a King, Queen, and Princess. The Queen lay at the point of death, and nobody could help her in any way. A little dwarf, one of the King's attendants, told them how another Queen had been cured by a tea made from the weed of the Black Forest. Having no one who could be trusted to send the Princess Silverhair volunteered to go, being very anxious to see her mother's recovery. At the day appointed she started on her journey, promising to return as soon as she should find the treasure. She travelled all day, and as night approached she was frightened to find herself completely lost. The wood was very dense. Silverhair climbed onto a tree-top to see if any light could be observed in the distance. She perceived a faint glimmer a great way off, and at once proceeded to search for it, when she came to the bank of a stream, and the question arose, how was she to get across.

"My little fairy sat on a stone at her feet, and seeing her perplexity, asked the cause.

"I wish to cross the water," replied Silverhair.

"Touch it," said the fairy.

Silverhair obeyed, and the water ceased running, so she was able to cross on the rocks.

"Thank you," she cried to the fairy, who vanished under a stone.

She now resumed her journey, and after travelling four miles came to a weather-beaten hut almost hidden by a clump of trees. It being snowed out of place, she was most afraid to venture near, so she crept softly, thinking of taking a peep in at the window before asking admittance. She did at last reach it, when to her surprise the door was pushed open, and a ragged old woman appeared.

"What do you want?" she asked, crossly.

"I should like shelter for the night," replied Silverhair, timidly.

"Come in, then," and taking the Princess by the hand her hostess drew her in, and closed the door.

The inside of the house was as plain as the outside. Seated by the fire was a very ugly old woman whose head was several times too large for his body.

"Now," exclaimed the old woman, "you shall stay here, and marry my son!" clapping her hands and dancing over the floor.

Silverhair said naught, and as soon as the woman and son had dipped they fell into a deep sleep. In the middle of the night Silverhair arose from her mattress in the corner, and quietly raised the bolt, and ran away.

Unfortunately the lad heard her, and jumped from his bed, and pursued her in hot haste. He soon overtook her, and insisted that she should return with him, but she refused to obey. He therefore tied her securely to a tree near by to wait until dawn, to punish her. Nothing could be heard save the distant howl of the wolf and the wind sighing in the tree-tops. Poor Silverhair stood helplessly bound to the tree.

When the sun rose he sat on an owl which had witnessed the whole scene, and sympathizing with her, came to her aid. "I will release you," said he, politely, and with his bill he pecked the rope until the knot was at last free.

"Oh, thank you!" she gasped. "Will you go with me on my journey?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer.

They then started down the road, the owl perched upon Silverhair's shoulder. They travelled about a mile, when they encountered a very tall and slender man. He carried in one hand a sword, and in the other a huge basket of food. The villain nor the owl showed any inclination to speak to him, but passed as quickly as possible.

They went farther they met an exceedingly fleshy man—so enormous that he completely filled the road, and the maiden and owl were obliged to creep under his arms to pass. They said nothing to him, and sped on the way.

Making their way through the wood, they searched through the day for their treasure. Night came before success, and they sat down to rest beneath the shade of the trees.

Silverhair felt a trifle hungry, having gone nearly two days without food. The owl at once flew out in search of something to eat. In a few seconds he returned with a basket in his bill, which contained a delightful supper.

After they went on for some distance, and at last reached a giant's castle. A great exertion they managed to raise the knocker, the sound of which resembled thunder. The door was opened by a man with a nose as large as a gourd. He invited them to enter, and bade them sit down at a table.

After a while the owl saw the giant's daughter a golden bell, telling her when she wanted his assistance to ring it. Silverhair, falling asleep upon a sofa, was awakened by a loud noise. Peeping through the key-hole she saw the giant's daughter pried the castle. He happened to wake at this moment, opened the door, and passed out. He caught up her head by her hair, and she asked what she wanted. She answered "Nothing." He then advised her to retire at once; he would call for her before he could go. She obeyed, and after a good night's rest he summoned her to him. Silverhair, pale with fright, answered his call promptly, never forgetting to ring the bell, ready to ring at any moment. The giant then questioned her in regard to her visit there. She replied, bravely, that she was in search of a certain weed to cure her invalid mother.

He informed her that she must answer three questions, or she died. She asked, "What do you think she died?" He answered, "You must have what she desired. They were, first, 'Why a certain river which once contained gold-fish now contained silver ones instead?' second, 'Why a fruit tree which once bore golden apples now produced nothing but leaves?' third, 'Why a fountain from which wine used to flow is now dry up, so that even water could be obtained from it?'" "I shall demand these answers to-morrow," he concluded. "You may now go."

As soon as Silverhair reached her room she rang her bell, which brought the owl immediately. Said she:

"I have three questions to ask you."

"Don't you know," answered he, "there is a silver urn lying in the river; that taken away, the fish would resume their natural color." She continued he, "there is a serpent coiled about the roots of the tree, and if that were killed the fruit would be the same." In the fountain a trout sits under a stone, and neither wine nor water can flow." The questions answered, the owl flew away, leaving Silverhair delighted.

The following day the giant called her. She answered the questions proudly. Calling the owl, who was one of his attendants, he said to Silverhair, "Take this water and throw it upon this owl." She did so, and much to her surprise he was transformed into a handsome prince.

"My boy," said the king, "which of the three men the golden and gather for her the weed she wishes."

And so the Prince and Silverhair departed into the garden, where they found what they had searched for in vain.

Next morning they departed, and before another day they found they stood before the King with their treasure. The Princess related her story, and begged him to consent to her marriage with Prince Eric.

The Queen was restored to health at once, and danced at the wedding of her beloved daughter, and, to make a long story short, they lived in happiness ever after.

ALICE L. CHARNARD.

It is charming to have a walk to school through a pasture which in spring is fairly carpeted with flowers and in winter shines with snow. That is what Mary Melt, and her friends in Monticello, Illinois, do the year round.—S. MAUDE C. LIVES in Monticello, Maine, and has good times there. She goes to school and has a great many studies.

Florence Perre E., who is thirteen, wrote some pretty verses about Santa Claus. I have room only for one stanza:

"He's as plump as a dumpling and short as can be,
And he comes every Christmas to you and me,
He comes to your room with a smile and a bow,
And whoever you don't see him (you're all fast asleep),

He has everything ready for morning's first peep.
Just think, all the stockings to fill in the city;
Should one be forgotten 'twould be such a pity!"

—GORDON B.: Many boys will wish they had your adventures, living fifty yards from the magnificent St. Lawrence river, with a boat-house at the end of the garden and liberty to go out in a boat whenever you please.—ETHEL W. H.: Ask your papa to send \$2 to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, so that you may receive this beautiful paper every week for a year. Then you will have the pleasure of watching for the postman at a certain happy hour every week.—MATTIE E. G., ALICE C. J. J., MINNIE D., and JENNIE C. will please accept thanks.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

(TO EUREKA.)

Upper Diamond.—1. A letter. 2. A step. 3. Jerks. 4. Not general or universal. 5. Ladies' cloaks of silk or velvet. 6. Appeased. 7. A nutritious substance. 8. A young man. 9. A letter.

Lower Diamond.—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A mark which shows that something other than the line is interlined above it. 4. More successful. 5. A harpener. 6. Controlling. 7. A certain period in one's life. 8. An abbreviation for regular. 9. A letter.

Right Diamond.—1. A letter. 2. A sort of East Indian vetch. 3. Bribes. 4. Exercises attended by five. 5. A plant. 6. A choir desk, a church. 7. Bespangies. 8. To trespass. 9. A letter.

Left Diamond.—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. Adjourns. 4. To relate wrongly. 5. Records. 6. A prophesist. 7. To cut. 8. A French article. 9. A letter.

Central Square.—1. To furnish with a new adornment. 2. A pupil. 3. A scriptural word. 4. To escape. 5. A giggle. NAVAJO.

No. 2.

E. A. M. A.

In rill, not in stream.

In chill, not in beam.

In rill, not in fret.

In catch, not in net.

In lath, not in door.

In threshold, not in floor.

Whole is often in winter seen.

Fishing with rainbow colors keen.

MAGGIE E.

No. 3.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. At sea, gleeful voices were heard. 2. "How lame you are," said he. 3. In the Sabara venison is scarce. 4. The ship is going to cross hillous waves. 5. The flaming observatory was a great loss. 6. Beth rushed into the house. 7. I nearly swallowed a fish-bone. 8. Her only pencil was a good one. 9. The litterer nut was not good.

No. 4.

FIVE EASY LITTLE SQUARES.

1.—1. A rodent. 2. A funny fellow. 3. A number. 4.—1. A great pet. 2. A verb. 3. A kind of rope. 5.—1. A bit of cloth. 2. A droll animal. 3. To obtain. 4.—1. A human being. 2. A droll animal. 3. A boy's name. 5.—1. A utensil. 2. A name. 3. A short sleep. WALLACE A. REEF.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 270.

No. 1.—Foxglove.
No. 2.—Robert Burns.
No. 3.—1. Ezl. 2. Spot. 3. Cod. 4. Drumm. 5. Percob. 6. Rock. 7. Bass. 8. Herring. 9. Shad. 10. Carp.

No. 4.—

P

E

R

A

D

E

A

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lawrence Miller, Elmer Bourn, Claude R. L. Little, John Fenne, W. Holzman, Wallace A. Reef, Florence De P. Boese, Lucy V. S. Elmer Post, Jessie Johnson, Rollo, William Conover, Miller, and Max. 2. A. Max. 3. J. M. C. 4. Maggie B., Beth Curtis, and Fannie Sexton.

[FOR EXCHANGES, see 2nd and 3d pages of cover.]



ACROSS LOTS TO THE LAKE.

WHO IS THE OWNER?

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

A PLEASANT way for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try and distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone.

by those in the room, and another of the performers asks, "Who is the owner?"

If a correct response is given, the performers clap their hands. The one who has taken his turn goes to the foot of the line, and number two takes his place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places, and the fun is renewed.

THE FOX IN OLD AGE.

BY PALMER COX.

"NOW, father, you are growing old,"
The little foxes said;

"Your hair is turning dull and gray,
That once was bright and red.

"The teeth are dropping from the jaws
That used to break the bones,
And what were once your burning paws
Now feel as cold as stones.

"Your step is not so sure, we know,
As once in days of yore;
You often stumble as you go,
When nothing lies before.

"You'll not be eating turkey long:
So tell us, father, please,
What you went through when young and strong,
Ere we were round your knees."

The fox to answer them was slow,
And from his almond eye
He wiped a tear-drop with his toe
Before he made reply.

"I dare not tell you, children dear,
The struggles and the strife;
'Twould make you shrink away and fear
To venture forth in life.

"By various paths we all must go,
Though rough or smooth they be;
Some find the turkeys roosting low,
Some find them in the tree.

"We move in danger day and night,
Beset by cares and ills;
What often seems a harmless bite
May hold some poison pills.

"I once could stand a lengthy chase,
When active, young, and bold,
And gave the hounds full many a race
Across the country cold.

"The yawning trap the silence broke—
When least I thought of foes,
And with a vicious snap awoke
Beneath my very nose.

"I've ventured, when the sun was bright,
And bagged the ducks and drakes,
When unsuspecting farmers might
Have reached me with their rakes.



"But enunning now must take the place
Of boldness, dash, and speed;
When eyes grow dim and legs grow slim
We must with care proceed.

"But see! the moon her beauty flaunts
Above the mountain's head,
And I must find the rabbits' haunts,
And you must find your bed."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 274

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR? I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU."

ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DIK AND D," ETC

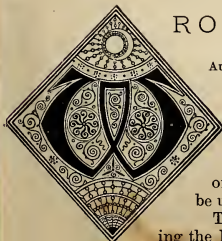
CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

HEN poor Miss Balch's unruly pupils got entirely beyond her control, she had but one resource, and that only to be used on extreme occasions. The children delighted in visiting the house of a Mrs. Vandort, who

was a distant relative of their father's; this lady was the one human being whose displeasure they feared, and when the condition of things became quite unendurable the governess contrived to whisper a word of it to her; but to speak too often would have lessened the effect she desired, so that such scenes as she had endured this afternoon were apt to be repeated many times before Miss Balch ventured to call upon Mrs. Vandort for any aid.

"Nan Rolf, indeed!" said Betty, with a toss of her long flaxen locks. "I'd like to know what mamma invited her for! I hate all those Rolfs!"

"She's to stay a month," said Bob. "I say, Betty, let's see if we can't make her wish herself home in a week."



Miss Balch had disappeared to give Louise Mrs. Farquhar's message, and presently the French girl came in, calling to the children, promising Betty that she should put on her newest dress for this occasion.

Betty's toilet for company or going out to walk or visit was a subject of intense gratification to the child. Not only did Louise foster her vanity in every way by telling her how charming and lovely she was when dressed finely, but she at such times—during the dressing of her hair and the buttoning of her boots—entertained her with stories of her own life, or the possible future, which filled Betty's silly little head with the most unreal fancies, and made her imagine that she was a heroine, such, perhaps, as her particular friend Fanny Moreton aimed at becoming.

While Betty was being dressed in her blue silk for Nan's arrival, Bob dashed into his room, making as speedy a toilet as he dared, and then darted down-stairs, sliding on the lower balusters with great ease, and landing in the lower hall, delighted to find himself alone.

It had been no sudden determination, this one of making Nan's visit uncomfortable, but he wanted time to think out his plans for beginning the campaign against her. His reasons were many. To begin with, on the occasion of his memorable visit to College Street, he had decided that the Rolfs were a set of prigs and goody-goodies—an opinion with which, I am afraid, Phyllis and Mrs. Heriot, in view of some of their capers, would not have agreed. Lance had thrashed him for whipping a little dog that had broken its leg through his fault, and this had to be avenged; Joan and Dickie had snubbed him, and had acted "too good" for him, and his thefts of pies and cakes had been discovered so often that Joan had denounced him as a "sneak." Bob was accustomed to terrifying Betty by telling her, with an awful look, that he *never forgot*, and Betty had such a varied and unpleasant experience of what it meant for him to *remember*, that she was ready to do anything he demanded of her when her fears were sufficiently excited. She could on occasion avenge herself, as she had this afternoon; yet even after such a victory she was apt to dread what she knew would follow, and usually prepared to conciliate Bob with something he had wanted—one of her games or books, or her last investment in candy.

This afternoon, Bob, as he stood in the parlor window, decided only to demand her assistance in teasing Nan in some fashion during the evening; and when Betty joined him, looking very important in her flounced blue silk, and with her hair freshly combed and frizzed, he entered into the subject at once, laughing with glee over his well-laid plans.

"Perhaps she'll be nice," said Betty, a little timidly.

"Nice?" echoed Bob, in scorn. "She's just such another as that Joan, and I know they're great chums, and I mean to get square with those College Street Rolfs some way."

CHAPTER IV.

NAN'S WELCOME.

MEANWHILE Nan, with Mr. Farquhar, who had met her half-way on the journey, was driving through the twilight streets to the large corner house on Madison Avenue. She was already feeling a little lonely, and yet there was a great fascination in the idea of visiting New York, meeting new cousins, entering upon purely novel experiences, and she answered Mr. Farquhar's few remarks in a half-bewildered although animated way, scarcely feeling herself or the occasion *real*.

But the carriage stopped at last. Mr. Farquhar, who was a tall, thin, stern-looking man, helped her to descend, and as she stood a moment on the pavement she saw in the parlor windows the faces of her young cousins, and smiled pleasantly at them. They looked soberly down at

the little figure in gray, at the pleasant face, childish for its years, under the gray felt hat; and while Nan wondered a little that her smile was not returned, Betty was saying to Louise, who had come in for a momentary glance at the new-comer:

"Isn't she a dowdy? What old-fashioned-looking things! Oh my!"—an opinion Mademoiselle Louise indorsed with a derisive laugh and shrug of her shoulders as she ran out of the room, hearing Mr. Farquhar's step on the lower stairs.

It was a basement house, with a wide hall below, which confused Nan a little as they entered it, for the pictures on the walls, the plaster busts, the staircase winding away to the left, were all in shadow, and a certain air of gloom seemed over them. In broader daylight much shabbiness was revealed, but coming in at dusk the impression upon Nan was of something very fine, if dim and melancholy, and as she followed Mr. Farquhar up the stairs she heard a rush and scramble, and in the doorway of a long, rather gaudily furnished parlor she saw her two cousins, Betty's flounces in fine order, and Bob's most defiant stare attracting her attention first.

"Children," said Mr. Farquhar, "this is your cousin Nan—Annie Rolf."

Nan smiled and held out her hand with sweet cordiality, and for a moment even Bob's "plans" were forgotten. He returned her greeting with some politeness, and Betty's "How do you do, Nan?" had a touch of welcome in it.

They all stood still a moment in the parlor until Betty said: "Mamma is lying down, and she said I was to bring Nan up to see her. She has a headache."

Mr. Farquhar seemed to be glad to be relieved of any further duty in regard to the little visitor, and desired Betty to do as her mother had said at once; so Nan, with a sense of embarrassment or disappointment, followed her cousin up the next flight of stairs, and to a door at the end of the hall.

Nan had in her mind the old-fashioned portrait her aunt had shown her of the Mary Rolf who, twenty years before, had been her grandfather's favorite niece, and she smiled, as a mild voice said, "Come in," thinking how lovely the Cousin Mary of to-day would surely be.

The room was a luxurious one, the pale blue silk and white lace hangings, daintily flowered cretonne furniture, the lace-hung dressing-table covered with ornaments and rich articles for use, looking like a picture to Nan's eyes, accustomed as they were to the more sombre though home-like and comfortable luxuries of Rolf House; and the lady on the sofa, who turned a faded pretty face toward her, who smiled so languidly, *could* that be the bright young girl in the picture?

Betty only stared in silence, while her mother said, "How do you do, dear? I am glad to see you," holding out a thin hand glittering with rings, and Nan said, in a subdued voice,

"Thank you, I am very well," and then stood still, apparently not knowing what to do or what was expected of her.

"Come along," said Betty, suddenly. "Mamma, sha'n't I take her to her room? Louise said it was ready."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Farquhar; "and after dinner I will expect you to tell me all about my cousin Letty—and every one."

Nan smiled, or tried to smile, but already a curious loneliness had begun to oppress her, and there was actually a choking in her throat as she followed Betty up the next flight of stairs to a front room, in which were two little beds, one of which, Betty informed her, shortly, was for her, the other being her own.

"Tina's going to sleep in the other room," Betty explained, sitting on the edge of her own bed, while Nan laid aside her things, and began with rather trembling fingers to unfasten her travelling-bag.

"What have you got in there?" Betty said, springing up. "Oh, only your comb and brush and such things. We'll look all through your trunk to-morrow, though," she added. "Louise cleaned out this bureau for you. I mean to watch you put all your things away. I guess you're one of the dreadfully neat kind, aren't you? I just advise you not to let Bob find that out, or he won't give you any peace," continued Betty, with an air half triumph, half good-humored warning.

Nan laughed, took out her dressing things, and disposed of them in one of the bureau drawers.

"I only sleep here," Betty continued, affably, and sitting down on the bed again; "all my things are in the nursery. That's just the next room, so I can be in and out of here all the time if I like. Come—your hair's brushed enough—come down-stairs to the parlor."

Nan had left Beverley with so fixed a determination to like everything and everybody, that she tried to enjoy the rattling conversation of her two cousins while they waited for the sound of the dinner bell; but Bob had been seized with a desire to "show off," and amused himself by telling Nan various of his deeds of valor among the boys in "their street," which, as they usually consisted of playing cruel tricks or of stealing or hiding their marbles or tops, were not as loudly applauded as he expected by Nan, who, indeed, sat listening with an expression of surprise upon her face which he could not mistake for approval.

"Oh, and I've lots of other schemes," he continued, in an off-hand way, evidently thinking he had not been impressive enough. "I've got a jolly good thing on one of the boys now. P'raps I'll tell you some day, or *show* it to you. He can't find me out if he tries *ever* so hard," and Bob gave his little malicious chuckle, while Betty said, pleadingly:

"Oh, tell us *now*, Bob, *please*!" But Master Bob evidently considered this tale too important for communication at once.

"I'll wait and see," he said, very significantly; and as he went to the other side of the room Betty whispered to Nan:

"I am crazy to find out. It's something about a dog, I know that much, and if I make up my mind to *like* you I'll let you know privately as soon as I can find out any sort of way."

To Nan's relief, dinner interrupted these confidences. The children fairly rushed her down the stairs and into the dining-room, quarrelling with the servant as to where her place was to be at table, the dispute being only ended by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar.

The elders said very little except to inquire in a general way for things and people at Beverley. Mr. Farquhar made several comments on the fatigues and discomforts of the hour's journey he had taken with Nan, which made her feel that she must have given him a great deal of trouble, for which she longed to offer some thanks or apology; but when she looked up to speak his expression made her fear to do so, and as Mrs. Farquhar suddenly changed the subject to a criticism on a new pair of horses, Nan's opportunity went by.

Bob and Betty kept up a lively skirmish of words and actions, only now and then interrupted by some stern remonstrance from Mr. Farquhar or a "Now, now, children!" from their mother, which as soon as it was uttered seemed forgotten, as the same performances were renewed, and passed for some time unheeded. At last a crisis came in Betty's overturning her salad into Nan's lap, and both the little Farquhars were thereupon suddenly and summarily sent upstairs, Mrs. Farquhar declaring to her husband that those children were becoming *unbearable*.

"Then why don't you send them to school?" said Mr. Farquhar, angrily; "I shall take it into my own hands very soon, I assure you, if you don't."

Mrs. Farquhar admitted that something must be done, and her husband left the table repeating his orders that neither Bob nor Betty were to be allowed down-stairs that evening.

Nan followed her cousin Mary up to the parlor, feeling decidedly out of spirits, although her natural sense of the ludicrous or love of fun had made it almost impossible for her to keep from laughing during some of the antics at dinner, but as Mrs. Farquhar took up a book and began to read as soon as they were alone in the parlor, Nan wished that the two exiles might return, especially as every five or ten minutes pleading messages from them were sent down. Mrs. Farquhar received these with a stern refusal, but as after the last demand a long silence ensued, she looked up from her novel, saying to Nan:

"I am sure I hear those children in my room. Nan, my dear, will you please go up and tell them they may come down if they will *promise* to behave themselves?"

Nan departed, not liking her task; but on reaching Mrs. Farquhar's bedroom door she had to stand still and laugh.

In spite of their loud demands to be "let down," the pair were evidently enjoying their imprisonment. Betty had attired herself in her mother's best bonnet, and with a camel's-hair shawl fastened about her waist for a train, and a pair of new kid gloves on her hands, was marching up and down the room with all the fine graces imaginable. Bob, less airy in his designs, had been ransacking the drawers of his mother's writing-table, and turned one of them upside down in search of pencils and a rubber.

Nan's entrance caused both the children to stand still, not knowing just what she might say; but her ready laughter sent Betty off into a new flourish and parade of her finery, and Bob gave a sort of war-whoop as he returned to the search for a new drawer.

"To come down, are we!" exclaimed Betty, hastily pulling off her mother's things. She ran to the next room, calling out: "Louise, come right in here. Put up these things, and *don't tell*!"—a command or injunction Nan was destined to hear many times from the children to the French maid, or from Louise to them.

Louise must be very good-natured, Nan thought, as she watched her quick re-arrangement of the room, saw her sweep the papers into the drawers again, and put away the beautiful shawl and bonnet and the long gloves. But she soon discovered that Louise had her own object in concealing the children's mischief. It was an open game of "give and take" with her and her charges, and poor little Betty had to return all obligations with an interest the weight of which she could not appreciate.

Mr. Farquhar seemed annoyed when he returned to find the children all assembled in the back parlor playing a rather noisy game; but Nan was surprised that after his first exclamation he said nothing, nor did the children make any allusion to their having been "excused."

It was not so pleasant an evening that Nan regretted going to bed at nine o'clock. After the hurried good-night's and the dashing upstairs there was a skirmish between Bob and Betty on the upper landing as they tried to get the "last tag," Betty giving Bob a final touch as he retreated into his room, banging the door, but opening it a second later to call out, "Hello, smarty! only niggers want the last tag!"—a remark which Nan often heard on similar occasions, and which, for some reason she could never discover, had the effect of exasperating Betty in the wildest way.

Once in the darkness of her room, and lying in the strange bed, poor Nan's heart ached for home, and a sort of dismay took possession of her. Already she was confused and perplexed by many strange things around her,



"BETTY HAD ATTIRED HERSELF IN HER MOTHER'S BEST BONNET."

and she began to dread the month she was to pass among these strange cousins. In her short life she had, as we know, come in contact with many kinds of people, gone through varied experiences; but looking back even to the days when she had lived among the Ruperts at Bromfield, she had not felt herself quite so depressed by her surroundings as she did now in this grand house and with these frolicking, mischievous pair of companions.

She thought of her cousin Phyllis's boyish roughness, of Marian's fine-lady airs, then of the gay good-humor, fun, and frolic which went on always among the College Street party, but in it all there had never been the element of boldness, of rude manners, of deliberate defiance of authority, which she felt in everything the little Farquhars did or said, and Nan sighed heavily, some tears of sheer homesickness forcing themselves from under her closed eyelids, rolling sorrowfully down her cheeks; and then—crash! thump! bang!—what was that? Nan gave a scream as her bed gave way beneath her, and fell to the floor.

Muffled laughter from outside the door, hysterical giggles from Betty's bed, made Nan realize at once it was a trick, and in spite of her momentary alarm she joined in the laugh. But Louise was out, and the two younger children in the next room began to howl piteously. In the midst of the racket Mrs. Farquhar's voice was heard from below, and Katie, the house-maid, came running up, angrily declaring it was "thim children at their tricks agin."

But nothing could have been more innocent than Betty's face when the gas was lighted, or Bob's voice as he called through the door to ask if anything had happened.

"*Anything, is it!*" exclaimed Katie, as with Nan's help she tried to set the bed to rights again; "sure I'm coming in there in a minute to show you if it's anything. Your head ought to be well wigged, sir;" and Katie muttered on about the way "thim two" were allowed "to go on."

"It's your cousin. Mrs. Vandort, ought to hear of you, and it's myself 'll tell her," she continued, in a loud key, for Bob's benefit.

"You'll feel sorry if you do," warned Bob, from his room.

"D'ye know *how* sorry I'll feel?" retorted Katie; "as sorry as iver the dog was at his grandfather's wake, an' that was not at all. D'ye mind that?" and Katie, saying something apologetic to the little visitor, went away, still muttering vengeance on "thim two."

Nan composed herself to sleep, scarcely encouraged to face the next day; but after all, at barely fifteen, it is

hard not to enjoy novelty and a first visit, even if such must be weighted by some disagreeable element.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASPS AND MOSQUITOES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

WASPS have a general resemblance to bees. They may be distinguished by their wings, which, when at rest, are laid over the body; also by the deep stalk-like division between the thorax and abdomen.

Wasps differ greatly in their habits. Like the bees, some live alone, others live in colonies. Our common mud wasp is among the solitary ones. This wasp makes its nest of mud, fastened to the side of a wall or under the ceiling. The nest consists of long cells arranged horizontally. In each cell is deposited one egg and a supply of little spiders for the young larva to feed upon after it is hatched. The spiders are not always killed, but only stunned, and imprisoned alive when the end of the cell is fastened up.

In Fig. 3 you see a cell which has not yet been closed. The remaining cells were full of little green spiders, still kicking, when this nest was taken from under the roof.

Social wasps live in large families, which contain females, workers, and males. When winter approaches, all the wasps die except the females; these creep into some safe place, and sleep through the cold weather with their wings and legs tightly folded. In the spring they revive, and each female starts a new nest for herself.

The nests of social wasps are always built of paper.

Indeed, wasps were the first paper-makers. Long before man had learned the various processes required, wasps had mastered the secret. Their paper is beautifully variegated, and being made of the fibres of wood, it is so durable as to bear exposure to rain and storms. Gnawing these fibres from some old fence or tree trunk, the wasps moisten them with saliva until by the action of their jaws they are formed into a paste ready to spread out in a thin sheet. In looking at a piece of this paper the wavy stripes will show just how far each bundle of fibre went toward forming the nest.

As we have stated, there is but one wasp to do all the work in starting the home, so the building goes on slowly at first. By the time three or four cells are finished, however, the young workers which occupied them are ready to help their mother, who has had a busy time building the nest, depositing eggs, and feeding the hungry larvæ. Other cells are at once made and more eggs deposited, and now the work goes on rapidly. The first wasps that are hatched are the workers; the perfect males and females do not appear until nearly the end of the season.

Some kinds of wasps make their nests in holes in the ground, others fasten them to walls or to the branches of trees. The flat nests in Fig. 1 are built without any covering to the cells.

A much more elaborate nest is made by the hornets. The one represented in Fig. 4 is cut open at one side to show the interior. It is formed of tiers of cells, one above another, with their mouths opening downward; the tiers are attached to little stalks which hang from the top of the nest. The whole is covered with several envelopes of paper, and the entrance is through a circular opening in the bottom. When it becomes necessary to enlarge the nest, new envelopes are added on the outside, and the inner covers are removed to make room for more cells. These nests are found in the woods, attached to the branches of the trees.

The yellow-jacket is a small black wasp marked with bands and spots of yellow. Its nest is much like that of a hornet, but smaller and more pointed, and the entrance is on one side, near the bottom. The yellow-jacket sometimes attacks persons without provocation, and its sting is very severe. As a general thing, wasps do not sting unless they are irritated, but they are zealous in guarding their nests, and be-

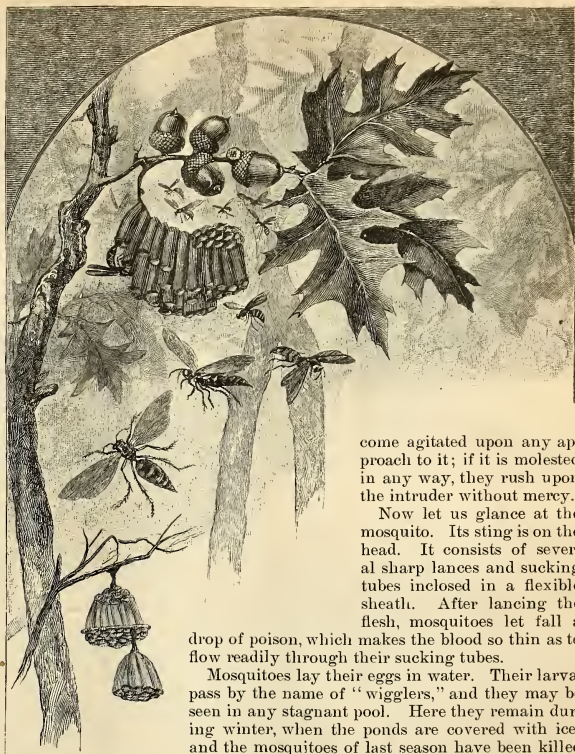


Fig. 1.
NESTS OF SOCIAL WASPS.

come agitated upon any approach to it; if it is molested in any way, they rush upon the intruder without mercy.

Now let us glance at the mosquito. Its sting is on the head. It consists of several sharp lances and sucking tubes inclosed in a flexible sheath. After lancing the flesh, mosquitoes let fall a

drop of poison, which makes the blood so thin as to flow readily through their sucking tubes.

Mosquitoes lay their eggs in water. Their larvæ pass by the name of "wigglers," and they may be seen in any stagnant pool. Here they remain during winter, when the ponds are covered with ice, and the mosquitoes of last season have been killed off with the cold. So while we are enjoying a rest from the attentions of these little pests, another generation is coming on for next season.

The larvæ move through the water by sudden jerks. Their breathing organs are toward the tail (E, Fig. 5), so they swim with the head down, but after throwing off the first skin, and entering the pupa state, they breathe through the thorax, and keep the head at the surface of the water. Once more the skin splits, and they fly away

full-grown mosquitoes. The dry case of the pupa forms a sort of boat, upon which the insect may rest and spread its wings before taking flight.

You may see this interesting metamorphosis going on in any pond in summer-time. A bright sunny morning brings thousands of these little boats to the surface, and you may



Fig. 2.—DIGGER WASP—COOCON AND LARVA.

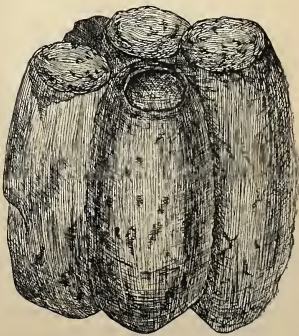


Fig. 3.—NEST OF MUD WASP.

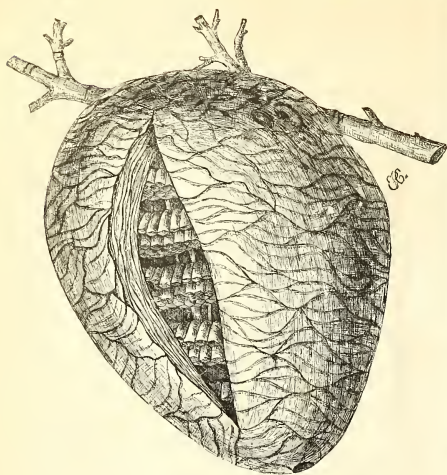


Fig 4.—Hornet's Nest.

be so fortunate as to see the occupant burst its shell and fly off into the sunlight.

The eggs of the mosquito may be found on the water, often one dozen or more cemented together side by side, with pointed ends, looking like miniature life-boats, which they truly are. These eggs float gracefully on the water; covered all over with some water-proof garment, they are secure in hardest showers. Each egg, moreover, contains a tiny air-bubble, and if the little life-boat be thrust beneath the surface, quickly it rises again, and always "right side up." These rafts of eggs are shown nicely in Fig. 5. At B you will see the eggs magnified, with a curious lid at d, for the escape of the larva.

Our common house-flies live with us on intimate terms, and take great liberties in our homes; still, the early part of their lives is concealed from us, and we scarcely think about how they come or where they go.

Most flies perish when cold weather comes, but a few of the strong, healthy females creep into crevices or corners. Here they lie in a torpid state until the next summer,

when the eggs are deposited from which a new generation springs. In hot climates, and in rooms which are kept constantly warm, flies remain active all the year.

A fly's foot ends in a pair of pads. Formerly these were thought to act as suckers, but it is now known that the pads are covered with little hairs, which are kept moist by a certain fluid supplied to them; this enables the fly to adhere to smooth surfaces.

SNOWED-IN.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.

ONE cloudy winter morning, not less than twenty years ago, there was an unusual commotion about a certain little old house standing far up on the St. John River.

Within, Mrs. Grace sat before the great fire-place in the fore-room, so bundled up in shawls and blankets and hoods that she could scarcely stir. In a warm corner of the hearth lay three or four hot bricks, well wrapped in newspapers, and two home-made robes were hanging across a chair to warm—everything indicating preparations for a long, cold journey. Without, Mr. Grace was hitching the old red mare into the thills of the still older red pung, that looked as if it might have come over in the *Mayflower*. His round, good-natured face wore a troubled expression, and he jerked at old Dolly's bit once or twice in an ungentle way which wasn't like himself.

The small part of Mrs. Grace's face that was visible among the folds of her home-knit hood showed the same look of anxiety; and her voice trembled a good deal when she spoke to the children, and gave Charly her last directions. There were four of the children, Dean and Emmy, and Joe and Charly—though Charly was not one of the Grace children. Mrs. Grace had taken her, a wee lame mite, when there was no one else to take her, and she often declared she couldn't and didn't love one of her own little ones better than she could and did love Charly. Emmy and Dean and Joe were round, rosy little bodies, of three and five and seven years, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. Charly was eleven, and she was neither round nor rosy. Her face was thin and her eyes were big and shadowy. And Charly was lame; there was a pair of tiny crutches always by her chair.

"I couldn't think of going," said Mrs. Grace, "if Charly wasn't the wise, patient little mother I know she is. I never was so worried in my life. But what can I do?"

It was a hard question to answer, indeed. For the night before had come a letter to Mrs. Grace from her sister in a distant town saying that her mother—the children's dear old grandmamma—was very, very ill. "Come at once," the letter read; and it was a week old when Mr. Ringgold, who lived two miles above them, but was yet their nearest neighbor in the sparsely settled region, brought it from the post-office, five miles below. It was little to be wondered at that the tears filled poor Mrs. Grace's eyes, that her lips quivered, and her voice shook.

"I couldn't do it if it was not for trusting in Charly so," she repeated time and again, in tones that brought a pretty glow to Charly's thin little face. "I know you'll take good care of them, dear. There's bread enough baked, and I've left the jar of doughnuts in the closet."

"Oh, good again!" cried Joe. "Can we have all we want? Won't it be fun, Charly?"

"You must have what Charly gives you," said Mrs. Grace, "and attend to what Charly says. I've locked the pantry door so you can't bother her by running in and out. Now—" She looked at Charly as the outer door opened.

"I'll do just the best I can," said Charly, bravely.

"I know you will, dear. Be good children, all of you." "There's wood enough piled up in the entry to last you," said Mr. Grace, the little luskily. "We shall be back day after to-morrow night, sure. All ready, wife." And a

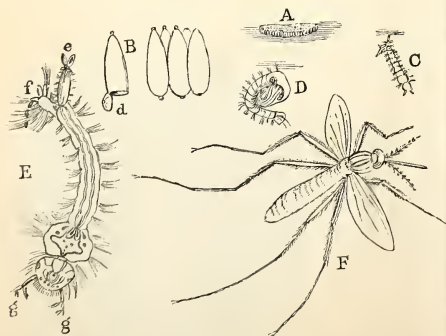


Fig 5.—DIFFERENT STAGES IN THE GROWTH OF A MOSQUITO.

A, Boat of Eggs; B, Eggs highly magnified; d, With Lid open for the escape of the Larva; C, D, Pupæ; E, Larva magnified, showing respiratory Tubes (e); Anal Fins (f); Antennæ, g; F, Imago.

few moments later old Dolly was jogging at her best pace down the snowy level of the river. It was thirty long miles to Dunbar Corner.

"I wish they were home again," said Joe.

"They will be before you know it," laughed Charly.

"Now I'll tell you a story."

So the three little ones cuddled around Charly's chair before the open fire while she told them the wonderful tale of the "Three Tiny Pigs"; and from first to last they listened breathlessly, though they had heard the same story many times before, no doubt. Charly had a wonderful gift for telling stories, Mrs. Grace often declared.

And Charly had a gift for something besides storytelling. When the stories came to an end she smiled.

"Bring me my box, will you, Joey, please?" Charly asked. Her poor little limbs were so weak and misshapen that it was with difficulty she could move about, even with the aid of her crutches.

Joe obeyed, climbing up on the wide four-posted bed in the corner, and taking from a shelf above it a square wooden box with a sliding cover. Dean and Emmy knew what was coming then.

"Dive me the kitty," pleaded Emmy.

"And me the mooses," said Dean.

"They're deers, goosey," said Joe, with a little scornful sniff. "Let me see all of 'em, won't you, Charly?"

Charly smiled in the brightest way, and pulled off the cover. Shall I tell you what were there? The daintiest little images under the sun, carved all in wood, and the largest one scarcely four inches high. It is true, they were the work of a single awkward tool in untaught fingers, but if you had seen them, I am sure you could not have helped exclaiming with Joe and Dean and Emmy, "Oh, Charly, how pretty they are!"

They were exceedingly true to life, too. There was the old house cat, which Emmy instantly appropriated—why, you could almost hear her drowsy purr—and there were Dean's "mooses" with their delicate branching horns, and a pair of rabbits eating clover, and a cunning creeping baby, and there was old Dolly herself standing with drooping head and lopped ears—lazy Dolly.

"I'd know her anywheres," laughed Joe.

Charly laughed too, and fingered her treasures lovingly. Her cheeks glowed, and her eyes were starry.

"Do you think they're nice?" she asked—"as nice as some they have at the stores at Christmas-time, Joey?"

"Nicer," returned Joe, in a tone expressive of great wisdom and experience—"a whole heap nicer."

"Well," pursued Charly, "I'm going to make all I can, and when I get enough, I'll send them to sell. Mrs. Ringgold said they ought to be half a dollar apiece."

"O-oh!" cried Joe, quite taken aback by this prospect of unbounded wealth. "What'll you do with so much?"

"I know," put in Dean. "You'll get cured, won't you, Charly?"

The quick tears sprang to Charly's dark eyes. "I will, if I can," said she, and she pulled Emmy to her, and hid her face in the baby's yellow curls. "Maybe I can't."

"Mr. Perks said you could if you could go to see Dr. Lester. He can cure everything."

"But it'll cost a great lot of money—maybe a hundred dollars," said Charly. "I'd have to make two hundred of these, Joey."

"Well, you ain't going to wait that long," declared Joe, stoutly. "Father says just as soon's the old farm pays anything, he's going to take you to Fredericton to see Dr. Lester. Maybe 'twill pay next summer; we're going to have a cow then. And we haven't been here long enough yet, you know."

"That'll be real nice," said she. "Now, after dinner, I'll cut out something more."

"I think it's real fun," said Joe. But Charly only shook her head and smiled again.

Well, that day passed, and the next, and all the time the sun did not once show his face. The clouds hung heavy and black, and dark came early, and weather-wise Joe, with his nose against a window-pane, prophesied a storm.

"I hope 'twon't come, though, till father and mother are home," said he.

It did, however. When the children awoke next morning the snow was falling fast and steadily in large flakes. It had grown very much colder, too, in the night. Poor little Joe's teeth chattered spitefully even after he had raked open the bed of coals in the fire-place, and built a roaring fire. The wind came up with the sun; it whistled and raved along the bleak river-shore in a way that set the timbers of the old house to creaking dolefully.

"I don't believe they'll come to-night," said Joe, when dark began to fall.

"Won't they, Charly?"

"Oh, Charly, won't 'em?"

"Do you s'pose a wolf chased father an' mother?" asked Joe, with a dismal quaver, breaking in upon the narrative of the "Tiny Pig."

"A wolf couldn't catch our old Dolly," said Dean, quickly; "she's too smart—and big."

Charly laughed. For the world she would not have acknowledged that such a possibility had occurred to her own mind.

"It's the storm that keeps them," she said, cheerily. "It's a dreadful storm, you know. They'll be here to-morrow—I know they will."

But to-morrow came and went—a long, dreary, freezing day, and the fifth morning dawned. How bitterly cold it was, and how the wind whistled through and through the house! The storm had ceased, but of this the children could not be sure, since the windows were banked high with snow, and when Joe tried to open the outer door, a white wall repelled him. Their store of provisions, too, was nearly exhausted, and that seemed worse than all the rest, until Joe came in from the entry with his arms full of wood and his eyes full of tears.

"That's every bit there is," he quavered. "Oh, Charly, why don't father come?"

"He will," said Charly, with a brave, bright smile, though her heart was like lead. "Now we'll be real saving of this wood, and only put on one stick at a time."

Oh, how cold the room grew!—colder and colder while time dragged on, and those last sticks were burning slowly away. They ate their last bits of bread then, and because Charly said she could not eat, there was a very little more for Emmy and Dean and Joe.

But Joe, though he looked wistfully at the frozen morsels, was struck with a sudden recollection.

"You didn't eat any breakfast, Charly, nor any last night, because your head ached. Ain't you hungry?"

"Never mind," said Charly, cheerily. "I'll eat enough when they come home."

The bread disappeared then to the last crumb.

"I'm awful hungry yet," said Joe.

"So'm I," echoed Dean, with a pitiful pucker, "and I'm awful cold."

Charly hugged Emmy tighter and looked around.

There were the chairs—stout oaken ones.

"Can't you break up a chair, Joey?" she asked.

But he couldn't, though he tried manfully—poor little Joe—with tears standing on his cheeks.

"Never mind," said Charly again. And then the forlorn little group huddled together over the dying fire. How cold it was! and how the wind rocked the old house and blew its freezing breath in through every chink!

"I'm sleepy," murmured Emmy, drowsily. Charly looked at her in sudden terror. She had been sobbing with cold and hunger, and now her baby face looked pinched and her hands blue with cold. But the golden head drooped heavily against Charly's arm—and Emmy



"THAT'S EVERY BIT OF WOOD THERE IS," HE QUAVERED."

soon, when she had warmed herself a little, she would creep in beside Emmy. She listened to the deep regular breathing from the bed.

"They are going to sleep," she murmured. "I've done the best I could—the best I could."

The words echoed from the walls of the cold little room, and rang themselves over and over in her brain. How warm the place was growing, and how dark! She thought she would crawl over to the bed and get in with Emmy and Dean and Joe. But she did not stir.

She sat there still, a white little figure, with a pair of half-burned crutches at her feet, when less than an hour later a man with frosty beard and hair forced himself through the snow-bank at the door. It was Mr. Grace,

never went to sleep at this time in the day. A dull red coal winked among the ashes. Charly saw it, and straightened Emmy up with a little shake.

"We'll have a funny fire," said she, with a catch in her voice. "Bring the—the box, Joey."

"Oh, Charly, no!"

"Yes," said Charly. "I can make plenty more. Wake up, Emmy."

And in a minute Emmy was wide awake enough to see a tiny bright blaze upon the hearth. They burned the box first, and then the pretty carvings one by one. All too soon they were gone, and there only remained a few ashes.

"I'm just as cold," whimpered Dean. "I'm sleepy, too, Charly."

"Well, you shall go to sleep," said Charly; "and when you wake up I know they'll be here. But we'll have some nice fun first. Who wants a doughnut?"

"Oh, Charly Grace, you haven't got one!"

"Yes, I have," returned Charly, with a triumphant little laugh. "I saved these out of mine." She stood Emmy on the hearth, and hobbled as briskly as could be across the floor, placing two chairs, one at each end of the room. "Now you run a race around those till I say it's enough, and I'll give you one apiece. Run just as fast as you can."

At first the children demurred, they were so cramped and tired and drowsy; but the sight of three brown, delicious-looking cakes which Charly produced from her pocket nerved them to action. Around and around the chairs they ran, Joe ahead, Emmy in the rear, breathing out little clouds of steam. And Charly laughed and clapped her hands and cheered them on, until at last they stopped from sheer fatigue, puffing like three small locomotives, and with their pulses beating in a lively way.

Charly hobbled over to the bed. "Get in, all of you," she said; "then I'll give you your cakes. I know they'll be here when you wake up."

She tucked them in warmly, and then she went back to her chair. She put the ends of her crutches upon two or three live coals and blew them into a tiny blaze. Pretty

alone, for the storm had rendered the roads impassable, and he had tramped the whole distance from Dunbar Corner upon snow-shoes. It was a long, wearying walk, no doubt, and he had been about it two days. But when he opened the door of his home he forgot it all. In less than a minute he had made kindling-wood of one of the chairs, and in another one or two a brisk fire was roaring on the hearth, and Mr. Grace, in terrible fear, was rubbing Charly's hands and forcing some brandy from the little flask he carried down her throat. She opened her eyes presently, and looked up into the kind face above her in a bewildered way.

"Emmy—Dean—Joe—are—"

"All right—all right!" yelled Mr. Grace, nearly beside himself with delight; and then he went down upon his knees before Charly and cried, "We're all all right, my dear."

And so, indeed, they were. I haven't space to tell you all that happened—what Mrs. Grace said and did when she came, a few days later, with the welcome news that grandmamma was better, and heard what Mr. Grace had already heard from Joe and Emmy and Dean; how the story was told throughout the settlement over and over, and how Charly was praised on all sides; nor of how the people of Grand Fork, the little village five miles below, got up a fair for Charly's benefit, which gave her enough to take her to Dr. Lester that very next spring. And though Dr. Lester could not entirely cure her, the weak little limbs grew so much stronger and better that she was able to walk without crutches, by limping a very little. When Dr. Lester, too, came to know who Charly was—for the story of that winter's day had already reached his ears—he refused to take his fee, but, instead, added to the little roll of bills, and put the whole in a bank—for Charly.

"She will want to go to school in a little while," said he. "I think she must study art."

"Why, what makes every one so good to me?" asked Charly, with happy tears; "I didn't do anything."

"Didn't you?" asked Mrs. Grace, in return, kissing the glad little face—"didn't you?"



"MATERNAL COUNSEL."—DRAWN BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

A ROYAL PHYSICIAN.

IN the summer of 1768 a poor woman lay moaning on her bed in the attic of a dingy house in one of the poor quarters of Vienna. The house and its surroundings gave evidence of the poverty of the inhabitants of that part of the gay capital. A glance at the interior showed the tenants to be busily engaged in their various occupations. Kind-hearted though these people were, yet their daily struggle in the battle of life left them but little time to give aid and comfort to their suffering neighbor. Too poor to pay for doctor or nurse, Frau Waldorf was dependent on her only child, a lad of twelve years, who dearly loved his mother. His heart would almost break when he thought how little he could do for her, and saw that she grew worse from day to day.

One day she said: "Franz, I can bear this pain no longer. See if you can not induce some doctor to call here and prescribe for me." With a sad heart, and with but slight hopes of success, Franz obeyed. He called on several physicians and begged them to visit his mother, but in vain. They all declined because he was unable to pay their fee, which in those days was a florin for each visit. In despair, and not knowing what to do next, he stood at a corner dreading to go home. Just then a private carriage came slowly by, in which sat a distinguished-looking man.

This was no other than the Emperor Joseph II., a most kind-hearted ruler, who was always accessible to the most humble of his subjects, and was dearly beloved by them. He frequently mingled with the people, delighting to walk and ride about among them. On such occasions he was always plainly dressed, so that no one suspected that he was the Emperor.

Franz stepped to the carriage door, and taking off his cap, said, humbly: "Kind sir, will you have the goodness to give me a florin?"

"Would not a smaller sum do, my little man?"

"No, sir," replied Franz; and emboldened by the gentleman's kind tone, he narrated to him for what purpose he required a florin.

The Emperor listened attentively, and then handed him the money. He also inquired of him where his mother lived, and questioned him about her circumstances. Pleased with Franz's replies, he then dismissed him, and bade his coachman drive to the given address. On his arrival he wrapped himself well up in his cloak to avoid any possible chance of recognition. Then he ascended the stairs and entered the sick woman's room. She, supposing him to be a physician whom her son had sent, told him of her illness and of her poverty and struggles.

"My good woman," said the Emperor, when she had finished, "I understand your case perfectly. I will now write you a prescription, which I am sure will do you good."

He sat down at the table, and, after writing a few moments, folded up the paper. "When your son comes home he can attend to this."

He had hardly left the house when the door was again opened, and a doctor, followed by Franz, entered the room.

Frau Waldorf was surprised at this second call, and explained to the new-comer that a physician had just visited her and had left a prescription on yonder table. The doctor took up the paper to see who had been there and what had been prescribed. He had, however, hardly glanced at it when he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said: "Madam, do you know into whose hands you have fallen? This paper is an order on the treasury for fifty florins, and is signed, 'Joseph.'"

"The Emperor!" shouted Franz, with delight, while his mother invoked blessings on him who had befriended her in her greatest need.

But the Emperor did not stop here. He caused inquiries to be made about Frau Waldorf and her family, and was informed that her husband had been an officer in his father's army, and had served with distinction through the Seven Years' War. In one of the last engagements he had fallen on the field of battle while gallantly charging a battery. On learning this the Emperor at once gave directions that her wants should be thereafter provided for, and that Franz's further education should be at his expense.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

THE next two were indeed busy weeks for our friends. In Bangor Uncle Christopher and Mark were fully occupied in selecting mill machinery of the most approved patterns, and in purchasing a great variety of farm utensils, groceries, and other things that Mark knew would prove very welcome in Wakulla. Captain May, who had gladly accepted the command of the *Nancy Bell* for this voyage, was equally busy getting her ready for sea, and superintending the stowage of her precious but awkward cargo of machinery.

A letter had been sent to Wakulla, saying that Mark and Ruth would take advantage of the first opportunity that offered to go home, and that Edna May would come with them; but nothing was said of Uncle Christopher and the rest of the party, nor of the schooner and her cargo. All this was reserved as a grand surprise.

The first of October was a charming season of the year for a Southern voyage; and with favoring winds the *Nancy Bell* made a quick run down the coast. In one week after leaving Bangor she had rounded the western end of the Florida Reef, and was headed northward across the green waters of the Gulf. Here she moved but slowly before the light winds that prevailed; but at last the distant light-house at the mouth of the St. Mark's River was sighted. Almost at the same time a slender column of smoke was seen rising to the east of the light, and apparently at some distance inland. As the lamp in the light-house shed forth its cheerful gleam at sunset, the column of smoke changed to a deep red, as though it were a pillar of fire.

While they were wondering what it could be a pilot came on board, and, in answer to their questions, told them that it was the light from the Wakulla volcano. He said that no living soul had ever been nearer than five miles to it on account of the horrible and impenetrable swamps surrounding it.

As the breeze and tide were both in their favor, it was decided to run up to St. Mark's that night. When, about nine o'clock, this point was reached, it was suggested that all hands should take to the boats, and tow the schooner the rest of the way up to Wakulla that same night, so as to surprise the folks in the morning.

The children were wild to have this plan carried out, and finally Captain May and Uncle Christopher consented that it should be tried.

All night long the schooner moved slowly up the solemn river, through the dense shadows of the overhanging forests. The boat's crew were relieved every hour, and shortly before sunrise the children, who had been forced by sleepiness to take naps in their state-rooms, were awakened by Uncle Christopher, who said:

"Come, children, hurry up on deck. The schooner has just been made fast to the 'Go-Bang' pier, and we're going to fire a gun to wake up the folks. A sort of a 'Go-Bang' good-morning, you know."

CHAPTER XX.

EDNA MAY MARCH.

MARK, Ruth, and Edna hurried on deck, and reached it in time to see Captain May load to its muzzle the small brass cannon that was carried on the schooner for firing signals.

How beautiful and peaceful everything looked! The tide, with which they had come up, filled the river to the brim, and it sparkled merrily in the light of the rising sun. The ferry-boat lay moored to the bank just in front of the schooner, and they could see the tin horn hanging to its post, and the very card on which were the ferry rates that Ruth had printed so many months before. The house was hidden from their view by a clump of trees; but over their tops rose a light column of smoke, and they knew Aunt Chloe was up and busy at any rate.

Suddenly flash! bang! the small cannon went off with a roar worthy of a larger piece, and one that woke the echoes for miles up and down the river, disturbed numerous wild water-fowl from their quiet feeding and sent them screaming away through the air, and set all the dogs in Wakulla to barking furiously. In the midst of all the clamor the children heard the loud bark of their own dog, Bruce, and in another moment he came bounding down to the landing, and was the first to welcome them home.

A landing plank was run ashore, and as Mark stepped on to the wharf, and was holding out his hand to Ruth, who followed, there was a loud hurrah behind him, and before he could turn around Frank March had thrown his arms round his neck, and was fairly hugging him in his joy.

"I knew you'd come when we weren't expecting you. I knew you'd surprise us, and I told 'em so last night when they were worrying about you," shouted the boy, dancing about them, and almost inclined to hug Ruth as he had hugged Mark. But he didn't; he only grasped both her hands and shook them until she begged for mercy.

"And here's Edna, Frank," she said. "Miss Edna May, Mr. Frank March."

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Miss Edna," said Frank; and "How do you do, Mr. March?" said Edna, as they shook hands and looked at each other curiously.

Then Frank was introduced to Uncle Christopher, who said, "My boy, I'm proud to make your acquaintance."

As the party came in sight of the house two well-known figures were leaving the front gate, and the next minute Mark and Ruth had rushed into the arms of their father and mother, and the latter was actually crying for joy.

"It is all your doing, Uncle Christopher," she said to Mr. Bangs as soon as she could speak. "I know it is, for you never in your life have neglected opportunities for giving people joyful surprises."

"Well, Niece Ellen, I won't say as I didn't have a hand in it," answered the old gentleman, his face beaming with delight. "But, sakes alive! Mark Elmer, is this the place that I let you have rent free for ten years?"

"Yes, Uncle Christopher, this is the place. This is 'Go Bang,' as the children have named it, and we welcome you very heartily to it."

"Well, well," said Uncle Christopher, sadly, "what chances I have thrown away in this life! eh, Niece Ellen?"

"You never threw away a chance to do good or make others happy, uncle, I am sure of that. But now come into the house and get ready for breakfast."

Mr. March and Jan had gone to Tallahassee the day before, but were to be back that night.

Mrs. Elmer sent Mark down to the schooner to invite Captain May and the Aroostook gentlemen to come to the house for breakfast, but, rather to her relief—for she was not prepared to entertain so many guests—they declined her invitation, saying they would breakfast on board, and come to the house to pay their respects later.

How jolly and happy they all were at breakfast! How shy Frank was before Edna, and how many funny things

Uncle Christopher did say to make them laugh! Little by little the "great scheme" was unfolded to the three members of the mill company present who had not heard of it, though Uncle Christopher and Mark had intended to keep it a secret until they could lay it before a regular meeting of the directors. But, beginning with hints, the whole story was finally told, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and Frank were only too glad to sustain President Mark in his promises. They said they should not only be proud and happy to have the "best uncle in the world" become a member of their company, but that new saw-mill machinery was just what they needed, for they found the present mill already unable to supply the demands upon it for lumber.

While the others were talking business, Ruth and Edna had gone out on the front porch to look at the garden, and now Ruth came back to ask whose house the pretty little new one was that stood just on the edge of the woods to the right.

"Why, that's ours," said Frank, jumping from the table. "Don't you want to go and look at it?"

They said of course they did, and Mark said he would go too. They were perfectly delighted with the new house and everything in it, and praised it for being so tiny and cozy and comfortable, until Frank thought he had never felt so happy and proud before.

As Uncle Christopher and the Aroostook gentlemen were anxious to visit the mill, Mr. Elmer invited them to walk up there through the woods. On their way they passed the sulphur spring, which had been cleaned out and walled in, and over which a neat bath-house had been built. Uncle Christopher was delighted with it, and declared that to an old "rheumatiz" man like him that spring was worth all the lumber in "Florida."

Mr. Elmer had invited all the gentlemen to dine with him that evening, and at half past six a very merry company had gathered around the long table, which, for want of space elsewhere, had been set in the wide hall that ran through the house from front to rear. The evening was so warm that the front door stood wide open; and when dinner was nearly over, the whole party were laughing so heartily at one of Uncle Christopher's funny stories that no one heard the sound of wheels at the gate nor noticed the figure that, with white face and wild eyes, stared at them from the open doorway.

No, not at them; only at one of them—the fair-haired girl, almost a woman, who sat at the head of the table, on Mr. Elmer's right hand, and on whose face the light shone full and strong.

Then a cry rang through the hall, a cry almost of agony, and it was, "Margaret! Margaret! my wife Margaret! am I dreaming, or can the dead come to life?"

As the startled guests looked toward the door, Mr. March entered the room, and without noticing any one else, walked straight to where Edna May was sitting. She, frightened at his appearance and fixed gaze, clung to Mr. Elmer's arm, and Captain May half rose from his chair, with a confused idea that the girl whom he loved as his own daughter was in danger.

"Who is she, Elmer? where did she come from?" exclaimed Mr. March. "She is the living image of my dead wife; only younger, much younger, and more beautiful than she whom I drove from her home," he added, with a groan.

Mr. Elmer had noticed the strange resemblance between Frank March and Edna May, and had determined to speak to his wife about it that night. Now it all flashed across him as clear as sunlight; but before he could speak, Ruth sprang to his side, and taking her friend's hand in hers, cried: "Don't you see, father, she is his own daughter, the baby he thought was drowned in the Savannah River so many years ago? Captain May saved her, and now he has brought her back to her father and brother. Frank, Edna is your own sister."

Mr. March tried to take Edna into his arms, but she slipped away from him and ran to Captain May, saying: "This is my father, the only one I have ever known. As he has loved and cared for me, so do I love him. I will never, never leave him;" and she burst into tears.

After soothing and quieting her, Captain May said: "Mr. March, I suspected this long ago. Mark and Ruth told me of the resemblance between Edna and your son on our way North together last spring, and I made them promise not to mention it to her. I hoped it would prove to be only a fancied resemblance; but, as a Christian man, I could not keep father and daughter separated, if indeed they were father and daughter. So I brought her here to meet you face to face; and from what I have just seen I am inclined to think you are her own father, but you must prove it to me. Prove the fact beyond a doubt, and I will yield to you an undivided half interest in this dear child. Only a half, though. I can't give up the love that has twined round my heart for nearly fifteen years."

Then Mr. March sat down, and in faltering tones told to the listening company the sad story of his married life.

Then Frank came to them, saying: "Sister Edna, won't you kiss me too? The thing I have envied Mark most was his having a sister, and now that I have got one of my own, I do believe I am the very happiest boy in the world."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed good old Uncle Christopher, who had all this time been blowing his nose very loudly with a great red silk handkerchief, and occasionally wiping his eyes; "with all this kissing going on, where am I? Grandniece Ruth, come here and kiss your Uncle Christmas directly."

Long before this, honest Jan Jansen, who had returned from Tallahassee with Mr. March, but waited to put up the mules, had come into the room, and he was now brought forward and introduced to everybody. Among the Aroostook gentlemen he found an old acquaintance, who had met him in New Sweden, and who now told him that, owing to the death of a relative in the old country, a snug little property awaited him, and that a lawyer in Bangor was advertising and searching for him.

Having now spent almost a year with our Wakulla friends, perhaps they are getting tired of us, and we had better leave them for a while, only waiting to draw together the threads of the story, and finish it off neatly.

Edna May March has been installed mistress of the pretty little house that Mr. March and Frank built while the young Elmers were in the North, and she and Ruth receive daily lessons in cooking, sewing, and all sorts of housekeeping from Mrs. Elmer and Aunt Chloe, and the latter says "she's proud to still Souferin precep's into dear sweet Norfen heads, bress 'em!"

The *Nancy Bell* lay in the St. Mark's River long enough to secure a load of lumber from the Elmer Mill, and then sailed for the North. But she will return, for Captain May has bought a half interest in her from Uncle Christo-

pher, and will hereafter run her regularly between New York and Wakulla.

The new Elmer Mill is nearly finished, and four of the six gentlemen from Aroostook have gone home to get their families, and to buy more machinery with which to erect another saw-mill further up the river, and they are expected back on the next trip of the *Nancy Bell*.

Jan has gone to Sweden, but they have had a letter from him saying that he should return soon, and invest his property in Wakulla.

Dear old "Uncle Christmas!" he revels in the warmth of the climate, and in bathing in the sulphur spring.

Edna has been taken on several picnics to Wakulla Spring, over the "humpety road," and "de trabblin' road," past "Erer Steve's," down to the light-house, and to other places of interest. The contrast between what is and what the people of Wakulla hope will be when they get the great ship-canal across Florida built, and other schemes carried out, amuses her greatly. She smiles when they come to her and in strict confidence unfold their plans for future greatness, but is such a patient listener and so ready a sympathizer that she is rapidly winning their admiration and love.

THE END.



"THIS IS MY FATHER, THE ONLY ONE I HAVE EVER KNOWN."

He gave the date of the disappearance of his wife and her baby from home, and he described as well as he could the clothes that each wore at the time.

As he finished, Captain May went to him and gave him a warm, hearty hand grasp. "That's enough," he said. "Gentlemen, I call you to witness that from this time forth I renounce all claims, except those of love, to her who has been known for the last fifteen years as my daughter Edna May. I am satisfied that this man is her father, and that whatever he has been in the past, he is now worthy to occupy that position toward her. Edna, my girl, you have only got two fathers instead of one, and a brother of whom I think you will live to be very proud, besides. Your heart holds enough love for all of us, doesn't it, dear?"

Edna's answer was to throw her arms around his neck, and kiss his weather-beaten cheeks again and again. Then, with a smile showing through the tears that still filled her eyes, she went over to Mr. March, whom she no longer doubted was her own father, but of whom she could not help feeling very shy, and half timidly held up her face for him to kiss. The happy father opened his arms and clasped her to his heart, exclaiming, in a broken voice, "God bless you, my daughter! That He has restored you to me is the surest sign of His forgiveness."

Ye sad story concerning one innocent little *Lamb* and four wicked *Wolves*:



little lamb was gamboling,
Upon a pleasant day,
And four grey wolves came shambling,
And stopped to see it play
In the sun.

Said the lamb, "Perhaps I may
Charm these creatures with my play,
And they'll let me go away,
When I've done."

The wolves, they sat a-smiling at
The playful thing, to see
How exceedingly beguiling that
Its pretty play could be.

See it hop!
But its strength began to wane,
Though it gamboled on in pain,
Till it finally was fain,
For to stop.

Oh! then there was a munching,
Of that tender little thing,
And a crunching and a scrunching.
As you'd munch a chicken wing.
No avail

Was its cunning, merry play
For the only thing, they say,
That was left of it that day,
Was its tail.

So with me; when I am done,
And the critics have begun,
All they'll leave me of my fun
'Ll be the tale.



two years ago. I saw in the Post-office Box some letters from England, but none from the place I came from, which was Bremen. I was very disappointed, named no pets except a dear little sister one year old, named Nelli. I have three sisters and one brother, and I am the oldest. I would have never written to any paper before, so I would like very much to see this in print.

AMY C. R.

WATERSIDE, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl nine years old, and my name is Nellie, and I have a sister named Nellie, and a brother named Frank. A friend of mine takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and she told me about it, and I asked my papa to get it for me. I have a dear little baby brother just one month old, and he is just too sweet for anything.

NELLIE E. Q.

SPRINGFIELD, WISCONSIN.

I am going to write a little letter. I have no pets, but I have a large doll; I have had five years. I have one brother, nine years old, and I go to school, and I am in the grammar-room. I study grammar, reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and writing. I live in a large house, and go to the public school. I am a good German for a while. I hung up my stockings at Christmas, and received a number of things. I have a grandma ninety-five years old, and she gave me an apron. I got a large box of pink mug, a nice needle-book, two fringed Christmas cards and four other ones, and some candy and nuts and other things.

CORA A.

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I thought I would write, telling you what a fine time I had on Christmas. There are five of us and two girls and three boys. After papa had distributed our Christmas gifts we all sang that lovely Christmas carol in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE—a surprise to papa—and they all thought it beautiful. For my Christmas, I received a bisque doll, a writing-desk, and a great many other things. Christmas eve we went to our church, of which papa is superintendent. Our service consisted of the giving service—that is, each class had a bag, and it was filled with all sorts of things, which the next day were distributed among the poor of our church. It was great fun to see them carry up their bags. After we had taken up our bags at 1 had speaking and singing, we went down-stairs to the basement and had refreshments. We all like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and thought it was a lovely story. I must close now.

LILLIAN O.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Dear Postmistress,—I have been thinking I would write you as others do for quite a long time. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number. I can not read very well, so my mamma reads to me. I am eight years old. I have a pet kitty, and he is so black we have named him Jet. I have a doll; her name is Pansy. I like to play with dolls very much. Mamma is helping me make some needle-cases, which are easy for wee little girls to make. We take two pieces of silver card-board about three inches wide, and cut them in half, and then we work a little pattern in the middle of each; then line each piece with gold or satin, and bind the two pieces with narrow ribbon to match, and sew two long edges together with fine stitches; then two or three pieces of flannel inside, and tie the two pieces with a pretty bow. I am afraid my letter is too long, but I do hope you will print it.

JULIA A. T. A.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

We have been reading and enjoying more than I can tell you every number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since its publication. Why, we could hardly exist without it. I have a little sister, one year old, named Bayard. He says he was named for the Chevalier, and is going to be, like him, pure and lofty. We read all the stories in the YOUNG PEOPLE to him, and he has become a great storyteller. I send you some just as he told them.

MAY.

A FAIRY STORY.

I went up to the moon, and called a voice. There would nobody answer. I called a voice again. Then a moon fairy came, and asked me to stop. I couldn't get my breath, so I couldn't stop. Then I went to the stars. They were just covered with star fairies, whose golden hair makes them shine so, and whose bright eyes make them twinkle when they shut them. When I wanted to come home, a star fairy let me down on one of her golden hairs. Everybody said, "Have you seen the comet?" The idea of coming to see a hair a comet!

BAYARD.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have been ill and in bed ever since July, and I am now able to sit up with my wrapper on. I grow stronger every day. I have no pets. I had a cat named Topsy, but she died, and I also have some one stole her. I have two brothers and two sisters younger than I; I am twelve years

old. I can read, speak, and write German; I studied it about four years. I hope you can find me a letter with a longer. I am your constant reader and friend.

You have had a long trial in patience, dear. I hope you will soon be quite strong again.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—May another elder sister tell you how well this dear little paper is loved and appreciated in her home? Every number is a source of pleasure, while the book-plates are always interesting to the older as well as the younger members of the family. In looking over Volume 1, I saw a letter from a dear little cousin of mine—Ward R., of Buffalo, who sent his cunning little verses to the Postmistress. I wish to share them with you. The suggestions for Christmas presents were a great help to me, as well as to several of my friends, and the funny little play given in the beautiful Christmas number is now under practice for an entertainment to be given by our club. The name is very appropriate, we think, for we certainly are "Sausage-makers." I fear I've been taking you too much of your space, but we all know and love the Postmistress so well that we write to her as though she were old and fat, and we all know and love our dear paper great success, and thanking all the little folks who help to make the Post-office Box so attractive, I am your sincere friend.

SUSIE M. B.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I help my father by driving his horse and wagon, and in my leisure hours I go to work and skate or to the roller-skating rink. I am twelve years old, and wish you a happy New Year.

GEORGE F.

NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA.

I am a little boy ten years old, and as all the other little boys for she had been a very pretty girl, would write and tell you about my home. It is situated on the Hillsborough River and among the orange-trees. We have all the oranges we can eat, sweet and sour. We have four brothers and two sisters, and we have grand times together. We lived in Jacksonville until a year ago, and then we moved down here. I like it better here, because it is in the country, and we go sailing, rowing, fishing, and hunting.

T. C. V.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have a brother and a sister. My brother is five, and his name is Kenneth, and my sister is two, and her name is Clara. I am so sweet and cunning, and she has two dummies in her cheeks. One day, when my brother was a baby, we found him taking something out of the closet, and he said, "Tablaum!" He thought that would keep us from scolding him. I thought I would send you a little story:

FAY'S DREAM.

It was Christmas-eve, and Fay lay tossing in her bed, for she had been a naughty girl, and now she was afraid that Santa Claus would give her nothing. While she lay there it seemed as if she could hear the prancing and pawing of each little foot on the roof, and she sat up and listened. There was a scurrying in the chimney, and down sprang Santa Claus. He lit Bell's and Henry's stockings, and then he turned to Fay. "Follow me," was all he said. Fay obeyed. She told her mother afterward she did not know how to get up the chimney, but up she was, and in Santa's tiny sleigh. They flew through the air, and at last stopped at a dirty house. In a minute they were down the chimney, and such a dirty room the children were crying for bread, and the worn mother was cutting some thin slices of a hard loaf. Santa Claus made Fay come to Fay to come to Fay, they were seated in the sleigh. "Now," said Santa, "would you rather give your presents to these children, instead of keeping them for yourself?" "Yes," said Fay. By that time they had reached home, and Fay soon found herself in her bed. When she woke up, her stocking was full, and on it was written, "For a generous little girl."

MIRIAM O.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I like it very much. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsway." I would like to write some more, but I am not sure. Now I suppose you would like to know how many pets I have. I have but one pet; that is a very tame snake. I am in the fourth grade, and my teacher's name is Miss K. I learn reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, etc. My teacher is very good to me.

E. N. B.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WISCONSIN.

Though I am a boy of but eleven, I joined the Housekeepers' Band a long time ago. I live in the historical old city of Prairie du Chien, the second oldest city in the West. It is in old Fort Crawford, which is the second oldest fort in the West, the other being that at Green Bay. The

fort (all but the hospital) was burned several years ago. In summer Prairie du Chien is a lovely place; the bluffs and the Mississippi make the scenery, while the Artesian water and its baths make it a fine watering-place. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and think it is a splendid paper. Dear Postmistress, can't you find something for us by Housekeepers to do? It is so hard to let the girls do everything.

J. HAZEN N.

I will find something very interesting for my boy friends to do in the housekeeping line before long.

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

I will be twelve years old next April. This is my first letter to any paper, and so I hope I shall see it in print. I go to school every day. Our teacher is very kind, and teaches us everything that is useful. I am in the C grammar class; there are about forty pupils in our class. This is a very rainy day, and so I did not go to school. When I have finished writing this letter I will read or sew. With a kiss, good-by.

MARY S.

How very happy would we be if only there were room for all the little letters we write.

Alice B. Charrard will please send us her address.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

FOUR WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. To exist. 2. The same. 3. Something bad. 4. A garden.

2.—My first a pretty maiden's name.

My second you may call the same.

My third of figures is the first.

My fourth of fruits is not the worst.

3.—1. A girl's name. 2. A heavenly body. 3. First part of the day. 4. A girl's name.

4.—1. A musical instrument. 2. A continent.

3. An ornament. 4. Part of a book.

JAMIE L. KAPP.

No. 2.

RHOMBIC.

Across.—1. A ribbon. 2. A name. 3. To be fruitful. 4. A heavy metal.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. An article. 3. A word signifying negation. 4. A fight. 5. Need cut. 6. A pet name often heard. 7. A letter.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 3.

DIAMOND.

(To the Man in the Moon.)

1. A letter. 2. An instrument for cutting. 3. A band. 4. Rank. 5. To divide into shares. 6. A kind of strong ale. 7. A letter.

NAVAGO.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 271.

No. 1.—Tombigbee.

No. 2.—Skating.

No. 3.— J E A F
J E N N Y F E N C E
A T E A T

No. 4.—1. Chicago. 2. Boston. 3. Philadelphia. 4. Camden. 5. Sacramento. 6. Washington. 7. Paris. 8. London. 9. Dublin. 10. York. 11. Glasgow. 12. Liverpool.

No. 5.—

B J O E
J A L A P
B E E N
E A R T H
P O H
S

The answer to the enigma in No. 272, page 176, is "The Moon and Stars."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from C. Best, Leda G. Frindle, John H. Barker, Anna, Maud M. M. Garhaid, George Baldwin, J. A. F. Alda G. H. L. Henderson, Rosa D. Chew, Miss Mary, Helen W. Gardner, Lena, and wife, Jennie Wis. Nellie L. Van Winkle, Jessie S. Godine, G. T. Slade, Martin Holckert, Francis Barnard, S. L. The Man in the Moon, F. Roy Butler, Flossie, Augustus Langdon, Barry D. Fish, John A. Farn, James Connor, Charlie Davis, Wallace A. Keop, W. W. Simons, Jun. II. A. Sampson, Chrysie Greenleaf, Fay Greenleaf, Stella Westcott, Fred Smith, Clarence H. Martin, Sarah R. Bernia, Lucy D. Elizabeth Barnhart, Lottie Peale, and J. Raleigh Nelson.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



BY
A. D. BEARD.

ALICE had been playing on the floor for some time with her brothers, but they had gone off now to their more boyish sports, and she remained seated where they left her, trying to amuse herself as best she might.

"Auntie," she presently said, as she tossed up and deftly caught on the back of her plump little hand the cast-iron toys which the children call jacks—"auntie, did you play jack-stones when you were a little girl?"

"Yes," I answered, hesitatingly, rather afraid of being called upon to show my proficiency by taking part in a game. But Alice seemed content to play alone, and seeing this, I cheerfully answered the questions which she now showered fast upon me.

"And did you mother?"

"I suppose so."

"And her mother?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

Beginning to be interested, Alice arose, and bringing her little chair close to my side, she seated herself in it, and examining the toys she still held in her hand, as though seen for the first time, she continued:

"Now, auntie, perhaps your great-grandmother played jack-stones too, and her mother, and— I wonder," she said, quickly, as if a new thought had occurred to her—"I wonder who invented the game. Some one must have played it for the first time, and I wonder who it was. Do you know, auntie?"

"I have never heard of its originator," I returned, "but that the game was in existence centuries ago is very certain." The bright inquiring look in the eyes of my little niece urged me to proceed, and I went on: "An English writer says that from the earliest times the huckle-bones of sheep and goats were used by women and children to play a game which consisted of throwing these bones into the air and catching them on the back of the hand, just as the children nowadays play with their jack-stones. When these bones were without any artificial marks the game was entirely one of skill; but sometimes the sides of the bones were marked like dice; then it became a game of chance."

To give Alice a better idea of the antiquity of this play, I showed her an engraving copied from a Greek painting discovered at Ruana, which represents two women in the Greek costume playing this game, which they called "Astragalus," the Greek for huckle-bone. One has evidently just caught on her hand the bones which she had previously tossed up, while the other, watching her companion, is waiting to try her skill.

By this time Alice's interest was thoroughly aroused. She was highly gratified to hear that the game she took such delight in was of enough importance to have been for centuries handed down from one generation to another until the present day, and she was very much in earnest about searching for further particulars concerning it.

Not content, however, to know only of the origin of jack-stones, Alice has determined to seize every opportunity for discovering the origin of other well-known and familiar plays; for, as she wisely remarked, the games will be so much more enjoyable when she knows what people first played them and how they came into existence.



"ALL RIGHT, JIMMY. LET HER ZIP."



SHE "ZIPS."



A STIFF BREEZE ABAFT.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 275.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"COLD COMFORT."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

A RUSSIAN FESTIVAL.

BY DAVID KER.

THE 18th of January is a great festival in Russia, called the "Christening of the Rivers." On that day a priest goes down to every great river, dips a cross in it through a hole cut in the ice, and pronounces a blessing which is supposed to make the water holy. Then the poor ignorant peasants, who think that this water will cure all their pains and sicknesses better than any medicine, rush in to fill their jugs and pots, and very often the water gets spilled in the scuffle and the jugs get broken, and so (like many other people) they lose what they want through overeagerness to get it.

Some say that this festival is in memory of one of the first Russian Czars, a very savage and wild-looking fellow, very much like an Indian or a Zulu, who, instead of wearing fine clothes and having a grand palace to live in, dressed in bear-skins, and lived in a log hut floored with mud. When this man became a Christian, he and his warriors were baptized in the river Dnieper by an old Christian priest, who held a cross over them and blessed them and their river; and so, it is said, the custom began.

I was at St. Petersburg once on the morning of this festival, and a strange sight it was. The wide frozen river, the snowy streets, the houses of all colors—red, yellow, green, blue, or white—the great golden domes and spires standing out against the cold, clear blue sky (all Russian church towers are plated with gold), made it look quite like a fairy city in a picture. And the crowds that came to look at the show, what a sight they were!—smart young officers all silver lace and shining buttons, with long swords clanking at their heels; stout merchants, whose great red faces, half buried in huge fur caps and collars, looked like a sunset in a pine forest; round-faced children waddling along in blue coats reaching down to their heels, and so thickly wadded as to make them seem like cushions set up on end; long-haired priests in dark robes and high black tumbler-shaped caps; blue-frocked hackmen; nurses with pasteboard crowns; and peasants in greasy sheep-skins, with knee-high boots stuffed with hay, and "shined" with tar instead of blacking.

The Winter Palace itself was not very pretty, for, with its yellowish-brown color and the ornamental turrets and pinnacles stuck all over its roof, it looked just like a huge cake of gingerbread. But half-way across the great square behind it stood one of the finest monuments in Russia, a pillar of polished granite eighty-four feet high, in honor of the Czar Alexander I. The very night it was set up, a tremendous thunder-storm came on, and the lightning struck it down; but it was soon restored.

Just as twelve o'clock struck, bang went a gun. Then the palace gate swung open, and out came a tall man in a dark green uniform trimmed with gold lace. Up into the frosty air went a tremendous slant—for this man was the Czar himself—and then all was still again.

At the edge of the granite quay in front of the palace a little blue pavilion had been built, with a plank stair leading down to the frozen river, and here the Russian priests were awaiting the Czar. Between this building and the palace gate a carpet had been spread for him to walk on, and the passage was kept clear by two ranks of soldiers, who, standing motionless in their long overcoats of gray frize, looked just like granite walls set with spikes of steel.

As the Czar entered the pavilion, the chief priest—a tall, blue-looking man in a richly embroidered robe, with long hair flowing over his shoulders—took the cross in his hand, and going slowly down the stair to the spot where the ice had been cut, dipped the cross into the dark waters, and spoke the words of blessing. Then the Czar went back to the palace as he had come, the soldiers marched off, the crowd broke up and melted away, and the great show was over.

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILBEE'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

BOB TELLS HIS SECRET.



ERE, stop reading, Nan she's gone."

"Who?" inquired Nan, lifting her eyes rather absently from her book.

"Why, Balchie, to be sure," said Bob, with a wide grin. "I suppose Miss Good-girl thinks she must go on just as if the teacher were here."

The color mounted to Nan's cheeks, but she made no answer, and

Betty, who was vigorously rubbing out her last attempt in fractions, exclaimed:

"I'm so glad mamma sent her out for that precious worsted. I *knew* if we said we couldn't match it yesterday, she'd make Miss Balch go this morning. What shall we do? We've at least an hour." And Betty with a yawn flung her slate across the table, and tilting her chair backward, very nearly landed on the floor.

It had been part of Miss Rolf's agreement with Mrs. Farquhar that if Nan were allowed to spend a month in New York, she could share the school-room studies. The old lady had been assured that competent teachers were engaged, and indeed it had been partly for the sake of adding a new impetus to her studies that she had given her consent to so long a visit; and now, after three days, Nan felt dismayed, troubled, and down-hearted, for it was impossible to study *with* the children, and if she attempted to go off by herself they gave her no peace.

One of Miss Rolf's strongest injunctions was that she was in all respects to conform to the ideas or regulations of the household she was in, and Nan had during the short time of her stay in New York already been called upon to decide for herself what seemed her duty to her aunt and her education, and to her hostess and young companions.

The children evidently had not the smallest intention of concealing from her their method of shirking lessons or punishments, of disobeying orders or playing pranks. She understood from Bob's threatening looks and Betty's cool speech that she might "tell if she dared," and poor Nan, to whom an underhand way of doing anything was abhorrent and a falsehood impossible, had found herself daily in the most perplexing situations. As the children were left wholly to their own devices when not actually under Miss Balch's eye, she felt that it was not her place to say anything to any one of what they did. She was a visitor, not a monitor, and yet by her very silence did she not countenance the innumerable fibs they told, over the success of which they exulted so gleefully?

But, fortunately or unfortunately, no one thought of asking Nan's advice or opinion, and all that she could do was to try private remonstrance with the two incorrigible ones, who, however, laughed her attempts to scorn, secretly planning new ways of shocking "Miss Good-girl," as Nan was called.

But Nan, slow as she might be thought in books, had a quick and active little brain, and on this very morning

she had resolved to try and interest the pair in something which would distract their restless minds from any new form of mischief. Miss Balch had been desired by Mrs. Farquhar to match some worsted which the day before on a walk Betty had purposely failed to find, and, as we have seen, the governess's departure was the signal for them to throw any idea of study to the winds.

Nan sighed as she thought of the honest fun and merry-making going on in College Street, which, if it grew very wild and boisterous at times, was always good-humored. She had a letter from Joan in her pocket, which had made her very homesick that morning, and she had felt hurt and indignant when she tried to read it aloud to the Farquhars and they had burst into derisive laughter over it.

"What shall we do?" queried Bob, with a very shrewd look first at Nan sitting in the window, then at Betty across the table. "I'll tell you, girls: I'll be real good to you, I guess—you know about my secret. Well, if you'll—lem-me see"—Bob shut his eyes for a moment's reflection as to what bribe he wanted—"if you'll do four favors I'll show it to you."

"Oh, Bob!" cried Betty, joyously, and dancing up and down in her delight, "I'll do fifty favors. Come, Nan—come. Oh, Bob, I'll love you now."

And Betty, who, as Nan had discovered, had really something affectionate in her nature, proceeded to give Bob a hug with one of her long, thin arms. But Master Robert never permitted any such familiarity. His rough push sent poor little Betty spinning backward so violently that she struck her head against one of the globes, while Bob muttered, "Just keep off a fellow, will you; and," he added, very solemnly, "any girl that wants to know my secret will have to do just as I say."

Betty, trying to keep back the tears which the sharp blow had almost forced into her eyes, nodded her head, and Bob continued:

"Now say, King Brother—" He looked as majestic as possible, while Betty, in a voice which she tried to command, repeated:

"King Brother—"

"Will you deign to forgive me for all the mean things I've done?"

Betty, with the utmost gravity, repeated his words.

"Will you, O King Brother, be so gracious and so good and so forgiving as to let me know your secret, and I promise to keep it sacred, and to give you my best box of paints and the long brush."

Betty proceeded bravely and solemnly enough to follow his words until it came to the box of paints, but here she hesitated with a quiver of her lips, and Bob said, quickly, "Oh, very well, then, you sha'n't know it," which speedily reduced her to submission, curiosity and a pride in sharing Bob's secrets being poor Betty's ruling influences.

"Now, then," said Bob, turning his pale little eyes upon Nan, who during this scene had been trying to keep her face straight, "let's hear you say it: King Cousin—"

But Nan burst into one of her merry peals of laughter. "Indeed, I'll say nothing of the kind," she said, when she could control her voice sufficiently to speak. "I'd like to know your secret, and if it's really and truly yours, I'll promise to keep it. There, now, Mr. Bob," she concluded, nodding her head at him.

Bob for a moment wondered whether it would be better to accept so much submission from Nan or to let it all go, to openly defy her and shut her out from their fun. But on the whole he decided in favor of the former course. As he expressed it to himself, she'd be "sticking around anyway," and he enjoyed an audience for his jokes and tricks, and sooner or later he could contrive to "pay her off" for anything she did to annoy him.

"You promise to keep it?" he said, solemnly.

"I told you I would if it was really and truly your secret," Nan answered.

"Well, come along, then. Where are the paints, Betty? I must have those first."

For Bob knew that after her curiosity was satisfied, it was by no means unlikely that Betty would try and escape from her part of the contract; so he obtained the box, locked it away in his desk, and then telling the girls to put on their hats, led them down into the yard.

For a town house, there was quite a little garden at the back of Mr. Farquhar's home, and to the right were fine stables. Toward these Bob, whistling proudly, conducted the two girls.

Bob went into the carriage-house by a side door, and stopped to ask Nan if she could climb a ladder.

"You wait and see," said Nan, merrily. "I wish Joan could have heard you ask me that."

Bob, feeling a certain new degree of respect for his cousin, ran up a ladder leading into the loft, and the girls followed him.

This loft was used for old bits of harness, hay at one side, and the coachman's tools and small belongings at the other; but at the furthest end was a sort of stall, which Bob had boxed in for his own use.

A rough padlocked door had been put on by the stable-boy Jim, who was a great friend of Bob's.

A movement was heard inside the door as Bob turned the key in the lock.

"Shut up, will you!" he said, roughly, and opening the door, pulled a small whip from his pocket.

The closet was dimly lighted, and as the rickety door swung back, the girls saw that half of the floor was covered with straw, on which crouched rather than lay a little dog.

Nothing could have been more pathetic, more pleading, than the look the dumb animal fastened upon them—upon his tormentor, whose face he knew only too well.

Nan uttered an exclamation, half delight, half compassion, and bent down at once to make friends with the poor little creature; but this was by no means part of Master Bob's intention.

"Come away from there, Nan; that's my dog," he exclaimed, and so saying administered a quick lash across the dog's back, and pulled him out into the large part of the little closet.

"Bob, you cruel boy!" Nan cried out, "how can you ill-treat a dumb animal like that? And see, the poor little thing is so weak and thin!"

"Now you just keep still, Nan Rolf," returned Bob, who was busy over some pieces of twine and rope he had taken down from the closet shelf. "I'm training this dog, and I can do it without your help. Now, then"—he fastened the rope across the closet on two nails low down in the walls—"whoop-la! jump, Rover," and another stroke of the little whip sent poor Rover across the rope, while the same inducement put him through a variety of poorly devised tricks; but after each one the unhappy little creature would look with such an appealing gaze upon his tyrant that Nan felt it more than she could endure to remain a passive spectator, and yet she realized her only hope of rescuing poor Rover was by conciliating his master.

"There, now!" exclaimed Bob, flushed with triumph, as Rover "begged," remaining on his weak little hind-legs fully a minute. "You've got to beat a dog and kick it"—suing the action to the word—"to make it know you're master."

"It's no such thing," cried Nan, with tears in her eyes, "and I think you're a cruel, wicked boy."

"You do, do you?" said Bob, maliciously. "That shows all you know. Now perhaps you would like to see me give him a regular flogging;" and he proceeded to snap the whip, at the sight of which poor Rover shrank back in abject terror.

But Nan, unable to bear more, had fled, and with a feeling that something within her heart was bursting, she made her way up the stairs and, without pausing, to her own room.



"YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT A DOG AND KICK IT TO MAKE IT KNOW YOU'RE MASTER!"

There she sat down, pressing her hands together, and with all her heart repenting of the promise she had made. How could she pass one happy hour while she thought of that poor little dog out in the loft, starved, beaten, ill-used, tormented as only such a boy as Bob Farquhar could torment a helpless dumb animal.

Ten minutes of wretchedness of mind for Nan passed by, and then came a little sound outside her door. It was pushed open softly, and Nan saw the small dark face of little Tina, Betty's seven-year-old sister, with whom Nan had tried for two days to make friends. But whether from timidity, sulkiness, or fear, Tina shrank from every attempt Nan had made, so that now her coming voluntarily was most encouraging.

"Can I come in?" said this small person, looking carefully around. "Louise has gone out, and she forbade me to leave the nursery, so I mustn't stay long."

"Let me go into the nursery with you," said Nan, springing up and taking one of Tina's cold little hands.

"But it is nicer here," said the child.

"Never mind," rejoined Nan; "you were told to stay in there, you know, and if you'll let me go with you I'll tell you a nice story."

Tina looked wonderingly up at Nan. To disobey Louise, or indeed any one, never had occurred to her as wrong unless it were found out, and for all the rule which Louise kept over her, Tina was shrewd enough to escape detection very often. However, the promise of the story was worth going back to the place of bondage, and she allowed Nan to conduct her to the nursery, not guessing the relief her cousin felt in anything which should distract her attention from the scene she had just witnessed and the unlucky promise she had made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WONDERFUL PIGMY TROUPE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

THIS amusing entertainment can be prepared by children very effectively on an ancient plan, at short notice, and can also be performed by their elders.

In either case, if a curtain is available or the parlor is divided by doors, the performance will be finer and more easily arranged than in a room without such convenience. When the curtain is drawn aside or the folding-doors are opened, the audience behold a stage thirty inches in height, which crosses the back of the room. This little stage or platform is about three feet wide, and is draped to the floor with a handsome piano cover or blanket. On this stage stand six or more pigmies, averaging from two and a half to three feet in height, with large heads and hands, who stand so still at first that they seem to be painted on the dark background. The spectators look on with wonder, which increases when these wooden-looking figures bow low, and then begin to sing some familiar air together, after which they dance and perform many seemingly impossible feats.

Before giving a full account of all their funny actions and comic costumes, it may be well to describe the very simplest one first, as children can thus begin, and gain confidence by success, until they can easily construct for themselves the Chinaman, old lady, baboon, and other eccentricities which follow.

A careful study of Fig. 1 will show the position of the two persons who combine to form Mr. John Doe, whose full portrait will be seen in Fig. 2. The boy who furnishes the head and body first puts on his father's longest waistcoat, and then places each hand and arm into a pair of long-legged boots. He then takes his position behind a covered table placed against a window which is provided with a thick pair of curtains. Another boy then takes his stand behind these curtains in the exact manner indicated in picture Fig. 1, the dotted line in which illustrates the edges of the curtains where they meet in the centre. This cut will also show the position of the arms and hands, which are the only members which this concealed confederate is expected to furnish. The cape of a small water-proof cloak will complete the costume of Mr. Doe, and serve also to hide such parts of the confederate's arms as it is best to conceal. A hat, cane, handkerchief, and snuff-box lie on a crick which stands on the table within easy reach of the hands of the figure. Mr. Doe's legs being represented by the arms of the boy who is dressed in the boots which stand on the table, it will be well to pull up the sleeves which cover the arms, and puff them out as much as possible over the boot-tops, in case the waistcoat should not be long enough to cover them.

In all exhibitions of the Pigmy Troupe it will be found very convenient to have a manager, who stands at the right of the room, introduces

the characters, and hands them such articles as they may require from time to time, as if to save them the trouble of stepping down from the stage. Any bright boy can act this part and make up his own speeches, a few specimens of which will be given as the different pigmies are described.

When Mr. Doe is shown he may say, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. John Doe, the famous pigmy of Great Britain, who feels much bigger than he looks."

The dwarf bows low, takes up his handkerchief, wipes his forehead, and puts it in his pocket.

"I am sorry to say he is a little conceited."

The dwarf puts on his hat and seizes his cane as if to go.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Doe. Pray do not leave us."

MR. DOE. "I will not stay here to be insulted."

MANAGER. "Indeed, I beg your pardon. I should have said you are hardly able to appreciate your own greatness."

MR. DOE. "I accept the apology. Pray take a pinch of snuff." (Opens and offers box.)

MANAGER. "Please tell the ladies some facts as to your life and history."

MR. DOE. "I was born on the shortest day of the year, in the smallest city in Europe, was fed on short-cake, and studied short-hand only. When half grown I happened to be standing under a chair, in which a very fat woman sat down without noticing me, and I was pressed into a shape from which I have never quite rallied, my head and brains far surpassing the rest of my body, as you see."

Here the pigmy makes motions with his hands, and waves his handkerchief, which he drops on the floor. As the manager stoops to pick it up, at the same time placing his own hat on his head, the dwarf kicks it off, and makes a triumphant gesture; but as the manager rises, the pigmy makes him a very humble apology, as if it was done only by accident. The manager seems very angry, but is finally appeased, and they shake hands. The manager says to the audience: "You will see that Mr. Doe's anger is very short, like himself, and his stay this evening will also be very short, as some other pigmies will in their turn be exhibited, who have been gathered at great expense from various nations and climes. Mr. Doe will now bid you good-night." The pigmy then bows very low, and waves his hands and throws kisses as the curtain slowly falls.



FIG. 2.—THE PERFORMANCE.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD'S HOME.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"I KNOW where she lived," says little Alice. "She lived in the country near a beautiful wood, and she had to go through the wood to get to her grandmother's house. And then the wicked wolf saw her, and he ran on ahead and got there first, and then—and then—"

It is too harrowing, and tender-hearted little Alice, as she thinks of the poor old grandmother, breaks down and cries.

This is the little maiden's favorite story, and she will coax the larger children to play "wolf," and then scream and hide her face in her mother's dress when the savage animals run after her on all fours, with brown or golden curls hanging down their backs, and growl fiercely for their supper.

The shrieking and laughing and growling go on until Alice is carried off to her little white bed, and the older children gather round for a story.

Charlie says: "Where did Red Riding-hood live, auntie? Do you believe it was a place just like this, with a mill-pond and woods and fields like ours?"

"No, indeed, my little man, not in the least like this; and I am very doubtful about the wood, for trees are scarce there. Little Red Riding-hood lived in Brittany."

"Why, that is *England*," exclaims Laura.

"Wrong, my little geographer. *Britain* is England, but *Brittany* is the northwest corner of France. Here it is on the map for you; and although not very far from England—just across the Channel—it is different in every way, and the people seem to be a race by themselves. It is a poor, barren country, washed by the sea, and very dreary, and it is chiefly famous for its Druidical stones. The Druids were priests, and had a strange religion, that has passed out of the world. They held their services in groves, and made altars and monuments of immense stones, some of which are standing now, but many of them have fallen to the ground.

"There are large sand hills, or 'dunes,' all along the coast of Brittany, and the quicksands—that is, places where the sand is largely mixed with water, and not solid enough to support a person's weight—are very dangerous, especially for travellers who pass them after dark, and often sink into their treacherous depths.

"The men and women of Brittany are queer-looking objects, and seem as if they were dressed for a masquerade. The men wear their hair very long, even reaching to their shoulders, and their hats are very broad brimmed. Their dress seems to be all waistcoat, and this absurdly long garment is often of the brightest colors, gayly embroidered. Their trousers end just below the knee, and display to great advantage the thick woollen stockings and ugly shoes which give their feet the appearance of being in boxes.

"The women wear a snowy cap with wings which entirely conceals the hair; their skirts are short and scant, and the whole dress clumsy. The style of dress varies in different provinces, but it is handed down from generation to generation, and fashions never change.

"The people of Brittany delight in stories and songs, and on a cold winter evening the villagers will meet at some particular cottage where there is a good large room, while the great blazing fire gives all the light that is needed. The women form a spinning circle, and are as busy as bees, while the young men range themselves outside of the fire. All the old stories that have been told over and over again for hundreds of years are repeated at these meetings, and enjoyed a great deal more than if they were brand new. Every one must tell a story or sing a song to amuse the company, and the stories and songs are always about things that happened in Brittany.

"It was probably in one of these spinning circles by the

winter fire-side that the quaint legend of Red Riding-hood was first told; for wolves abound in Brittany, and the recent loss of some child in this dreadful way may have been the foundation of the story which is so very sad and yet so very delightful.

"Wolf-hunts are very common in Brittany, and sometimes in the deepest recesses of a wood the hunters will come upon the 'wolves' kitchen.' This is the spot where the savage animals enjoy their repasts, which they do not take the trouble to cook, and fragments of bones and fur which are left around show the kind of provisions that they indulge in.

"These creatures are also said to have a dancing saloon—an open place in the forest with a beaten path around it—and here they come to frolic by the light of the moon. Farmers living near the woods have declared that they heard the wolves howling like dogs at the sound of the Angelus, or morning bell, from the church tower, for their revels must now be ended. The farmers do not like them, for, thanks to the prowling wolves,

'There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.'

"The story of Little Red Riding-hood is found in Germany too, and other northern countries; but there the ravening wolf is Night, or Darkness, and Little Red Cap, or Red Riding-hood, who is swallowed up by the cruel beast, is Evening with her scarlet or crimson robe of sunset.

"This is much the prettier story of the two."

ARCHIE'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

Part I.

ARCHIE GRAHAM is now a young man at college, who has become a member of a secret society, made at least one speech in the debating club, and pulled stroke oar in the Freshman crew. On the whole, he is regarded as a "rising man."

Five years ago this young collegian was a pupil at the Rev. Dr. Pont's school, near Belhaven, a small sea-port city of New England. It is useless to look for the name on the map, for Belhaven is not the real name of the place, nor is Archie Graham the real name of the hero of the adventure I am about to relate. Of course he would not like to have his real name printed here; but some of his old school-fellows, when they hear this story from their younger brothers, will recognize the real boy under the name I have given him, and will perhaps fill in some little details that I may have forgotten.

There were about seventy boys at Dr. Pont's, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen. The older fellows generally went to college on leaving Belhaven, and during their last year at school they were objects of great admiration to the younger boys. Being such mighty masters of the arts of base-ball, foot-ball, and rowing, to say nothing of the vast stores of learning which their heads were supposed to contain, they had naturally no time or inclination for anything so purely boyish as what the teachers called mischief, and the boys larks. Not so, however, the younger boys. Dr. Pont's school, though it had the reputation of turning out boys who were both scholars and gentlemen, had plenty of lively spirits ripe for a lark. Indeed, I don't think I would give much for a school that did not; for what is a lark but a way of having fun? and though a school-boy's judgment does not always restrain him within proper bounds, he would really have a very bad time if he were never allowed, or never allowed himself, to indulge in a lark.

During the dark months of the year an afternoon session was held, beginning at half past four, and from the time they had finished dinner until that hour the boys were free. When the weather was open they played foot-ball, and when snow was on the ground they coasted; but there came days before the snow fell when the ground was frozen hard, and the only resources of the boys were play-ground games, the gymnasium, and country walks. Not that they walked out in regimental order, two by two. No such check was put upon their liberty. They went out in little bands of from two to half a dozen, and they only stuck to the turnpike-road so long as nothing attractive called them over the fences, to jump a drain, cut a crotch stick for a shooter, try a likely-looking piece of ice, or what not.

This, at least, is what most of them did, but there is no fun in making shooters unless one uses them, and as every boy is at heart a sportsman, it came about that the principal object of these country rambles was the pursuit of game. Small birds were very hard to shoot, and so the boys turned their attention to the domestic fowls of the neighboring farmers. They were not old enough sportsmen to know that shooting a hen or a tame pigeon is not sport, but wanton cruelty. There is a great deal of difference between the two.

But though the boys did not easily recognize this important difference, the farmers saw it as clearly as noon-day. To their minds there was all the difference in the world between killing a sparrow and killing a tame hen or a guinea-fowl or a pigeon. Sparrows, blackbirds, and such small-fry were "game"; pigeons and the whole catalogue of barn yard poultry were "property."

Some of the farmers had complained to the Doctor about their maimed chickens and more than one dead pigeon, and a decree had gone forth that shooting must be given up, and the weapons burned. Then many shooters were regretfully thrown into the big hall fire—but not all. A few of the boys who had "tasted blood," so to speak, argued to themselves and to each other that if they confined their sport to wild birds they would be transgressing no moral law, and so it would be unnecessary to sacrifice their skillfully made shooters. It was a very bad argument, and it was not long before they came to admit it themselves.

One dull and stormy afternoon Dick Wells and Henry Vesey, two of the boys who had kept the forbidden weapons, growing tired of doing nothing, started out rather late in the afternoon with their shooters. They might have known, had they been sportsmen, that they would have little chance of finding any game, for birds like to stay under shelter in stormy weather as much as human beings do. And so these two hunters were disappointed, and when the clouds opened and the rain came down, they sought shelter in Farmer Perkin's wagon shed. It was a large shed, open all along one side, and as they watched the pouring rain, a pigeon that had perched upon one of the beams under the roof began to "coo" softly.

"Say, Dick, look there," said Vesey, taking aim with his empty shooter at the innocent bird.

"Wonder if it's a wild one?" said the other. "It looks like it."

"So it does," agreed the first speaker.

"I think it must be."

It was, indeed, a dove-colored pigeon, and very like a wild one in that respect; but both the boys knew in their hearts that it was a tame one, and they were false enough to themselves and to each other to pretend to think that it was wild.

"I wish I knew," said Vesey; "it's a splendid shot."

"I guess it *is* a wild one. Will you try it?"

A look and a nod was the answer; and all the time the pigeon kept up its gentle cooing, the soft, mournful tone of which should have reminded them that they were cow-

ards and untrue. But with trembling hands they loaded their shooters with shot, and Henry Vesey drew back the strong rubber, taking careful aim the while. His hand shook with excitement, and he lowered it to try and steady his nerves; but an impatient word from his companion braced him up. He quickly took aim and loosed the shot, which rattled against the shingles of the roof, while the stricken bird fluttered to the ground outside the shed.

As they both sprang for it, they saw the farmer approaching. He saw the wounded pigeon and the eager boys, and it needed but little thought on his part to convince him that it was some of "old Pont's cubs," as he called them, that were up to their old tricks.

With one impulse the two boys forsook their wounded game and hastened to make good their escape. They were young and active, and their pursuer—for Mr. Perkin was eager for their capture, especially as they were so near—was fifty years of age, and though a powerful man, was not limber-jointed. Fear lent wings to the feet of the young marauders; but fate and the farmer were soon to overtake them.

They reached the fence bounding the home pasture, and crept hastily between the rails; but as they did so, Henry Vesey's cap was brushed from his head, and he slid down the muddy bank of the drain on the other side, so that to attempt to recover it was to risk almost certain capture. And so they abandoned the cap; and when, after running some distance, they looked round and saw the farmer standing by the fence at the place through which they had crept, they knew that he had secured it, and their spirits fell, for they had left tell-tale evidence behind them.

The meaning of this was that Dr. Pont disliked the various kinds of head-covering adopted by boys, and obliged all his pupils to wear a particular kind of cap which he had chosen; and as they were all alike in shape and color, each boy's name was written in his cap. So it was not strange that when Mr. Perkin picked up the cap and looked it over, he shook his fist at the retreating boys, and called out, "All right, lads; ye've outrun me this spell, but I calculate I've got yer right here by the hair of yer heads;" and Mr. Perkin shook the cap at them as if a boy's head were already in it, and the "hair of his head" between his own brawny fingers.

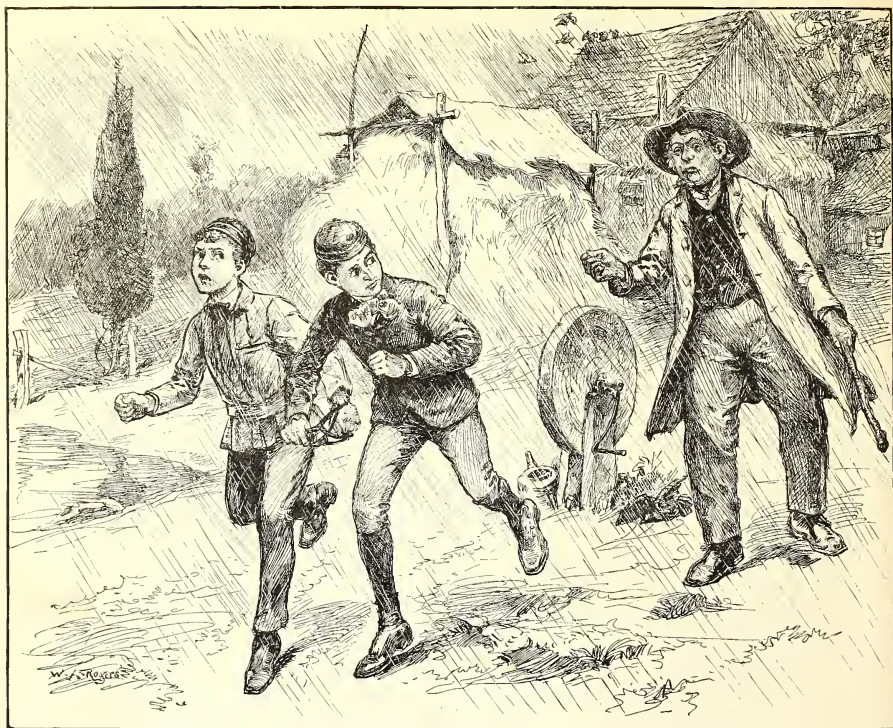
The five-minutes bell had rung before Dick Wells and Henry Vesey reached the school gates, and they had but just time to change their soaked shoes and get into their recitation-room before the teacher began to call the roll. Just as they had taken their seats, Archie Graham came in, muddy and breathless.

"You are late, Graham," said the teacher, "and you haven't changed your shoes. Go and do so at once. When you come back you will please explain your absence from roll-call."

A few minutes later Archie returned to the recitation-room with clean shoes and brushed hair, prepared to be questioned as to his late appearance. But this he was spared. Mr. Maxwell, the teacher, was already deeply interested in some point that had occurred to him early in the lesson, and even if he remembered that he had demanded an explanation from the late comer, he did not stop to ask for it. Thus Archie was forgotten, and he was hopeful that nothing more would be said to him on the subject.

In the same class were two boys who, if they had been watched, would have appeared strangely ill at ease. A knock came at the door, and a servant brought in a note for Mr. Maxwell. Why did Dick Wells and Henry Vesey glance anxiously at the door, and then at Mr. Maxwell's face as he read the note?

Another knock, and again the servant entered, this time to replenish the big wood fire.



"FEAR LENT WINGS TO THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MARAUDERS."

But after some time the door was opened without a knock, and Dr. Pont entered the room. This was so unusual an occurrence that the whole class at once gave earnest attention. Only two of the boys there assembled saw a figure standing just beyond the threshold of the room in the dim light of the lobby. The Doctor held in his hand a boy's cap, and the figure in the semi-darkness was Farmer Perkin.

After politely asking pardon of Mr. Maxwell for the interruption, Dr. Pont, assuming his sternest manner, said, "Graham, stand forward!"

The boy obeyed. It was very plain that he was much embarrassed.

"Where were you at four o'clock, Graham?"

Alas for poor Archie! The question that he would have replied to frankly, though perhaps tremblingly, half an hour ago, he could now find no words to answer. He stood there with downcast eyes before the Doctor and his companions, but could say nothing.

"Answer me, sir," continued the Doctor. "Were you in the school yard?"

A long pause, and then he said, "No, sir."

"Have you been on Mr. Perkin's farm this afternoon?"

Again that fatal embarrassment, and then the same trembling words, "No, sir."

"Do you know that this is your cap?"

He looked at it without interest. He had already felt that the cap was concerned in his trouble.

"And that this cap was found by Mr. Perkin in his home pasture," the Doctor continued, severely, "and that the boy who wore it was one of two boys who were robbing—yes, *robbing*—his hen-roost?"

How easy was the answer to this charge the cap was making against him! Yet he could not give it.

"Mr. Perkin," said the Doctor, "please to step in. Is this the boy that killed your pigeon?"

"That's one of them, Doctor, without doubt," replied the farmer, to whose mind the evidence of the cap was conclusive, "and maybe I can spot the other one;" and he ran his eyes over the double row of boys, but was afraid to venture on a guess.

"Graham," said the Doctor, "I ask you, for the last time, were you on Mr. Perkin's farm this afternoon?"

The boy looked up. It was his intention to answer boldly that he was not there; but his eye caught that of the school-master, and he quailed. Dr. Pont was a kind man and a just one, but when he was convinced that wrong had been done he was very stern. And so the open-hearted Archie Graham covered before him as a rabbit before the serpent whose prey it is soon to become. Still he stammered out, "No, sir."

"Enough," said the Doctor. "You will go to your room, and will hold no communication, absolutely, with any of your school-mates until you have seen me after breakfast to-morrow morning. Go, sir!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TO THE PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN.

ROSY cheeks and lips of cherry,
 Earnest eyes that seem to say,
 "Can I trust you?" and then swiftly
 Smile their answer—"Yes, I may."

Do those cheeks e'er flush with anger?
 Pout those lips in sad disdain?
 Swell those eyes with sullen tear-drops,
 As the bursting clouds with rain?

Youth should not be sad, but merry;
 Buoyant hope should wrath beguile.
 Sulks become not lips of cherry;
 Such bright eyes were made to smile.

But I don't believe that o'er thee
 Brooding storm-clouds ever lower;
 Or at least thy fiercest anger
 Never lasted half an hour.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

NOT only has man trained birds to hunt birds for him, but he has even taught them to fish for him. In many respects fishing with cormorants is like hawking. In both cases the natural instinct of the birds is allowed to have its own way, but by preventing the birds from satisfying their appetites at once—which is their only motive for hunting their prey—they will kill much more game than would suffice for their own needs.

The cormorant is a large web-footed bird, with short wings, rather a large tail (which serves it for a rudder in the water), and a curved upper bill. Its throat and neck are capable of stretching to such an extent that it swallows easily fish that seem too large to go into its beak. It feeds almost entirely on fish, and is to be found both on salt-water bays and inland lakes.

Cormorant fishing is by no means a new kind of sport. In fact, it is as old as, or older than, falconry, and one of the most interesting treatises on the subject is the account given by a Spanish writer, three hundred years ago, of how the Chinese amused themselves with their trained cormorants. In England and France the sport was patronized by the Kings of both countries in the seventeenth century; soon after which time it went out of fashion, and was revived in England only about thirty years ago.

When the cormorant is considered sufficiently well trained, it is taken to a stream in which trout are known to be, and a strap being fastened around its throat to prevent its swallowing the fish, it enters into the water, and into the sport also, with great eagerness. Though a large bird, the cormorant is an exceedingly rapid swimmer, both on and under the surface of the water, and it displays an activity in its more natural element that seems astonishing to one who has only seen its ungainly movements on dry land. It will pursue and capture a swiftly darting trout, and having caught it, will "pouch" it—that is, swallow it so far as the strap around its throat will allow—returning to its master to be relieved of the fish, which its instinct will not let it throw away, and the strap will not let it swallow.

Time and again the bird will return to the water, and every capture is rewarded with a piece of fish, although not of the fish that has just been caught. Sometimes the cormorant seizes a fish that is several sizes too long for the amount of throat at his disposal, and as he comes ashore to his master with half a fish projecting from his open bill, he presents a very funny appearance. The size of the fish, indeed, a good cormorant does not regard as an objection to his trying for it, and occasionally he is obliged to give up the fight. An English writer relates that three cormorants once "tackled" an eel, which their united efforts were not sufficient to hold. The three birds fell upon the slippery fish and worried it like a pack of hounds with a fox. Twice it broke away from them, the first time being brought to the surface again almost immediately by one of the birds; but the second time it managed to escape entirely, having probably buried itself in the mud, after the manner of its kind.

After a good day's sport, as many fish having been caught as are desired, the cormorants are sometimes allowed to fish on their own account, when the straps are removed from their necks, and they take so kindly to a fish diet that one readily understands why a fast and hearty eater should be likened to a cormorant.

The training of cormorants is a much easier task than that of hawks. The latter is a high-couraged bird, of restless habits, and his confidence is not quickly won. The cormorant, on the other hand, is clumsy in his nature, as in his form, and readily learns to obey, as being the easiest thing to do. After being confined for a day or two he will submit to be handled (though a falconer's glove is desirable, for his bite is severe), and to have the "jesses,"

or leg straps, fastened on. As soon as he seems to be tame enough he may be tried in shallow water, and when he gets a fish in his throat, which the strap prevents him from swallowing, he will allow his master to relieve him of it. As he is always rewarded with a piece of fish after a successful catch, he soon begins to associate the receiving of food with the act of bringing a fish to his master, and then his education is complete.

ANOTHER DISSOLVING COIN TRICK.

BY HENRY HATTON.

FOR this trick we require a small tumbler made of thin glass, and a dime or other small coin which has been previously marked, so as to be readily identified. The coin is dropped, in full view of the audience, into the glass, over which a handkerchief is thrown, and all are placed on a table. The performer then gives out a good-sized table-knife and a plate of oranges. The knife is examined and an orange selected. Returning to the tumbler, he bids the coin to leave it and pass into the orange. He removes the handkerchief, and it is seen that the coin has disappeared from the glass, and on cutting open the orange it is found in the centre.

For this trick the young conjurer requires first, a prepared tumbler; secondly, a tiny ball of wax. Just even with the bottom of the tumbler is a small slit, which any glass grinder will cut for a few cents. When about to pour water into the tumbler, it is held with the hand encircling it so that one finger presses into and covers the slit. After the water is emptied and the tumbler wiped dry, the coin is thrown in, and then by slightly tilting the glass, just as it is being covered with the handkerchief, the coin will drop into the hand. Before beginning the trick the performer lightly presses the tiny ball of wax upon the lowest button of his vest, so that he can get at it just the minute he needs it. After the knife has been examined, and whilst going for the oranges, he picks the wax off its resting-place, pressing it firmly upon the centre of the knife blade, and then, in turn, presses the marked coin upon it, and lays the knife on a table with the coin side down. In cutting the orange, the point of the knife is used until a cut is made about half-way down, and then, to finish, the blade is drawn through, thus detaching the coin, which will remain inside. As some of the wax is likely to adhere to the coin, the magician easily removes it under pretense of wiping off the orange juice.

EARLY SINGERS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

THE other day I found myself one of a small audience assembled to hear some school-children sing in chorus. It was a pretty sight, and the harmonies were very delightful, for the children sang well, and from their hearts. The chorus was one known to all who love music—the "Hallelujah," from Handel's great oratorio *The Messiah*. But, as music always inspires thought, we began to talk of the days of old when singing was a very crude or uncultivated art; yet even then, thousands of years ago, there was the *instinct* for music, the *instinct* for song; for God has made the human voice, the human throat, capable of expressing delicious sounds, of expressing *feelings* too, which somehow never seem to find vent half so satisfactorily as in singing.

Singular as it may seem, with so strong an impulse toward song, the art of singing was unknown for centuries. In these days we often hear people with really good voices sing badly from *ignorance*, and in ancient days the singing was very limited, from ignorance also, though of a different kind. Music both vocal and instrumental was

only employed for the purpose of festivity or lamentation, for the conqueror or the sacrifice, and therefore it was of a special kind, that is, there was no idea of *composing* any music but the kind required for special occasions, and there was absolutely no knowledge of the proper use of the voice, the vocal chords, on which all sound depends.

The earliest records of singers which we have are many centuries before Christ. The early Egyptians used a kind of chant, as did the Hebrews, and accompanied themselves on some wind and some stringed instruments. We see on old ruins, on the vases and other objects discovered of that time, illustrations of the singers of their day. It is supposed that they learned their chants or melodies, and applied different words to the same tune, if tune the few notes up and down can be called. The Greeks and the Romans encouraged singing, and all the early writers speak rapturously of the art, while in the first centuries of Christianity we know that solemn church music—chanting, as it was called—was greatly encouraged.

The chant probably was the form of singing practiced by the ancients for secular or civil as well as religious ceremonies, and it certainly was the only method of singing known to the early Christians. At break of day, in Rome and elsewhere, these first followers of Christ used to assemble for purposes of praising God by their simple yet solemn chants. In the year 397 St. Ambrose formed out of the materials he could find what is called the Ambrosian chant, still occasionally used; and in 590 Pope Gregory invented or composed what is known as the Gregorian chant, still used in nearly all Christian churches. The chant includes but a few notes, and is sung in three different ways. First, there is what is called the monody, which is sung by one voice only; then the antiphony, by two voices alternately; then the choral chant, by all voices together. The Psalms and other portions of the early church services were sung in this way, always by male voices; and in connection with this I will tell you an anecdote which is characteristic of the power over the human heart of even such simple, solemn singing as that, when done reverently:

Calixtus, a noble Roman youth, contrived, through the assistance of one of his slaves, to attend the secret services of the Christians, whom he intended to betray at the first opportunity. Hidden behind one of the walls of the crypt where the services were held, he listened, awe-struck by the beauty and solemnity of the chant which arose and filled the space with low though sweet sounds, praising and giving thanks to God. The careless, self-indulgent youth felt his soul strangely moved by this Christian music. He had been accustomed to the strains of martial glory, the singing of the slaves at his father's palace, the wild and lawless sort of melody with which they accompanied their dances; but the grandly simple measures of the chant, the fervor with which each word was pronounced, were a revelation to the young Roman. Day after day he came; finally, having learned by ear the glorious strains, and unable to restrain his feelings, he one day lifted his voice—a voice noted all over Rome for its sweetness—and joined in the "Glory be to the Father" which the Christians sang. So rapt were they that only as the sounds died out was any one aware of the strange and wonderfully beautiful voice; but Calixtus came forward, fell upon his knees, and begged pardon of God for his cruel intentions, was baptized into the Christian faith, and a year later was one of a band of martyrs.

Voices were no doubt as good naturally then as now, but the art of using them, as I have said, was unknown. A system of writing and composing music had to come before people learned how to make use of the organ given them for sound; and when we consider that it is only in this century a system of correct teaching has been perfected, only within the last fifty years that the proper management of the voice has been understood, it is not wonder-

ful that in the first centuries of the Christian era, with so few instruments, and almost no knowledge of the laws of music, singing was but little understood.

Just as in instrumental music, a scale had to be formed, and this was first suggested by the lines of an ancient hymn to John the Baptist. It was composed by a monk, who wrote it so that the first syllable of each line could be sung a note *higher* than the preceding one. The words were as follows:

"*Ut* queant laxis
Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum
Solve polluti
Labbii reatum."

The *ut* was sung as A, *mi* as C, *sol* as E, *la* as F. Now when we are interested in a study it seems to me nothing is more fascinating than to investigate the beginnings of the art. You who are practicing singing at school or at home may like, as you sing your scales, to think of that first idea of forming them—the poor old monk, centuries ago, patiently devising a means whereby his brethren in the choir could read music. Think how he labored to produce this simple method, but with what a fine result. He started the "solfeccio" system, as it is called, and in the eleventh century Guido of Arezzo, an Italian musician, began to use these words to denote the scale, substituting *do* for *ut*, and re-arranging them so as to begin on C. In the seventeenth century Le Maire, a French musician, added to these a seventh note, *si*, and so on the key of C they are thus:

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

As interest in the art of singing grew, there came a revival, as it was called, of vocal study in Italy. At another time I will tell you of the fascinating period of troubadours, minnesingers, and minstrels, but at present we must consider, as a first step to understanding singing, the question of the voice, and how it came to be understood, and what the various kinds of voices are. With this knowledge you will find your interest increased not only in your own studies, but in listening to others, and criticisms can only be made justly by those who know for what voice music is written, and by what voice and with what register it is sung.

As I have said, before voices were adjusted music had to be composed, and it was in Italy that the art of singing correctly dawned, and was led by earnest students into light. Church music gave the start, and then musicians, professional and amateur, began to study the forms and method of the early Greek drama.

The Greeks in their plays used what is called *recitatives* and *choruses*, but the latter were only intoned or chanted, because the audiences were so large, the theatres so open, that any other style of singing would have had no effect. Sometimes the members of a chorus were obliged to wear metallic masks in order to increase the sound, but as they produced a very shrill sort of music, the better educated of the audiences objected to their use, and tried to have them abolished.

Having carefully studied the Greek dramas, the Italians formed an idea of a regular opera, in which not alone could recitatives and choruses be introduced, but melodies. From this came of course a necessity for understanding the vocal chords and their uses. Where there is genius it requires very little assistance to arrive at great results. Very soon a school of singing was established, and on such good principles that to this day the Italian method is considered


* Solfeccio means literally the seven syllables used for the seven notes of the scale—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si. The art of learning these and applying them to various scales is called *solmization*.




SONGS OF PRAISE.



the best, and the most famous singers are the result of Italian training.



I will not go into the details of the story of this art. Gradually voices were developed; as music grew, culture grew with it. Let us see, now, what are the various recognized voices, their names and capacities.





To begin with, as a general rule, the compass or range of the human voice is from  (in the bass, as you

will see) to  in the treble. Between these notes

are the usual bass, barytone, tenor, contralto, mezzo, and soprano voices, and as a general rule the voice takes in twelve notes. Voices including two octaves are not rare, and some famous singers have had a range of three octaves. Madame Catalani, a celebrated prima donna, being able to sing in three octaves and a half. The male voices are always one octave lower than the female voice. The

usual range of a bass voice is from  to 

The tenor is generally from  to  Between these is the barytone. Whenever you hear a bass, barytone, or tenor singing *perfectly* in the regular notes belonging to his voice, and able with purity to include others either above or below, you will know that it is a voice of unusual power or training. To force the voice, however, is always foolish, and generally results in injury to the notes which belong to it by right, and certainly gives no pleasure to the listener.

The contralto or alto voice ranges from  to  the soprano from  to  but it is


not unusual to find that in both cases higher notes can be taken. The mezzo, or middle voice, ranges between the two, frequently including some of the very low notes of the contralto range.

Now, then, if these technicalities, as they are called,

seem to you dull, remember that they are facts necessary to know if you wish to understand anything about singing, and try, by way of amusement and instruction, to observe at your next concert how the parts of soloists and of chorus are taken.

Naturally, you may suppose that in arranging music for students and musicians, some way of designating for whom the different parts were intended had to be decided upon.

Let us suppose a four-part piece of music. The soprano, who is always considered the first female singer, the tenor, who is the first male singer, and then the bass and contralto each have their music parts written for themselves, and at the beginning is what is called their *clef*—a character placed there to show for what voice that music is intended. For instance, the sign of the tenor clef is the fourth line of the staff,

thus,  Sometimes,

however, tenor music is written out in the upper clef, just as the parts for female voices; and when this is done, the tenor in reading always sings it one octave lower down.

What are called the registers of the voice are two, the chest tones and the head notes. The best notes of the soprano are head ones; the best of the contralto, chest. Bass voices are all chest tones. The finest tenors are those who make their head notes pure and true.

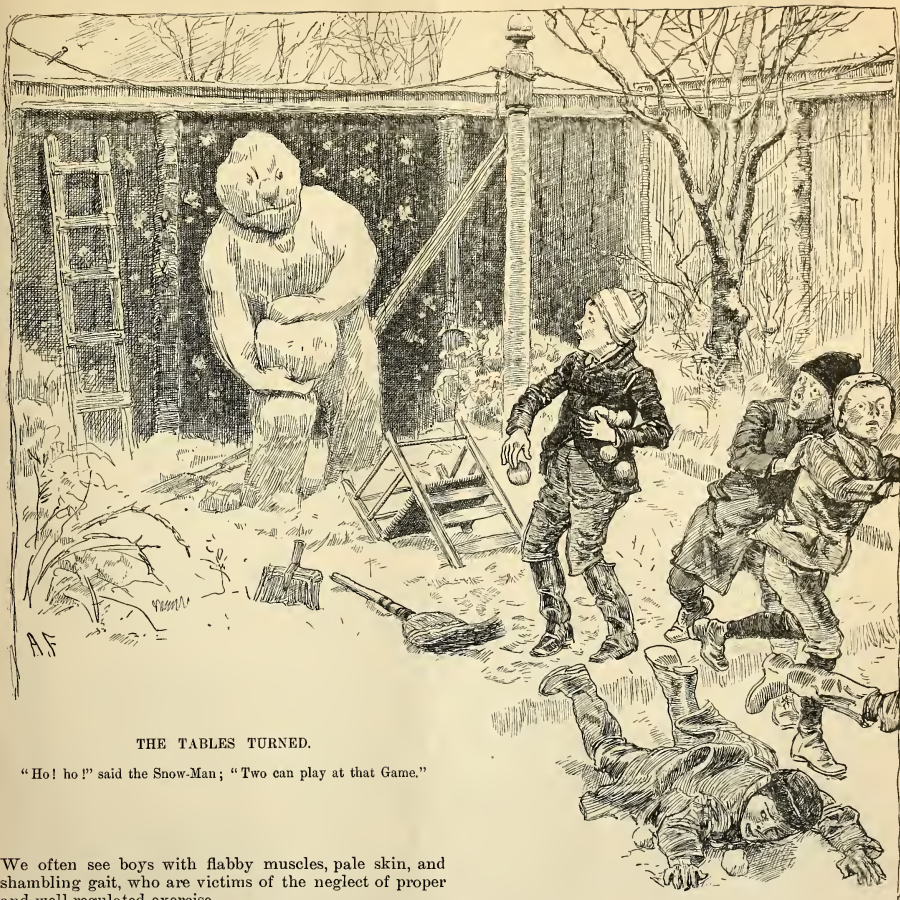
I have indicated to you the notes which form the compass of different voices by musical writing, so that you may strike them on the piano, and the better fix them in your mind. There is nothing better for even a young student than to thus *practically* demonstrate anything they learn, and if you are interested in your work, sum up just the few points we have gone over here—the first suggestions of ancient music; the singing of the early Christians; the later chants of Ambrose and Gregory; the stately music of the first churches; the first Italian school of singing; and then the definition of voices, the rules for determining them, and the varieties which they present.

At another time we may talk about that mediæval period of minstrelsy which was the first picturesque time of real song, about which so much has been sung or written, and which is, singular to say, really not generally understood either historically or pictorially.

ADVICE TO BOYS: EXERCISE.

BY H. C. VAN GIESEN, M.D.

IN some "advice" which I gave to the boy readers of this paper some time ago I told them to avoid taking too violent exercise. I pointed out that boys who take a great interest and an active part in out-door sports often bring needless illness upon themselves by overexertion and want of proper care after violent exercise. But as I have found it necessary to caution some boys against taking too much exercise, so it may be well to warn some against taking too little. A certain amount of exercise is necessary to maintain health and to develop the growth of the body.



THE TABLES TURNED.

"Ho! ho!" said the Snow-Man; "Two can play at that Game."

We often see boys with flabby muscles, pale skin, and shambling gait, who are victims of the neglect of proper and well-regulated exercise.

Now, walking is one of the best means of developing the muscles and strengthening the system. Every young person should learn how to walk properly.

In the first place, the head should be held erect, the shoulders thrown well back, and the stride should be regular and steady. The walk should not be too long, but adapted to the time and the season. Some may say a walk is stupid and tiresome, but if habits of observation are cultivated, a walk even alone becomes a delightful recreation. If in the country in the summer, the various objects of nature, the grass, the flowers, the road-side bushes, and the trees are in themselves companions, and can talk in their quiet way to the attentive mind. In the city the constant succession of new sights and sounds keeps the senses thoroughly aroused, and the mind is fed and grows apace with the body.

I think a good training walk a necessity outside of all other active exercise, such as ball-playing, etc., as it gives a graceful and easy action in walking, and becomes a fixed habit of life. So little attention is given to this matter by parents and teachers that there are many awkward and

clumsy walkers to be met with every day. In walking in the town or city, boys should learn to cultivate all the sidewalk courtesy, so to speak, recognizing ladies of their acquaintance politely, and avoiding rushing by heedlessly and carelessly, thus earning the distinction of being polite and well-bred boys.

Next to walking, riding horseback and rowing should be employed as means of exercise, if the opportunity presents itself. Rowing brings into use many muscles not employed in other ways, and thus tends to develop the body equally in all its parts.

By all means, boys, do something every day to give the muscles fair play. Do not lounge around in ungainly attitudes, or waste your hours devouring idle and mischievous books, but while you have the chance, and can develop your strength while the body is growing, make it a plan to devote some time every day to healthy exercise.

and Ida Rattleplate. I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two weeks ago. My papa gave it to me for a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I got it on Saturday, and read most of it before I got to bed.

Your little friend,
NELLIE M.
I am sorry you ever have a dull time, Nellie, but I suppose your dollies are a great care, and you often wish for other companions. Next time you write, tell about the new dollies in your garden, and your little neighbors. Whenever you feel very lonely, just write a wet letter to me.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.
MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have here in Boston a very kind lady, Miss Jennie Collins, who takes a great interest in poor and worthy young women, doing all she can to aid them. She is a great admirer of Charles Dickens, and calls her office, or the room where she transacts her business, "Boffin's Bower," in memory of him. On every recurrence of his birthday she gives an entertainment consisting of readings from his works, and on every anniversary of his death she has the "Bower" decorated with flowers and foliage sent by loving hands to keep his memory fresh, "as he often expressed this wish. Is it not a lovely custom of Miss Collins? Mamma always sends some simple flowers, for he loved to see them, she says, as well as the highest and the most simple field daisy had a charm to him.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and although I am fifteen years old, still I shall not think myself too old to look forward to its arrival for some time yet. Do you know, through your columns I have gained a good friend and correspondent of my name, and I have given names being the same, Stella, and also found the address of a little Southern girl of Savannah which we had been endeavoring to find for some time. She wrote to you, and that gave me her address, as I knew her initials. So you see dear Postmistress, what a kind of a letter are.

Stella P.
Among my pleasantest associations with Boston, Stella, is a visit to that same "Boffin's Bower," in which I was much interested.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.
This is the third year my sister and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It was sent to us as a Christmas present three years ago by an aunt in New York, and we have had it ever since. I am eleven years old, go to school, and study reading, arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, and writing. I liked the story of "Wakulla" very much. I think the Jimmy Brown stories are just splendid.

I almost forgot to tell you about our cat. We have a very affectionate cat named Stella. Papa is half Maltese, but his grandmother is a pure Maltese. He is so large that when he stretches himself out he is nearly a yard long, not adding his tail. A great pleasure of his is to be picked up by the tail, and if you do it once to him and go away, he comes back to you to have you do it again. My sister made him a bib, and gave it to him on Christmas. At dinner-time we tie on his bib, and put him on a chair and push him up to the table, and give him some meat on a plate, and he sits there and eats his dinner like a gentleman. But I am afraid my letter is getting too long, and so I must say good-by, and stop.

GARDNER WARREN K.

HENKESVILLE, ALABAMA.
I have written to you several times, but my letters have not been published, so I'll write again, hoping you may find space for me. I have a book of binders came all right, and I think them beautiful, and I will soon have three more volumes bound, which I shall prize very highly. I go to school, and study history, and I like spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I am eleven years old, and love my school and teacher very much. I have no pets myself, but my brother has a beautiful Maltese kitten. We had a lovely Christmas tree at our church (Episcopal), and I received a very handsome book, and many other presents from my aunts and uncles. Hoping the new year may bring you many blessings, I am your little friend,
EDWIN L. W.

HARTFORD, VERMONT.
As I know of a way to cover cologne bottles, I will write to the Post-office Box. Take a piece of silk or ribbon the length of the bottle from the bottom to the top, and stretch it tightly around the bottle. If you can work in Kensington stitch, it is pretty to work a bunch of flowers, or the initials of the friend who is to receive the silk. Then take some lace and gather it for a frill to put around the neck of the bottle. A row of ribbon will sit it off nicely; this also must be around the neck.

I should like to know a way to make pen-wipers. I have seen them made like a sunflower. Your constant reader,
M.

Now if all the girls who know how to make pretty pen-wipers will take their pens and write, we may have a pen-wiper party. One was sent

me the other day in the shape of a great moth. It was so gorgeous that I pinned it to the wall for an ornament. And some time ago a Little Post-office Box friend gave me a pen-wiper with a dog cunningly reposing upon it, his head on his fore-paws. Everybody says, "Why, what is that dog doing on your desk?"

The following letters were submitted by the writers as school compositions, and the teacher has very kindly sent them to the Post-office Box:

PLAINFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA.
I am living on a farm in the country, and there are one hundred and sixty-seven acres in it. I am going to school, and like my teacher very much; her name is Miss Gray. I study reading, grammar, arithmetic, geography, spelling, writing, and singing. I have about half a mile to go during the winter, but she transacts her business. In the winter my sister and I have lots of fun coasting. We have a very large pond, where my brother and I associates have sport skating. The Cumberland Valley Railroad runs through the southern part of the farm, and Vanderbilt's will run through the northern part. Our school is provided with Hays and Young's method. We all think it is a splendid book. I have but one pet, and that is a kitten; I call it Mollie.

M. E. M.
To save space, the address will be omitted from the four letters which now appear in order. They are all from Plainfield.

I am a boy thirteen years of age, and have not had much experience in this kind of work. I go to the high school at Plainfield, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and algebra, and like the latter study very much. We began algebra in September, and I am now in fractions. My sisters have two pet cats, and I have a horse to ride with them. My teacher gets HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and brings it to school, and we all enjoy reading it. We have thirty-five industries in our school. Sometimes mamma makes me keep store when she goes out calling. Papa is a doctor. Our favorite game at school is Fox.

D. V. C.
Can you not find room in your paper and a place in your heart for "poor me"? I am a girl fourteen years of age, but am counted as one of the little ones. I live among the mountains of the Keystone State, in the beautiful valley of Cumberland. Our teacher takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for our school. On many days, when we are compelled to stay in the school-room, we pass our time in reading its interesting and amusing stories and letters. My sister goes a half mile to walk to school. I study geography, written arithmetic, algebra, grammar, history, and spelling. I am a fruit-grower. The Coudoguet Creek flows close by our house. In summer I go rowing almost every day, and gather lilies from the water's edge. I have no little brothers, as many of your correspondents have. My sole pets are three cows, namely, Queen Bess, Wild Rose, and Pocatontos. Last summer I had two pet chickens: I called them Punch and Judy. Cousin Ella and I are keeping house to-day; we read awhile and then write awhile. From my Pennsylvania friend,
MA B.

My teacher has requested us to write to you and see if you would think it worth while to publish our letters. I like to read the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "Left Behind"; or "Ten Days a Newsboy." I have six sisters and four brothers. I go to the high school in the Fifth Reader. I have a pet dog named Marge; he catches rabbits by the neck, and holds them until I can come and take them. This is my first attempt at anything like this. JOHN MILTON S.

I am a girl twelve years of age, and have but three pets. I go to school, and my studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, language, geography, and orthography. I have one sister and two brothers. I have light hair and blue eyes. This is my first letter.
EFFIE M. C.

COLD SPRING, MISSISSIPPI.
DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have enjoyed reading the paper for three years. I am ten years old, and have two sisters and two brothers. We ride on horseback to school. We have vacation now. Your friend,
FANNIE.

WINNINGTON, DELAWARE.
DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am only eight years old; my brother Lewis is seven. Mamma gave him your paper for his birthday. We like the stories very much. I have two yellow dogs, and I have a dog named Tip. I wish all the children a happy New-Year.
S. C. R.

ORANGE, CALIFORNIA.
DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—It rained hard all day Christmas. I have a little sister Lillian; she is

almost three years old and I am eight. We have two cats, Felix and Rose. Lily has four dolls, and I have three. I help mamma wash dishes and I make cake. This is the first time I have written to you. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Your loving little reader,
MARY ALICE F.

ALICE M. W.: For a little girl only nine your letter was well written. I would like to see you going to school with your brother.—KATHLEEN K.: may join the cooking class, of course.—ZILLAH S.: I would like to visit the quarries with you, but Pipestone, Minnesota, is almost too far away.—KATHLEEN B. has a pony and ever so many dolls.—LULA D. C. W.: I am sorry there is not room for your pretty little story, but try again.—FLOESIE's pets are some very tame and gentle chicks.—IDA T.: I am glad the little brother is getting well.—HARRY P.: We are pleased to hear that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has enlivened your days of pain.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.
A DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. A vegetable. 3. A shell-fish. 4. A serpent. 5. To disturb. 6. A measure of length. 7. A letter.
SIDNEY L. KILLAM.

No. 2.
EAST NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of five letters, and am an honorable distinction.
My 1 is a consonant.
My 1, 2 is a pronoun.
My 1, 2, 3 is part of a verb.
My 5, 4, 1, 2 is something which is always in motion.
My 3, 4, 1 is an edge.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is value.
PICKWICK.

No. 3.
AN EAST SQUARE.
1. A popular toy. 2. A thought. 3. A habitation. 4. Devours.
P. McDONOUGH.

No. 4.
REBUS.
1. I am part of a ship—behead me, and I am a tree. 2. I am a piece of furniture—behead me, and I am something which belongs to everybody. 3. I am a grain—behead me, and I am a bird. 4. I am a turn, I am warm, a verb, and a preposition. 5. I am a cry—behead me, and I am whole. 5. I am a period of time—behead me, and I am an organ of the body.
SCIE M. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 373.

No. 1.—Canton, Missouri, India, Indian, Indiana, Narrows, Arrow, Long, Kez, Issy, York, Ill. Illinois, Suez, Great Bear, Bear, Beaver, Arno, Polar, Dec, Deer, Ill, Kea, Bon, Bonn, Milk, White, White Pigeon, Acre, Red, San, Sana, Allen, Isar, Missy, Skagay, Leman, May, Ava, Van, Fox, Sita, Tijo, Jo, Davies, Dave, Thebes, St. Louis, Po, Potomac, Tom, West, St. Anthony, Ob, O'Brien, Brenz, Zealand, Sals, Mark, Leon, Onaida, Ida, Dave, Sayn, Ay, Riga, Nice, New, Lop, Oman, Thalia, Save, Verd.

No. 2.—
P A N S Y
T A C E M
N A I A D
S T A N D
Y E D O D

No. 3.—
C
P O R T S
P O R T E R O I L
C A S E R M
S N O U T
D I M
L

No. 4.—Cascade.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eda May Smyth, Hamilton E. Field, W. Holzman, George Hardin, Lester C. Sisson, Sydney L. Killam, The Man in the Moon, James Connor, John A. Foran, Edna S. H. Lind, George W. Tassy, Stella Westcott, F. Roy Butler, Nellie Mills, J. Tuleigh, Amy Sampson, John Benedict, Laura Dan Sherr, Cora J. Conant, James Dan Meserole, W. W. W., Fay, and Queen Bern.

[FOR EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



Successful



Cure.*



AN elephant named Bombagig
A dreadful toothache had,
And as the tooth was very big,
The ache was very bad.



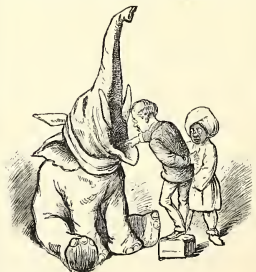
And then, indeed, with pitying glance,
His faithful keeper saw
Poor Bomby on his hind-legs dance,
And clasp his aching jaw.



In vain upon his head he stands
To ease him of the pain:
The faithful keeper wrings his hands
And racks his puzzled brain.



"Aha!" at length he cries with joy;
"Tis time with me thou wentest—
Let's take no precious moments, boy—
To seek the nearest dentist."



The dentist said, "To fill it in
Would not avail, I doubt;
The bony substance is too thin,
So I must pull tooth out."



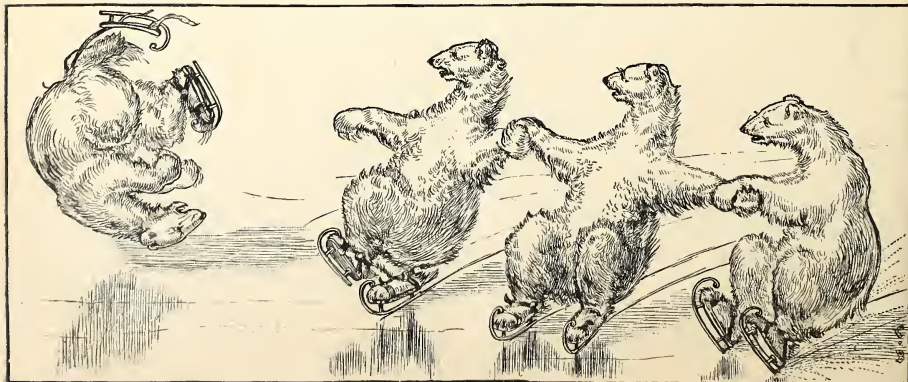
The dentist gave him laughing-gas—
An elephantine dose—
And soon the mighty creature was
Enwrapped in sweet repose.



And then he pulled and pulled—in vain;
To start that monster tooth
It took the whole united strain
Of three strong men, forsooth.



Then Bomby, when at length 'twas
done,
Laughed loud, and said, moreover,
"There's nothing that is half so fun
As toothache—when it's over."



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 26.

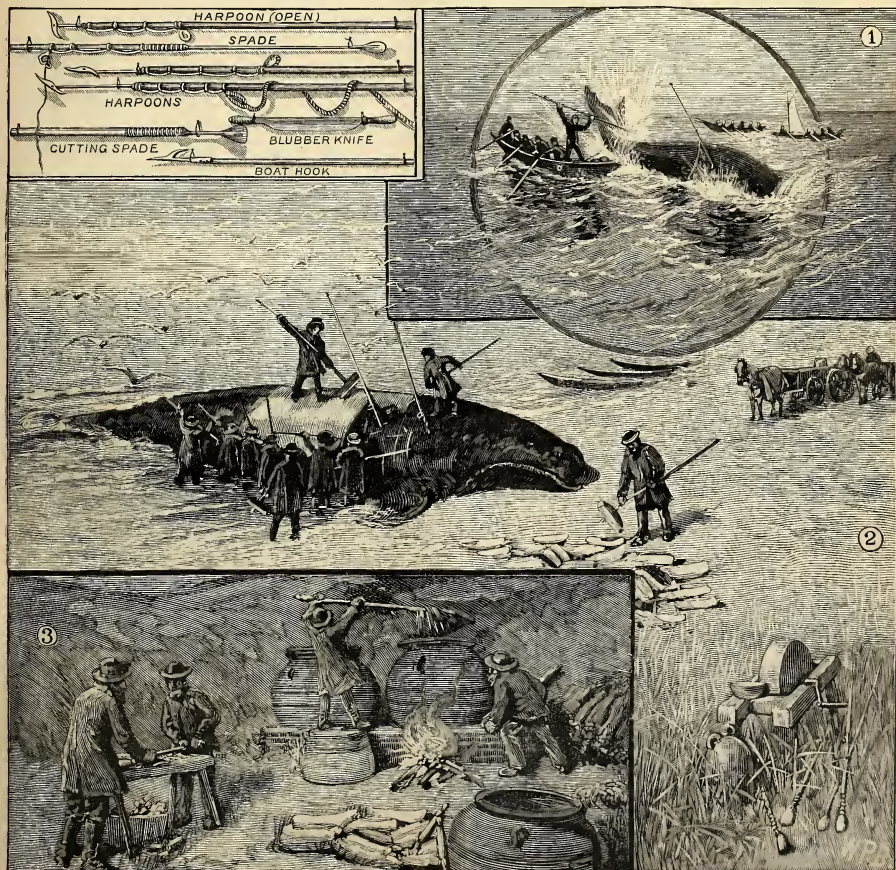
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



WHALE-FISHING OFF LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY W. P. BODFISH.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

1. THE ATTACK. 2. CUTTING THE BLUBBER. 3. BOILING THE BLUBBER.

WHALING OFF LONG ISLAND.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

YEARs ago, before kerosene oil came into use, and when housewives depended on whale oil to fill their lamps, sixty whaling vessels sailed regularly out of Sag Harbor bound for the North, and the bravest men and ablest seamen all along the southeastern coast of Long Island were "whale hunters." The village boys in those days didn't think there was much fun in living unless they could grow up to kill whales, and the stories the old sailors told on winter nights of monsters a hundred feet long dragging big ships behind them, or pulling boats and crews beneath fields of ice, were as wonderful as the *Arabian Nights* and twice as true.

But cheap kerosene oil ruined the Long Island whalers. The demand for whale oil became so small they couldn't afford to go after it, and the boys who had dreamed of killing dozens of whales single-handed grew up to find that the sport had passed away. The whales seemed to miss the men who had hunted them so steadily, however, and every year or two a big fellow would come rolling and blowing close up to the Long Island shore, as though anxious to find out what had happened to his old enemies. The old whalers said it was because he couldn't find enough to eat farther out to sea. But a good big whale is worth two or three thousand dollars when he is caught and cut up, and they thought it would be good to be ready for any more of them if they should come along.

At Amagansett, Easthampton, Southampton, and other villages strung along twenty miles of coast, whaling crews were organized, composed of the bravest and most expert men, who chose one of their number for captain, and kept whaling-boats, harpoons, and everything needful ready for service at a moment's notice.

Ten years ago there were lively times along the coast; a school of whales were seen off shore, and a number of them were captured, and enriched the villages with their spoils. The old men brought out all their stories, which were listened to with deep respect, and while the young men went out in the boats to get their first experience, the boys spent anxious hours along the beach straining their eyes out over the water, for whoever first "sighted" a whale acquired a certain ownership in him, and was entitled to his share of the bone and blubber if the whale was caught.

During the last ten years but few whales were seen, and still fewer captured, until three weeks ago, when a school of nine were seen rolling at their ease among the waves, or pushing themselves along by flapping their monstrous tails, and with open mouths scooping up the insects upon which they live. The whaling villages were soon wild with excitement, and the whaling crews were filled with an ardor that has not yet subsided. The first of the school was killed by the Amagansett crews. It sank, and was washed ashore twenty miles down the coast three days afterward. It was a monster sixty feet long, and hundreds of people swarmed from all over the island to look at it, while artists came to make pictures of it.

But the Amagansett men thought that a whale never looked so nice as when he was cut up and ready to sell. They worked hard all the time carting the whalebone to their village, and stripping off the blubber, which is a thick layer of fat, pinkish in color, like salmon, covering the whale all over like a thick blanket. The men cut the blubber into long strips eighteen inches wide, and, loosening one end, pulled it off the whale's back as easily as the skin comes off a banana. Beneath was a mountain of coarse flesh, called "the lean," which is left to the fishes and birds. The men walked all over the whale while cutting it up, and had spikes in their shoes like a telegraph-pole climber. The whale's skin is smooth and glossy, and a fall from that slippery surface would be like falling off a small house.

While this work was going on, two more whales had been killed by the crews of Easthampton and Southampton.

After all the blubber had been stripped from the first whale and carted to Amagansett, the men built fires in little brick furnaces down near the shore, a mile from the village, and putting the blubber in big iron "try" pots, began boiling it into oil. But their work was soon interrupted. Johnny Edwards, son of old Captain Josh Edwards, came running down the beach yelling that one of the whales was in sight. Everybody looked, and a black mass was seen shining in the sun two miles out at sea. It looked like a boat turned bottom upward as much as anything else; but they knew it was a whale, and in fifteen minutes the three Amagansett whaling-boats were pulling with might and main through the surf, five men rowing and the captain steering in the stern of each boat. Before they got to it the whale was frightened by three boats coming from Easthampton, and dived down out of sight of everybody. Then the old captains had a chance to show what they knew about whaling by guessing where the whale would be when it should come up to breathe.

"Thar she breathes," they all cried, as the huge black back rose above the surface, and Captain Josh, the best whaler along the coast, was closest. His men were pulling like mad, trying to catch up with the big fellow, and Captain Josh was encouraging them all he could by waving his hands, and vowing the whale was so fat it could hardly swim. This wasn't exactly so. It could swim as fast as it liked, and kept diving under every few minutes, until all but Captain Josh's boat were far behind. The captain says he doesn't know much about electricity, but that a whale does. When it swims along, it leaves an electric current in its track, says the captain, and if a boat crosses that track the current is broken, and the whale knows there is danger. The old captain was careful not to cross the whale's track, and owing to that fact, or to his other knowledge of whales, he made the monster think he was not so dangerous, after all, and stole slowly up closer and closer to him.

When the boat was only twenty feet away, the whale took fright once more, and started to dive down; but it was too late. The men had stopped rowing, and George Smith was standing in the bow, holding in his hand a heavy harpoon fastened to a coil of stout rope. Before the whale knew what had happened, the sharp harpoon was plunged into his back, and the men were rowing backward as hard as they could to escape his first burst of fury.

Whales, old Captain Josh says, are like men, and when this one was first struck he seemed to shrink, as a man might. But that was only for an instant, and then he showed how mad a whale could be with a harpoon in his back. He lashed the sea into a foam with his powerful tail, and when he found that had done no good, he threw his body out of the water, and stood on his head. Next he tore out to sea at frightful speed, almost jerking the boat out of the water, and then, suddenly changing his mind, sank down and down, until he had to come up to breathe again.

The men in the boat knew they were risking their lives, but they were bound to have the whale, and were willing to run the risk. Old Captain Josh had taken Smith's place in the bow, and with a long sharp lance in his hand, stood anxiously watching every one of the whale's movements, paying out more rope when necessary, and looking out for a chance to give a fatal stab. The lance was long and keen, sharp as a razor on both edges, and, unlike the harpoon, was not barbed, so that it could be easily pulled out of the whale's body.

At last, just as it grew dark, the chance came. The whale, exhausted by his struggles and the pain of the harpoon tearing at his flesh, lay motionless on the water. The

boat drew up noiselessly, and the captain, taking good aim with his lance, buried it deep in the whale's body. Again and again the lance was thrown, and at last, a vital spot being touched, the whale began spouting blood; the delighted sailors yelled "Dead whale!" and in a few minutes the monster rolled over and died, eight miles from shore. The other boats soon came up, and all latched on to the dead whale like horses to a big log. A beacon fire had been lighted on the shore, and guided by its friendly light the prize was finally towed home in safety, after a hard night's work. It was a good big fat whale, with plenty of whalebone, and every one of the Amagansett whalers will get at least one hundred dollars for his share.

ARCHIE'S ADVENTURE. A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE. BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

PART XX.

DR. PONT could hardly have devised any punishment more severe than the banishment to which he subjected the unfortunate victim of the evidence of circumstances.

Left alone in his little room, Archie Graham gradually came to realize the distressing situation in which he was placed. Conscious of having done wrong, he was yet naturally indignant that he was condemned for a fault of which he was innocent; but it was the consciousness of his being unable to clear himself of *all* blame that kept his lips sealed. Had he been a shy, reserved boy, the serious nature of his present position would have overcome his reserve, and he would have spoken out. But being of a frank, outspoken disposition, his misfortunes turned all his thoughts into indignation. He was wretched because the Doctor had misjudged him, the evidence of the cap he regarded as a conspiracy, and he was wounded because it seemed as if his school-mates, among whom he was very popular, had turned against him. As for the promised interview with Dr. Pont the next morning, he not only did not fear it—for his present punishment was severe enough—but he positively looked forward to it with a feeling of relief.

At seven o'clock a maid-servant brought him his supper—the ordinary fare—for which he had no appetite. The girl spoke kindly to him, but he made no reply. Of course, he thought, she considered him to have done wrong, and her sympathy was not what he wanted. As a matter of fact, however, the kind-hearted girl was very much in sympathy with him, and, whether he were innocent or guilty, she was on his side.

An hour later the housekeeper came in to remove the supper tray. She also had a kind, womanly heart, but she felt herself bound to uphold the discipline of the house, and she was accordingly reserved in her manner and words. Master Graham had best go to bed, she thought. No; he wasn't sleepy. Well, at nine o'clock she would come in and turn out the gas, anyhow.

The unlucky prisoner was never less inclined for sleep, and the prospect of the long sleepless night was horrible. He thought of what other people would do in similar circumstances. He felt he must do something.

Then he thought he would leave the hateful place. He had often thought with contempt of the silliness of "running away," only to be brought back, and ever after held up to ridicule. But, on the other hand, his present position was so awful! Never had man or boy been placed in such a position before. He resolved that there was but one thing to do—to run away.

He knew that the steamboat touched at Belhaven every night at eleven, and that it would bring him home at about half past seven the next morning. He had once gone home that way with his father, and his father had on sev-

eral occasions returned by the night boat after running on by train in the daytime to see him.

He was perfectly certain, therefore, about the boat; next, how should he get out of the house? To climb down from the window was impossible, and equally so to escape by the front door, since the Doctor's room was on the same floor. If he made good his exit by the boys' entrance he would still be only in the yard, and the gates and walls were difficult and dangerous climbing. The servants' entrance, however, was in the wing, and it opened into a yard surrounded only by a low fence. He was satisfied that he could escape by that way.

While he was thinking over his plans the housekeeper came in.

"Not in bed yet, Master Graham?" she said. "Now go to bed at once. I will come back and turn out the light in ten minutes. Do be a good boy now, and get undressed; and don't forget to say your prayers."

Archie undressed himself, and then he knelt down to say his prayers, but he hardly knew what he was saying. His spirit was still rebellious, and he could not pray.

For a long, tedious hour he lay wide awake in bed. He had calculated that at half past ten the house would be quiet, and he could get out unobserved. Dr. Pont's household kept early hours.

After a while he got out of bed and dressed himself. Then he opened the door and listened.

All was quiet.

The light in the corridor was still burning, although turned down low. Instead of going out of the room, he returned to his bureau, and took out his writing-case, and carried it to a chair near the door, where the dim light fell upon it. Then he did what he had been thinking over in the darkness. He wrote a note, not to the Doctor, but to a school-mate. It ran as follows:

"DEAR CLIFFORD,—I am going home. You know I didn't do what the Doctor says I did. Won't you please tell him where I was this afternoon? Good-by forever.

"Your friend,
A. GRAHAM."

He placed the note in an envelope, and addressed it as if it were going by mail:

"R. J. Clifford,
Care Rev. Dr. Pont,
Belhaven."

Leaving the envelope on the bureau, he put on his overcoat, and with his shoes in his hand, he crept downstairs. The door separating the servants' wing from the main house was open, and he soon found himself in the back hallway. There he put on his shoes.

Cautiously and with difficulty he drew the bolts and turned the key. Then he listened, but heard nothing except the wind rushing round the corners of the house. Then, as he opened the door and stepped quickly out, he saw and felt that it was raining hard, and a fierce north-east wind buffeted him rudely. For a moment he hesitated, but the next instant his retreat was cut off. The wind had blown the door to, and he could not open it from the outside.

Archie had never been afraid of the dark, but on this wild, stormy night his courage almost gave way. He had half an hour to reach the wharf, and the distance was nearly two miles. Still, he had not counted on fighting the wind all the way, and as he pushed on he felt sad and angry, for the fierce wind swooped down upon him, and the rain beat into his face, so that every now and then he was forced to turn his back upon the storm and wait for a lull. And every time he did so he felt that he had wasted time, and then he ran a few rods to make up for it. He had already begun to repent of his hasty flight, but the



"WITH HIS SHOES IN HIS HAND, HE CREPT DOWN-STAIRS."

prospect of missing the boat and spending the night wandering about Belhaven was more terrible than either his present position or the misfortune from which he was trying to escape by flight.

At length, tired, muddy, and wet, he reached the wharf. The boat was not yet in. Two or three wharfmen were sitting in a little wooden building, where there was a roaring stove. They were smoking and talking, and looked warm and comfortable. Archie wished that he might go in there too, but he knew that he would have to reply to their questions, and anything rather than that. So he took up a sheltered position under a shed, and sat there gloomily. He began to think that he might have missed the boat, but he knew that it was but just eleven, and that with such a wind blowing it would most likely be late.

After a time the door of the little room was opened, and one of the men came out and shut it behind him. But he did not move far. He stood for a minute or two to get his eyes accustomed to the darkness, and looked out over the harbor. Archie sat motionless and almost without breathing. Then the man went in again. Evidently the boat was not yet in sight. So the boy sat down again upon a big box of freight. He was very tired and wet, and the wind howled fearfully, mournfully, now beating savagely around the shed and dashing the spray over the pier, and anon, for a few moments, dying away, going farther, farther away. And he was so tired!

Had he missed the boat, after all, when he was so certain he was in time? What was he to do then? He could go to the hotel. No; he had enough money, but as for going to a hotel at that time of night, it was out of

the question. Besides, might not Dr. Pont and Farmer Perkin and a policeman be waiting for him? The town was awfully desolate, except for policemen. There seemed to be one at every corner. Should he go and give himself up? He would at least get a warm place to stay in; but then he would be certain to be condemned in the morning. . . . The policemen were very kind, and promised that his mother should never know; but the judge was so angry. He said that it was a disgrace to his school, and the boys, who were in the court-room sitting on benches just as in recitation-room, all said, "Guilty."

"I am not guilty," he cried out. "Ask Clifford. He will tell you where I was."

But Clifford only said "Guilty," like the rest. What? Had all his friends forsaken him?

How fierce were the rain and the wind as the policemen carried him off to prison; and he innocent, after all. There! the prison door had banged shut. There is no escape. Hark! how the chains rattle! They are coming to put them on!

"Yer needn't bust yerself over that freight. I guess she hain't goin' out again yet awhile."

Archie started up. Then it was a dream, after all. Where was he? Ah! there was the boat. He must go aboard quickly.

After his anxious night and toilsome walk, it was no wonder that he had fallen asleep on the uncomfortable box of freight, and that he had had troubled dreams. But having come to himself, he felt that reality was almost as terrible as his dream. He was chilled and stiff, but he went aboard of the boat, and nobody seemed to notice

him. With his wet and dirty clothes he had a very bedraggled appearance, and no one would have taken him for one of Dr. Pont's neatly dressed pupils.

He was very tired and sleepy, and he sought a retired spot on which to lie down. There was a tempting-looking lounge in the saloon, and the place was well heated.

"Come, now, boy, I can't allow that, with them muddy shoes."

The speaker was one of the stewards. Archie roused himself, and said he was so tired; mightn't he stay there? "And wet too. Been stayin' out on deck. Boys don't have no sense, anyhow. Well, come with me."

Archie followed the man, who led him to another lounge, made of cane, near the steam heater.

"Guess you can't hurt this. Better hang that overcoat up to dry. And don't you go out on deck again, or you'll catch your death."

The boy had no words to express his gratitude, but he felt kindly toward the man, and was soon sleeping warm and comfortable. No dreams disturbed his slumbers this time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BITER BITTEN.

A STORY OF THE BLACK FOREST.

BY DAVID KER.

"THERE'S Neighbor Chalk at his old tricks again, I'm afraid," said Karl Guthertz, the landlord of the Golden Ox, looking through the frost-flecked window with a meaning shake of his huge yellow head, which, with its broad flat nose, wide mouth, and large bright eyes, gave him the look of a good-natured lion. "One of these days,

if he doesn't mind, he'll find that an honest pfennig is better than an ill-gotten thaler."

Out in the snowy road two men were standing beside a cart laden with wood. The one—who was warmly wrapped in a thick coat that came down below his knees—was a tall, gaunt, ungainly fellow, with a sallow, pinched, sour-looking face, the very last man, in fact, whom any one would have thought of asking for help or charity. There was a cunning twinkle in his small rat-like eye, as if he had just been driving a hard bargain at the expense of the thin, ragged, half-starved wretch by his side, who, meekly picking up the little bundle of wood which the other had flung at his feet, slunk dejectedly away.

"Aha!" cried Schalk, exultingly, stamping the snow off his feet upon the threshold as he stepped into the warm room, "I've made a good bargain with that French fellow yonder. What 'wooden-heads' those foreigners are! why, any fool might take them in."

"Have *you* taken him in, then, neighbor?" asked the stout landlord, thrusting his big hands deeper down into his pockets, as if fearing that he might be tempted to use them in knocking down his worthy neighbor on the spot.

"Well, I've got two marks and a half [sixty cents] out of him for a bundle of wood that wasn't worth one," said Schalk, too full of his triumph to notice the look of disgust on the brown manly faces of the honest German peasants who were sitting round the stove. "But as for 'taking in,' the wood's my property, and I suppose I have a right to ask what price I please for it."

The landlord's ruddy face turned redder still with anger, and his eye measured Schalk's bony carcass as if to find the spot where a blow would tell most effectually. But he was checked just in time by an unforeseen interruption.

No one had paid much attention to a man who was sitting silent in the farthest corner over a plate of cold ham, with the collar of his gray riding cloak turned up so high over his ears, and his peaked cap pulled down so low over his eyes, that his face could hardly be seen at all. But just then he gave three or four sharp raps on the table with the handle of his knife, and as the landlord came up to see what he wanted, the stranger bent forward and whispered something in his ear. Whatever it was that he said, it seemed to act like magic upon Herr Gutherz, whose face instantly expanded into a grin so broad and bright that it seemed to light up the whole room.

Meanwhile Schalk was making a light breakfast of brown-bread and cheese; for, being as close-fisted as he was knavish, he never spent a penny more than he could help. Having finished, he asked how much he had to pay.

"Two marks and a half," answered the landlord, quietly, naming the exact sum which Schalk had extorted from the Frenchman.

"What!" screamed Schalk, "are you mad? Two marks and a half for a few mouthfuls of bread and cheese?"

"Well, the bread and cheese are my own property, as you said just now, and I suppose I have a right to ask what price I please. But don't think I'm going to cheat you. I shall keep twenty pfennigs to pay for your breakfast, and the rest I'll give to that poor Frenchman whom you've just been fleecing."

"It's a shame! it's a swindle!" howled Schalk, furious to see every one laughing at him. "I'll go to the magistrate about it—that I will."

"You needn't trouble the magistrate, for I can settle the matter just as well," said a deep voice behind him, as the silent man in the corner, throwing back his cloak, revealed to the dismayed rogue the stern face of the Commandant himself. "Pay your money and go, you rascal, and be thankful to get off so cheap. As for the poor fellow whom you've cheated, I'll send him a whole cart-load of wood this very day, and something to cook with it as well, that he may not think ill of all of us Germans for the sake of one rogue."



THIS IS MY VALENTINE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

COME, merry lads and lasses O, all in the shining weather;
With eyes alight and cheeks aglow, come trooping on together.
Let tricky Cupid bend his bow and dart his arrows fine;
There's never one of you can show so fair a prize as mine.

The postman brought my cousin May a valentine from Harry,
And Reginald across the way has one that came from Carrie,
And Daisy's such a pet, they say she's rich with eight or nine;
I wouldn't change with her to-day—this is my valentine.

My valentine, to all we meet I'll vow to love you dearly;
I've heard gay Cupid called a cheat, but I am yours sincerely.
From golden head to dimpled feet, my dainty valentine,
I'm proud of you, my sweetest sweet, oh, darling brother mine.

Come, merry lads and lasses O, come trooping on together;
Though tricky Cupid bend his bow all in the shining weather,
He shall not find or high or low so fair a prize as mine:
I'm willing every one should know this is my valentine.

MR. THOMPSON AND THE FAIRIES.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"SUPERSTITION—arrant superstition!" sniffed Mr. Thompson, in great disgust. "Why, I tell you, fairies are an impossibility. They *can't* exist, and I thought that the idea was exploded and dismissed from the minds of sensible people years ago."

"Why can't they exist?" inquired a young man, who was about the only one among the summer boarders who dared combat the old bachelor.

"Why?" repeated Mr. Thompson. "Why, because they can't, and because they don't. Every strange circumstance formerly charged to fairies can now be traced to natural causes," replied Mr. Thompson, loftily, as he left the piazza for his evening walk. "Fairies!" he muttered, as he walked along—"fairies! pooh! ridiculous!"

Mr. Thompson was in no very good humor. The boarders had begun a discussion about fairies, and Mr. Thompson had taken all they had said in earnest, and had combated their theories vigorously; finally he lost his temper, and left in disgust. He walked down the road until he came to a grove which bordered a tiny lake. When he reached the edge of the water he seated himself on a flat stone, and watched the ripples silvered in the moonlight, with the water-lilies, closed for the night, floating to and fro on the surface, and here and there a lily that remained open shining like a white star among the green leaves. Now and then a frog would croak, and the katydids kept up a continual chirping. After a time his attention was attracted by the katydids, which did not seem to be making their monotonous cry, but were playing a regular tune. He listened intently, and could distinguish the time of a march. Just then the frogs in chorus croaked a prolonged roll-call, which was followed by the bugle-call by a whip-poor-will up in the tree. He had hardly commenced to account for these strange proceedings when a small figure appeared, or rather bounced upon the little space of turf on Mr. Thompson's left. He was a queer-looking little fellow, dressed in a tight-fitting suit of green, and with a most mischievous expression on his face. He came over and seated himself on a toad-stool opposite to Mr. Thompson, and after eying that bewildered gentleman for a few minutes, remarked,

"So you don't believe in fairies?"

"I *did* not," answered Mr. Thompson, humbly. "But how do you know?"

"Oh, I was riding past on a big June bug, and heard you deny our existence. I bumped the bug against your hat and tried to knock it off, but it was no go," answered the sprite.

"Are you a fay?" asked Mr. Thompson, with some hesitation.

"Puck," was the short answer. Then he continued, maliciously, "I'll make you believe in fairies before I get through with you."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," said Mr. Thompson, showing some alarm, and preparing to rise.

"No trouble at all, I assure you," was Puck's answer, given with mock politeness. "Don't go away," he added; "your feet are asleep, so don't disturb them."

Sure enough both of his feet were asleep. Just then a large moth came flying past, and Puck jumped lightly on its back. Grasping its long antennae like a pair of reins, he drove the frightened insect back and forth under Mr. Thompson's nose, brushing that portion of the poor gentleman's face with the great downy wings; finally Mr. Thompson began to sneeze. With a triumphant laugh Puck sprang to the ground, and cried, "Now I've given you a fine cold in your head to remember me by; perhaps after a while you will believe in fairies;" and the little rascal rolled on the turf, and laughed loud and long at his mischief.

The katydids struck up a lively strain, and a long procession of fairies appeared from among the trees. Some were walking, others were flying on their gossamer-like wings, while others still came mounted on night moths and beetles; and one, who from his appearance Mr. Thompson judged to be Puck's brother, swooped down on the back of a bat. Puck paid no attention to the newcomers, but continued to laugh, when the fairy Queen stepped from the throng, and struck him sharply with her sceptre.

"How now, madcap? Did we not give strictest orders that no mortal should be present at our festival?"

Puck sprang to his feet with a most innocent expression on his face.

"You did, most gracious Queen, but this unbelieving man professed to doubt our existence, and I detained him here in order that you might pass judgment on him."

"You detained him, boaster!" said the Queen, in amusement, "and how, pray?"

"I put his feet to sleep," replied the sprite.

A titter among the fairies greeted this statement, and the Queen continued, laughing,

"Think you he is cured of his unbelief?"

"I have given him a token to keep me in his head."

"Of what kind?"

"A most mighty cold. If you could but hear him sneeze!" and the mischievous Puck again went off into a fit of laughter.

In the mean time the other sprite had not been idle, but had collected a number of large and ravenous mosquitoes along the shore of the lake, and now let them loose around Mr. Thompson's head. They at once set to work, and when poor Mr. Thompson tried to defend himself against their attacks, he found to his horror that his hands as well as his feet were asleep.

The Queen saw his predicament, and ordered one of her attendants to drive the offending insects away. Then half a dozen stout young knights, armed with lance and sword, sprang upon the backs of their winged steeds, and soon the mosquitoes were impaled upon their spears. The Queen turned toward the author of the mischief.

"You, too!" she exclaimed, severely. "You and your unruly brother shall pay for this night's sport by guiding this poor mortal home, and thereby lose your share in our merry-making."

Mr. Thompson felt sorry for the two rascals, and, besides, he wished to witness the fairies dance; so he made bold to speak.

"If you would kindly permit," he said, politely, "I should like to remain; then these two little fellows, who I am sure meant me no harm, can take part in the festivities."

The Queen bowed graciously, and the katydids, who had been silent, struck up a lively tune. The fairies danced, and Puck and his brother joined the circle.

How long this lasted Mr. Thompson could not tell. He was startled by the deep croak of a bull-frog, followed by a warning cry from an owl that had been watching the proceedings from a hollow tree.

"Another mortal," cried the fairies; and in a second they had vanished. The katydids had resumed their monotonous chirping, and only Puck and his brother were left with Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson sprang to his feet, and found them both still asleep.

"Run," urged the two sprites.

"My feet are asleep," said poor Mr. Thompson.

"Wake 'em up," said Puck, crossly, at the same time grasping Mr. Thompson's hand, while his brother caught the other, and before he knew what they were about they had him up to his knees in the lake.

"That'll wake your feet up," shouted Puck, in derision,

as he jumped from one lily-pad to another, and was soon out of sight.

"What on earth are you doing?" came in a familiar voice from the shore. Mr. Thompson turned, and there on the bank was standing the young man who had insisted upon the existence of fairies earlier in the evening. "What did you go into the water for?" pursued the young man.

"Puck led me in, the scamp," growled Mr. Thompson. "Puck!—what Puck?" inquired the young man.

"Why, the fairy, of course," was Mr. Thompson's ungacious reply.

"Oh, you've been asleep again, and dreamed—"

"Oh yes, dreamed," interrupted Mr. Thompson, in high dudgeon. "I dreamed a cold in my head and mosquitoes and the fairy dance, and dreamed myself into the water—likely;" and Mr. Thompson shook himself savagely as he stepped ashore.

The young man thought that Mr. Thompson would be no very pleasant companion for the home walk; so he left him, with the parting remark,

"Every strange circumstance formerly charged to fairies can now be traced to natural causes."

Mr. Thompson's only reply was an angry grunt, but now he is a firm believer in the "little folk," as the Scotch call them.

THE WANDERING ALBATROSS AND YOUNG.

BY HORACE LUNT.

FAR out to sea, in the southern latitudes of the Indian Ocean, more than a thousand miles from the continent of Africa or Australia, lies an uninhabited island named Desolation or Kerguelen. Ships passing on their way from Europe or the United States to Melbourne sail quite near this lonely land, and sometimes enter Christmas Harbor, at the northern end, for fresh supplies of water. Here, if the sailors visit it at any time between the months of October and January, they will see vast numbers of the wandering albatross describing graceful curves high in air, or sweeping down on the table-land where their curious nests are placed.

The albatross, if it is a great wanderer, is also a lover of home, and has an excellent memory, for after five months' voyaging over many leagues of the dreary ocean's waste it always returns at the end of that time to the land of its birth, and occupies year after year the same abode.

It is an odd nest that this remarkable bird makes. It is in the shape of a half cone, and this is the manner in which it is constructed: after a heavy fall of rain has softened the earth, both the male and the female go to work with a will, digging with their strong bills a circular ditch six feet round, pushing up the mud, mingled with grass, nearer and nearer the centre of the circle, pounding and shaping the mass with their spades into a solid mound two feet high; at the top is a shallow cavity, in which the mother albatross lays only one white egg.

And now begins a long, tedious season of incubation. More than two months is required to hatch out the young, which at first appears a moving white ball of the finest silky down. It grows slowly, remaining in the nest for many weeks, carefully watched and fed by the parents, which take turns in going to sea to capture small tender squids and jelly-fish for the helpless squab. At last, as if urged by some mysterious force, the father and mother suddenly desert their child, and wander for many months over the "trackless ocean," far out of sight of land, but never, except by accident, visiting the Northern Pacific or Atlantic, where other species of this genus are found. It does not like to fly by night. It is a beautiful spectacle to see it stooping with extended wings from the cloudless sky, and touching the waves with almost the

lightness of a feather, as it settles down amongst the patches of floating sea-weed or in the wake of ships, to feed upon mollusks and shell-fish, or the offal thrown out to them by the sailors.

What keeps the baby albatross from starving during the long absence of its parents is a question that has never been answered. For a long time it is not able to fly, and therefore can not obtain its food in the usual manner of older birds. It is possible that it derives its sustenance from the surplus fat stored in its body during the first two months of excessive feeding, or rambles over the table-land in search of whatever it yields of worms and snails. It is certain that it manages in some way to thrive, for when found "it is lively and in good condition."

When the old birds again return from their long voyage, the young albatross, that appears to remember its parents, immediately proceeds to caress them by pecking with its hard hooked bill their heads until that portion between the beak and the eyes is bare of feathers, sore, and bloody. This rough kind of fondling is endured for a short time, as if they wished to make amends for their negligence, and then the youth is harshly turned away, while these old mariners at once begin to repair the same nest for another season of housekeeping. When they again set sail, the child of the previous year, that has now attained sufficient strength of wing, accompanies them, to be in turn taught the mysteries of the sea; and after a long and stormy voyage over unknown waters and strange coasts it will return to this island of Desolation, there to choose a mate and rear a little one to take its part in the restless life which the albatross seems to love so well.

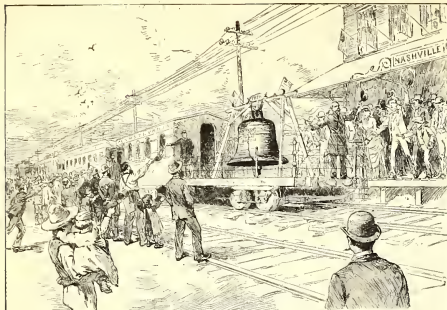
THE LIBERTY BELL.

AS you pass along Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, you come to a venerable building called Independence Hall. It is called so because on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted there by the American Congress. The people of the united colonies were declared free and independent of the control of the King of England. For many days the members of the Congress debated the question whether they should make this bold declaration. They knew that if they did so they would expose themselves to all the wrath of the English King. They would become rebels and traitors in his eyes. They might be put to death for the offense.

But the American Congress was resolved to be free. On the 2d of July, 1776, after a fine speech from John Adams, the resolution was adopted, and on the 4th of July the "Declaration" written by Thomas Jefferson was passed upon, and signed by John Hancock as President of Congress.

As you enter the ancient building you see—or would have seen a few weeks ago—a large bell, cracked and time-worn. It is about four feet in diameter, and three inches thick at the heaviest part. The crack runs through its side, and has destroyed its sound. It is known as the "Liberty Bell." It was cast in England as early as 1752, but was cracked at the first ringing in Philadelphia, and was, in 1753, twice recast there. Independence Hall was then known as the "State House," and was one of the finest buildings in America. The new bell was then placed in a tower on its top. It was the largest in the country. Around it was an inscription, still to be seen, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

This was just what the bell was destined to do twenty-three years later. It was to celebrate the declaration of American independence. On the 4th of July the bell-ringer—a tradition relates—stood in his tower on Independence Hall awaiting the action of Congress. For a long time he waited in vain. The debates were long and



THE LIBERTY BELL ON ITS JOURNEY SOUTH.

animated. At last a shout was heard from the hall below—"Ring!" The bell-ringer caught the joyous news; his bell rang clear and loud over the rejoicing city. For two hours the merry peal startled the ear, and the Liberty Bell proclaimed freedom to all the people.

It is certain that on the 8th of July the Declaration was read from Independence Hall to a large crowd of people, and the Liberty Bell pealed out its glad tidings of freedom. When the English took possession of Philadelphia it was taken down and carefully hidden. It was

brought back after the war. After fifty years of labor it was broken; it can now ring no more.

For the first time since 1777 the Liberty Bell has recently left Philadelphia, and been carried on a triumphal journey to be shown at the New Orleans Exposition. It was protected on its way by a guard of honor. As it passed through the towns and villages it was received everywhere with great respect and joy. Never was an old cracked bell so much looked at, admired, and rejoiced over. When it reached New Orleans, a few days ago, the city was decorated with flags for its reception; guns were fired, steam-whistles sounded, and all the people were glad to welcome the Liberty Bell.

And it has truly proclaimed liberty to all lands. Its cheerful sound was heard by all the poor in Europe. It sounded in the cottages of Norway and Sweden, and rang throughout Ireland and England, Germany and Italy. The immigrants who come to us from abroad have been called by its merry peal to a land where they can be free. The sound of the Liberty Bell has gone over the earth.

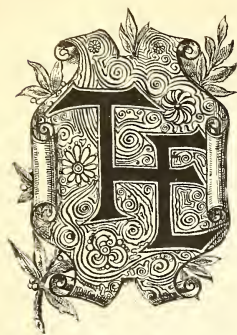
Every one who goes to Philadelphia should visit Independence Hall and its famous relics. Here is the chair in which Washington sat as President, the inkstand from which Hancock signed the Declaration, the portraits of the leaders of the Revolution. You stand in the very room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, all seem around us. But no one should fail to look upon the Liberty Bell when it has returned—we may trust in safety—to its ancient home. Its tongue is silent. But it has already done more than any other bell in proclaiming liberty and good-will to all men.



THE LIBERTY BELL ON ITS JOURNEY SOUTH—PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.



A VALENTINE.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.



ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

TINA'S COMMUNICATIONS.

NURSERY hardly looked so uninviting as Nan had expected it would, for Louise, with all her carelessness in regard to the children's training, was neat, and had a French woman's taste. The dotted muslin curtains, the little white beds, the light-colored furniture, all looked cheerful and suited to children's use, and yet as Nan sat down, with Tina's big dark eyes fastened upon her, and little Rolf standing fixing her with a stare which might end any moment in a cry, she could not help a feeling that it was, after all, not a home-like place for the two children to pass many hours in.

"She is going to tell us a story," said Tina to Rolf. "Come and listen."

Rolf was a young man of very decided opinions. If he had not been Louise's favorite, there would have been a great deal more misery in his young life, but the pretty five-year-old boy, with his soft little rings of yellow hair, big blue eyes, and rosy mouth, was the one pet in the household: even Mr. Farquhar condescended occasionally to notice him, and his crying fits, supposed to be highly injurious to his health, procured him instantly whatever he desired. For this reason doubtless, as well as because they were so often scolded or blamed for his mischief, Bob and Betty were by no means fond of their baby brother, and perhaps it was as well that Master Rolf had always at his command the faculty for "screaming," as Tina said, "his tears."

Rolf looked very doubtfully at Nan, who held Tina on her lap, and smiled pleasantly upon the young sovereign of the nursery.

"Take me up there," he said, finally.

"Tina," Nan whispered, "will you let me hold him, because he is the youngest, and you sit close by on your little chair?"

Tina assented, and conducted Rolf slowly across to Nan, who lifted him up on to her knees, giving him a tight hug and half a dozen kisses among his curls.

"Now tell the 'tory,'" Rolf said, calmly, looking her directly in the face.

"What shall it be about?" Nan questioned.

"A bad boy," suggested Tina, promptly.

"What got whipped and *whipped*," said Rolf, shaking his head and frowning fiercely; "an' had all his toys taken away from him." He looked very savage indeed.

"But there are some good boys," said Nan, trying not to laugh.

"I like to hear 'ories about bad boys," answered Rolf, calmly.

Nan reflected a moment, and finally invented a little tale in which a bad boy was quite bad enough, and certainly most severely punished. Rolf listened, fixing his eyes upon her lips, evidently ready to criticise anything he did not like, but as soon as she had finished, he said, with a long breath of satisfaction, and the air of one who has only to make known his wishes to have them obeyed, "Tell it agin, Nan."

Nan laughed, and repeated the history of bad little Thomas; but immediately Rolf remarked,

"Tell it agin."

"Oh, Nan," exclaimed Tina, "that's always the way with Rolf; he'll never be satisfied; he'll keep saying, 'Tell it agin,' forty times."

Rolf listened attentively to this speech, and waited to hear whatever Nan might answer. It occurred to her that perhaps she might come to spend a great deal of her time in the nursery, and it would be as well to have a definite understanding with Rolf at once. So she said, kissing him again,

"No, darling, I can't tell you just that one again, but I'll sing you a song if you choose."

Little Rolf was naturally fond of music, so he permitted Nan to go through peacefully with "Punchinello." Then followed a series of questions, and Nan found she had to continue Punchinello's history, explain Columbine's sad death in a variety of ways, and finally to "do it agin" in response to a calm order from Rolf, refusing, however, to repeat it a third time.

Whereupon the howls began. Rolf flung himself on the floor, and cried as Nan had never heard child or baby cry before. She was surprised to see that Tina looked on quite unmoved, and after trying one argument after another in vain, she was going in search of some one, when the door opened suddenly upon Louise.

The nurse cast a scornful look upon Nan, and rushed over to Rolf, whom she caught up in her arms, petting and soothing him, and declaring naughty Tina should be whipped and sent away.

"Tina did nothing," said Nan, quietly. "He cried because I wouldn't sing three times."

"*Pauvre enfant!*" Louise murmured; "was his cousin cruel to him not to sing the pretty song? Naughty Cousin in Nan."

Nan felt her patience pushed rather too far. She stood up to go into her own room, but catching sight of an appealing look from Tina, said to Louise, "May Tina come into my room, Louise, for a little while?"

Louise curtly gave her consent, and the little girl joyfully put her hand in her cousin's.

"I like you," she whispered, as they went along the hall, "better than I do Betty. I know where Bob took you. He doesn't know it, but I've found out his secret. Jim told me. He told me how he got the dog, and he beats him every day."

Nan shivered. What could she do to prevent such outrageous cruelty?

"Bob would give me a dreadful whipping if he thought I told," said Tina, when they were in Nan's room again. She was sitting on her cousin's lap, and evidently prepared to be very communicative. "Oh, I find out *all* their secrets," she continued, with a little laugh, "and they think I don't know. I heard all Louise and Betty said about you before you came—how you were only a poor child our rich cousin was taking care of, and how you hadn't any mother or father; and Louise said if you did come, she wasn't going to put up with any nonsense from you, and Betty said neither was she—you were only a beggar."

Even Tina, delighted as she was to "tell of" Betty and her special tyrant Louise, stopped short as she saw the look of dismay and pain, and the scarlet color that flamed into Nan's sweet face.

So *that* was the way in which the Farquhars regarded her! An orphan, living on their rich cousin's bounty—"only a beggar!" Oh, thought poor Nan, as her heart beat wildly with sorrow and indignation, if *only* Aunt Letty could know that her motherly care, her confidence, her trust in her, were unknown, and that Rolf House was considered only her niece's home because Nan was fatherless and alone!

"So it is all true," said Tina, in her satisfied tone. "I'm sorry you're so poor, Nan. I like you, anyway."

Nan clasped her passionately in her arms, and kissed her not once, but many times, while a strong temptation was rising in her mind to tell Bob and Betty all about her aunt's trust in her, her allowance, her charities, about the Traverses and the Blakes.

"How they would wonder!" thought poor Nan, passionately. "Oh, if Aunt Letty could know!"

"I must go back to the school-room now, dear," Nan said at last. "I will try and get Louise to let you go out with me some day when you are very good."

Tina readily promised perfect behavior, and Nan went back to the school-room, where Miss Balch was wrestling over Betty's sums, and Bob was noisily studying spelling. But he looked up to make an important announcement.

"I'm going to school to-morrow. To the Fuller Institute. Whoop-la!"

Nan could scarcely conceal her satisfaction, and indeed but for the fact that he was so pleased himself, Bob might have found reason for complaint in the very generally expressed delight over this new arrangement. It was a day school, but it would employ him away from home six hours out of the twenty-four, and from Louise in the nursery to Martha the cook the satisfaction was universal.

Nan, finding an idle ten minutes before luncheon, read Joan's letter. One part of it troubled her very much.

"You remember Mrs. Travers's friend," wrote Joan, "the actress, who called on Cousin Letty. Well, it seems she's dead, and her little girl is with some show or circus, where Mrs. Travers has heard she is being most cruelly treated. A boy who had been in the show called and told Mrs. Travers about it. Cousin Letty wrote at once and tried to find her, but the man who owned the circus said she'd left. The man and woman who owned her had carried her off, he didn't know where. All he could find out was that the man's name was Jones, and that he and his wife were teaching her to ride, and to stand still and have knives thrown at her. Isn't it dreadful? I thought if you kept a close lookout you might find her."

Nan sighed as she replaced the letter in her pocket. How well she remembered the poor actress to whom she had given the roses that happy summer day! How pleased she had been! Nan remembered how she turned and, looking at the old brick house, wished *her* child might fare as well as David was sure to among such kind friends.

Somehow Joan's letter and the reflections it called up had made Nan feel ashamed of her passionate resolve to put herself "right" before the Farquhars. Was not Aunt Letty wise when she taught her little maiden to find peace and gentleness in "doing unto others"? Nan began to feel as though she could afford a great deal of patience with two such restless, discontented young people as her cousins, who, after all, had never known what a *home* or really loving guardianship meant.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE LOFT.

BETTY gave Nan a piece of information after dinner which set her wondering anew as to what she could do for poor Rover.

The little girl, it seems, was not entirely devoid of compassion for the unfortunate dog, and after they left the stables she had coaxed Jim to open the closet door for her the next day if she brought some food for Rover.

"Jim says he'll let us feed Rover if we come up directly Bob has gone to school," said Betty, who enjoyed as much as anything the fact that by so doing they would outwit Bob.

Nan needed no second bidding. She felt quite ready to speed Bob on his way to school, although his loud boasts as to all he meant to do and be with the other boys were exasperating. But he was gone at last. Tina and Rolf had gone to walk. Miss Balch was not expected until ten o'clock, and the two girls set off for the stables with some meat and hominy and a little warm milk.

Jim the stable-boy, was a tall, rough-looking lad of about sixteen, who had suffered so much from both Betty and Bob that he would not have served the former except at the expense of the latter, but Nan had done much toward softening his feelings. He was really polite in word and manner, and although only a little less rough as a rule toward poor Rover than Bob, he encouraged the poor dog to come forward, with some kindness in his harsh voice.

The poor little creature seemed afraid to move until Nan caressed it, and offered it some of the food, which it ate with such a ravenous appetite that there could be no doubt of Bob's having kept it nearly starved. To see the forlorn animal look up at her with such a grateful, wistful glance almost brought the tears into Nan's eyes, and even Betty said, "Poor thing," with some genuine compassion.

"Now yez must go," said Jim, who was anxious to lock the door again, knowing Reilly, the coachman, would be calling him to work.

"But mayn't we come to-morrow, Jim?" pleaded Nan.

"Well, I'll see," said the lad.

Just before luncheon the delightful news arrived that Mrs. Vandort was expected.

"Oh, she'll ask us to see her, I know," Betty cried out. "Because you're here will be the reason."

Going into the dining-room with her cousin, Nan saw standing at one side of the table, and talking to Mrs. Farquhar, a small, elderly lady, with gray curls under a velvet bonnet, and a very quiet, very lovely face.

There was nothing about the lady to attract very quick attention, and yet Nan felt with her, as she had with Miss Rolf, that in spite of her tranquil manners she was one of those born to command as well as to be obeyed. But her rule must have been a pleasant one, or the Farquhars would not have so readily yielded to it.

On hearing Nan's name, she addressed her very pleasantly, asked a few questions about the Beverley family, and then, to the general delight of the party, remarked, quietly:

"Well, you must all come to see me next week—Saturday. Will you allow it, Mary?"

Mrs. Farquhar had no thought of interfering with any suggestion of her relative's, and accordingly it was arranged that on Saturday morning the three young people were to come to Mrs. Vandort's for the day.

Nan looked forward eagerly to this visit, and only regretted that Bob was to be of the party, but Betty, in a friendly moment, assured her that he was quite a different being at Mrs. Vandort's.

The days went by—only marked by one unfortunate occurrence. Bob had discovered that Jim had opened the door of Rover's prison, and he at once suspected the girls.

"I'll teach you to meddle with my property," he said, dashing into the school-room, white with rage.

"Oh, Bob, we didn't mean to," whimpered Betty. Nan waved her aside.

"Yes, we *did* mean to, Betty," she said, scornfully. "If I'd guessed how you treat that dog I'd never have made such a promise. We took food to him because he was starving, and I'll do it again the next chance I get."

Bob flushed sullenly. He stood still for a moment, and then a gleam of malicious triumph came into his eyes.

"Do you know how I'll punish you then?" he said,



"I'LL GIVE HIM A THRASHING EVERY TIME I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THERE."

walking up close to Nan, and looking at her fiercely. "Why, I'll give him a thrashing every time I know you've been there, and I always find out, because Jim knows I could tell something against him if I liked."

Nan felt herself grow pale. How could she even by contempt, or scorn, or threat, or example, hope to do anything with this boy whose nature, originally passionate and inclined to be cruel, had never known the discipline of government or the aid of love or good precept.

She turned away, sick at heart and disgusted; and feeling himself victorious, Bob walked away, whistling boldly. But after that Nan often stole out to the stable-loft and listened outside poor Rover's door, speaking to him through the cracks, calling him gently and compassionately, and feeling sure she could hear the response of his tail wagging against the floor. Another way of watching over him she devised, which was more satisfactory. Obtaining from the good-natured chamber-maid Anne a ginellet, she bored a little hole in the side of the closet, through which she often looked in at poor Rover. On one such occasion she was startled, on turning round, to meet Tina's solemn, dark-eyed gaze. The little girl, having observed Nan leaving the house, had followed her unseen and unheard, and now stood a short distance from the closet, fixedly regarding her.

"Let me look in," said Tina, gravely.

Nan hesitated a moment, and then lifted the little girl up on a level with the round hole. Tina seemed quite fascinated, and would have liked to prolong her inspec-

tion, but Nan could not help laughing at the child's comment on poor Rover's gaunt appearance.

"Nan," she said, in her grave way, "God made too many bones, I think, for that dog. Wasn't it a mistake?"

"God never made a mistake, dear," said Nan, "but bad boys do sometimes. It is Bob's fault that poor Rover is so thin and bony. But, Tina, you must not let him know you have been here."

The child looked at the older girl with the shrewd old-womanish air which she so often wore, and which entirely altered her babyish face.

"No," she said; "if I like you I won't tell. Shall we have it for our secret, Nan? Bob and Betty are always trying to have secrets from me."

Nan hesitated. She wanted to insure Tina's silence, and yet this perpetual air of secrecy among the children was very troublesome to one of Nan's frank, free nature.

"Don't let us have that kind of a secret," she said at last. "I'll tell you what we can do. Because poor Rover is sick and hungry, we will promise him not to do or say anything that would get him a whipping. Now if Bob knew you and I were here, even saying 'how do you do' to him, he would whip Rover. So I am sure, Tina, you will not speak of it."

Tina was disappointed in Nan's way of taking it, but she agreed to keep the visit to herself, and spent the next half-hour delightfully in rummaging over a box of Nan's ribbons and bits of finery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



OVERCONFIDENCE:

peacock sat on y^e garden wall
(See picture here to y^e right),
And y^e folk came crowding- great and small-

For it chanced that none in y^e town at all

Had ever seen such a sight.

If you'd have been there perhaps you'd have heard
Y^e folk talk thus, as they looked at y^e bird :

"O crickety! - Law! -

O jimmeny me! -

I never yet saw! -

Who ever did see

Such a beautiful sight in the world before,
Since y^e animals marched from y^e old ark door?

O! Look at y^e spots

In his tail! And y^e lots

Of green and of blue in his beautiful wings!
I'd give a new shilling to know if he sings!"

Y^e peacock says, "Surely, they'll greatly rejoice
To hear but a touch of my delicate voice.

(Sings.)

"O dear! O dear! -

O stop it! - O do! -

We never did hear

Such a hullabaloo!

'Tis worse than y^e noise that y^e carpenters make

When they sharpen their saws! - Now, for charity's

Give over this squalling,

And catermawalling!"

Cried all y^e good people who chanced to be near;

Each thrusting a finger-tip into each ear.

You see y^e poor dunce had attempted to shine

In a way that was out of his natural line.

HPyle.





"KEEP STILL, LITTLE BROTHER!"

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ONE bright morning lately the Postmistress concluded to pay a visit to St. Mary's Free Hospital, and when there she of course asked to see little Marie, the child who occupies Harper's Young People's Cot. Sister Catherine, who has the sweetest face and the softest voice in the world, led the way to Holy Innocents' Ward first, and you may imagine how delighted the Postmistress was when she found we curly-headed Marie so much improved that she was playing about the floor. The little one has a dark brown face, with great black eyes and a very merry expression. She slipped her mite of a hand into mine—for I must now drop the third person, my dears, and speak in the first—she trotted up and down between the pretty little cots, handling my bag, and prattling away in baby fashion like a tiny music-box.

Don't let me forget to tell you that the children in this ward were made very happy indeed at Christmas by the gift of a real music-box with a harp accompaniment. It was purchased for them with the money sent by the children of Miss Bevan's school through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The little ones are charmed when it begins to play its merry tunes. Sister set it playing for me, and placed it on the cot of a little fellow who had just been brought in, and was still quite homesick. Some of the wee tots are homesick at first, and want their mothers, but they soon learn to be very contented in this cheerful, sunny hospital, where everybody is so kind and pleasant, and the doctor and their good nurses try to cure them and make them rosy and strong.

Some poor darlings are not homesick. Two in the ward of which I am speaking had been rescued by the Society which tries to prevent cruelty to children, from the hands of wicked parents who drank and fought and took no care of their little ones. I stood beside one poor baby with pale face and flaxen hair, with very thin, claw-like hands, and great hollows under his eyes, and Sister Catherine said that the miserable attle from which he was brought had not one stick of furniture, not a sign of a bed, not a crumb, not a bit of fire. Father and mother were both drunkards.

One little girl, named Catherine, can never sit up, she is so ill, but she lies there very patiently, and has three dolls to play with. They are pretty dolls, too. I was glad to see that there were a number of dolls and plenty of toys in the ward. But how do you think Catherine was amusing herself. She was rattling on squares of leaves in bright words. George R., a dear little fellow who was sitting in a sunny corner, was not sewing. He was reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which had just arrived, and if he is reading it now, he will remember that I told him to be sure and look for his name in the Post-office Box. Here it is, George.

There are lovely flowers in the windows, and birds in cages, and everything about the hospital is clean and bright and beautiful. Yet I feel sad

as I thought of the little suffering ones who have so many pains and aches, and who must endure so much which happy well children know nothing of. And I felt glad that there is such a pretty place for them to go to, where they can have such kind, wise care and nursing.

Sister tells me that gifts of clothing—little dresses, night-gowns, and stockings—are very acceptable.

The children who endowed Harper's Young People's Cot would have laughed right out if they had seen the air with which the small Marie—only three years old—pointed to the cot, saying, "Yat my bed." I hope she will soon be well. But the Cot will always remain there, ready as one little tenant is cured, to receive another.

Patience me, dears, for having talked so long. I can not give you the sweet cooking lesson now, and I am sorry. But never mind, Little Housekeepers; you may invite all your cousins and playmates to come to the candy-pull next week.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Although a big girl, I beg to be allowed to write a letter to the Post-office Box for just this once, because I have a bit of information which I think will interest many of your children, and especially those who have been reading "Wakulla" for the last year. Good fortune to make a visit not only to the kind Mr. Bevil of the story, but to go to the very mill of which Mark was president, and gather news from the garden of "Go Bang." The river on which Wakulla was built is by far the loveliest in Florida, a State famous for its lovely rivers. It is not a wide river, but very deep and swift, and its banks are covered with live-oak, water-oak, magnolia, palmetto, pine, cedar, cypress, and other beautiful trees. The water is so clear that you can look deep down into it and see all sorts of fish and funny little turtles that on a warm day sunning themselves on the rocks, or on fallen trees until they see you coming, and then tumble head first into the clear water, and think themselves quite safe and entirely hid; and the banks are made up of all kinds of corals, even that everlasting old hawk, who sneeringly remarks,

"It's queer, queer, queer,

That you are

Here, here, here!"

Just as if no one had a right to be there but himself, but what I want to tell you is to answer a question that has been asked, "right smart," as they say down here. "What does Wakulla mean?" and as I have so good and clever a Postmistress, and as the Rev. Charles Beecher, I think I may tell the Post-office Box children. Wakulla is an Indian name, and means "mystery," and I hope, dear children, that if you ever come to lovely Florida some little fairy (or one of your friends) there, where you have many, will coax you to take a trip up the lovely river, and see for yourself. Wakulla, and see for yourself if it is not all true. Very lovingly,

MARY A. BARR.

BEVERLY, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have not written to you before since I have been taking "Harper's Young People." I liked "The Ice Queen" very much, but not so much as I did "Let Behind; or, Ten Days a Newswoman." I like "Wakulla" very much, and I am reading the Post-office Box. I have two little cousins, and their names are Nellie and Mamie, and every time they come over to our house, if I have any new books, why, it is all the better, because they must always look at a book every time they come, no matter what else they bring. I have no pets now, although I used to have a bird, but it died three days after I got it; and I had a little kitten given to me, but our servant was angry at it for some reason or other, and pushed it out of the back door and slammed the door after it, and it never came back. We have ever so many cats and kittens around our house; it seems as if they were made to be around us, and I have any kittens. Nearly every house in our street has children in it, but none of them take Harper's Young People. I am about eight years old, and I am going to school, and I am studying four books. I go to my aunt's private school; she has thirteen scholars, and I am glad she has not so many as the public schools have. I must stop now. I hope you will print my letter, because I have never written to you before. It is quite a letter, but I want to write. Your affectionate reader,

BETHTIA R. II.

Can you not show HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to your little neighbors? Some of them may be induced to take it.

COLMONTON CASTLE, ANNAN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

I have only to-day begun the January monthly number of Harper's Young People, and I am so delighted with its nice stories, and especially the Post-office Box, that I thought I should like to write a few lines to you, and to tell you to the publishers, hoping it will reach you. Will you write to me, if it is not too much trouble,

and tell me what I ought to do? and then I will write and tell you about my home, etc., if you will print it. I am, of course, your friend and fourteen and a half, and my name

SUSAN JOHNSTONE D.

You did just right in the matter of the address. Now write again.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I have only just taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and am delighted with it. I am going to have it bound when the volume is complete. I have two beautiful black cats, two pet canaries, and a little white mouse, and an affectionate but mischievous jay, which I call Sam. I go to school at Onslow Hall, and have had four prizes. I learn music from Miss W., but am going under a master. I had some fish, for six months, and every time I used to go near the globe they would come up to the top. I put them back in the river for the winter. I do not know I have written; I want to surprise him. Hoping you will find a small space for this little letter, believe me,

Yours affectionately,

EUGENIE LOUISE M.

I am very glad to have Eugenie for a correspondent.

NORWICH, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and love it dearly. I have a little white cat, which I call Sam, and a bonnie little mite of a baby, a year and a half old; her name is Minnie. I myself am eight. I have a dog, which is called Rover, and he has a big collar dog Rover. I hope you will print this for your little friend

EDITED.

HERNDON, NEW LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little lame boy eight years old. My name is Charles. I have a cat, which I call Sam, and my sister has a cat called Topsy. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I have seven of them. I was kneeling down, and one of my limbs touched our bullfinch's cage, and he began to pull and tug at it, and made me jump and call "Oh!" But I must now say good-by, because it is my last letter. I hope you will print it, and I remain, with love to all the little readers and yourself, dear Postmistress, your little friend,

SYDNEY C. P.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have three pets, two canaries and a dog whose name is Sam. Santa Claus brought me a wagon and a horse, and he draws me all around. He knows a great many tricks: can shake hands, bark when we speak, and walk, and swim, and go up stairs and call me, he runs up, jumps on my bed, and barks until I wake. He is twenty-four inches high, and nine months old, and a real New Yorker, and will be promoted into the Third Grade. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, and like it very much.

ARTHUR C. K.

ASTON, ENGLAND.

I thought I would like to write to you, to see my name in print. A week ago I took part in a negro performance at our school, and I got two prizes and four certificates at school. My papa brings me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think the best book I have ever read. I am twelve years old, and in the Fifth Standard. My master is kind to me, and I like him very well indeed. I have a cat, which is called Sam, and it weighs five pounds and a half. It is a fine large cat, and it follows us about and plays with us.

EDMUND G.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I read your letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and liked it very much, so I thought I would tell you what my English school is like. I have got many prizes and four certificates at school. My papa brings me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think the best book I have ever read. I am twelve years old, and in the Fifth Standard. My master is kind to me, and I like him very well indeed. I have a cat, which is called Sam, and it weighs five pounds and a half. It is a fine large cat, and it follows us about and plays with us.

EDMUND G.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I read your letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and liked it very much, so I thought I would tell you what my English school is like. I have got many prizes and four certificates at school. My papa brings me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think the best book I have ever read. I am twelve years old, and in the Fifth Standard. My master is kind to me, and I like him very well indeed. I have a cat, which is called Sam, and it weighs five pounds and a half. It is a fine large cat, and it follows us about and plays with us.

EDMUND G.

I must tell you of the "Battle of Gettysburg." It is in a large circular brick building, and the battle is painted on canvas. The men and horses are life-size, and everything is so true to nature, one can hardly think that it is not a real battle. Another place of interest is the city of Pullman, a few miles from Chicago, where the Pullman cars are made. It is a city of ten years' growth, and perfect in every way, containing churches, stores, beautiful parks, a nice hotel, and some houses, where the Pullman cars are all under control of the Pullman Company. The machinery is all run by the Corliss engine shown at the Centennial. I could not see the beautiful parks, and of the tunnel under the Chicago River, and many other things, but it would make me stay too long. I am a boy eleven years old, and this is my first letter. WILLIAM A. B.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.
I think that story about "Little Silverball" was very fine for a little girl to write. You can't guess what I got for Christmas. If you can't, I suppose I will have to tell. It was a brush and comb in a nice case, and of many of my aunts. No one knows how much I love Hairpe's Young People. "Wakula" is a great favorite with me. I think those little boys and girls who take Hairpe's Young People do write the letters very nicely. I have a kitten and had a bird, but it is dead. I am seven years old. Good-by.
FRANK H. H.

SENECA, KANSAS.
I have taken The Youth's Company four years. Last year a friend sent me Hairpe's Young People one year as a present, and since that time I have missed it so much that papa has given me money enough for another year. I will be thirteen on the 24th of this month. I have been sick three years last November with diphtheria, and in bed most of the time. I enjoy reading and being read to very much. I have two canary-birds, one beautiful on an orange china daff, a great many house-plants, and one beautiful Christmas cactus in bloom. I had a good many Christmas presents, every one so kind to me.
CARRIE.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
It occurs to me that the little readers will be interested to know how we spend our summers. Our camp in the Adirondacks is on an island in Raquette Lake. It is three hundred miles from New York city, and is fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. We have one log cabin, where we sit in rainy weather, and a hunter's bark camp, which is open in front, for the evenings, and have a camp fire burning cheerfully just outside. We have one tent and two small bark cottages to sleep in, and a dining-room made of bark. The church we go to is on an island, and all the family go in row-boats. It is a pretty sight to see the people coming in boats from their camps in different directions to this little church. We took our little black-and-tan dog with us, and when we went to church he would follow us into the water. The air is so pure and bracing it makes us have a great appetite. Everywhere we go in row-boats. We catch trout and plenty of bass. My papa goes shooting for partridges, and once in a while for deer. The lake is very large; it is said to have ninety-five miles of coastline. Sometimes, when the wind blows the lake is very rough. All around the lake are forests. There are plenty of wild animals, such as bears, deer, foxes, wild-cats, rabbits, porcupines, and a few panthers. I have seen all these animals, or they were shot. Our beds are made of balsam boughs; they smell very sweet, and with plenty of blankets, are very comfortable. I am only eleven years old, and have been there three summers. If you want to travel, there are guides to take you through the lakes and woods. I have two sisters younger than myself and one brother older. We enjoy our summers in the wilderness very much, and it improves our health greatly. I will visit my friends in New York, and I hope she will come and see us in our camp on Round Island.
MAUD E. S.

Thanks, dear Maud. You have given a good description of your camp life.

I have taken Hairpe's Young People from the first. I liked "Nan," and am very glad to see a sequel to it; and I liked "The Boy and the Dog," and think the Jimmy Brown stories are very funny. I have one pet, a dog. One day when I took him walking, a great big mastiff ran at him and began to fight him. Bert, my dog, ran away, but a messenger boy caught him for me. A. S.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE.
I live in a very lovely place. A great many people come here. On a mountain near Green Mountain there is a railroad up to the top. There is a hotel up there. There was one last summer, but it burned down, they built a new one. You can see Mount Katahdin from the top. The seashore is here too. Please put this letter in, as I would be so surprised to hear. Bar Harbor is in Mount Desert Island. I'm eleven years old. I study Latin, music, arithmetic, French, and Ger-

man, but the studies I like best are Latin, German, and music. I like "Wakula" very much, but I wish Captain May would let Mark and Ruth tell Edna about Frank March.
AMIE E. L.

OH. CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.
I want to write a letter, to see how it will look printed, but I hardly know how to address you, so I will do it by writing Dear Postmistress. I am ten years old, and wanted my papa to subscribe for some magazine for me, so I thought me a sample number of Hairpe's Young People, and I liked it, so papa took it for me. I have only had two numbers as yet. I am going to school every day, and my papa and mamma think I am learning. I am taking music lessons, and can play eight or nine pieces on the piano by heart.
GEORGE A. K.

BELLEVUE, OHIO.
I am one of your older readers, being sixteen, but I enjoy this charming paper very much. I am not well, so I do not go to school, and as I have no brother nor sister at home, I am sometimes quite lonely, and for that reason I would very much like to correspond with some girl of my own age, and would also like to hear from some of your younger readers.
As I love to write, all who write to me will be sure of getting an answer.
LILLIE B.

WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.
DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken in Hairpe's Young People for six weeks, and I like it very much. For my pets I have a dog and a kitten. I had a hedgehog, whose name was Joe, but he ran away not many weeks ago. If I should write a charade, and it proved to be a good one, would you put it in the Post-office Box with the other riddles, etc.? This is the first letter, but it is not the last one I shall write to you. I am thirteen years old.
G. R.

I shall expect to see a charade from G. R. one of these days.

UNIONTOWN, ALABAMA.
When I wrote to you before I did not tell you what State I lived in, so I will write again. We have moved since I wrote you. We are now living eight miles from Uniontown, but in the same county. I saw in one of the letters that some of the young people were hunting for partridges. I wonder if they ever hunt partridges, which, with squirrels, rabbits, and opossums, are the only game we have here. My brother has a dog which we think is very smart. I have a pointer, and a good shepherd dog too. He is as old now as I am, and I tell you in my next letter what smart tricks he will sometimes do.
LEONARD L.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.
I am a little boy ten years old, and go to school. I study Second and Third Arithmetics, geography, spelling, writing, and reading. We have two pets, a cat we named Jerry, after a piece of poetry in your paper, and a hawk which we caught. The hawk eats meat and birds, but is too fierce to play with yet. My brother O. has a gun, and we go hunting nearly every Saturday, and generally kill something. We went two days before Christmas, and killed six rabbits, one partridge, thirteen larks, and four doves—which I consider good—don't you? I wish some of the little readers would give me a receipt to make nice succandy, using about two or two and a half pounds of sugar.
SALE P.

WATKINSON, NEW YORK.
When I last wrote I did not tell you anything about my voyage to England, so I thought I would write again and tell you something about my visit. We staid in Birmingham most of the time, as most of our relatives live near there. We visited Aston Church, in Aston, near Birmingham, where some of the royal family are buried, and we saw their statues, cut in marble, lying on their tombs. I also saw a statue of a lion which contains many curiosities from all over the world. Among them, just as you enter the east front door, there are two coffins which nearly touch the ceiling, and I think the room is nearly seven feet high. In the centre of the hall is the bronze copy of the celebrated Warwick Vase. The marble vase of which the bronze one is a copy is now in the greenhouse at Warwick Castle. I did not describe the hall before, so I will do so now. It is situated on a gently rising eminence at the extremity of an avenue of chestnut-trees, and is built in the form usual with edifices of the period, a centre, and a wing on each side—emblematic, it is supposed, of the initials of Queen Elizabeth. The hall was built in 1560.
NELLIE H.
(11 years old).

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.
THREE ENIGMAS.
1.—My first is in sow, but not in reap.
My second is in dear, not in cheap.
My third is in tin, not in iron.
My fourth is in fleur, not in lion.
My fifth is in bring and not in sent.
And my whole is a useful element.
ETHEL A. M. W.

2.—In thought, not in action.
In garden, not in lot.
In heavy, not in light.
In doubt, not in truth.
In earnest, not in jest.
My whole is a musical composer.
HARPER A. HINES.

3.—In Bess, not in Sue.
In Ward, not in Lou.
In Belle, not in May.
In Eve, not in Fay.
Whole is the youngest of all I ween,
And the name of a cousin I've only once seen.
ETHEL M. B.

No. 2.
A DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. A domestic animal. 3. A boy's name. 4. From China. 5. A letter. NIVARD.

No. 3.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 37 letters.
My 14, 8, 23, 37 is used in drying oxen.
My 15, 2, 11, 5 is the length of two cuts of yarn.
My 12, 8, 3, 17 is an oxidation.
My 1, 10, 25 is a common insect.
My 18, 6, 21, 13, 10, 36 means flight.
My 24, 4, 16 is a small dwelling.
My 20 means to be distant, yet within view.
My whole is a famous saying of Davy Crockett.
F. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 23.

No. 1.—
P A S
C A N T S
P A R T I A L
M A N T L E S
S T I L L E D
H S
M S
R I S E S R E S E T
M I S T E L L E L E V E D I R E C T S
H I S T O R I E S L A M A G E S T A I L
S E R E N E T V E L E C T R I C S
S L I S H T E M E E S T E R S
L E S H A R S I N L
C A T T I E
H A P P I E R
H A P P O N E E R
L E N G
T E N S
R E G I R

No. 2.—Icicle.
No. 3.—Eagle. Owl. Raven. Crossbill. Flamingo. Thrush. Swallow. Heron. Bittern.

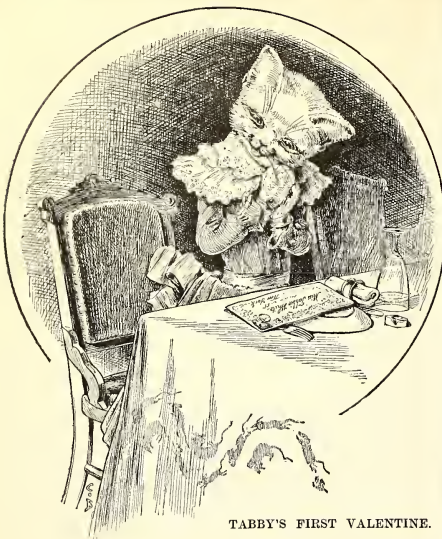
No. 4.—
R A T C A T R A G
A P E A W E A P E
T E N T E W E
M A N P A N
P E N A S A
N E D N A P

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from N. Gussie K. Louise H. Maud M. Garland, W. L. Holzman, Nivard, Ignacio Vado, Rebeca de la Rosa, Gerlie L. Lawson, Irene Trowbridge, G. W. Austen, Theresa Katz, Estelle G. Sisson, Charles A. Newell, Walter T., B. M. W., C. Norman Trump, Frances E. Young, Amy Lemm, Clifford Tate, Manuel G., Payson Reynolds, Allene Jackson, M. O. T., Genie, Rose Acre, and Mary J. [For.]

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A SINGING LARK.

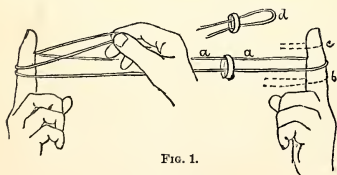


TABBY'S FIRST VALENTINE.

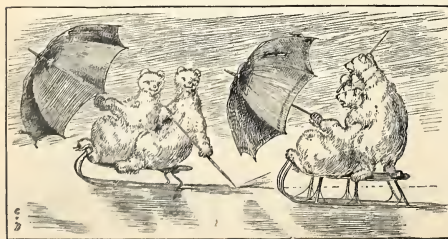
MORE STRING TRICKS.

BY HELEN P. STRONG.

ONE of the most interesting string mysteries is the marvelous "ring trick." Having tied the ends of your string together as in former tricks, pass it double through a finger-ring, and ask some one to hold the ends upon their two forefingers. You may now proceed to remove the ring without cutting the string or releasing the fingers, which seem to hold it securely.



First pass the string a second time around one of the fingers which hold it, then drawing the loop thus formed toward the opposite hand, as shown in Fig. 1, pass it over the string on the other finger until it lies in the position of dotted line *b*; then with your two forefingers catch up at *a* and *a* one of the strings holding the ring, and sliding your fingers from each other, quickly slip from the ends of your companion's fingers the part of the string holding the ring, which



WINTER SPORTS AT THE NORTH POLE.—ICE-BOATING.

being thus released will fall into the hand, with which you can quickly cover it before it leaves the string, to add to the mystery.

The surprise of your string-holder will now be doubled if you proceed to return the ring to the string without removing the ends from his fingers. Pass the string, as in the first trick, around one of his fingers, and in drawing the loop, as before, toward the other hand, slip it through the ring as shown at *d*; then pass the loop over the finger, this time leaving it near the end, as at *e*; with your two forefingers catch up the string which was first upon the fingers, and slip it from them over the part holding the ring, and you will find the ring in place, as at the beginning of the first trick.

Here is another very simple trick: Pass your string around your neck, crossing it in front as in Fig. 2; put the string in your mouth at the point where it crosses itself, and holding it firmly between the teeth, announce your intention of removing it from the neck by passing the rest of the string a second time over the head.

To do this, first drop the cord from both hands for a moment, and in taking hold of it again let your hands exchange places, being careful to have the string which is uppermost where it crosses in your mouth remain uppermost, so that what appears to be a second crossing of the string will be really its uncrossing; now throw the rest of the cord over your head, and though you seem to be encircled by a double cord, draw both sides backward as in Fig. 3, releasing the string from your still closed mouth in what seems quite a marvellous way. You will find yourself disentangled, and the string still tied together as in the beginning, and ready for unnumbered more wonders.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



A STRANGE ANIMAL—THE MUFF-CAT.

"My! what kin dat strange-lookin' animal be on missus' buro, wid such a big funny body and a leetle wigglin' head? I tell you I's afraid to go in dar all by my lone self."

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 27.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LAST eve there stole a wee white dream to brush our darling's pillow:

It whispered of a flowing stream and of a nodding willow. She stirred and laughed, for in her sleep she heard the bluebells' ringing.

And far away the bleat of sheep, and near the robin's singing.

This morning, when our darling woke, the world was all a wonder:

Above, such golden sunshine broke, such light and joy were under;

The meadows rippled like the sea, and every knoll was flushing; The zephyrs came with kisses free, and, oh, the trees were blushing.

The apple blossoms, pink and white, you could not count their number;

The fairy work was wrought by night, while earth was hushed in slumber.

Our darling's violet eyes grew wide: the orchard aisles were bowers.

And here and yonder, everywhere, she saw a snow of flowers.

We hear her little footsteps pass; her merry voice is humming;

A flitting shadow o'er the grass, her daintiness is coming.

"Oh, this is Spring, is Spring," she cries; "I know her by the glory.

And see, oh, see, the birdie's wing! which flashing tells the story.

"I've tiptoed all across the brook, I've searched in all the hollows,

I've peeped in many a tiny nook, I've chased the flying swallows, I've seen the cunning little chicks—dear things, so round and funny!—

And helped the wrens to straws and sticks, and fed both Frisk and Bunney.

"And this is Spring," our darling cried. It pleased our hearts to hear her;

And Nature's self, with loving pride, seemed gently drawing nearer.

While dropped the wind such kisses sweet that all the land was flushing,

And hill and vale were glad to greet the apple-blossoms' blushing.

WHO WAS THE HERO?

BY N. I. N.

THE students of Lakeville Academy were in a state of unexpected happiness. Mr. Rivers, the principal, being called to a neighboring town on urgent business, had suddenly announced his intention of giving a half-holiday, and as the boys filed down the stairs in a line, out into the open air, they gave vent to their feelings in one long hurrah of delight.

"Well, and what shall we do now?" said Tom Norris, when the excitement had a little abated, and the boys were assembling in knots to discuss their plans.

"Do? why, skate, to be sure," interrupted Henry Raymond, a sturdy boy who seemed to be a leader among them. "We will go out on the lake and practice for our match with the Town boys. They beat us on Saturday, but we shall have a chance to catch up to them now."

"Capital, Hal," said a third. "You are the fellow for ideas. Put it to vote quickly, before the boys get off."

Henry obeyed. The boys gathered promptly at his call. The idea met with universal applause.

"But, Henry," said a slight youth who stood near, "have you forgotten what father said about the ice on the lake this morning? Do you think we ought to go?"

"Of course I do," answered Henry, angrily. "Why not? The ice is just as safe as this ground were standing on now. What an old croaker you are, Dick!"

"What did your father say?" asked one of the boys, as Dick hesitated, but made no reply. "Did he tell you not to go on the lake?"

"No," said Dick; "of course not. How could he, when

he thought we should be in school all day? But he said if the weather kept like this the ice would be spoiled before we had our match, and he didn't believe it was safe even now."

"Is that all?" said another boy. "That's what I call going out of your way to be squeamish. Don't be a goose, Dick. If you and Hal won't go, it will spoil all the fun, and it may end in the Town fellows getting the best of us, after all."

"Don't count me out," said Henry. "I don't pretend to be so awfully particular. It's just like Dick, though—always setting himself up to be better than any one else, so that father and mother will think him a pattern boy. For my part," he added, grandly, "I think it's our duty to work with all our might for the honor of our school, and to practice every chance we get, and I know father would never think of opposing it."

"If you are so sure," observed Dick, quietly, "why can't we go to the store and ask? It won't take long."

"I dare say," said Henry. "Lose another half-hour of our holiday because you choose to get up scruples and act like a girl! I believe you're afraid of the ice yourself. Come on, boys."

The boys followed in a body, Tom Norris alone remaining behind.

"I can't see, Dick," he said, "why you act so silly. Old folks are always fussy. And what's the harm, when your father never told you not to go? Do come. The boys will all say you have gone back on them, and think you are a coward; and I must say myself it looks pretty mean for you, one of our officers, to treat us so."

"I don't care what they think, or you either," fired back Dick. "Better seem a coward than be one. Father trusts us, and I am sure he wouldn't let us go on that lake if he knew it, and—"

"Well," said Tom, who was Dick's great friend, and in his heart had a deep admiration for him, "don't get mad about it. Come on, anyway, and watch us; it will be better than staying all by yourself."

They walked on silently, shouts of laughter and glee reaching them as they neared the pond. It was a clear, bracing day in January; the sun shone brightly on the ice and snow, each little crystal flashing like a clear-cut diamond. Dick's heart failed him as he saw the boys getting ready for the sport which he so dearly loved, and he looked longingly at the skates which hung at his side.

"You had better change your mind," said Tom, following his gaze, as he fastened the last buckle over his own shoe.

"No," replied Dick, with a resolute air, and all the more so because in his mind there was beginning to gather something of doubt.

Between the boys of the Lakeville Academy and the Town School there existed a spirit of good-natured rivalry. In summer there was full scope for this feeling—foot-ball, boat-racing, and base-ball gave plenty of chances to display their respective powers; but in winter it was a more difficult matter to find a game that admitted of "sides." This year, however, some original mind had proposed a skating match, and as the Twenty-second of February was a holiday, the boys decided to have it then. A suggestion here and there, from association with the day, had expanded the idea somewhat. How could Washington's Birthday be kept without beating of drums and tuning of fifes?

So the patriotic young hearts had arranged a sort of regimental drill, to be followed by a tilt of arms between the two schools, and a prize had been offered by the committee of gentlemen whom the boys had constituted the judges for the occasion. Ever since the first ice they had made use of every spare moment to practice and drill. Each felt that the success of his party depended on him, and the absence at the last moment of one of their leaders—for

Dick was a champion player and captain of the regiment—could only be regarded in the light of desertion.

He looked very disconsolate as he stood on the bank, feeling extremely like a traitor as his comrades hustled past him without a word. At last they were all ready, and a great pang filled Dick's heart as Tom Norris was summoned out of the ranks, at the muster call, to take his place.

"What's the use?" he thought, as he threw himself down on a stone close by. "I have only managed to get the fellows down on me. There isn't one chance in a hundred that anything will happen. Father will never know, and I shall be called a coward for my pains. I shouldn't be surprised if the fellows put me out altogether."

He watched them moodily for a few moments as they went through the different movements. Much has been said about the peace and quietness which fill the heart after an unusual effort to do right, the sensation of calm triumph over self which makes up for every disappointment, but Dick experienced none of this. He simply felt discontented with himself, angry with his father, angrier still with the boys; even Mr. Rivers came in for a share of his wrath for giving a holiday at such a time. Any one watching the two brothers at this moment—Dick seated on the rock, glowering at the boys from under his hat drawn close over his eyebrows—and Henry skimming gayly over the ice, leading his band here and there, his face flushed and beaming with excitement, would certainly have given the latter credit for the happier conscience.

At last, tired of his gloomy thoughts, Dick unfastened his strap and spread out his books on the rock before him. He selected his history, and opening it at the lesson for the next day, left his seat and began to walk up and down as he read. He was fond of history, and soon lost himself in the interest of the narrative. He had reached the last page, and was reciting it briskly to himself, when he heard a shout of terror, and turning, saw on a line from where he was standing, only a few rods out from the shore, a large hole in the ice. A boy named Georgie Russell, one of the younger children, was struggling in the water below. The boys stood around, panic-stricken, when suddenly some one cried out, "A board! a board!" Dick looked around: a board! they might as well have asked for a hundred of them. No such thing—not even a stick—was to be seen.

Then a sudden thought seized him. Some of the boys had thrown their books, strapped, in a pile on the ground; his own strap, a long one, he held in his hand. Quick as thought he stooped, wrenched one from the books, and ran across the ice, buckling the two together as he went. He called out to a lad near him to bring the rest, and then falling flat as he neared the hole, threw out the leather line as far as his arm could reach.

The strap eluded Georgie's grasp, but Tom Norris had instantly caught Dick's idea. In an instant he had undone his own strap, which was girdled about his waist, and tied it to the other, but not before Georgie had sunk down into the water. The boys stood breathless; he would come up again, they knew, but would it be in the same place? He was such a little fellow; would he have the strength or sense to catch it and cling to it? They stood around the yawning hole with a sickening dread, when suddenly the little figure came to the surface of the water, and clutched the line with one hand in a dazed fashion.

"Hold on tight, Georgie!" Dick shouted, and then he began gradually to move backward. The ice at the sides crackled and gave way; some one from behind suddenly seized Dick, and in a few moments he and Georgie stood side by side on the shore, the latter fainting and shivering, half dead with cold and fright, but safe at least. Henry and Tom wrapped him in their overcoats, and together

carried him to the nearest house, while two of the other boys hurried on to tell the story to Mr. Russell.

It did not take long to bring the frightened parents to his side, but they found the little fellow warm and half asleep in the bed where he had been put by the kind farmer's wife, having experienced no further injury from the fearful peril to which he had been exposed than the fright and thorough drenching. Then the boys dispersed to their different homes, Henry and Dick walking quietly together, the former subdued and serious, with his hand on his brother's shoulder, the latter still trembling with excitement, but in no way elated by his own feat, not having uttered one triumphant word, not even the boyish retort, "I told you so."

Two weeks after, the Twenty-second of February dawned, clear, cold, and bright. The weather had been favorable, for a sudden cold snap a few days before had hardened the ice, and it was now strong and firm, ready to contribute its part to the day's entertainment.

The guests assembled on the lake at an early hour, and the scene presented a goodly spectacle. At the further end was erected a small stand draped with the Stars and Stripes, from which the committee who were to act as umpires could get a full view of the game. The shores of the lake were lined with the relatives and friends of the boys of both schools, who, in their turn, dressed in bright uniforms, flitting here and there, full of importance and business, did not form the least part of the brilliant pageant.

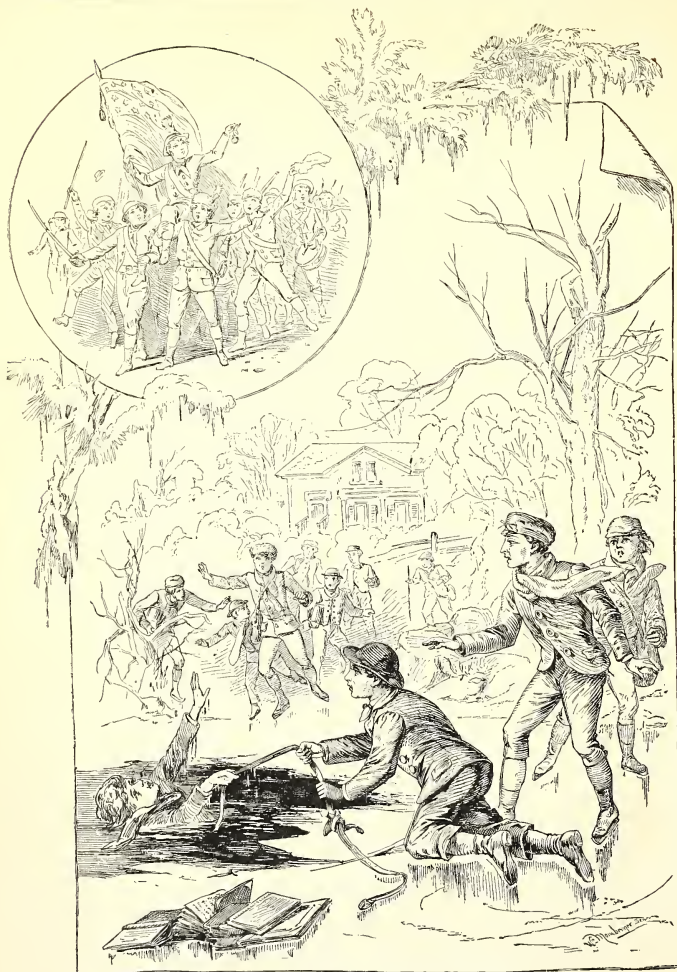
At last the Town band struck up the opening march, the boys took their places amid a hush of excitement, and the struggle began. With singular grace and skill they executed the different movements, and for a long time it seemed impossible to decide which would be the victorious party, when, just at the last, the colonel of the Town School regiment issued a sudden command to the flank of his army, which, turning by a quick manoeuvre, surrounded the Lakeville forces. Though thus surprised, the latter fought long and desperately; many cut their way through the enemy; but a number were disarmed, and having given their word that they would not engage in the contest again, were released, and allowed to take their places among the spectators. Thus disabled, the Lakeville party had great difficulty in holding their own against the unequal numbers, and after a long fight a signal from the stand announced that the game was at an end.

With beating hearts the boys awaited the decision, as Mr. Rivers, standing up, complimented his own school on their courage and skill, but added that the last manoeuvre of their opponents had shown a quickness of thought and a military skill far beyond their years. Thus it had been unanimously decided by the committee that the prize belonged to them.

Amid the cheers of the multitude, Will Murray, the colonel of the Town regiment, advanced to receive the reward, a beautiful standard, bearing the American colors on one side, and on the other the head of General Washington, the band playing all the while "See the conquering Hero comes."

The boys stepped proudly back into the ranks, and the Lakeville boys, disappointed and dispirited, were preparing to leave the ice, when the drum was once more sounded, as a signal that the committee had something further to say to the combatants. This time Mr. Russell stepped forward.

"Boys," he said, "I have to thank you for a most interesting and novel scene, which certainly shows how much, even in our pleasures, can be accomplished by energy and perseverance. The prize has been given to those of you who have seemed to excel in skill; but in the opposite party there is present one boy to whose quickness of judgment and promptness of action in a moment



"HOLD ON TIGHT, GEORGIE!" DICK SHOUTED."

of danger I owe my happiness at this hour. You will forgive me, I am sure, if I take this opportunity of publicly thanking him and his comrades, and of asking him to accept a small remembrance from me in acknowledgment of a debt of gratitude which it would be impossible to repay. I allude to Richard Raymond, whom I now request to come to the stand."

Again the band burst into a strain of martial music, this time accompanied by a deafening shout of applause from both schools, and in a sort of daze Dick walked forward.

When he returned he held in his hand a beautiful gold watch, inside the case of which was engraved, in old German text, "A tribute to both moral and physical courage." The gift passed from hand to hand, and then, as if by common consent, the boys of the Lakeville School

raised Dick Raymond on their shoulders and bore him in triumph to the shore. Here people crowded on every side to admire his present and to congratulate him, and, much to his own surprise, Dick found himself sharing the laurels with the hero of the day.

"I can't see," he said to Henry, as they stood alone together on the shore, "what everybody makes such a fuss about. I am sure I did nothing more than any of the boys would have done if they had happened to be on shore where they could have noticed the books."

"Perhaps not," said Henry; "but how did you happen to be there? Only because you would not do what you felt to be wrong, in spite of all our persuasions and ridicule. No, Dick," he continued, affectionately, as he clasped his brother's hand; "it's all right, and each one has the praise he's entitled to. Will Murray won the prize, but in our school, without doubt, *you* are the hero."

PADDLE-WHEELS FOR A SMALL BOAT.

BY C. F. POST.

SEVERAL years ago, while staying with friends who lived in New Jersey, on the banks of one of the prettiest rivers in the State, I conceived the idea of making for myself a side-wheel paddle-boat, and going to work with what I had on hand, succeeded so well in my undertaking that I wish to let my young friends enjoy the same privilege. I give a working sketch for a boat

of three-feet beam and under, so that my readers may follow measurements and have one for themselves.

A particularly good feature of this contrivance is that the whole machinery may be applied to any boat, and may be taken off and put on at will, and without doing either boat or wheel any damage. Any boy with some mechanical ability, and at very little expense, can make and run his own paddle-boat, and if he derives as much pleasure from the making and working of it as I did, he will be amply repaid for all his trouble.

The first thing to do is to go to the carpenter and get six strips of pine one inch thick by two inches wide, and make a frame (Fig. 1), fastening together with two-inch screws—galvanized screws preferred in every case, as they do not rust. Then cut four pieces of three-quarter or one-inch stuff, circular-shaped, eight inches in diameter (Figs

2, A, and 5, A) for the hubs of the wheels, and fasten with one-and-three-quarter-inch or two-inch screws the spokes, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H (Figs. 2 and 5, for lengths and shape of ends), strengthening with an ordinary thirty-inch hoop (I, Fig. 2).

Now make the paddles (J, Fig. 3) of one-inch pine, five inches square, and fasten with two-inch screws, being

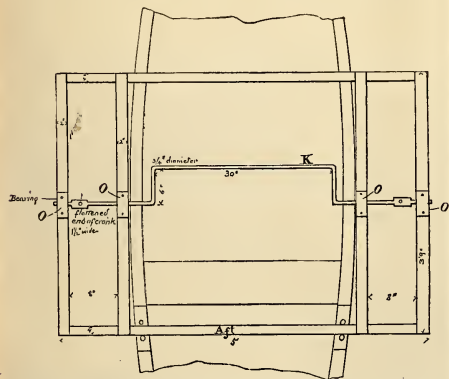


Fig. 1.—SHOWING FRAME IN WHICH THE WHEELS ARE TO WORK. K, Crank; O, O, Bearings. (See also O, Fig. 4.) The Frame is resting on a section of a Boat.

careful to have the circular pieces, A, on the outside of the wheels (see Fig. 3). Now the wheels are all ready for the crank (K, Fig. 1) and crank plates (L, Fig. 5). Have the blacksmith make the crank of iron bar three-quarters of

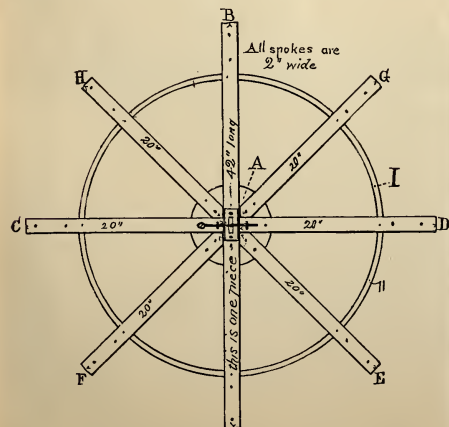
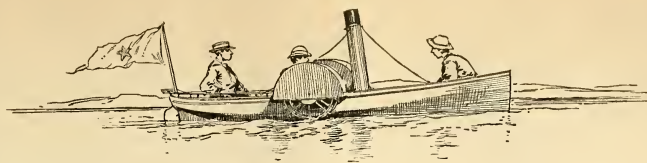


Fig. 2.—SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF WHEEL AND SIZES OF PIECES.



WORKING SKETCH OF PADDLEBOAT.

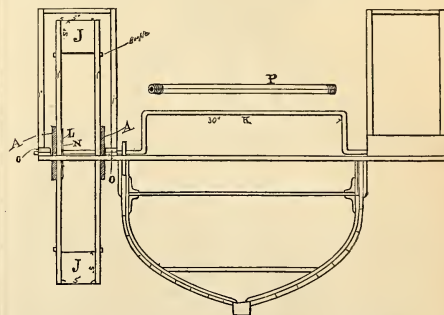


Fig. 3.—SHOWING ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE A SECTION OF THE WHEEL IN PADDLE-BOX, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE THE PADDLE-BOX WITHOUT A WHEEL; THE WHOLE IN POSITION ON THE BOAT.

K, Crank; P, Wooden Handle to be fixed around the centre part of the Crank.

and to work together; the better the crank fits the plates, the more steady will it be and easily worked.

Now we fasten all this to the frame by bearings, each one made of two strips of wood one inch thick by four inches long, with a one-inch hole bored through between layers; then unscrewing the pieces, screw the bottom piece to the

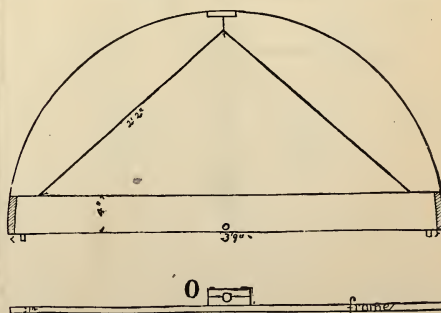


Fig. 4.—SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF PADDLE-BOX. O, Crank-bearing fastened to Frame, as shown in Fig. 1.

frame, lift the wheels and crank, and place the ends on the bearing, screwing the top one over the axle to the bottom one (see O, Fig. 4).

We now have the machinery ready for working. Let

us turn to the paddle-boxes (see Fig. 4). These are made like the arch frames used by builders as guides in making brick archways, but not so heavy. They should be covered either with common unbleached cloth and painted, or with thin oil-cloth such as is used for covering tables and shelves, and which can be bought for a very small sum. The latter material is much the better. Fasten these boxes to the frames, and the paddle-box is ready.

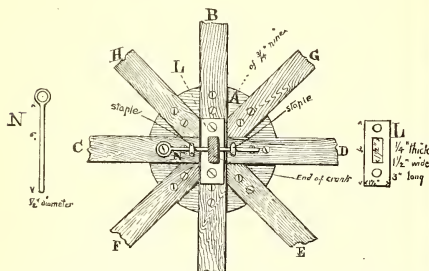


FIG. 5.—SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF WHEEL, BUT ON A LARGER SCALE THAN IN FIG. 2.
L, Crank Plate; N, Iron Pin.

All this work may be done at the house or barn, and afterward fixed on the boat, that part of the frame (Fig. 1) marked "Aft" being placed between the after-rowlocks; this will bring the wheels in the right place on ordinary boats, and the crank will be in about the right position for working.

The whole make-up should cost less than five dollars, the principal expense being for crank, pin, plate, lumber, and screws, all of which should not cost above three dollars. The rest is to be done by yourself, and the more carefully it is made, the more satisfactory will it prove.

The propelling power will be "hand-power"—that is, you

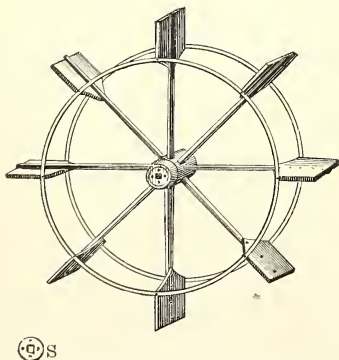


FIG. 6.—WHEEL MADE FROM A CARRIAGE WHEEL.
S, Hub Plate, with Square Hole to receive the end of the Crank.

will work the wheels by pulling the crank as you sit on the seat of the boat facing the bow. The movement is something like rowing. As it would be uncomfortable to take hold of the bare iron crank, a covering should be made for it. This may be done by whittling two pieces of wood (Fig. 3, P) half round, grooving the flat side of each so that the two will fit on to the crank L (Fig. 3), and fastening with stout cord, which, if wound neatly from end

to end, will make a nice soft handle. A more steamer-like effect may be obtained by putting up a piece of stove-pipe or leader about four feet long. The whole apparatus may be taken off and put on by two boys at any time, and the boat need not be disfigured by nails or screws, as the frame can be easily tied to the gunwale of the boat.

ANOTHER WAY TO MAKE WHEELS.

Get the blacksmith or wheelwright to give or sell you a pair of old wheels without tire or rim. Then cut off each spoke the same length, so as to make the circumference of the wheel, when all are cut, forty-two inches. Plane down the side of the spoke which strikes the water first, and fasten the paddles of one-inch stuff with galvanized screws, as in Fig. 6. This time have the crank ends squared, and the round plate screwed in the end of the hub, and make boxes the same as for other wheels.

CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

IT will not be for lack of opportunity if the music-loving young people of New York city and Brooklyn and their suburbs do not enjoy a feast of the best music that their education has fitted them to appreciate. Last winter some ladies whose young daughters were studying music suggested to Mr. Theodore Thomas, the famous leader of a famous orchestra, that it would be a capital idea to have concerts especially for young people, at which the best music only should be performed, and in the best manner.

The idea was warmly taken up by Mr. Thomas; the concerts proved an immense success, and they are being continued during the present winter. It is a great thing for young people, especially those who are studying music, to hear some of the most charming works of Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, and other famous composers performed by one of the finest orchestras in the world; and though this treat at present can only be enjoyed by those who live in or near New York, the result of the experiment has been so satisfactory that it is to be hoped other cities will follow New York's example.

ARCHIE'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

Part III.

MRS. BATES, Dr. Pont's housekeeper, was a very conscientious woman, and of the most methodical habits. Every morning at six o'clock, having called the maids, she left her room, and the first thing she did was to turn out the gas, which was left burning all night in the boys' corridors.

On the morning following Archie Graham's flight the good woman received a shock. Passing the door of his room, she saw that it was open, and looking in, she became aware that it was unoccupied. Not only was the prisoner not there, but he had taken his clothes with him. Here was a pretty to-do. One of Dr. Pont's young gentlemen run away! What a scandal it would make! But there was no time to lose: something must be done at once.

And so it happened that the Doctor was aroused from his peaceful slumbers an hour before the usual time. What? Master Graham run away? Impossible. Pool! pool! there must be some mistake. The Doctor would himself come and investigate the matter. But for all his pool-pooling, the school-master was very much afraid that the housekeeper's explanation of the boy's absence was the true one.

When he entered Archie's room he saw that the bird

had actually flown, and that he had taken his clothes with him, as Mrs. Bates had said—as if he could have gone without them. His shoes were missing also, and so was his overcoat.

"Please, sir, here's his cap," said the housekeeper.

The Doctor started. He had left Archie's cap in his study. Glancing at the name in the cap, he started again. It was not Archie's cap at all. Had he been unjust? Was it possible that in this cap lay the explanation of Archie's obstinate denial of his guilt, and that the name of the real offender was the name written in that cap—H. Vesey?

The good gentleman was sorely puzzled. He felt that he had been hasty and unjust. The next moment the housekeeper pounced upon the note that lay on the little bureau.

"Oh, sir, here's a letter," and she handed the envelope to the school-master.

"Addressed to Clifford," said the Doctor, musingly.

Ought he to break the seal of a letter that was not addressed to him? Dr. Pont was very particular about such things, and he hardly knew what to do.

"Bates," he said to the housekeeper, "call Master Clifford."

"Oh, sir, he's sick in the hospital-room, and this would upset him like. Him and Master Graham was great friends."

"Yes, that is so," assented the Doctor. "It is clearly my duty to open this myself," and he broke the seal.

The note, as we know, contained but a few words, but Dr. Pont read them over twice before he understood them. Then he turned to Mrs. Bates, and spoke quickly:

"Tell John to get my buggy ready directly, and bring it round. Don't say a word about this matter to anybody. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," and she left the room. "Poor little dear," she said to herself, as she went on her errand, "I do pray that no harm's overtaken him—such a night as it was too!"

In ten minutes Dr. Pont was in the buggy, and driving rapidly to town. It was all clear to him now. He had convicted the boy on circumstantial evidence, while another was guilty. The poor man was very unhappy. The circumstance would probably injure the good name of his school, but he never thought of that; he only thought of his own hasty judgment, and of the young heart he had driven to despair. He remembered now that Archie Graham had never deceived him; his face alone was a sufficient character for honesty. How sinful his own action had been! How could he make amends? The school-master himself had indeed been taught a lesson.

The sleepy clerk at the telegraph office was enjoying a long and deep yawn when he was surprised by the entrance of the dignified Dr. Pont, who, without returning his salutation, hastily wrote a message, which he handed to the clerk, bidding him send it at once.

"Excuse me, sir," said the clerk, after reading the message, "but you may have no cause to send this dispatch. The boat hasn't yet left the dock, I guess. She was storm-bound here all night, and won't sail till seven."

"You don't say so! How extremely fortunate! Don't send it. Thank you very much." And the next minute the Doctor was driving down to the wharf.

Yes; there she lay, with her big broadside overlapping the little pier. Big enough, in all conscience; but her captain had done wisely to keep her there all night.

"I am not going," said the Doctor to an officer who stood by the gang plank. "I am the Reverend Doctor Pont, and I think there is a boy on board who was going to New York. He will not go now. Have you seen any boy—alone, you know?"

"Fair-haired, purty little chap, 'bout twelve?"

"Yes, that is he."

"Come this way, Doctor."

The Doctor followed his guide up the stairs and along

the saloon. A little knot of passengers were standing around a cane-seated lounge; near by a mud-spattered overcoat hung over the back of a chair, and on the lounge was the young runaway, sleeping soundly. His cap had fallen off, and his hair was rumpled; the kind steward had thrown a blanket over him, and the passengers stood admiring his fair hair and fresh complexion, and wondering if he had a story to tell.

At the sight of the sleeping boy Dr. Pont's feelings of remorse came back upon him with redoubled force, and drove all other considerations away. Proud man though he was, and reserved, he did not hesitate now, even in this crowd of curious spectators. He sat down on the edge of the lounge and tenderly smoothed back the tossed hair from the boy's brow. Presently Archie opened his eyes.

Where was he? Was it still a dream? And all those people? He had seen people in the street standing around a laborer who had fallen from a scaffold and been hurt. Had he been hurt?

"My poor boy," said the Doctor, tenderly; and indeed he hardly knew what to say. Then he leaned down and whispered: "It is all right now, my poor boy. Everything is explained. I know that you are innocent. Come, let us go."

Archie was not quite certain that it was all right, but he arose and put on his overcoat, and the Doctor guided his uncertain steps to the stairway. Then he remembered that he had forgotten something.

"Please, sir," he said, "I haven't paid my fare."

"Oh," said the Doctor. "Officer, how much shall I pay for my boy's lodging?"

The man smiled. "Well, sir, I guess we won't charge him anything. We haven't fulfilled our contract, and he's welcome to a night's lodging, I'm sure."

Archie did not understand him, and the next moment he was perfectly dazed. This was not New York; and yet it must be to-morrow morning. For a moment his head reeled, and he thought that he was dreaming. The start he gave recalled the Doctor's attention to the fact that the boy would be surprised to find himself in Belhaven. It had not occurred to him before.

"We are still here, Graham, as you see. It was so stormy last night that the boat could not leave. It was very fortunate, and when you come to yourself you will think so too."

As they drove home Dr. Pont did what he had never done before—he asked pardon of one of his pupils. Then he narrated the history of the case, ending up with the finding of another boy's cap in Archie's room, and of the note to Clifford; but he asked for no explanation of the note.

"Did Clifford tell you, sir, where I was yesterday?" he inquired, timidly.

"I have not seen him yet. He is ill; so I opened the note myself," replied the Doctor. "Have you anything to tell me about it?"

"I was out of bounds, sir. I went into town. I'm very sorry, sir."

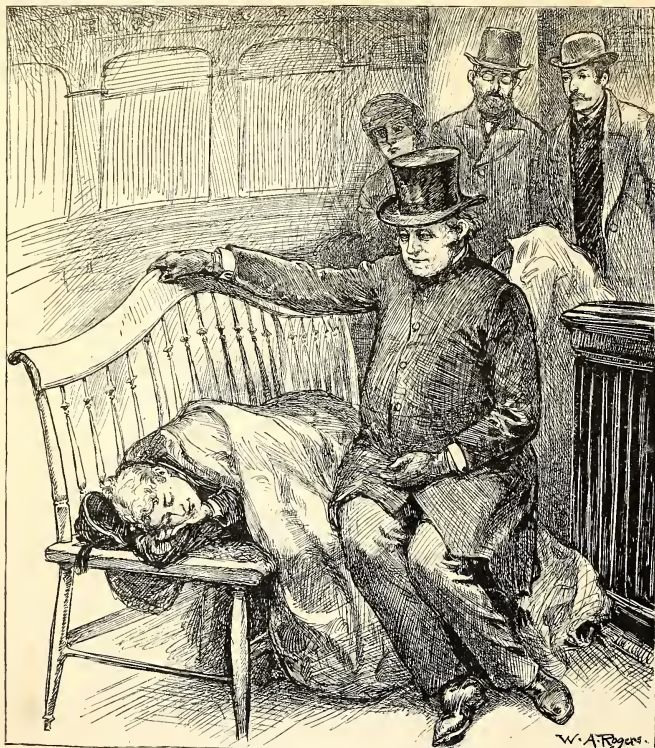
"My dear boy, you should have said so at once; then all would have been clear. Is that all?"

It was all that Archie could tell him without betraying his friend Clifford, and the Doctor did not ask any more questions.

"See," he said, as he reined in the horse. They were on the crest of the hill, whence there was a view of the town of Belhaven and a glimpse through the trees of the harbor. "There goes the *Atalanta*. Are you not glad now that you are not on board of her?"

"Yes, sir; indeed I am."

Notwithstanding Dr. Pont's caution to Mrs. Bates, the news of Archie's flight had become known among the boys as soon as they were out of bed. One of the cham-



"DR. PONT SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE LOUNGE."

ber-maids had whispered it in confidence to one of the boys, who immediately spread the report all along the corridor: "Archie Graham's run away, and the Doctor's gone after him!"

It was, indeed, startling news, and never before had the boys made an earlier appearance in the dining-hall for morning prayers. Then it became known that the Doctor had returned. The excitement was intense.

Prayer-time came, and Dr. Pont's manner was more earnest than usual. When they had risen from their knees he addressed the boys. He said that he had erred in his judgment last evening and wronged an innocent boy; but the real offenders were still undiscovered. Had they not the manhood to come to him and confess?

A deep silence fell on the whole school as he paused. Then there was some movement at the far end of the hall, and Wells and Vesey stepped forward.

"I was at Mr. Perkin's, sir."

"And I, sir."

All eyes were turned on the self-confessed culprits, and the crowd of boys breathlessly awaited the Doctor's next words; but he only said, "Go to my study, Wells and Vesey." Then, after they had left the room, he said to the rest, "You will all remain seated at the breakfast tables until I come in."

A few minutes later Dr. Pont had heard the whole story from the two boys in his study, and he talked to them so earnestly that they were soon in tears. But there was one

thing, he said, that must be done at once: they must beg Graham's pardon. And so the young runaway was brought in, and received their awkward apologies with becoming modesty. But when the Doctor began to talk of punishing the culprits, his newly found confidence in his teacher's presence returned, and he earnestly begged the Doctor to let them off this time.

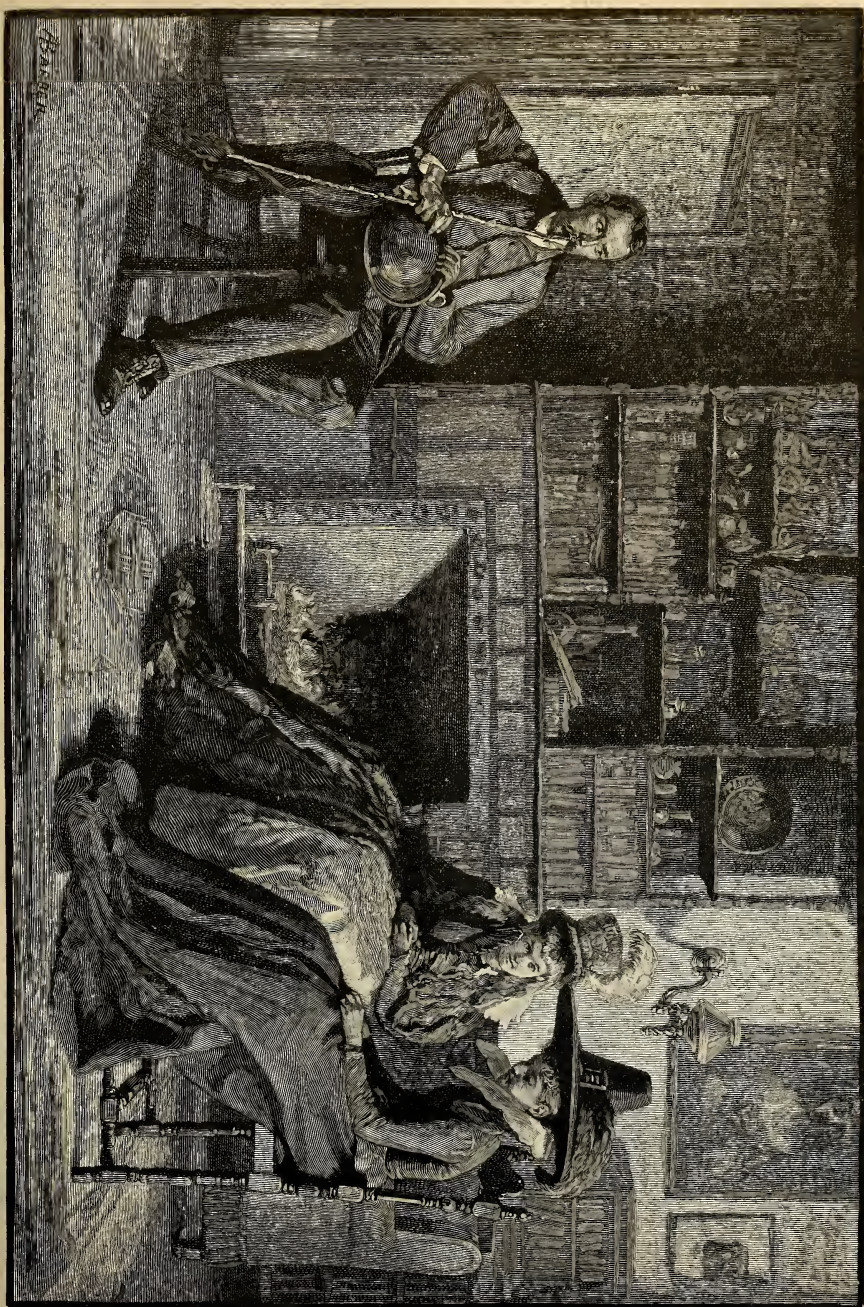
To this request the Doctor gave heed. One boy, he said, had been punished for their fault, and severely; if he interceded for them, it was enough. Finally he said: "My boys, I have learned a lesson from this sad experience which I can never forget. I trust that you also have learned a lesson that will sink deep into your hearts."

There was but one more thing to be explained, and that came out in an interview which Clifford had with the Doctor that morning. When he heard from Mrs. Bates that Archie had got into trouble, he at once asked her to tell Dr. Pont that he had something to say to him, and the Doctor promptly came up to the hospital-room.

Clifford was two years older than Archie, and was an open-hearted but careless fellow. He would do anything for his friends, and they would do anything for him. The story he told the Doctor was briefly this: He owed a bill in the town, and his creditor, who did not care to endanger his trade by calling at the school to collect it, had written him three letters, each one more threatening than the last. Now the boys were only allowed to go to Belhaven by special permission, and running up bills at the stores there was strictly forbidden. It happened that on the morning of the day on which Archie Graham ran away Clifford received a very strong letter from the shop-keeper, and by the same mail a sum of money from his father that was enough to pay the bill. When, therefore, Graham had come to see him in the hospital-room, Clifford, had told him of his awkward position, and how the physician had said he must not go out for at least a week. If Graham could go to town, would he call and pay the bill?

The boy had at once consented to do so, and with the money in his pocket he started out. It was late in the afternoon, but the place was on the outskirts of Belhaven, and he felt sure he could go there and be back in time for school. He knew that he was breaking a rule, but he felt that his friend's cause was very desperate—he had seen the last threatening letter—and rather than risk a refusal he determined to go without leave and abide the consequences. He paid the bill; and how he returned late for roll-call, and how he suffered for his fault, we have already seen.

THE END.



"NAN FELT THE COLOR RISING."—SEE STORY, "HOOP HOUSE," ON PAGE 250.

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAINS," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"BRIGHTWOODS."



Nan was going to visit Mrs. Vandort there was the additional pleasure of a drive into the country, or at least so much of the country as the fast-increasing limits of New York permitted, for she lived in a large old-fashioned house a little way out of town, not far from the old Bloomingdale Road. Nan and Betty and Tina were to start with Katie, the house-maid, at ten o'clock, and to their great satisfaction Bob preferred to go to a matinee with one of his school friends.

He was very pompous over his new associations, and took every possible occasion of talking of himself and them to the girls, even half sniffing over *their* prospects for the day; but Nan laughed gayly, and Betty was in a state of intense excitement, for she felt sure Nan would be completely overcome by the delights of Mrs. Vandort's house and the amusements to be provided for them.

It was Nan's first drive in Central Park, and she could hardly express her delight sufficiently as they rolled along in the comfortable carriage, in and out of the beautiful arches, across the bridges (where once the coachman stopped that Nan might see the Lake with its boats rocking idly on the water, the swans, and the rush of birds overhead). The day was all they could have desired, and both of the girls felt its cheering influence. Leaving the Park, they drove up a fine road, and then further into the country. Mrs. Vandort's house was three miles from the last gates of the Park, and stood far back from the road, in the midst of fine grounds, which, as Betty had described them over and again, looked familiar to Nan as the carriage turned in through the gateway and bowled along a shady drive.

The house door was opened. Nan, as she followed Betty and Tina, found herself in a long wide hall with an inlaid flooring of fine woods and a great staircase leading away to what seemed to her might be endless rooms above. Doors to right and left of the hall gave glimpses of beautiful rooms; one a large, cool, dim drawing-room, where Nan saw the color of fine pictures and the gleam of statuary, and a great central space in which a grand piano stood littered with music, while to the left a crimson portiere drawn back revealed the cheerful glow of a wood fire in a room that was evidently a library.

A young lady with fair hair and charming eyes was reading before the fire, but she rose at once, greeted Betty and Tina with a warm embrace, and then turned to Nan.

"Nan Rolf!" she exclaimed; "I am sure of it. I know you by your likeness to your cousin Lance."

"Lance!"—the color shot over Nan's face with her delight in hearing of Lance, and that she was like him.

"I am an Annie too," said the young lady, in her prompt, cheerful voice; "but they never called me Nan. I wish they had. Now, Betty, shall we all go upstairs?"

Betty nodded her head, and the tall young lady, who had a very graceful though quick way of moving and talking, took Tina's hand in hers, and led the way across

the hall and up the great staircase, which they mounted very slowly. There was a red cord baluster, which it was Tina's delight to put her little brown hand upon, and Miss Annie seemed to know or remember this.

"Some day, Tina," she said, good-humoredly, "you will be big enough to gayly rush up and down these stairs. Bob can never slide down this baluster, can he?"

They all laughed, Miss Annie—who was Mrs. Vandort's daughter, Betty had whispered to Nan—quite as merrily as the rest; and then she opened the door of a room on the first landing, where they were to lay aside their things.

It was Annie Vandort's own room, and, as Nan thought later, looked like her. The walls were nearly covered by pictures, souvenirs of many years in foreign lands, and portraits of friends. There were low book-shelves, comfortable chairs and cosy-looking tables, a great canopied and lace-hung dressing-table, and a beautiful brass bed with muslin drapery tied back with pale blue satin bows.

Nan thought it the prettiest room she had ever seen, and while Betty stood admiring herself before the long mirror, she sauntered about, looking at the pictures, the ornaments, the bits of Turkish drapery, and at the view from the three large windows.

"Now, children," said Annie, pleasantly, when Betty had given her ruffles the final twirl, "what will you do first?"

Betty looked at her cousin, and whispered something.

"Why, of course, but pray don't whisper anything you have to ask me, Betty," returned Annie.

"I want to dress up out of the old trunks in the attic," said Betty, "and then we'll come down to the library and see you, Cousin Annie," she added.

Annie laughed, and going out of the room for a moment, returned with a bunch of keys in her hand.

"You've opened the trunks often enough to know them by this time," she said, giving them into Betty's eager fingers. "Tina, I guess you would rather come down and look at my scrap-books," she added; and Tina went with her cousin very cheerfully, while Nan followed Betty up two flights of stairs, and finally mounted into the attic.

The attic covered the entire house, going "criss-cross" into the wings, and having beams, and oaken floor, and windows—altogether a delightful attic full of interesting things, from old furniture to piles of books and chests of clothes.

Nan was fascinated by what the great chests had to reveal—old-fashioned silks, a crimson brocade, and a satin quilted skirt Betty took out; then came bonnets, a faded green silk parasol, a box of long mitts and gloves, odds and ends of the finery which had belonged to the great-grand-mamma Vandort, who once lived here, and among other dresses a flowered "Watteau," and a quaint dark green riding-habit, with a Tyrolean hat and plume to accompany it.

Betty took the brocade, Nan the riding-habit, and they were speedily attired and ready to show themselves; but on reaching the library they found it vacant, so Nan proposed they should pretend to be two ladies of the last century come to make a call, and await her return.

"This is just what would delight Joan!" Nan exclaimed, as, setting her tall felt hat more comfortably, she seated herself in a high-backed chair before the fire, while Betty with many flourishes took possession of the sofa.

"Oh, Joan!" cried Betty; "I'm sick of her."

Nan was silenced, and the two cousins remained motionless for a few moments, listening for the sound of Annie's step; but, instead, there came a heavier footfall, the door opened, and a very sedate-looking young man entered.

Nan's first impulse was to start up and run away; Betty's was to giggle, which she did, and then looked down in very evident confusion; but Nan remained at her post, and the young gentleman, after a curious look from one to the other of the strangely attired little figures, sat down and began beating a sort of tattoo on his hat.

Nan felt the color rising steadily and settling into a

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

deep crimson upon her cheeks. She dared not glance at Betty, whose efforts to stifle a laugh were more than her own gravity could endure, and to lift her eyes in the direction of the visitor was even more embarrassing.

"Excuse me," he said, suddenly, and addressing himself to Nan. "I came to see Miss Vandort."

Nan started up and said, hastily, very thankful to have the silence broken, "Oh, she will surely be here in a moment, sir." Nan hesitated, and then observing that there was nothing very alarming about the stranger's appearance, she added, "We just dressed up for fun this way, and had come down to see Cousin Annie."

The young man laughed brightly. "Oh, did you?" he said. "Well, now, I'm relieved. To tell you the truth, I couldn't imagine who such a pair of strangely dressed young people could be."

"Are you Cousin Annie's nephew?" said Betty.

"Yes; I am Dr. Barlow," he answered.

"Oh," said Betty, "you are the cousin that goes to hospitals and places."

"The very same; and you are Betty Farquhar; and you," turning to Nan, "are—"

"Annie Rolf," was the reply.

"The very person I wanted to see!" exclaimed the young doctor; but Cousin Annie's entrance interrupted his speech. A few moments passed in laughing explanations, and as she and Betty retired to take off their borrowed finery, Nan wondered what this Dr. Barlow could want of her.

Mrs. Vandort had come home, and with her, Annie's father, a fine hale gentleman of sixty, who greeted Nan cordially, and took her in to dinner, talking to her pleasantly of her aunt Letty, her father, old General Rolf, and other members of the family, whom he seemed to take it for granted she knew all about.

The air of home comfort, good cheer, and bountiful hospitality was in no way disturbed by the stateliness of the room, with its cabinets and sideboards full of rare china, of quaint silver, and Venetian glass; the table with its dainty service and profusion of flowers; the many windows and doorways curtained in pale blue satin; and the chimney-piece of carved oak, below which a wood fire leaped and blazed gloriously. When Dr. Barlow with pretended horror described his feelings on finding the library occupied by "two ladies of the last century who he was sure were ghosts," every one good-naturedly laughed at the girls, both of whom joined in the fun, Nan explaining how agonizing her feelings were until the silence was broken.

"It was a very terrible ordeal for me, Uncle Jim, I assure you," Dr. Barlow said, shaking his head. "The worst of it was, I recognized my great-grandmother's riding-habit, and I was about to say, 'Revered relative, *what* can I do to induce you to return to your tomb, and leave your best clothes unmolested with your grandchildren? they really need them for theatricals,' and then again something about Nan's expression made me think perhaps I was wrong after all, and it was *not* my grandmother. And then the other one: it was surely our great-grand-aunt Jane Hodgkins. I felt a cold shiver creeping down my back. How could I *ever* have excused myself for cutting up her paduasoy gown? No, I dared not speak."

The girls fairly screamed with laughter, and the young man continued: "I'll tell you what, Annie, let us have out the Swiss ladies and gentlemen, and then Uncle Jim must show us the secret door."

All of this sounded very promising, and after dinner the young people went into the long drawing-room, where the "Swiss ladies and gentlemen" were to be found.

It was a fascinating hour. Annie unlocked a long rose-wood box at one end of the room, and the children helped take out a dozen puppets, figures of men and women in gay court costumes, which stood upon wires. They were placed on the piano; Annie played, and away they went dancing up and down, back and forth, to the

great delight of their audience, whom Dr. Barlow kept laughing over his ridiculous way of talking to the dolls as they whirled past him, inventing absurd names and titles for them, and criticising their dress and manners in the most off-hand way. When he said, "Do you remember the queer old town in the Tyrol where we found them?" Cousin Annie nodded her head above her quickly moving fingers, and let the tune drift into that sweetest, most captivating air, "Augustine," which ever afterward made Nan think of the day at "Brightwoods."

She never forgot the simple, pretty little tune, with its suggestion of couples dancing back and forth, ladies and gentlemen bowing, courtesying, and nodding their heads; and when she sang it to herself she could see again the long beautiful room with its inlaid floor, its pictures and statuary, its warm soft colors, the piano in the centre, Cousin Annie playing, her eyes and lips smiling in harmony with the music, the surface of the instrument gay with the little dancing puppets, and at one side Betty's face, flushed and pleased and brighter than it had ever looked, and Dr. Barlow's shrewd, kind, good-humored countenance next, and then Tina's solemn intense gaze—all around and about them happiness, peace, and good-will.

"The Countess Maenockinshock says she is tired," said Dr. Barlow, suddenly. "Hadm't we better explore the secret panel?"

Colonel Vandort kindly consented to show the girls the old wing of the house in which his father had lived as a boy nearly one hundred years before.

"My father used to relate," said Colonel Vandort, "how his great-grand-aunt—the very one Charlie Barlow here was talking about—kept him at his studies eight hours of every day in this room. He lived in great dread of her, and the secret of her power was this: he never knew at what moment this panel in the wall would slide back and the figure of his aunt appear to warn him that she was watching him—where she came from he could not discover. He tried in vain to penetrate the secret; for, search as he might, he could not understand *what* existed behind the panel. He would leave her in quite another part of the house, perhaps, when he went to his studies, and in ten minutes the panel would slide back and the tall gaunt figure of his aunt appear in the room, while she uttered some word or two of direction or stern command. At last she died: the property was left to him, and on his taking possession of it, on his eighteenth birthday, the very first thing he did was to have the mysterious panel removed."

"And what did he find?" queried Nan.

Colonel Vandort took down an engraving which hung on one of the walls. A long wainscoted panel was disclosed, and on his touching the spring it flew back.

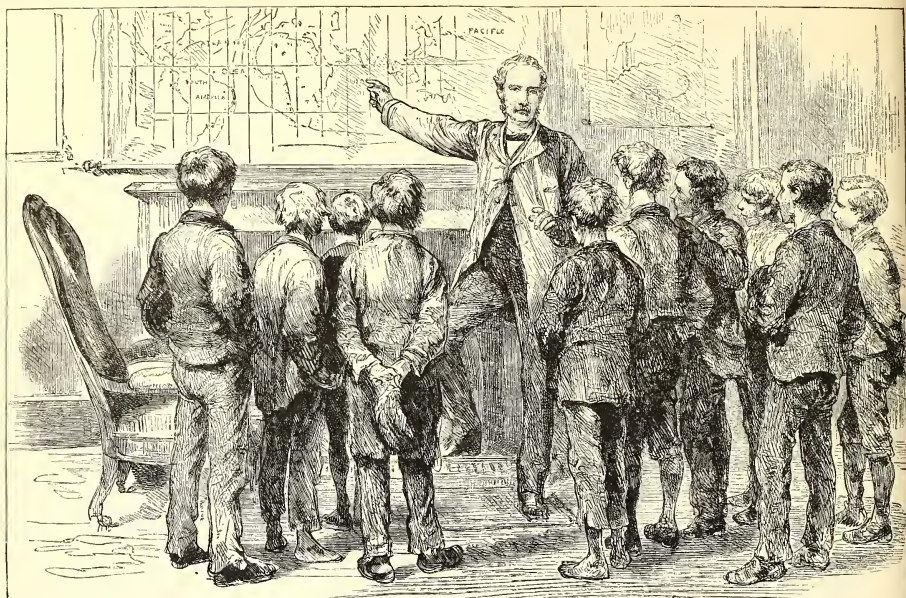
The children pressed eagerly forward; a musty smell came from the opening. Colonel Vandort lighted a candle from the mantel and held it inside. A very narrow flight of stairs built in the wall was revealed.

"Do you wish to go up?" he said to Nan and Betty. They were only too anxious to do so, and the Colonel led the way, cautioning them about the ricketiness of the old staircase. At the top was a door, which he opened, and they found themselves in a large mouldy room, bare, save for the curtained "four-poster" bed and an old chest of drawers.

"This was my great-grand-aunt's bedroom," Colonel Vandort explained. "She had the staircase built and this door put in so that its existence was known to herself only. Why or wherefore no one could ever discover. My father boarded the secret staircase up, and never used this room, but Annie gave me no peace until I had had it opened."

Afterward, when it was suggested that the whole party should walk to the lake, Nan and Tina went ahead with Dr. Barlow, and Betty, to her evident satisfaction, had Cousin Annie to herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



COLONEL GORDON AND HIS YOUNG "KINGS."

"CHINESE GORDON."

BY DAVID KER.

"SO you want to hear about Gordon?" said Major Swordsleigh to a listening group of children. "Well, the first time I ever saw him was at Gravesend in 1867, when I brought him a message from London. Almost the first thing I saw was 'God bless the Kernel,' chalked on a fence; and as I went on I found a boy writing the same words on a wall. 'What Colonel's that?' I asked. 'Why, Colonel Gordon, of course,' he answered, quite angrily; 'don't you know him?'"

"I *did* know him, for all England was ringing with what he had done in China. When the Taiping rebels were carrying all before them there, in came Gordon, raised an army of Chinamen, and beat the Taipings wherever he met them. Even when the rebels thought themselves safe among the great swamps, in a cove of rivers and canals where no army could pass, Gordon's light gun-boats came creeping along over reeds and mud, and bang went their guns, and down tumbled the earth-works, and away ran the rebels, thinking him a magician who could make ships go on land.

"When I reached Gordon's house, a dozen ragged boys were just coming out, and in the doorway stood a quiet, pleasant-faced man of thirty-four, with a keen, bright eye, who invited me in very heartily. Not a word did he say of his great deeds in China; but he told me plenty about his 'kings,' as he called the boys whom he was teaching, and for some of whom he had already found work.

"See these pins in my map," said he; 'they show where some of my young "kings" are, for whom I've got places on shipboard. I like to keep track of them.'

"And so he did; and in after-days, when he was fighting for his life in the African deserts, he still had a kind thought to spare for his English boys.

"In 1871 he was sent to Turkey, and he had hardly done with that when the Egyptian government wanted him in Central Africa. And what a life he had there! Sometimes he had to ride over the desert on a camel for days and days, with his skin peeling off with the heat, and his lips cracked and bleeding from thirst, and the sand-flies stinging him all over. Or he would be struggling up the Nile, among horrid swamps where the fever mist curled up like steam, or through dark gullies where armed savages lay waiting to pounce upon him.

"Many a hard fight did he have with the cruel Arabs, who were kidnapping the poor negroes and selling them for slaves. Sometimes a boat would come down the river loaded with wood and ivory; but when Gordon took up the wood he found a close-packed crowd of slaves, almost choked for want of air, and so weak that they could hardly stand when they were taken out.

"In 1879 he came home quite worn out; but even then there was no rest for him. He was sent back to China, then to South Africa, and then to Central Africa again; for by this time war had broken out in the Soudan between Egypt and the Arabs, the Egyptians had been beaten, and a few handfuls of them were left shut up in fortresses far away in the desert, hemmed in by fierce Arabs.

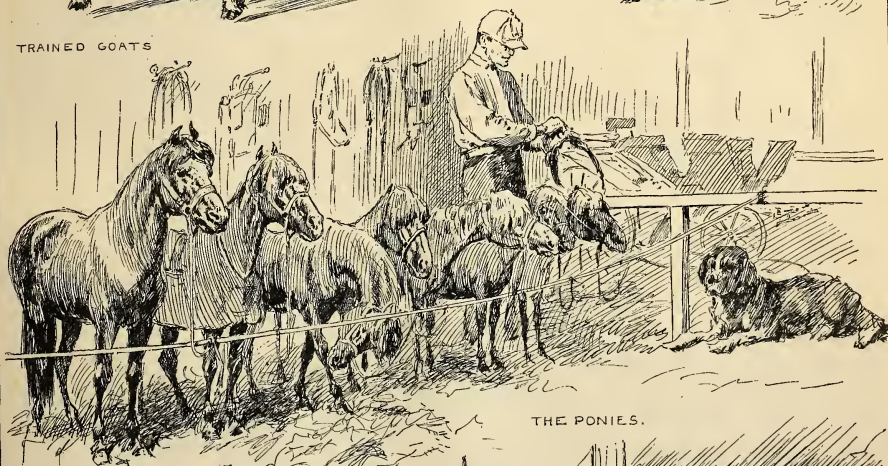
"Every one said that Gordon was just the man to get these poor fellows out of their difficulty, so he was sent to do it. But instead of giving him the soldiers he needed, they sent him out almost alone; so in place of being able to help off the besieged Egyptians, he was soon besieged himself. For months he defended Khartoum against the enemy's whole army, with only a few cowardly Egyptian recruits to help him. But at last his own men betrayed him, and when the English came up to the rescue they found that the Arabs had taken the town, and that poor Gordon was either killed or made prisoner. There! we won't talk about it any more, children. Good-night!"



TRAINED GOATS



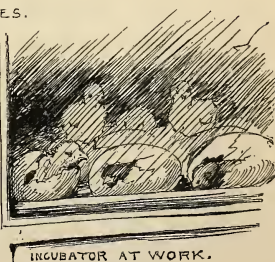
FEEDING THE FERRETS.



THE PONIES.



SOME ODD FOWLS AND PIGEONS.



INCUBATOR AT WORK.



"WELL, WHO ARE YOU?"

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

JUST as we were ready to have our candy-pull, there came a regular thaw, and Cousin Sophie advised us to put it off till cool, crisp weather. At last one morning the newspaper said that a cold wave was coming from 'way' way out West, where such great quantities of cold are bottled up, and sure enough, before night, the wind blew what brother Ned called "great guns," and it grew delightfully cold. It's hard work to make really nice candy in soft, sticky weather.

There is real fun in a cold snap when you live in a nice warm house, with a sparkling fire leaping and blazing and making pictures on the hearth, when the furnaces and stoves and heaters are all piled up and doing their duty, and when all the people you love best are safe at home.

The boys and girls were just as happy as they could be when mamma consented to let them make as much candy as they chose, enough, she said, to set up a candy store, if they pleased. Poor mamma! they took her at her word. Papa never can resist the coaxing of his little daughters; so May and Irene had quite a pocketful of money to spend. They found out from the cook just how much molasses she had in the jug on the pantry shelf, and not thinking it quite enough they flew to the grocery, dragging nurse along, and ordered a gallon more.

In the mean time Fred's mother had thought that possibly there would not be enough molasses, and so she sent a supply from her store-room. And Daisy's aunt Fauny had an idea that pea-nuts would be needed, and she contributed pea-nuts. In fact, sugar and spice and everything nice kept arriving until the cook was nearly wild.

Cousin Sophie was the superintendent. She asked Bridget to set on her largest kettle, into which went a whole gallon of molasses. It was put on over a slow fire, and the cooking class took turns in boiling and stirring.

It boiled, and it boiled, and it boiled, They stirred, and they stirred, and they stirred, And Kitty she sat in the corner And she purred, and she purred, and she purred; And when it was done, there was, oh! such fun, And such laughter you never heard.

When the molasses had boiled for a half-hour, with continual stirring, Cousin Sophie told May to drop into it two tea-spoonsful of fine powdered bicarbonate of soda—a just common baking soda, you know. This was to make it white, soft, and flexible.

Then they dropped a little of into cold water, and as it was brittle, they knew it was done. Then, with hands buttered very daintily, each child took a lump of candy and began to pull it. The longer they pulled, the whiter it grew, and they braided it and twisted it and turned it, and did everything except eat it, for the girls sternly forbade the boys to so much as taste the candy until the first playful had been carried to the library and offered to papa and mamma, to Uncle John and Aunt Maria, and Cousin Sade and the young lady who was paying a visit. But they had a feast when they were permitted to taste at last. Never was candy so perfectly delicious.

They had made some plain taffy too, in another pan, and this they did not pull, putting it to harden, a half-inch deep, in buttered tins.

Cousin Sophie made some Everton taffy. She made it in this way: Three ounces of butter, melted, and a pound of brown sugar added. Boiling this fifteen minutes, it became thick, and was crisp and delicate when dropped into cold water. When half done, the grated rind of a lemon was added. This gave a very agreeable flavor.

The next day the children packed a little box of candy and sent it to some little girls who very seldom had any candy to eat. And the candy-makers enjoyed that part of the treat too.

PANAMA, FLORIDA.

I am a little Florida girl, and have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years. I have never written to you before, but want to tell you how much I enjoyed the Florida serial "Wakulla." I think it was perfectly splendid, and was sorry when it stopped. We live in the country near Jacksonville, and have an orange grove. The trees are not in bloom yet, but by-and-by I will send you some blossoms, if you will write me. The woods are full of yellow jasmine now, and I would like to send some in this letter: I hope it will sweeten what it gets to you. I love you dearly, and I love my *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* dearly, but I am only ten years old, and can not write very well yet to tell you so. My brother Jack says you will only laugh at this letter, but I have been two days writing it.

Your loving little reader, DAISY D.

Brother Jack was much mistaken when he told you that queer story. I never feel like laughing at dear little letters from dear little girls, and yours, with the sprig of yellow jasmine—which did smell sweet, Daisy—brought to mind beautiful memories of woods full of the lovely yellow flowers, clambering from branch to branch, and swinging in the sunny air. Thank you a thousand times, Daisy, for the pretty little gift, and you may send me some orange blossoms too, if you will be so kind.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MY DEAR POSTMASTER,—I thought I would write to you, but as I am a little girl of six, I have to get papa to put down what I say. I have just had a letter from you, and I was so glad, for one morning when everybody was away and the house all locked up. When the girls came home they found something in the kitchen, a little bit of a kitty. "I'll tell you a story about a kitty," said one of the girls. "One dark night, when I was almost asleep in my little bed, I felt something pressing on my feet and crawling up to my head. Soon felt it at my hair, pulling away, so I put out my hand, and found it was kitty. I was not frightened, but I called mamma. Mamma says kitty came up to see me because I was sick. She said, 'You good little cat. I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. My uncle Al gave it to me for a Christmas present two years ago, and last Christmas too.' My little cousins in Toledo get it. Jimmy Brown's stories are so funny, and I like "Wakulla" very much. I am just getting to know molasses, and don't see why people say, "As much fun as having the measles." Do you? Why do they? I would not like to have sisters, and like to hear the letters in your letter-box very much. Good-by, my dear Postmaster.

Lovingly yours, ELISABETH B.

You printed your name yourself, did you not, dear? I suppose people make that speech about the measles just for fun.

DANVERS, CONNECTICUT.

I am twelve years old. My mamma died when I was a little baby, and I live with my auntie. I spent my Christmas in Brooklyn. My cousin Jack takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I liked it so much my uncle gave me a year subscription for my Christmas present, and I began with the Christmas number. Auntie says when I get numbers from my mamma, she has to hold me for me. My auntie gave me a new piano for a Christmas present.

CARRIE B. W.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I have never written to you before. I get *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* every week, and like it very much. I like "Wakulla" and the first story box better than anything. I have only five years old, and I love her very much. I have two dogs and a cat. I am not attending school, but my mamma teaches me at home. I like to see me getting along with my lessons very well. I am a little boy nine years old. Papa wrote this to me on his type-writer as I gave him a letter.

SLAUGHTER C.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I am rather afraid you will think it forward in me to write to you, as

I am not a subscriber, but I thought I would venture, and if you did not print my letter, at least there would be no harm done. Papa gives me the *YOUNG PEOPLE* every week, and I enjoy every Christmas, and I am so used to expecting it now that if he should fail to give it to me I should be greatly disappointed. I think it is an excellent magazine for young people, and I especially enjoy the Post-office Box.

My Postmistress, may I ask where you spend your summers? I always spend mine near Thousand Islands, on the St. Lawrence River. If you have ever been there you will need no description of the place. To me it is no less than paradise. We have an island named Arcadia, which we have a cottage, and I always long for the time to go there, and dream to come away.

I wish that Marguerite D., of Tours, France, and Bertha F. P., of Fort Fairfield, Maine, would correspond with me. I do not know their full names, so I can not write to them until they have written to me. I am fifteen years old, and have no brothers nor sisters, and so am often rather lonely. Hoping that your patience will not come to an end before we have finished this letter, I am yours sincerely,

E. BESSIE B.

If the young ladies mentioned shall accept Miss Bessie's invitation, they may write to her, and send their letters to the care of the Postmistress, who will forward them to Bessie's address.

And, my dear Postmistress, may I write to the Post-office Box whether he or she be smiling? I am a person who regularly burns the bound volume at the end of the year is, in a certain sense, a subscriber.

The Post-office Box will not let me spend my summers in the Thousand Islands, dear, nor anywhere very far from Manhattan. I don't mind I am glad you have so pleasant a time every year.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I have been watching your paper for a long time, trying to find a receipt for cream candy, but I have not been able to find one. Can any of your correspondents give me a recipe? I have many, but have not been successful? Will you be kind enough to print it in your paper, as I have heard of people who would like to see it, and belong to a cooking club, and one day we thought we would try to make some cream candy for our club. As I had heard that it was very hard to make, so we took possession of our own kitchen and put the candy on to boil, but just when it had been on for about half an hour a fire broke out, and the candy was all melted. I was so glad to see it, leaving the candy to take care of itself. When we came home the candy had boiled and was all melted, and was trickling down the floor like a stream of molasses. I was so glad to see it, in sticky streams. I was so glad to see it, in sticky streams.

RUTH M.

Well, the cooks who ran away from their work could not blame the candy for being spoiled, could they?

Who will send Ruth a good receipt?

EVANSHVILLE, INDIANA.

I am writing this letter in school, and have had much fun this winter cooking; I never had such a nice time before in winter. I think it is so nice to read the children's letters; it seems just as if you knew them. I have been so glad to hear from you. We are going to have a contest with the Eighth Grade next Friday in arithmetic, and our teacher thinks we will beat them. I don't know if it is nice to go to school? I do; I have so much fun.

DAISY D.

MONTREAL, MONTREAL.

I have often thought I would write to you, but I never have, though I have taken the paper four years, and enjoy it very much from beginning to end. Montreal is a great city, and I live on White Lake. I am ten years old, and live on top of a hill, and just below it is a great lake. I have a great many friends, and I own four orchards of peach-trees, and expect a big crop if the frost does not kill them. We have a roller rink, and mamma gave me a pair of skates, and I like them very much. We have a governess, who teaches us all, excepting the baby.

J. F. C.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

This is the first time I have ever written to *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have taken it ever since it was published, and I enjoy all the stories so much! I don't know I watch for it every Thursday. I think "Wakulla" was splendid. I have a letter to you about it. I can tell you of the Children's Christmas Club of Portland, of which I have been a member since its formation. It was organized three years ago by a young lady of this city, who was very kind of the idea. Any boy or girl under eighteen can become a member by paying a yearly fee of ten cents. We give the poor children who are our invited guests a dinner, clothing for those who are needy, and each child has a present and a bag of candy. The bags are made and filled by

centy-eight little girls called "Busy Bees," of whom I am one. This year the dinner took place at the City Hall, December 30. There were six hundred and seventy children present, and a lot of cold roast turkey, biscuit, pickles, pie, apples, and oranges. After the children had eaten just as much as they wanted, the tables were removed from the hall, and a little entertainment was given. First of all, the members of the band and the invited guests, led by the band, sang songs which had been taught them in the schools. Then eight young ladies danced the tetragrade march, and Mother Goose came in and sang a song. Then the children sang some very funny songs for the children. You should have seen how they laughed, and how pleased we were. Then they formed in line and passed around each one receiving a gift. I saw the little girls had dolls; and how they hugged them!

We have already begun our work for next year, making clothing, dressing dolls, etc. I wish that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE were members of a Children's Christmas Club, and read it as we all do here. I send my love to you, dear Postmistress.

W. L. E.

You have written a very charming letter, and think all the readers will be pleased with it. The Children's Christmas Club has been successfully carried forward in other cities, notably in Washington. Miss Nellie Arlin presides over one much like yours in Portland.

AMERICA HARBOE, OHIO.

I am a boy eight years old. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. I like going to school very much. I am in the third Reader. I have a little sister five years old. Her name is Helen. She is a sweet, lively little girl. I teach her to say her letters, and she knows quite a number already. I like teaching her very much. I have no pets except a cat; I have no name for him yet. I formerly lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but now live at the Harbor, on Lake Erie. We have a fine view of the lake from our house. My father got *The History of the United States* for Christmas; have got nearly through it. I have read a great many children's papers, but like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE best of all.

WILLIE C. MCC.

HOLLY, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy nine years old, and I live with my aunt. I have eight birds, three guinea-pigs, two ducks, and a pony. I think I like "Puss" the best of any story I have yet read. I am afraid it is snowing, for I have a pair of hobs. I have a sled too, and it is not very pretty. I have used it so much, I have two brothers and one sister.

RALPH B.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is the first number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE published in Scotland, so we have taken it in, and are greatly delighted. We went to a splendid bazaar before Christmas, in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital. The principal ball represented an angel in the street. There were many children's tricks, and concerts, also in aid of the hospital, during the days of the bazaar. We visited the hospital last week for the first time, and were very much pleased with it. We took pictures of the children, which they seemed to enjoy very much, and pulled with each other.

Kit is eleven, Lottie twelve, and Maud thirteen years of age. We hope you will print this letter in the Post-office Box, if you do not mind it so bad.

KITTY C., LOTTIE C., MAUD C.

It is not bad at all, but really very good.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I send a receipt for parching almonds: Remove the hulls, and blanch by pouring hot water on them; the shells can then be easily taken off. Put them in a hot skillet, well greased with butter; stir them to keep from burning, and sprinkle well with salt. There are very nice served after dinner.

NATHALIE F.

CABILLAC, MICHIGAN.

My brother and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four or five years, and think it is the best paper we have ever taken. I have a sister and brother. All the pets we have are a kitten and ten chickens, which are all named after the next time I write I will tell you some of their names. I am nine years old. We have very cold winters here, and pleasant summers. My papa told me I was a very little girl.

NELL K.

HOLDS, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl of ten. I have three little sisters. One is my twin; her name is Rose. Mine is Ethel and Rose. The next is my brother, and Annie. I have an older sister; her name is Anna; she is in Lexington, Missouri, at boarding-school. I have a brother James. We are except Anna, go to the Holden College. It is just up the hill from our house. We have not taken HAR-

PER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but we all like it very much. Papa reads it aloud to us at night. We also take the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*. My Fourth Reader and second part of geography, and I think I should like to be like our teacher very much; her name is Miss W. All of us, except Annie and Jimmie, take music lessons.

Your little friend,
RUTH T.

MAPLE GROVE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I am taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and like it very much, and as I see so many little girls go to school, and I think I should like to go so too. We live in the country, very near the Grand River, and about fourteen miles from Lake Erie. Several of our friends are in the habit of camping out by the lake shore in the warm weather, and mamma, my brother Jack, and I were invited out there for a few days last summer holidays, and we enjoyed ourselves so much that papa says that he will try and get a tent this year, and then we can all go out and stay a month or so, which will be great fun. When I was out there last summer we went in bathing every day, and at night we had large bonfires on the beach, and then sat up on a bank and sang comic songs. One night we expected the band to come over from a village near and serenade us, but they did not come, and we were rather disappointed, because we had a very large bonfire collected for them to play by. We slept in a large bed reaching from one side of the tent to the other, which was of course very warm and large, but we never thought of that, because it was camping out, and one has to put up with some discomforts. We had lunch out of tin cans, and after the dishes were washed and the tents tidied up there was nothing more to do but enjoy ourself, and see young folks did that, I can tell you. Hoping that you will be pleased with my description of camp life in Canada, I am yours,

MAX R.

MAIMBOUR, KILBO, SCOTLAND.

My brother sent a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which was published, and I hope mine will too, in eight years old, and I am sending my holidays with my grandparents and aunts. Two little cousins are staying with us, and we have great fun together; their names are Marion and Frances I. My brother Robert is in the army, back to England very soon. This is a farm. We have an old pony named Sambo; he is nearly blind, but we let him have holiday out of his time. Our father and mother are in India. They write to us, and we write to them every week. They sent us nice presents for Christmas. Mine was a backgammon board and Bobbie wrote me a letter. Our aunt in America has sent us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and we like it so much. I am very glad to hear from you.

I shall expect to hear from you both again.

JON D. P.

CARTER ST. TON, WYOMING TERRITORY.

I thought I would try to write to the Post-office Box. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think that story about Santa Claus's Mistake," by Kirk Munroe, was one of the nicest stories I have ever read. Don't you think that the rich little girl who was to give the poor little girl that doll, because her aunt sent it to her over the ocean? I also like "Cottess Nin" very much. I am a little girl twelve years old. I have one sister, five years old; her name is Clynette Fay. Did you ever hear that name before? I hope you have room for me in the Post-office Box. My papa has committed "The Force of Need" to memory, and this morning I heard her applying it to her husband, in this way: "He doesn't know how to move right to me, I will give you red meat if you will come to me." I have had no help from any one, so please excuse all mistakes. Please tell me if my writing is on an average with other girls of my age.

Your little friend,
JOSIE EVELYN H.

I think you write very well indeed for a girl of twelve. Your sister's name is Ned to me, but is very pretty.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think you must be a very kind lady to take so much trouble with the many letters that are written to the Post-office Box. Don't you get tired of reading them sometimes, and don't your head ache dreadfully? I very often go to New York, and the next time I go I am coming to see you, for I want very much to see what the lady who takes so much interest in this sweet little paper looks like. I have read some of the stories that the girls write are too sweet for anything. I can write some little stories, and would like to send one to you, only I am afraid you would not print it. May I write again?

PANSY.

I shall be glad to see you, Pansy, and to read your story when you send it. I am happy to say that I very rarely have a headache.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I write to tell you of the winter sports we have here at boarding-school.

Not far from here is a mill-race, which freezes over every cold snap. It is as smooth as glass, and over a quarter of a mile long. A great many boys skate in a line, and it is pretty hard to keep up if there are any very fast skaters in line. We have a pair of American Clubs, which are usually considered the best.

HENRY M. R.

POLA, KANAR.

I am a little girl almost ten years of age. As other little girls tell about their pets, I will tell about mine: we have four dogs and one cat. I go to school, and study: reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Good-by, with love. I am your little reader,

TEMPLE P.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I have for pets a large Newfoundland dog named Savage and a little kitten called Friskie. My brother Philip has a little white pony that he lets me ride sometimes. I spent last winter in Las Vegas, New Mexico. I expect to go to the Exposition this year. If you wish, I will tell about the Exposition in my next letter.

ELSIE S.

I hope Savage is better than his name, and Friskie, I am sure, is full of tricks and pranks. Yes, write about the Exposition, please.

DARBY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I will tell you something about this place. There is one public school and one Friends' school. I go to the public school; I am in the grammar room. There are a worsted, a woolen, and a silk mill here. It is a very nice place in summer. Many Philadelphians reside here in the warm weather. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for the first number. I think "Wakulla" is very good. I am ten years old.

HELEN MCG.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

(To our young contributors.)

1. A letter. 2. On that account. 3. Low, dull sounds. 4. Buttons. 5. Having rough ears. 6. To dilate. 7. A kind of large candle. 8. A diocese. 9. A letter.

NAVAJO.

No. 2.

MISSING WORDS.

As I _____ the street.
A dear old friend I chanced to _____;
_____ and he _____ mine;
Then we _____ the way was _____.
We _____ little while,
But _____ had walked a _____.

P. MCD.

No. 3.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. An imaginary region of happiness and ease. 2. A disagreeable pain. 3. Certain plants. 4. Duplicitly. 5. A letter. 6. A nickname. 7. A fre place. 8. One who makes a beginning. 9. Kinds of star-fish.

Diagonals, right to left, down: The three Pates; left to right, down: Those who withhold; central, down: Weddings.

NAVAJO.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 274

N	O	L	I	V	E	M	A	U	D
I	B	I	D	A	N	N	A	A	
E	D	E	N	D	T	E			
M	O	O	N	H	A	R	P		
M	O	O	N	A	S	I	A		
M	O	R	N	R	I	N	G		
A	N	N	A	P	A	G	E		

No. 2.

B A N O N T E M

No. 3.

P S A W T R A P S T R A P P A R T I T I O N W A I T I N G P O N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emily Archer, Alice Cooper, Edna King, Dudley Thompson, John Bixby, Alexander Knott, William Thompson, Charlie Davis, Freddie G. Loe, Loma, Mary Mayne, P. McDonough, Jessie K., Louisa H., Elsie Willers, Dorra Haght, Mollie Johnson, and Theodore Smith.

(For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.)



MADAM TABBYLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY.

Instructions given in all the latest fashionable Round and Square Dances. Adults every evening at 8 p.m.; Kittens under four months at 11 a.m.

JOKING THE JOKER.

SOMETIMES it is rather a dangerous thing to teach a knowing bird, like a parrot, tricks that involve some other per-

son's discomfort, for these lessons may conceal a boomerang, which will hit back.

A lady in England had a parrot which she taught to wake up her sister, who enjoyed morning naps, by flying against her face and shouting, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up!" The parrot learned very quickly, and the lady enjoyed her sister's discomfort. One morning, however, when she was very sleepy because she had been up so late the night before, this lady was awakened by a snarling sensation at her nose. She brushed her hand across her face two or three times, and then dozed off again, only to be fully awakened a minute later, to find the parrot pecking vigorously at her nose, which bled profusely, and screaming, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up, Maud!"

The laugh was turned, and this particular trick was henceforth discouraged in that parrot.

A gentleman owned one of those mischief-finders, a magpie. This bird was very fond of shell-fish, so that when his owner placed some pickled cockles in his larder he took special pains to tie parchment firmly over the top of each jar. It was not long, however, before the skin was torn off and some cockles eaten. Nobody could be found who would confess the deed, and the thefts were repeated, until the cook, hearing one day a crackling sound in the larder, hurried in to find Mr. Magpie, with the skin off a jar of cockles, eating away as fast as he could. This so exasperated the woman that she hurled at the bird a ladle of boiling fat which she had in her hand, exclaiming, "So it's you, you rascal, that's been at the cockles!"

It was a hard punishment, for all the poor little fellow's feathers came off his scalded head, leaving him bald ever after; and he never forgot the cause of his misfortune, as appeared afterward. One night among some visitors at his master's house was a gentleman with a bald head. The magpie, which had been perched on the edge of a vase, suddenly flew to this gentleman's shoulder, and with his head tipped on one side in quizzical fashion, squeaked out, "So, you rascal, you've been at the cockles too, have you?"



IMPATIENT MEMBER OF THE ONE-SKATE CLUB. "SAY, 'LIAB! YO'S DONE HAD DAT SKATE 'MOST ALL DAY. DOES YO' WANT TER SKATE ROUND DE YOLE EARTH?"

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 278

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



FORD BONNER AMONG THE GYPSIES.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON

Part I.

FORD BONNER was spending the last of his autumn holidays in northern New Jersey. He had a friend there, Burt Cowart. Burt lived in a large city; but its streets and roads were kept in splendid condition. They led out from between rows of handsome villas with their broad lawns into the prettiest country imaginable. Naturally both

Ford and Burt lived anywhere except within-doors from breakfast till dusk. Each had a bicycle, and Burt had a new trap and a sleek horse of his own.

Now Ford's especial amusement all summer long had been amateur photography. He had begun practicing it in the regular fashion—spoiling innumerable plates, making sad messes, and securing with glee likenesses of his unlucky friends that represented them as proper subjects for the Rogues' Gallery. By the close of the summer, however, our young photographer had become more expert. There chanced to be some curious and romantic spots in the neighborhood of B—: a mountain gorge, a spluttering cascade or two, and so on. Accordingly, on days when Cowart had some special occupations of his own on hand, his friend Ford would prepare his neat outfit and start out independently, pretty sure of returning in the forenoon with much more than his labor for his pains.

One evening, in the last week of his visit, Burt exclaimed, "I declare, Ford, you ought to take back a photo of the Wolf's Rock with you."

"So I ought," answered Ford. "We've been going to drive over just to look at it, you know, all this fortnight. Suppose you take me out to it to-morrow, eh? It wouldn't take us more than three hours to do the whole business."

The plan was discussed and made. The Wolf's Rock was a curious formation of crag projecting high in air from the line of cliffs about six miles from B—. It was well worth photographing.

Unfortunately the next morning was early distinguished by three occurrences, with each of which Ford's expedition was sooner or later concerned. First of all, Cowart's dentist changed an appointment, and sent for him—poor fellow! Second, Colon, the sleek horse, was declared indisposed by the groom: "Mustn't go for to drive him to-day, sir, nohow." (It ought to be noted that Colon got his peculiar name from a very unkind speech that Burt's father made about him—that "to ride behind that nag was the next thing to coming every minute to a *full stop*.") Third and last—but that will appear a little later.

Ford decided that he would foot it, and that alone. Cowart accordingly gave him full directions as to which way to go, how many times to turn, and what cross-roads to look out for, and was thereupon trotted off to Dr. Scruncher's. Just as Ford, directly after, was getting under way, Mrs. Cowart came running out of the house.

"Ford," she exclaimed, looking much flustered, "have either you or Burt been playing me another trick?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Cowart," laughed Ford; "I'm sure I've not, and I don't believe Burt could without my knowing it—and helping him. What's the joke?"

The two boys had delighted in teasing good-humored Mrs. Cowart during Ford's visit, and she didn't mind their mischief a particle, although they had hid the family silver basket all one afternoon, and the day before had dressed up in two old gowns of hers to present themselves as the Misses Wiggleworth, two stranger ladies from whom she was expecting a call.

"Then I'm afraid it's no joke," exclaimed the lady, sitting down, breathless, on the steps. "I very carelessly left that curious bracelet that you and Burt admire on the table in the far end of the parlor last night. Martha only went in to dust a few minutes ago, and she found the window open. She came to ask if I knew who opened it. I don't, nor does anybody else in the house, and my bracelet is gone."

"Do you really think some one got into the window last night while we were asleep?" asked Ford, in prompt excitement.

"Yes," answered the lady; "some sneak thief; probably not a regular burglar. I dare say he was frightened out almost the moment he clambered in. But there lay my unlucky bracelet, and, passing in or out, he happened to catch sight of it, which I never shall again."

Of course great confusion followed when this became known. Word was sent to Mr. Cowart at his office and to Burt in his dentist's chair. Neither knew anything of how the window had come to be open or the bracelet gone. Undoubtedly some stray prowler had tried the catch of the one, and escaped with the other. Poor Mrs. Cowart was thankful he had explored the house no further. The flurry soon passed over. Ford had half a dozen times most considerably asked Mrs. Cowart whether she would not feel safer if he staid at home, and at length he accepted her unflattering permission to start upon his tramp without further delay.

The morning was perfect for such a walk. After considerable trouble and many questions Ford reached the line of jagged cliffs. He hunted about for the object of his quest, and found it; then took four excellent negatives from as many good points of sight. After a bountiful luncheon, which brought about an unintentional nap, he set out for home.

The weather had become gray and cold by the time Ford had reached the valley. He walked along fast, wondering when he would quit the rough, closely shaded road for the turnpike. The road ended in another just like it; that curved into another; woods waved overhead.

It was growing dark, and Ford, having taken the wrong lane at first, was lost. Startled and shivering in the night air, as well as annoyed in imagining the Cowarts' alarm, Ford retraced as much of his route as he could. It was too late. He could scarcely see to go further; and he was just counting up his matches, and thinking of a superfluous evening and a bed by a bonfire in the forest, when suddenly the lane turned. The flash of a much more roaring blaze than he had imagined himself feeding appeared between the tree trunks. The sound of a woman's voice singing a merry song, and the tink-tinkle of some sort of instrument, reached his ears. Ford advanced cautiously. Soon he saw a dozen or so of strangely dressed people standing or strolling about in the fire-light. Several horses and three large white-covered wagons could be dimly made out in the background. It was evidently a gypsy band in full camp.

"Well, here goes!" said our hero to himself. "I know all the old stories they tell about gypsies—their thieving, and running away with babies, and what not. But I remember too that they are said to be always really kind to folks who ask them civilly for shelter or help. At any rate, I've nothing about me worth stealing, and I'm no baby to be kidnapped."

Two elderly gypsy women in red cloaks, and a young *gitano** with wonderfully black eyebrows, were busy plucking chickens before one of the two camp fires. Very much astonished these appeared to be when all at once they saw a white-complexioned stranger had appear like a ghost from the darkness. Ford walked boldly up to them. "Good-evening," said he, politely as ever. "If you please, my name is Ford Bonner. I am visiting at Dr. Cowart's house in B—, and have lost my way to town. Can you tell me how I can get back there to-night?"

Both the old women first stared, and then smiled very pleasantly. Their faces were not unkind either. "Lost his way, has the little gemman?" exclaimed one of them, putting out her hand and drawing Ford gently into the ruddy light. "Dear! dear!" ejaculated her friend. "And so dark and so late too!" came in the young man's voice; "what a pity!" The other woman called out a sentence in a strange, musical language to the others of the band. These quickly crowded around. Ford felt quite uncomfortable as he looked up into so many dark, keen faces and flashing eyes close about him.

But all their questions were kindly put, and he quickly

* *Gitano* is another name for a gypsy man.

became certain that these strange acquaintances were well disposed toward him. Moreover, just as he again mentioned Dr. Cowart's name, a young girl clad in a bright blue frock, and with an old guitar in her hand, came up. She it was whose strumming and singing Ford had heard.

"I know the good Doctor that the little gemman talks about," she exclaimed. "When we were here last year he cured my arm, and he it was who gave medicine on the street to your wife's baby, Pharaoh."

The new-comer pointed to an old white-haired gypsy as she spoke—in English. Her words seemed to produce a great effect. Several of the *gitanos* laughed and shook hands heartily with Ford, and much talking amongst themselves followed.

Presently Father Pharaoh, the tall old gypsy, turned to Ford, and said, in a pleasant voice:

"We will gladly help the little gemman who has lost his way to the good Doctor's house. Our young men and the horses are tired now with their day's journey. They both must be rested and fed. The moon, also, may have risen in a couple of hours. Let the little gemman make himself comfortable with his new gypsy friends, and eat a fine supper with them, and then, by the time the moon shines, Anselo and his horse will carry him back to the town. It is only nine miles from these woods."

Ford, in spite of his haste to let the Cowarts know of his movements, as well as his lurking suspicions of these new hosts, was fain to accept this proposal thankfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TROUBADOURS AND MINSTRELS.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN all the stories of mediæval days, whether in history or romance, we read of the troubadours and the minstrels of the time, and I think, from my own experience, that young people have a general impression that they were almost alike in their habits or their profession. I know a little girl who for a long time felt that there had never been but one troubadour, and that his name was "Gayly." The reason of this was because she had long listened to her aunt, who sang an old-fashioned ballad:

"Gayly the troubadour touched his guitar."

Now there were a great many troubadours, but there never was a guitar among them. They played on lute and viol, mandolin and cithara, and sometimes on the harp.

The office or profession of troubadour was one of great distinction, and usually filled by knights, valiant warriors, or "princes of the blood." They composed their own songs, and, as I shall explain later, were often accompanied by a musician, or *jongleur*, as he was called, who was in their retinue for that purpose.

The profession, as we may call it, of the troubadour originated in the south of France in the eleventh century. Count William of Poitiers, ninth Duke of Aquitaine, was the first troubadour of whom we have any record. He was a daring, dashing, unscrupulous, although brave man, and "full of tunefulness"; so he composed verses on all manner of subjects, set them to the curious jingling, wailing music of the day, and when his guests and people were assembled in the halls of his castle he would sing to the accompaniment of his *jongleur's* harp or lute. His fame spread far and wide, other noble gentlemen following his example, and setting themselves up as troubadours and lyric poets. Every public event, all their love affairs, their warlike or chivalrous deeds, were celebrated in song, and some of the verses they have left are wonderfully beautiful.

There were many duchies in France and Germany

then; each had its own court, and nearly every one had a troubadour attached to it. His duty was to sing of everything that would interest his patron or the ladies of the court, who led rather dull lives for all their splendid attire and retinue of servants, and they must have been glad enough when the troubadour took out his lute or summoned his *jongleur* and sang them a story in song. The troubadours were allowed great license, and frequently indulged in sharp satire. One of the most famous among them, Marcabun, was so dreaded for his satirical verses that he was murdered at Guian, after singing in one of the great castles where he was visiting. The songs of the troubadours were known as *serventes*, or service songs; *cansons*, or love songs; *plains*, or songs of lamentation, censure, or satire.

Provence was their country. There for two hundred years they flourished, during which period the art of song-making and of singing made great progress. Their language was called "langue d'oc," and was a French dialect, a mixture of French, Greek, German, and Arabic, polished by the monks into a sweet-sounding tongue, and especially suited to the songs composed in it. Even now, in that fertile, sunny country, one hears almost the same dialect spoken by the peasantry, and in this century an effort has been made to bring back the troubadour style of poetry.

When it was known in any of the castles that a well-known troubadour knight was expected, you may imagine how eagerly the ladies of the household watched for him, and what preparations were made, when the banquet was over, for his music. A space was cleared, the *jongleur* took out his instrument, unless the troubadour preferred to accompany himself, and then the song began.

The lyre was a small stringed instrument held on the knee, and, judging from some specimens preserved, it must have produced very sweet sounds, as also did the lute, which somewhat resembles a guitar; and when played upon by the splendidly dressed troubadour of the twelfth century, no wonder it added picturesqueness to the scene.

Nearly all their songs were lyrical; that is, they expressed the feelings of the poet or the singer. Here is the opening verse of a song by Peire Vidal, one of the most eccentric of the troubadours:

"Now into Provence returning,
Well I know my call to sing
To my lady some sweet thing
Full of gratitude and yearning."

Vidal is an example of the exaggerated form of troubadour. He rushed wildly hither and thither in the service of his "lady," and performed the most insane actions on her behalf, making us think of poor Don Quixote in his mistaken devotion.

Occasionally the troubadours did good service in carrying messages or conveying warnings by means of their songs. During the time of the Crusades a knight returning from the Holy Land wished to bring secret intelligence of a captive to the sister of the prisoner; but the lady in question was detained at a castle near Blois by a haughty nobleman who wished her hand in marriage. The troubadour made his way to the castle, and was graciously enough received. He had been fighting with Richard Cœur de Lion, and had much to tell as well as to sing.

Now the ladies in this castle were only allowed to appear in the gallery above the banquetting hall; but there they sat and sighed and listened to the troubadour's sweet singing, and at last Beatrice, the captive maid, began to understand that the song was for her ears chiefly. From it she gathered not only news of her brother, but understood that the troubadour was in need of a *jongleur*.

He knew well that the Lady Beatrice was a *troueresse*,



THE CONCERT IN THE WOODS

a lady troubadour, and well skilled in the art of the lute and harp; so he sang on, giving her to understand that if she could obtain a jongleur's dress, she could join him the next day, and escape in that character from the castle, the troubadour promising to conduct her safely to her father's home.

Beatrice, in her gallery, surrounded by the maidens of the house, listened with a beating heart, and desiring above all things to show him that she comprehended what he meant, she let fall her silken neckerchief, which he picked up, with a glance at the lady to show that he understood her signal.

Then the lady retired to her own apartment, and desiring to be left alone, she spent the night in making from one of her own dresses a jongleur's costume, in which early in the morning she presented herself to the troubadour. So successful was the plan that she actually accompanied him on the lute three times, before all the household, without being recognized, and as his jongleur departed with him in safety to her father's castle. Then he announced his intention of being her troubadour, but, according to the custom of the day, he had "to find" a poem especially in her honor. He returned to the Crusades, coming back victorious, and with joyous songs for his lady, whom the story says he wedded, ending his days peacefully, after a life of piety and many good deeds.

In the fourteenth century the troubadours had died out, but many of their songs and stories remain. Among the most celebrated is the song of Richard Cœur de Lion, written during his captivity, and the famous "Song of Roland," which Taillefer, the troubadour of William the Conqueror, sang, or rather chanted, at the great battle of Hastings.

Marching with the army, this splendid and brave young troubadour sang his inspiring song, in order to brace the spirits and keep up the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and he was killed with the notes upon his lips.

No very distinct method of singing was then known. The singers used a sort of chant, something between an air and a recitative, but it is supposed to have been very effective.

Quite different in class and manner were the minstrels. They were of a lower social order, and went about from

place to place, singing at gateways when they could not gain admission to the interior of the castles, but on some occasions received in the halls with much favor and distinction. Their songs were of the ballad or romance order. They carried long tales of war, of chivalry, of romance, with them, and were frequently employed as secret messengers from place to place. Very few of their romances were written down, but they were learned from generation to generation, and carefully treasured in households where the words had been committed to memory.

William the Conqueror brought minstrelsy into England, and for some centuries it was held in high favor. If a sovereign visited any of his subjects, minstrels were hired for his entertainment, and on any expedition, whether of peace or war, they always accompanied the King or royal family. When Henry V. went to war in France he took eighteen minstrels in his train, and the old accounts tell us that, besides food and drink, they were paid twelvence a day each—high wages for that time.

Perhaps the very last appearance of a minstrel before a royal or noble patron was that of the singer who was introduced in order to amuse the Queen when Elizabeth paid her famous visit to Kenilworth Castle. Her Majesty could not, however, have set much store by this part of the entertainment provided for her, for it was in her reign that they were forbidden by law to practice their calling under pain of arrest as vagabonds. So, like the troubadours, the minstrel singers died out, but both effected a change in music. Singing was beginning to be cultivated as an art, independent of the words sung, before the Queen's death, and in Germany the Minnesingers had left a band of vocalists known as Master-singers, and whose guild continued until 1839. The Minnesingers were the early lyric poets and singers of Germany.

During the twelfth century Frederick Barbarossa was Emperor of Germany, and at his court was a poet and singer named Henry of Veldig. He it was who established this form of art, and we have all sorts of odes, laments, distichs (or couplets of verses), and romances which these Minnesingers of Germany sang to the music of the viol. They handed them down from generation to generation, keeping a love of song stirring in the Suabian country, which was then noted for its learning and wealth. They

invented the *Wachtlieder*, or watch songs, some of which are used to-day. These were sung as serenades, or by tuneless guardians of the sleep of great people; and the last of the Minnesingers, Walthar von der Weide, wrote some in the Suabian dialect which are very touching and beautiful.

The *Master-singers* of Germany came next. They were of the peasant class, and soon formed themselves into guilds, or companies, whereby they bound themselves to certain rules in the composition of their verses. The title of *Master* was given to every member who invented a new form of verse, and there were great festivals of competition for this honor.

Nuremberg, the "gray old city," was their head-quarters. The "song schools" awarded prizes and titles, and thence they spread over a large portion of Germany, fanning the little flame of vocal music, and encouraging it by their sweet choral singing. Christmas and other festivals were celebrated by them by public singing—open-air concerts as well as church music—and they assuredly deserve honor and credit in the history of song.

THE ALLIGATORS AT SPANISH FORT.

ON the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, in the outskirts of the city of New Orleans, is the site and all that remains of the building of an interesting memorial of Spanish dominion in Louisiana, which is now called Spanish Fort. Its warlike character has long ago left it, and it has been turned to the very peaceful use of providing a place of amusement for the inhabitants of the great city of the South.

Beautiful gardens on the edge of the lake, gay bands of music, a theatre, restaurants, and other attractions entice the pleasure-loving citizen, and the old-time fort now fills a place in the affections of New Orleans people similar to that which its varied attractions have won for Coney Island and in the hearts of dwellers in New York and Brooklyn.

One of the favorite resorts in the Spanish Fort grounds is the alligator tank, a picture of which is given below. In the tank are some half-dozen or more of those interesting animals, which make up in some degree for their lack of beauty by the thickness of their hides. The creatures in the tank vary in length from five to eight or even ten feet, and as they are well fed, and have nothing to do but enjoy life and contribute to the pleasure of their many human visitors, they have no excuse for not growing to a very respectable size. It should be remarked, in connection with the care and even luxury which they enjoy, that the man in the picture with the baby in his arms is not in the act of feeding the animals with the baby, but is only holding the child up so that he may see the strange-looking creatures.

Now that the World's Exposition is attracting to New Orleans many strangers from all parts of the country, the alligators will doubtless come in for a great deal of attention, and if they understood our language they would be interested in hearing the remarks—not always complimentary, perhaps—passed upon their personal appearance by strangers from Vermont and Wisconsin. The attentions the gators receive are not always taken in good part by the cross-grained monsters. When a mischievous boy who knows their tastes begins to whistle loudly, a gator is sure to come up on the bank and look anxiously around for the dog which it thinks the whistle is intended for. Strange to say, alligators have a natural taste for dog-flesh.

If the mischievous boy happens to be armed with an umbrella or a cane, the probability is that when a gator comes near enough he will push the animal's nose under water just for the sake of hearing it make the peculiar hissing noise, like an engine blowing off steam, with which it always brings its head up again. This pleasantry does not hurt the animal, and as the boy's delight is very evident, perhaps the gator makes the noise for the purpose of amusing the boy, and not from anger—only the boy had better be careful not to tumble into the tank.



THE ALLIGATOR TANK AT SPANISH FORT, NEW ORLEANS.

JACKKNIFE TOYS.

BY C. W. MILLER.

THE PUZZLE BOX.

THIS puzzle was given to me by an Englishman, who claimed it as his own invention. It is made from six pieces of wood of just the same shape and size, and is put together without glue, nails, or screws. When once finished, it can not be taken apart without breaking. This

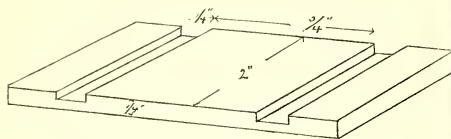


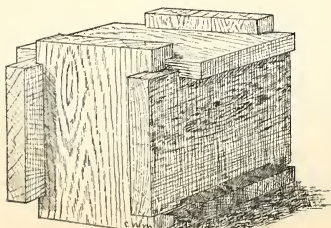
FIG. 1.

last property is inconvenient sometimes, but makes it suitable for savings-banks, etc.

To make the box, whittle out five pieces of the size and shape shown in Fig. 1. You may think at first that the central part should be square, but when putting it together you will see that it must be as represented. The size given in the diagram is for grooves one-eighth of an inch deep. The sixth piece is made like the figure, except that one end is not cut off, but is left an inch or two long. When all are finished, fit them together as shown in Fig.

2, the long end being on the upper side, as represented, with the last piece resting against it. Now take a hammer and strike the last side a good blow, being careful to strike close to the long end, to force it down into its place. This must be done quickly and firmly, so that the pieces will spring suddenly apart and close again. A good way to drive in this last piece is to rest a block on top of it, close to the projecting end, and then strike the block.

Now cut off the long end, making it uniform with the rest, and the box will be complete. There is nothing to show how it was made, and if you do not choose to tell, no one can find out. To make a bank, cut a slit in one side, through which the money can be dropped. To open it, split one of the sides.



PUZZLE BOX COMPLETE.

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

BETTY IS ENLIGHTENED.



ER mind was evidently very intent upon the subject, for as soon as she and Miss Vandort were alone Betty said, eagerly:

"Cousin Annie, mamma said I was to be sure and explain to you and Aunt Esther that you needn't bother particularly about Nan, for of course you know who she is."

Miss Vandort's fair eyebrows went up ever

so little with an expression peculiar to herself. Even Betty knew it indicated amusement, possibly contempt.

"I am sure I'm right," continued the little girl, more earnestly; "she is a very poor, common sort of relation of Cousin Letitia Rolf, and we only just invited her out of kindness to Miss Rolf. Papa and mamma met Cousin Letty at Saratoga last summer, where she had gone for a week, and then they thought it would please her to have Nan taken off her hands for a month; but mamma says that she is sure Nan will have to teach or do something for her living as soon as she is old enough, and so it won't do for us to make too much of her now, as we might not wish to know her at all when I am a young lady."

Annie was silent for a moment, but her eyes, following Nan and Dr. Barlow, were full of indignant light. She looked at the supple, strong young figure at the Doctor's side, the hand that clasped little Tina's with such a protecting air, the well-poised head, lifted as Nan listened to her companion, the outline of brow and eyes, indicating so much refinement and gentleness of spirit, the eagerly parted lips, the firm little chin, with its dimple; showing such character and yet sweetness, and could not help thinking what the friendship of such a girl, no matter how circumstances placed her, might be in a life as cold and dreary as poor little Betty's was sure to be.

"Don't you see?" urged Betty.

"My dear," said her cousin, quietly, "you have all been making a great mistake. Now I happen to know the real state of the case."

"What?" said Betty.

"I know," said Annie, "that Miss Rolf intends to make Nan her heiress; that she has the utmost confidence in her, and allows her a large income for charities even now. Why, every one in Beverley knows her and is proud of her. Betty," she continued, "Nan is scarcely more than a child, and yet she has done as much good in one year as you could think of, perhaps, in a lifetime."

But Betty was completely silenced and bewildered by the first sentences—heiress! income! charities! The words were dancing in her brain, and she already looked at Nan, whose gay laughter reached them, with a sort of awe. Oh, why had she snubbed her, or laughed when Bob tormented her? How vexed Louise would be, and her mother! Why, Mrs. Farquhar and Louise had decided it would be very foolish to take any trouble about Nan's room, or—anything. This piece of news would certainly be a blow, but, reflected Betty, it would make her important to be the one to tell it.

Meanwhile the others had reached the lake, where Tina was jumping about in delight at seeing the swan and the little boat which was kept for the Colonel's grandchildren, and Nan was deeply interested in Dr. Barlow's tales of certain work he had on hand among the poor. He was active in various charities, and what he had wanted to say to Nan was very gratefully received by her. He knew that Miss Rolf allowed her an income for charitable expenditure, and he wanted to interest her in a scheme he and a few friends had planned for giving special care to sick children in the poorest quarters of the town.

"I will call for you some day, if you like, and take you to see the beginning we have made," he was saying just as Betty came within hearing, "and I am sure you and your aunt would be glad to do something for us."

Nan answered cordially, and, as she spoke, observed that Betty's eyes were fastened in grave wonder upon her face; and then, in spite of her resolutions, a triumphant feeling shot across Nan's heart. She had determined to do or say nothing to place herself in any better light before her cousins, and yet intense gratification was uppermost when the young Doctor ceased speaking, and Nan knew that Betty had listened keenly. But the feeling passed. There was a fierce little struggle in her mind, but she forced herself to say: "You know it is only because of Aunt Letty's kindness that I can do anything at all. None of the money is really mine: it is Aunt Letty who gives it to me."

No one but Nan herself knew the effort this little speech cost her; but in the way she least expected it her reward came. As she finished speaking, Nan raised her eyes and met those of Annie Vandort fixed upon her with such a glance of approval that she felt herself a thousand times repaid, and the little nod of her head which Cousin Annie gave, the smile that curved her lips, brought a feeling of satisfaction which made Nan very happy. She went nearer to Annie, and as Betty was now as interested as Tina in the swan, she was unobserved as she said: "Cousin Letty is so wise, Miss Annie. She knows so well what is best for me. I was dreadfully heedless, I am sure, when I came. first to her, and then, you know, I am not clever in the least the way Joan and Lance are; so she thought I ought to learn to do something useful."

"Nan," said Miss Vandort, "don't you want to stay with me until Monday? I should like nothing better than some nice talks with you. Oh, Cousin Mary won't mind."

So it was arranged, and in spite of some sulkeness over the change of plans, Betty, as she went away, felt she had at least one compensation in the surprising facts concerning Nan which she had to communicate to the family at home. She felt very sure it would make her of great importance, and she would bargain, before telling Bob, that he should return to her her long paint-brush; perhaps she could even insist upon the box of paints as well.

CHAPTER X.

NAN RECEIVES A NEW WELCOME.

NAN will never forget that short visit at Brightwoods. As Betty drove away Nan turned from the window and looked at Annie Vandort with a smile which made the latter say:

"So you like to stay, do you, dear? Good! Now I am not going to make company of you; you shall do whatever you like. I am going up to my room. Will you come? We have an hour before tea."

That hour was pleasanter than any Nan had passed for a long time. They chatted over the wood fire in Miss Annie's pretty room while the twilight deepened, and a little soft rain came pattering against the window-panes with just enough of melancholy to make the warmth and coziness of the fireside all the pleasanter. Miss Annie had a great deal to ask about the Beverley cousins, and

Nan told her about the two households—Rolf House, the black-walnut parlor, the old-fashioned study upstairs, with its pale flowered chintz and queer little cupboards, the attic, and then the familiar figures; dear Aunt Letty, with her soft shining eyes, her beautiful face, her loving, quiet ways; Mrs. Heriot, bustling and active and devoted; then the College Street cousins, to all of whom Nan did ample justice, making a heroine of Joan, an angel of beauty of Phyllis, a model invalid of Laura, and knights-errant of Lance and Philip.

And while she talked, sitting on a low ottoman at one side of the fire, her hands clasped about her knees, looking up with kindling eyes at Miss Annie in her easy-chair, she did not know that she herself was an interesting study for the young lady, who had often wondered how Miss Rolf's plan of education would turn out.

Annie Vandort was not particularly impulsive. She was not given to rapid likes or dislikes as was Nan herself, not impetuous and headlong like Joan, nor quietly critical like Phyllis, but in that hour over the wood fire she made up her mind about the little girl before her.

"I don't think she'll disappoint me either," was Annie's reflection as Nan's story came to an end; and with the suspicion of something wet on her long lashes, she looked down into the depths of the fire with a sigh. Talking of her Beverley home made her realize more than ever how dear everything belonging to it had become, and a spasm of lonely feeling made her wish that she could fly back there to-morrow.

But Brightwoods entertained her every hour of her stay. Sunday brought a cheerful round of duties and quiet amusements. After church and the early dinner Nan wandered away to the room in which she had slept, and which had been Miss Vandort's as a child. Nothing had been changed in it from the little dimity-covered bed to the pictures on the wall, and what Nan found most entertaining was the book-shelf above the chest of drawers, which still contained the favorite books of Miss Annie's childhood. It had so happened that during the very years when most young people are making such a collection, and establishing favorites to love all their lives, Nan had only had such story-books as her cousin Philip lent her, so that she brought a fresh delight to this little book-shelf, and spent two happy hours over *The Wide, Wide World*, looking into *The Heir of Redclyffe* just long enough to feel certain it would entrance her later; for if not a student by nature, Nan was passionately fond of reading, and even *Mrs. Rutherford's Children* and *The Original Poems of Jane Taylor*, which she found on the lower shelf, were not too childish for her taste.

It was delightful during the evening to hear Colonel Vandort's references to her father and her mother, whom he had known in their young days. Nan longed to ask questions, and ventured upon some very satisfactorily, and it seemed natural for her to tell these new friends the circumstances of her life at Bromfield. Miss Annie was greatly interested, and was particularly pleased that Miss Rolf had placed Marian at school. There was no sense of embarrassment to Nan in dwelling upon the past, so entirely in sympathy did she feel with everything about her. Even at Rolf House or in College Street she had never seen so perfect a home, so completely harmonious a family circle, as this; and when, at parting for the night, Colonel Vandort laid his hand upon Nan's head, saying, "Good-night, and God bless you, my dear! may you live to be as sweet a woman as your mother!" Nan felt a rush of happiness to her heart, and her "Yes, sir; thank you," came in very low tones.

It was an effort, after the peaceful day, the happy talks with Miss Annie, the genuine comfort and delight of being at Brightwoods, to go back to New York after breakfast Monday morning; but Miss Annie's last words at the car-



"GOD BLESS YOU, MY DEAR! MAY YOU LIVE TO BE AS SWEET A WOMAN AS YOUR MOTHER!"

riage door consoled her. "I will see you soon, Nan dear," she said as she kissed her little friend good-by. "I will call when Dr. Barlow is ready to take us to his poor children."

Poor Nan rather dreaded her first re-encounter with the school-room party in Madison Avenue; but she was hardly within the door of the house before she was conscious of a change in every one's manner toward her. Louise met her at the foot of the staircase with many smiles, explaining that Mrs. Farquhar thought she had better have a room with a fire in it, and so the blue room had been prepared for mademoiselle. She herself had carried everything from the room upstairs down, and arranged them carefully.

Simple-hearted Nan could not understand any motive in the change. Even when she saw that her new room was the large elaborately furnished one opposite Mrs. Farquhar's, into which she and Betty had only once ventured to penetrate, it did not occur to her to ascribe her new honors to the tale with which Betty had returned from Brightwoods, and which had produced all the effect Betty had desired. When Mrs. Farquhar came in to welcome her little guest effusively, when even Tina approached her with something awe-stricken in her manner, no suspicion of the real reason for the change crossed Nan's honest mind. It took Bob's rough speech to fully

after her return, stood looking at her in silence for a moment, and then broke out with:

"So you're the one Cousin Letty is going to give her money to, are you? I call it a shame; but I'll let you know," with a glance around the room, "that's why you're fixed up here like this. I told Betty I'd tell. You see, they thought you were only a charity girl before. But I'll tell you one thing, Miss Goody, I don't care a bit more for you, and"—he moved toward the door, laughing maliciously—"I guess I'll go and have a look at your little pet, Rover. He's been getting on splendidly while you were away; doesn't dare so much as to wag his tail."

Nan, when Bob left her, stood still, wondering if what the boy had said was really true; and then she decided that no doubt the consideration shown her now was on Aunt Letty's behalf, and natural enough; and the implied threat about poor Rover absorbed all other feelings. Betty came in to talk about the Brightwoods visit, and to express her dissatisfaction over Bob's having a holiday, but Nan broke in with:

"Oh, Betty, I feel sure Bob means to do something dreadful to the poor little dog. I can not stay here. I am going out to see what he is up to."

And Nan, followed by the amused and curious Betty, rushed down-stairs and across the garden to the stable. She was not a moment too soon.



ROLLER-SKATING: ITS DELIGHTS AND DANGERS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

THERE is not at present a more popular recreation through the length and breadth of the land than roller-skating. There is hardly a town that has not its skating rink, and the boys and girls seem to have gone wild over it. It can not be denied that it is a most fascinating amusement; if it were not, it would not have so rapidly become almost universal. There are many very excellent things connected with roller-skating which recommend it to parents, and make them willing to allow children to spend much time in the rinks. It possesses many advantages over ice-skating, and the result has been that this winter ten people have skated in the rinks where one has been on the ice.

The temperature of the rinks is generally comfortable, they are frequently more easy of access than the ponds or rivers where ice-skating can be indulged in, the surface is always smooth and in good condition, and there is no danger of falling in and getting drowned. Then in the motion itself there is a great fascination. You seem to go gliding over the floor with so little effort, such an exciting rate of speed is attainable, and it is so easy to sit down for a moment on a convenient bench and rest, and then up and off, skimming over the polished boards.

As a general rule I thoroughly approve of exercise, and especially of any kind of exercise in which girls and boys can join and enjoy together. There is no doubt that the presence of sisters and girl friends exerts a refining influence over the sports and actions of boys, who are inclined sometimes to be a trifle rough in their fun. Lawn tennis, croquet, ring-toss, and other out-door games which bring boys and girls together on a common footing are excellent, not only for health, but for manners as well; and the fact that girls could skate as well as boys, and sometimes better, was a great point in favor of the rinks. Almost everybody felt that "here is a new form of amusement; it is pleasing; it exercises the muscles; it is not rough, like foot-ball, nor is it attended by danger of drowning, like rowing or ice-skating; it brings our boys and girls together; this social contact softens and refines the manners of the boys, and it induces the girls to take a certain amount of healthful exercise, and they all seem to enjoy it."

The number of rinks increased with wonderful rapidity. There is hardly a town so small as not to have its skating rink, and it is safe to assert that there are very few of the boys and girls who read the *YOUNG PEOPLE* who do not enjoy this most delightful amusement. But like all pleasant things it was soon carried to an excess. Boys and girls began to be taken sick, and when the doctor was called in he attributed the trouble to too much rinking. Accidents became more frequent as the number of rinks and skaters increased, and ministers as well as doctors began to frown upon roller-skating.

Now I do not want the boys and girls who read this article to feel that I am a stupid old fellow who does not enjoy having a good time. When I was a boy (and it is not so very long ago) I used to feel, when people urged me not to do things which I enjoyed, that they wanted to prevent me from having fun; that because they did not see the pleasure in these amusements, they wanted to deprive me of mine. When I grew older I found that I was mistaken, but I don't want any boy or girl to make that mistake about me. I like fun as well as anybody, and I enjoy roller-skating. Until I found out my mistake I was one of the warmest advocates of the rinks, and even when the movement against them began I was not convinced until I had ascertained the opinions of some of the most skillful physicians in the country on the subject. Their verdict was unanimous.

Let me tell you what a few of the most prominent of

remember reading of Dr. Frank Hamilton, who was called to the bedside of President Garfield when he was shot, and who is a recognized authority on muscular surgery. I asked him, "Doctor, do you think roller-skating has any injurious physical effects?"

He answered, promptly and decidedly: "Yes; I have no doubt it has. The exercise is violent. Those who practice it are exceedingly liable to fall, much more so than in ice-skating with the ordinary skate, and it calls into action muscles which are unused to severe strains. Scarcely a day passes that I do not see or hear of some one who has suffered injury in a skating rink. In the majority of these cases the injury has proved to be a severe strain through the loins, or the muscles of the upper part of the thigh and the region of the groin, accompanied with swellings and severe pains in the latter region. For women and girls especially I consider it a dangerous pastime. If one were to make it the business of a lifetime to walk on roller skates, no doubt his or her muscles and joints would become used to it, and eventually suffer no harm. But there is much danger, and there are many chances that before they would have arrived at this immunity from harm they would meet with many serious accidents and permanent injuries. It is a most dangerous form of amusement, and the sooner the craze subsides the better."

Such an expression of opinion from so able a man in his profession would seem conclusive, but I heard others speak even more strongly. You have all noticed the fine flour-like dust which covers the floor of the rinks and floats in the air. Under the microscope this dust proves to be minute splinters of the floor boards. When you think how painful a splinter in your hand is, you can easily imagine the effect of these particles upon the delicate structure of your lungs. Dr. Montrose Pallin said concerning this:

"My chief objection to roller-skating is the fact that the rinks are always under cover, the atmosphere is confined, the air is full of an impalpable dust consisting of fine particles of wood fibre, which are detached from the floor by the constant friction of the rollers of the skates. The evil effects of breathing an atmosphere consisting of devalitized air, freighted with maple-wood splinters, can be imagined. The exertion of skating opens the lungs, and causes prolonged inspirations. In the open air, where these inspirations fill the lungs with pure air, the effect is most healthful. In the skating rinks, where the air is confined, and each breath is simply drawing into the lungs air which has already been breathed and rebreathed, accompanied by wood fibre and other impurities, lung and throat troubles are the inevitable result."

Dr. Sayre, the famous surgeon, and Dr. Boseman, both talked in the same strain, and called attention to the many serious accidents attendant upon roller-skating. Dr. Sayre explained the tendency of the roller skate to fly forward and let the skater fall in a sitting posture, or strike the back of the head, and how, owing to the construction of the skate, it was liable to produce bumpy and loose-jointed knees and ankles, and consequently an ungraceful carriage.

Dr. Boseman referred more particularly to its bad effect upon young girls, and expressed himself strongly against it. Out of the number of doctors I talked to I could not find one in favor of it.

Now it seems too bad to deprive young people of an amusement which is so pleasant as roller-skating without supplying something to take its place. Yet it would seem more advisable to avoid the rinks than to risk the many dangers these physicians speak of. Some other form of exercise must be invented, or some modification of rinking must be introduced which will combine the charms of the present style with the greatest safety. Broken bones, strained muscles, and lungs full of splinters are large



Hans · Hecklemann's · Luck ::

HANS HECKLEMANN had no luck at all.

Now and then we hear folks say that they have no luck at all, but they only mean that their luck is bad, and that they

are ashamed of it. Everybody but Hans Hecklemann had luck of some kind, either good or bad, and, what is more, everybody carries their luck about with them. Some carry it in their pocket-books, some carry it in their hats, some carry it on their finger-tips, and some carry it under their tongues—these are lawyers. Mine is at this moment sitting astride of my pen, though I can no more see it than though it was thin air. Whether it is good or bad depends entirely on how *you* look upon it.

But Hans had no luck at all. How he lost it nobody knows, but it was clean gone from him. He was as poor as charity, and yet his luck was not bad, for, poor as he was, he always had enough for his wife and his family and himself to eat. They all of them worked from dawn to night-fall, and yet his luck was not good, for he never laid one penny on top of the other, as the saying is. He had food enough to eat and clothes enough to wear, so his luck was not indifferent. Now, as it was neither good, bad, nor indifferent, you see that it could have been no luck at all.

Hans Hecklemann's wife was named Catherine. One evening when Hans came into the cottage with just enough money to buy them all bread, and not a cracked farthing to spare, Catherine spoke to him of this matter.

"Hans," said she, "you have no luck at all."

"No," said Hans, "I have not" (which was the truth, as I have already told you).

"What are you going to do about it?" said Catherine.

"Nothing at all," said Hans.

"Doing nothing puts no cabbage into the pot," said Catherine.

"It takes none out," said Hans.

"See, Hans," said Catherine, "go to the old wise woman in the wood and talk to her about it. Who

knows but that she can tell you how and where you lost your luck?"

"If I should find my luck, it might be bad and not good," said Hans.

"It is worth having a look at," said Catherine. "You can leave it where you find it if it does not please you."

"No," said Hans. "When a man finds his luck he has to take it, whether he likes it or no."

So Hans talked, but he had made up his mind to do as Catherine said—to go and see the old wise woman in the wood. He argued with her, but he only argued with her to let her know how little was her knowledge and how great was his. After he had clearly showed her how poor her advice was, he took it. Many other men are like Hans Hecklemann.

So, early the next morning, Hans jogged along to the old wise woman's cottage while the day was sweet and fresh. The hedge-rows were covered all over with white blossoms, as though it was with so much snow, the sky was full of little white clouds that looked like many lambkins turned topsy-turvy, the cuckoo was singing among the budding branches, and the little flowers were looking up everywhere with their bright faces. "Surely," said Hans to himself, "if I find my luck on this day, it must be good and not ill."

So he came to the little red cottage at the edge of the wood wherein lived the wise woman who knew many things and one. Hans scraped his feet on the stones until they were clean, and then he knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the old wise woman.

She was as strange an old woman as one could hope to see in a lifetime. Her nose bent down to meet her chin, and her chin bent up to reach her nose; her face was gray with great age, and her hair was as white as snow. She wore a long red cloak over her shoulders, and a great black cat sat on the back of her chair.

"What do you want, son Hans?" said she.

"I want to find my luck, mother," said Hans.

"Where did you lose it, son Hans?" said she.

"That I do not know, mother," said Hans.

Then the old wise woman said "Hum-m-m!" in a thoughtful voice, and Hans said nothing at all.

After a while she spoke again. "Have you enough to eat?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Have you enough to drink?" said she.

"Plenty water, enough milk, but no beer," said Hans.

"Have you enough clothes to cover you?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Are you warm enough in winter?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Then you had better leave well enough alone," said she, "for luck can give you nothing more."

"But it might put money into my pocket," said Hans.

"And it might take away the good things you already have," said she.

"All the same, I should like to find it again," said

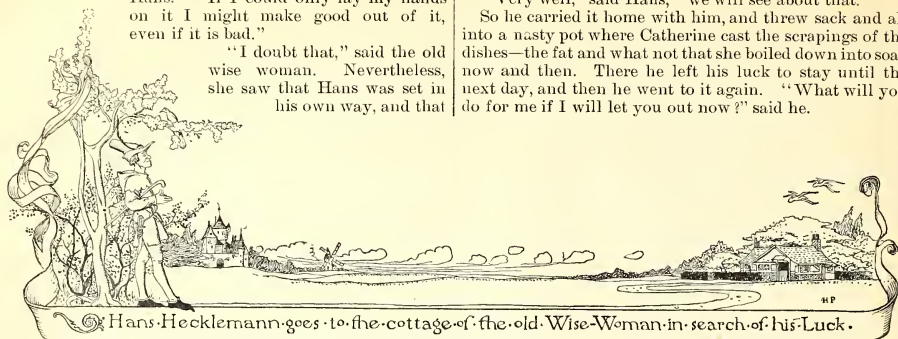


Hans. "If I could only lay my hands on it I might make good out of it, even if it is bad."

"I doubt that," said the old wise woman. Nevertheless, she saw that Hans was set in his own way, and that

"Very well," said Hans, "we will see about that."

So he carried it home with him, and threw sack and all into a nasty pot where Catherine cast the scrapings of the dishes—the fat and what not that she boiled down into soap now and then. There he left his luck to stay until the next day, and then he went to it again. "What will you do for me if I will let you out now?" said he.



he only talked stiffness into his stubbornness. So she arose from her chair, and limping to a closet in the wall, she brought a book from thence. Then she ran her finger down one page and up another until she had found that which she sought. When she had found it she spoke:

"Son Hans, you lost your luck three years ago, when you were coming from the fair at Kneitlingen. You sat down on the overturned cross that lies where three roads meet, and it fell out of your pocket along with a silver shilling. Now, Hans, your luck was evil; therefore, it stuck to the good sign, as all evil things of that kind must, like a fly to butter. Also, I tell you this: when an evil manikin such as this touches the sign of the good cross he becomes visible to the eyes of everybody who chooses to look upon him. Therefore, go to the stone cross, and you will find your luck running this way and that, but never able to get away from it." So saying, the old woman shut her book again. Then she arose from her chair and went once more to the closet in the wall. This time she took from it a little sack woven of black goats' hair. "When you have found your luck again, put it into this little bag," said she; "once in it, no evil imp will be able to get out so long as you keep the strings tied. And now good-by!"

Then Hans set out for the overturned stone cross where the three roads meet. When he had come to the place he looked here and there, and this way and that, but for a long time he could see nothing at all. At last, after much looking, he beheld a little black beetle running lither and thither on the stone.

"I wonder," said Hans, "if this can be my luck?"

So saying, he caught the little beetle betwixt his finger and thumb, but very carefully, for he could not tell whether or no it might bite him. The beetle stuck to the stone as though it had been glued there, but at last Hans pulled it away. Then, lo! it was not a beetle that he held in his hand, but a little manikin about as black as ink. Hans Hecklemann was so frightened that he nearly dropped it, for it kicked and screeched and rolled its red eyes in a very ugly way as he held it. However, he popped it into the little sack, and there it was, safe and sound.

This is what Hans Hecklemann's luck was like.

So Hans, having his luck secure in the little sack, began to bargain with it. "What will you do for me if I let you out?" said he.

"Nothing at all," snarled his luck.

"Nothing at all," snarled his luck.

"Very well," said Hans, "we will see about that."

So he let him stay where he was for another day. And so the fiddle played: every day Hans Hecklemann went to his luck and asked it what it would give him if he would let it out, and every day his luck said, "Nothing."

And so a week or more passed.

At last Hans's luck gave in.

"See, Hans," it said one morning, "if you will let me out of this nasty pickle, I will give you a thousand thalers."

"Ah, no," said Hans. "'Thalers are only thalers,' as my good father used to say. They melt away like snow, and then nothing is left of them. I will trust no such luck as that."

"I will give you two thousand thalers," said his luck.

"Ah, no," said Hans; "two thousand thalers are only twice one thousand thalers. No; I will trust no such luck as that either."

"Then what will you take to let me out, Hans?" said his luck.

"Look," said Hans; "yonder stands my old plough. Now if you will give me to find a golden noble at the end of every furrow that I strike with it, I will let you out. If not, why, then, into the soap you go."





"Done!" said Hans's luck.

"Done!" said Hans.

Then he opened the mouth of the sack, and, puff! went his luck, like wind out of a bag, and, pop! it slipped into his breeches pocket.

He never saw it again with his mortal eyes, but it staid near to him, I can tell you.

"Ha! ha! ha!" it laughed in his pocket; "you have made an ill bargain, Hans, I can tell you."

"Never mind," said Hans; "I am contented."

Hans Hecklemann did not tarry long in trying the new luck of his old plough, as you may easily guess. Off he went like the wind, and borrowed Fritz Friedleburg's old gray horse. Then he fastened the horse to the plough, and struck the first furrow. When he had come to the end

of it, pop! up shot a golden noble as though some one had spun it up from the ground with his finger and thumb. Hans picked it up and looked at it as though he would swallow it with his eyes. Then he seized the handle of the plough and struck another furrow. Pop! up went another golden noble, and Hans gathered it as he had done the

other one. So he went on all that day, striking furrows and gathering golden nobles, until all his pockets were as full as they could hold. When it was too dark to see to plough any more, he took Fritz Friedleburg's horse back home again, and then he went home himself.

All of his neighbors thought that he was crazy, for it was nothing but plough, plough, plough, morning and noon and night, spring and summer and autumn. Frost and darkness alone kept him from his labor. His stable was full of fine horses, and he worked them until they dropped in the furrows that he was always ploughing.

"Yes, Hans is crazy," they all said. But when Hans heard them talk in this way he only winked to himself, and went on with his ploughing, for he felt that he knew this from that.

But ill luck danced in his pocket with the golden nobles, and from the day he closed his bargain with it he was an unhappy man. He had no comfort of living, for it was nothing but work, work, work. He was up and away at his ploughing at the first dawn of day, and he never came home until night had fallen; so, though he ploughed golden nobles, he did not turn up happiness in the furrows along with them. After he had eaten his supper he would sit silently behind the stove, warming his fingers, and thinking of some quicker way of doing his ploughing. For it seemed to him that the gold pieces came in very slowly, and he blamed himself that he had not asked his luck to let him turn up three at a time instead of only one at the end of each furrow; so he had no comfort in his gathering wealth.

As day followed day he grew thin and haggard and worn, but seven boxes of bright new gold pieces lay hidden in the cellar, of which nobody knew but himself. He told no one how rich he was growing, and all of his neighbors wondered why he did not starve to death.

So, you see, the ill luck in his breeches pocket had the best of the bargain, after all.

After Hans had gone the way of all men his heirs found the chests full of gold in the cellar, and therewith they bought fat lands and became noblemen and gentlemen, but that made *Hans's* luck none the better.

From all this I gather that few folks can turn ill luck into good luck; that the best thing for one to do is to let well enough alone; that one can not get happiness, as one does cabbages, with money; that happiness is the only good luck, after all.

HOWARD PYLE.



next Tuesday I am going to the Mansion House on a dress-day ball. I am going as a cricketer.

GURNEY C.

OWATHE, ILLINOIS.

I am going to school, and have a lady teacher. To every day. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, and spelling. We have two cows and a horse. I loaned my money, \$24.25, to my pa. I will try to earn some more before this year is out. I got a sail for Christmas, a book called *Crusoe*, and a pair of skates. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and love to look at the pictures. FRANK H.

A JINGLE

BY CONVERSE CLEVELAND.

I had a little daughter named Bridget; She was a dreadful little fidget; She saw a little boat, And brought it for a goat, This naughty, naughty, naughty little fidget. SWANSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS.

LINA STANGER.

A TRUE STORY.

The large corner hall in Munich was brilliantly lighted. Crowds of people were ascending the broad stairs. The great musician Dr. Hans von Flows was about to give the last of three concerts. At the foot of the stairs stood a little girl, who wore a full of cards, which she held in her hands as they passed by. All the cards had one but one, and that she handed to a young lad of sixteen. The latter cast a scornful glance at the little friend, and said as she went, "I heard, 'I don't want your cards, and surely to one else does either.'"

"Little Lina!" The cross words went right to her heart, and the tears sprang to her eyes. She looked up at the girl who had had the heart of the angel speech, and, swallowing a great sob, ran out into the street, where her tears fell after than the falling snow.

"Oh, how could she have been so cruel!" cried Lina, as she climbed up and entered the third story of an ordinary house on the Wittelsbacher Platz. She ran by the girl who opened her door, and entered a small but neatly furnished room.

A little woman dressed in mourning laid down her lace she was neatly arranging in a large box, and said: "Why, where have you been? I was growing quite worried about you."

"Oh, mamma," cried Lina, throwing herself in her mother's arms, "I've been giving away my cards in the Odeon, so the people would know of our little store. All the ladies took them but one, and she threw it down on the floor, and was so cross!"

"It was a long time before Frau Stanger could soothe Lina. She was a sensitive child, and hard words ran deep into her heart. However, Lina was comforted in a measure by her mother's assurance that some of the ladies would surely come back. After she was snugly tucked away under her down-bed she wondered if she really had done any good."

Frau Stanger was not really poor. Her husband, who had been in the army, had died six months ago. They had saved a little for a rainy day, so, when it came, Frau Stanger and her little daughter were not left destitute.

The cards which Lina had given out in the Odeon, without any instructions from her mother, had been the last store that had printed since the opening of the little store.

"I must have dropped it in the Odeon. Oh dear! it had my pretty lavender handkerchief in it! I care a great deal more for that than for the bag."

"No, no, Helen; don't go back. If it is in the Odeon, they will there will take charge of it, and if I dropped it in the snow, it is gone."

It was a young lady who spoke the last words, and she had lost the little black bag which matched her dress. Her mother and sister were with her, and as I was right behind them, I heard the little lecture they gave the young lady.

"Oh, mamma, two noble ladies have been here!" said Lina to her mother, who had been out on an errand, and had left the little store in Lina's care. "She said she frightened that I couldn't stand anything. But I told them you would go to their house to-morrow and bring some lace for them to look at."

"Ah, Lina, I am afraid you will never outgrow that bashfulness unless you try harder than you do. You must overcome it, dear, for I shall often be obliged to leave the store in your hands."

Lina promised she would try, but sighed as she thought how often she had failed in the attempt.

At the appointed hour Frau Stanger presented herself at four o'clock. While the lace was being delivered out the conversation fell on the subject of "She is a question," said Frau Stanger, in answer to a fifteen Miss N.—asked. "She is very young, but she is so bright!" Frau Stanger's sad face lit up with pride as she spoke of Lina,

her little comfort. Seeing the interest Miss N.—took in her, she went on to tell how bright and smart she was. She was very much interested in my little store, and, when she should get customers. You already know, I think, how she took my business cards to the Odeon without saying a word to me."

"No," said Miss N.—; "I thought she was sent to the Odeon from some store. How very cute that was of her!"

"No," said Lina, about the little incident which pleased Lina so much. The day after the last of Hans von Flows's concerts an elegantly dressed lady came to our store. She slipped a little black bag which she said she had found in the street the night before. One of my cards was in it, so she brought it to me, hoping I might find the owner. Lina was so happy. "See, mamma," she said, "the cards did some good!"

"Tell me," said Miss N.—, eagerly, "was there a lady's handkerchief in it?"

"Yes, yes," said Frau Stanger, nodding her head up and down in her excitement. "It is yours, Frank!"

"Yes," cried Miss N.—, joyfully. "I lost it the night of the opera."

"How happy Lina will be!" said Frau Stanger, with tears in her eyes.

"I would like very much to give Lina some thing," said Miss N.—. "Do you know of any thing?"

"If you want to make Lina happy, give her a pair of skates," she has been wanting a pair for a long time."

Frau Stanger packed up her lace, and bowed herself out of the room.

Never was there a happier girl than Lina Stanger, when, a few weeks later, she walked briskly to the skating-pond with a pretty pair of new skates.

"Who would have believed that those few cards would bring so many people to us?" thought she.

MEYER, BAVARIA.

This is a very well written story from one of our youthful contributors.

This, in a different style, is equally good:

OUR LITTLE VISITOR.

Not long ago our school had a little visitor; it came more than once. I suppose you would like to know who it was. Well, it was a mouse. It was small and brown, with little red eyes, and long tail and whiskers. This little mouse lived cozily and happily in the wall, until one day it got out of its hole, and came to our house down stairs that so frightened Mrs. Mouse and the children that Mr. Mouse was forced to go and see what it was. He soon came back, and he told them that some people were going to move into the house, and he added: "There is a beautiful box down there, in which I staid while I waited to know what was going on. The top is covered with carpet, and there are three chairs and a table on top of it. From appearances I judged that no one lived there, and I thought I would here is rather cold in winter, I thought it would be a good plan to move into it. We shall have more to eat and can see a great deal of what is going on outside, which is very desirable. Our three children are now growing to be of an age when they should see and know something of the world; for," said he, "if they are kept shut up for too long a time, when they go out they will certainly be caught in one of those dreadful traps."

Mrs. Mouse shuddered at the very idea of her dear children being caught in a trap. So she strongly objected to moving at all. "For," she said, "if we should be so near the people that they will surely kill us."

But Mr. Mouse argued with her until he gained his point, and Mrs. Mouse agreed to go to the very night and see if the new house suited her. So that night, after the children were safe in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to see the house. When she saw what a nice place it was, she was willing to consent to live there; so they moved, and were soon comfortably settled. Every night Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to a neighboring house and found provisions enough to last them through the next day.

One morning Mr. Mouse went a long way off on business, and the day after, Mrs. Mouse went to meet him. She told the children that they must not stir out of the house; and so soon after he had come, our little mouse came to the door, eyes, said, "Now I intend to go and see something of the world for myself."

His brethren begged him not to go, but he would not listen to them. He crept out and ran all over the school-room. One boy tried to catch him, so he ran to the door and hid behind a book.

"Guess what I saw," said Brighteyes to the others.

"What?" they all asked.

"Why, ever so many girls and boys all sitting in the room, there are hundreds and pieces of apple on the floor right outside of our door. Come out and help me bring them in."

"No," said Miss N.—; "I thought she was sent to the Odeon from some store. How very cute that was of her!"

"No," said Lina, about the little incident which pleased Lina so much. The day after the last of Hans von Flows's concerts an elegantly dressed lady came to our store. She slipped a little black bag which she said she had found in the street the night before. One of my cards was in it, so she brought it to me, hoping I might find the owner. Lina was so happy. "See, mamma," she said, "the cards did some good!"

"Tell me," said Miss N.—, eagerly, "was there a lady's handkerchief in it?"

"Yes, yes," said Frau Stanger, nodding her head up and down in her excitement. "It is yours, Frank!"

"Yes," cried Miss N.—, joyfully. "I lost it the night of the opera."

"How happy Lina will be!" said Frau Stanger, with tears in her eyes.

"I would like very much to give Lina some thing," said Miss N.—. "Do you know of any thing?"

"If you want to make Lina happy, give her a pair of skates," she has been wanting a pair for a long time."

Frau Stanger packed up her lace, and bowed herself out of the room.

Never was there a happier girl than Lina Stanger, when, a few weeks later, she walked briskly to the skating-pond with a pretty pair of new skates.

"Who would have believed that those few cards would bring so many people to us?" thought she.

MEYER, BAVARIA.

This is a very well written story from one of our youthful contributors.

This, in a different style, is equally good:

OUR LITTLE VISITOR.

Not long ago our school had a little visitor; it came more than once. I suppose you would like to know who it was. Well, it was a mouse. It was small and brown, with little red eyes, and long tail and whiskers. This little mouse lived cozily and happily in the wall, until one day it got out of its hole, and came to our house down stairs that so frightened Mrs. Mouse and the children that Mr. Mouse was forced to go and see what it was. He soon came back, and he told them that some people were going to move into the house, and he added: "There is a beautiful box down there, in which I staid while I waited to know what was going on. The top is covered with carpet, and there are three chairs and a table on top of it. From appearances I judged that no one lived there, and I thought I would here is rather cold in winter, I thought it would be a good plan to move into it. We shall have more to eat and can see a great deal of what is going on outside, which is very desirable. Our three children are now growing to be of an age when they should see and know something of the world; for," said he, "if they are kept shut up for too long a time, when they go out they will certainly be caught in one of those dreadful traps."

Mrs. Mouse shuddered at the very idea of her dear children being caught in a trap. So she strongly objected to moving at all. "For," she said, "if we should be so near the people that they will surely kill us."

But Mr. Mouse argued with her until he gained his point, and Mrs. Mouse agreed to go to the very night and see if the new house suited her. So that night, after the children were safe in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to see the house. When she saw what a nice place it was, she was willing to consent to live there; so they moved, and were soon comfortably settled. Every night Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to a neighboring house and found provisions enough to last them through the next day.

One morning Mr. Mouse went a long way off on business, and the day after, Mrs. Mouse went to meet him. She told the children that they must not stir out of the house; and so soon after he had come, our little mouse came to the door, eyes, said, "Now I intend to go and see something of the world for myself."

His brethren begged him not to go, but he would not listen to them. He crept out and ran all over the school-room. One boy tried to catch him, so he ran to the door and hid behind a book.

"Guess what I saw," said Brighteyes to the others.

"What?" they all asked.

"Why, ever so many girls and boys all sitting in the room, there are hundreds and pieces of apple on the floor right outside of our door. Come out and help me bring them in."

"No," said Miss N.—; "I thought she was sent to the Odeon from some store. How very cute that was of her!"

"No," said Lina, about the little incident which pleased Lina so much. The day after the last of Hans von Flows's concerts an elegantly dressed lady came to our store. She slipped a little black bag which she said she had found in the street the night before. One of my cards was in it, so she brought it to me, hoping I might find the owner. Lina was so happy. "See, mamma," she said, "the cards did some good!"

"Tell me," said Miss N.—, eagerly, "was there a lady's handkerchief in it?"

"Yes, yes," said Frau Stanger, nodding her head up and down in her excitement. "It is yours, Frank!"

"Yes," cried Miss N.—, joyfully. "I lost it the night of the opera."

"How happy Lina will be!" said Frau Stanger, with tears in her eyes.

"I would like very much to give Lina some thing," said Miss N.—. "Do you know of any thing?"

"If you want to make Lina happy, give her a pair of skates," she has been wanting a pair for a long time."

Frau Stanger packed up her lace, and bowed herself out of the room.

Never was there a happier girl than Lina Stanger, when, a few weeks later, she walked briskly to the skating-pond with a pretty pair of new skates.

"Who would have believed that those few cards would bring so many people to us?" thought she.

MEYER, BAVARIA.

This is a very well written story from one of our youthful contributors.

This, in a different style, is equally good:

OUR LITTLE VISITOR.

Not long ago our school had a little visitor; it came more than once. I suppose you would like to know who it was. Well, it was a mouse. It was small and brown, with little red eyes, and long tail and whiskers. This little mouse lived cozily and happily in the wall, until one day it got out of its hole, and came to our house down stairs that so frightened Mrs. Mouse and the children that Mr. Mouse was forced to go and see what it was. He soon came back, and he told them that some people were going to move into the house, and he added: "There is a beautiful box down there, in which I staid while I waited to know what was going on. The top is covered with carpet, and there are three chairs and a table on top of it. From appearances I judged that no one lived there, and I thought I would here is rather cold in winter, I thought it would be a good plan to move into it. We shall have more to eat and can see a great deal of what is going on outside, which is very desirable. Our three children are now growing to be of an age when they should see and know something of the world; for," said he, "if they are kept shut up for too long a time, when they go out they will certainly be caught in one of those dreadful traps."

Mrs. Mouse shuddered at the very idea of her dear children being caught in a trap. So she strongly objected to moving at all. "For," she said, "if we should be so near the people that they will surely kill us."

But Mr. Mouse argued with her until he gained his point, and Mrs. Mouse agreed to go to the very night and see if the new house suited her. So that night, after the children were safe in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to see the house. When she saw what a nice place it was, she was willing to consent to live there; so they moved, and were soon comfortably settled. Every night Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to a neighboring house and found provisions enough to last them through the next day.

One morning Mr. Mouse went a long way off on business, and the day after, Mrs. Mouse went to meet him. She told the children that they must not stir out of the house; and so soon after he had come, our little mouse came to the door, eyes, said, "Now I intend to go and see something of the world for myself."

His brethren begged him not to go, but he would not listen to them. He crept out and ran all over the school-room. One boy tried to catch him, so he ran to the door and hid behind a book.

"Guess what I saw," said Brighteyes to the others.

"What?" they all asked.

"Why, ever so many girls and boys all sitting in the room, there are hundreds and pieces of apple on the floor right outside of our door. Come out and help me bring them in."

"No," said Miss N.—; "I thought she was sent to the Odeon from some store. How very cute that was of her!"

"No," said Lina, about the little incident which pleased Lina so much. The day after the last of Hans von Flows's concerts an elegantly dressed lady came to our store. She slipped a little black bag which she said she had found in the street the night before. One of my cards was in it, so she brought it to me, hoping I might find the owner. Lina was so happy. "See, mamma," she said, "the cards did some good!"

"Tell me," said Miss N.—, eagerly, "was there a lady's handkerchief in it?"

"Yes, yes," said Frau Stanger, nodding her head up and down in her excitement. "It is yours, Frank!"

"Yes," cried Miss N.—, joyfully. "I lost it the night of the opera."

"How happy Lina will be!" said Frau Stanger, with tears in her eyes.

"I would like very much to give Lina some thing," said Miss N.—. "Do you know of any thing?"

"If you want to make Lina happy, give her a pair of skates," she has been wanting a pair for a long time."

Frau Stanger packed up her lace, and bowed herself out of the room.

Never was there a happier girl than Lina Stanger, when, a few weeks later, she walked briskly to the skating-pond with a pretty pair of new skates.

"Who would have believed that those few cards would bring so many people to us?" thought she.

MEYER, BAVARIA.

This is a very well written story from one of our youthful contributors.

This, in a different style, is equally good:

OUR LITTLE VISITOR.

Not long ago our school had a little visitor; it came more than once. I suppose you would like to know who it was. Well, it was a mouse. It was small and brown, with little red eyes, and long tail and whiskers. This little mouse lived cozily and happily in the wall, until one day it got out of its hole, and came to our house down stairs that so frightened Mrs. Mouse and the children that Mr. Mouse was forced to go and see what it was. He soon came back, and he told them that some people were going to move into the house, and he added: "There is a beautiful box down there, in which I staid while I waited to know what was going on. The top is covered with carpet, and there are three chairs and a table on top of it. From appearances I judged that no one lived there, and I thought I would here is rather cold in winter, I thought it would be a good plan to move into it. We shall have more to eat and can see a great deal of what is going on outside, which is very desirable. Our three children are now growing to be of an age when they should see and know something of the world; for," said he, "if they are kept shut up for too long a time, when they go out they will certainly be caught in one of those dreadful traps."

Mrs. Mouse shuddered at the very idea of her dear children being caught in a trap. So she strongly objected to moving at all. "For," she said, "if we should be so near the people that they will surely kill us."

But Mr. Mouse argued with her until he gained his point, and Mrs. Mouse agreed to go to the very night and see if the new house suited her. So that night, after the children were safe in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to see the house. When she saw what a nice place it was, she was willing to consent to live there; so they moved, and were soon comfortably settled. Every night Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to a neighboring house and found provisions enough to last them through the next day.

One morning Mr. Mouse went a long way off on business, and the day after, Mrs. Mouse went to meet him. She told the children that they must not stir out of the house; and so soon after he had come, our little mouse came to the door, eyes, said, "Now I intend to go and see something of the world for myself."

His brethren begged him not to go, but he would not listen to them. He crept out and ran all over the school-room. One boy tried to catch him, so he ran to the door and hid behind a book.

"Guess what I saw," said Brighteyes to the others.

"What?" they all asked.

"Why, ever so many girls and boys all sitting in the room, there are hundreds and pieces of apple on the floor right outside of our door. Come out and help me bring them in."

"No," said Miss N.—; "I thought she was sent to the Odeon from some store. How very cute that was of her!"

"No," said Lina, about the little incident which pleased Lina so much. The day after the last of Hans von Flows's concerts an elegantly dressed lady came to our store. She slipped a little black bag which she said she had found in the street the night before. One of my cards was in it, so she brought it to me, hoping I might find the owner. Lina was so happy. "See, mamma," she said, "the cards did some good!"

"Tell me," said Miss N.—, eagerly, "was there a lady's handkerchief in it?"

"Yes, yes," said Frau Stanger, nodding her head up and down in her excitement. "It is yours, Frank!"

"Yes," cried Miss N.—, joyfully. "I lost it the night of the opera."

"How happy Lina will be!" said Frau Stanger, with tears in her eyes.

"I would like very much to give Lina some thing," said Miss N.—. "Do you know of any thing?"

"If you want to make Lina happy, give her a pair of skates," she has been wanting a pair for a long time."

Frau Stanger packed up her lace, and bowed herself out of the room.

Never was there a happier girl than Lina Stanger, when, a few weeks later, she walked briskly to the skating-pond with a pretty pair of new skates.

"Who would have believed that those few cards would bring so many people to us?" thought she.

MEYER, BAVARIA.

This is a very well written story from one of our youthful contributors.

This, in a different style, is equally good:

OUR LITTLE VISITOR.

Not long ago our school had a little visitor; it came more than once. I suppose you would like to know who it was. Well, it was a mouse. It was small and brown, with little red eyes, and long tail and whiskers. This little mouse lived cozily and happily in the wall, until one day it got out of its hole, and came to our house down stairs that so frightened Mrs. Mouse and the children that Mr. Mouse was forced to go and see what it was. He soon came back, and he told them that some people were going to move into the house, and he added: "There is a beautiful box down there, in which I staid while I waited to know what was going on. The top is covered with carpet, and there are three chairs and a table on top of it. From appearances I judged that no one lived there, and I thought I would here is rather cold in winter, I thought it would be a good plan to move into it. We shall have more to eat and can see a great deal of what is going on outside, which is very desirable. Our three children are now growing to be of an age when they should see and know something of the world; for," said he, "if they are kept shut up for too long a time, when they go out they will certainly be caught in one of those dreadful traps."

Mrs. Mouse shuddered at the very idea of her dear children being caught in a trap. So she strongly objected to moving at all. "For," she said, "if we should be so near the people that they will surely kill us."

But Mr. Mouse argued with her until he gained his point, and Mrs. Mouse agreed to go to the very night and see if the new house suited her. So that night, after the children were safe in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to see the house. When she saw what a nice place it was, she was willing to consent to live there; so they moved, and were soon comfortably settled. Every night Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to a neighboring house and found provisions enough to last them through the next day.

One morning Mr. Mouse went a long way off on business, and the day after, Mrs. Mouse went to meet him. She told the children that they must not stir out of the house; and so soon after he had come, our little mouse came to the door, eyes, said, "Now I intend to go and see something of the world for myself."

His brethren begged him not to go, but he would not listen to them. He crept out and ran all over the school-room. One boy tried to catch him, so he ran to the door and hid behind a book.

"Guess what I saw," said Brighteyes to the others.

"What?" they all asked.

"Why, ever so many girls and boys all sitting in the room, there are hundreds and pieces of apple on the floor right outside of our door. Come out and help me bring them in."

"No," said Miss N.—; "I thought she was sent to the Odeon from some store. How very cute that was of her!"

"No," said Lina, about the little incident which pleased Lina so much. The day after the last of Hans von Flows's concerts an elegantly dressed lady came to our store. She slipped a little black bag which she said she had found in the street the night before. One of my cards was in it, so she brought it to me, hoping I might find the owner. Lina was so happy. "See, mamma," she said, "the cards did some good!"

"Tell me," said Miss N.—, eagerly, "was there a lady's handkerchief in it?"

"Yes, yes," said Frau Stanger, nodding her head up and down in her excitement. "It is yours, Frank!"

"Yes," cried Miss N.—, joyfully. "I lost it the night of the opera."

"How happy Lina will be!" said Frau Stanger, with tears in her eyes.

"I would like very much to give Lina some thing," said Miss N.—. "Do you know of any thing?"

"If you want to make Lina happy, give her a pair of skates," she has been wanting a pair for a long time."

Frau Stanger packed up her lace, and bowed herself out of the room.

Never was there a happier girl than Lina Stanger, when, a few weeks later, she walked briskly to the skating-pond with a pretty pair of new skates.

"Who would have believed that those few cards would bring so many people to us?" thought she.

MEYER, BAVARIA.

This is a very well written story from one of our youthful contributors.

This



"WELL, I CAN SKATE ON ROLLERS, ANYHOW."

CONJURING AT HOME.

BY HENRY HATTON

THE CHINA RIBBON.

TWO rolls of tape, each about ten feet in length, are thrown out, so that the audience may be assured that they are perfect. The two are then brought together, passed through a bunch of borrowed keys, tied in a single overhand knot, and the ends given to two boys to hold. Two solid iron rings are then tied on with single overhand knots, one on each side of the keys. The services of a third boy are now called in. He is asked to remove his coat, and to pass one end of the tapes through the right sleeve, the other through the left, and then to put the coat on again and button it. His arms are now folded across his breast, and the performer takes one piece of tape from each of the boys who are holding them, and these he ties in a single overhand knot across the third boy's chest, and then hands them back to the holders. This movement is most important, for if omitted the trick would fail.

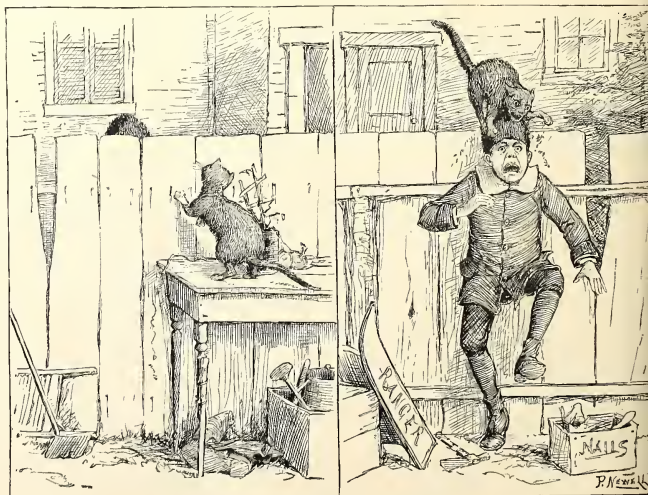
It would seem impossible to remove the tapes unless by cutting them or taking off the boy's coat, and yet it is done right before the spectators' eyes, without concealing the boys for an instant, and while the ends of the tapes are firmly held. Standing behind the tied-up boy, the performer asks, "Which will you have first—the keys or the rings?" and then passing his hands under the lad's coat, he produces whichever article is asked for, following it by the others. Then he requests the

holders of the tape to pull—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. As they do so, the tapes first seem to bind the boy more closely, and then to dissolve, as it were, and slide through his body, until, in less time than it takes to write it stands free, while the other boys, still holding the ends, stare each other in amazement.

To do this trick successfully there is needed some strong slate-colored twilled tape about an inch in width, and several small pins, the latter stuck in the lower edge of the vest wherever most convenient to get at. Only one pin is required, but as that might drop, it is better to be well supplied, lest a trick should come to an untimely end.

Before going before your audience, you stick one pin crosswise in the centre of one piece of tape; that is, if the tape is ten feet long, you find the centre, which will be at five feet, and there insert the pin. Each piece of tape is then rolled up separately. To begin, you take a roll in each hand, and catch them by one end, throw them out to your audience, "in order," you say, "that all may be assured that they are entirely without preparation." As you walk back to your stage, or to the part of the room set apart for your exclusive use, you gather the tapes, and run them through your fingers until you feel a pin. This you at once remove—remember, you are walking away from your audience, and as your back is toward them, they can not see this move—pin the two pieces of tape together, and turn them so that they are double; that is, so that the ends of one piece point in one direction, and the ends of the other piece directly opposite. The point at which they are pinned you cover with your hand in an easy, natural way, so as to keep it concealed until the bunch of keys is passed on and tied, when it will be impossible to discover that they are joined. After the boy has been tied up, all you need do is to unpin the tapes, carefully holding on to the bights of each with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and untie each article. These being removed, you let go the bights, when a steady pull will bring the tapes off. Again let me caution you to cross the tape over the breast of the boy who is tied up, else each of the other boys at the conclusion of the trick will be found holding two ends of one tape instead of the ends of two pieces.

This is an exceedingly pretty trick, and its very simplicity and absence of apparatus will make it seem all the more wonderful. But simple though it is, it is by no means to be despised, since so eminent a performer as the elder Herrmann included it in the programme of his last engagement in New York.



A MINK 'AT.

TABBY. "What luck! If there isn't that Spilkins Cat with her back up! Now just watch me get even with her for that mean trick she played me yesterday. Spit! Y-y-lou-e!"

Boy (on other side of fence). "Help! Murder Quick!!! My Mink hat's come to life again, and tearin' all the hair out of my head. O-h-h!"

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 279

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"WHEN MOTHER GOOSE DUSTS OFF THE MOON, YOU'LL KNOW IT WILL BE SNOWING SOON."

THE BUMBLE-BEE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. C. C. DAY.

THERE once was a bumble-bee burly and big,
Who wore a brown suit and a little horned wig.
His coat was trimmed over with lovely gold rings,
And silver was mixed with the gauze of his wings.

He had made in a nice grassy corner a nest,
Where little bee babies in quiet should rest,
And he fashioned some cups that were shaped and fair
And thinner than thinnest of porcelain-ware.

But these beautiful things for his table as yet
Were empty, and something he quickly must get,
That bumble and humble and other buzz folk
Might have breakfast to eat the first minute they woke.

So out to the flowery village he flew,
To find some old cronies obliging and true:
"Good morning—buzz! buzz!—Madame Pink, can you give
Some refreshment to me that my children may live?"

"Oh yes, brother bee, the red cupboard is nigh;
Help yourself, and take freely a hearty supply."
"Thank you kindly—buzz! buzz!—the gift I'll repay,
As becometh a bee in a bee-going way."

Then he hurried along to rich Mrs. Clover:
"Dear neighbor—buzz! buzz!—any honey left over?"
"Oh yes, all my jars are just ready for you,
And the butterfly waiting can carry some too."

"Very little *he'll* carry," the bumble-bee thought;
But he answered, politely, "Buzz! buzz!" as he ought.
The lilies and roses—first families all—
He visited then, nor in vain did he call.

He turned to go further; but, oh! what a sight!
Fast coming that way were posies in white,
And posies so dazzling with yellow and pink,
He wished he had eyelids all ready to blink.

"Buzz! buzz! I knew not that the flowers walked out;
But here they are coming to meet me, no doubt;
Buzz! buzz! it is true—it is just what they say,
Success will meet effort two-thirds of the way."

"Buzz! buzz! thank you all," and quickly he stored
A burden of sweets, and flew home with the hoard;
But I do not believe that he knows to this day
That the wandering flowers were just a bouquet—

A bouquet that was carried by sweet little Jane
To the poor crippled boy that lives down in the lane.
Oh, brave little maiden! how steady and still
She stood while the "funny old thing" took his fill!

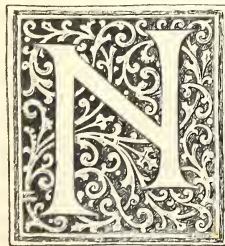
ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDEED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

DECIDED MEASURES.



NAN fairly flew into the stable, climbing to the loft, with her heart beating quickly. Strange sounds reached her ears—something like a moan and cry from poor Rover, and the snap of Bob's whip.

The loft was never very light, but in a space where the strongest rays of the November sun were falling, Bob stood, his evil little face full of rage, as, whip in hand, he commanded Rover to "jump," applying the usual punishment when the poor animal failed to obey him.

But nature, even in the patient little dog, had at last given way. His eyes, pitifully, wistfully raised to his mas-

ter, seemed to be saying that he could not move: he was too weak to lift his head.

Nan sprang forward, exclaiming: "Bob! cruel boy don't you see he *can't* jump? I think he is dying."

Bob turned angrily upon her. "Get out of here; you've no right meddling with my affairs."

"I can't go," panted poor Nan; "I can't leave you to kill that dog."

Bob's eyes flashed. "Whose dog is it, I'd like to know. Now I'll just show you what good you do meddling. Just as I've taught him tricks better'n any of the other boys' dogs, you have to come spoiling it all, and teaching you sly ways to Betty and Tina."

Scarlet with rage, Bob seized upon the poor broken-down dog, and before Nan could move or speak had tied him fast to one of the posts, and, with a flourish of his whip, lashed him mercilessly. Nan never quite knew how she stood still even for half a moment. Everything seemed to be going round and round her in a sort of whirl out of which she was conscious of Rover's eyes fixed in dumb agony upon his tormentor, while the sound of the lash mingled with the piteous cries the poor animal sent forth. Then she made a rush upon Bob, and with all the strength of her powerful young arms and hands she tore the whip from his grasp, and, taking him by the shoulders, shook him back and forth as he had never been shaken all the twelve years of his lawless young life.

He struggled in vain; but when Nan, worn out, let him go, his looks showed her that he would never forget this morning. But Nan's mind was absorbed in freeing Rover, and Bob was too much confused and angered by the shaking so unexpectedly and successfully given him to be quite sure whether he was on his head or his heels, and there was Nan right before his eyes untying Rover, her finger trembling, and tears coursing down her cheeks. Fortunately she had not removed her hat or jacket, and a plan which had suddenly darted across her mind could be carried out at once. Taking Rover in her arms, she hurried down the ladder, regardless of Bob's screaming to her to leave his dog alone, or of Betty's terrified glances.

"Betty," she said, sternly, to that young person, as they ran into the garden, "don't come with me. When I come back I'll tell you where I have been, and until then you need not say anything about it."

Luckily for the success of Nan's scheme, Betty was too much overawed by what she had seen to disobey her commands. So she nodded her head solemnly, and even helped Nan to open the back gate of the garden, which led into an alleyway, and thence to Fourth Avenue.

"Betty," Nan said, as she stood outside the gate holding the poor dog tenderly in her arms, "you may tell Bob for me I am not going to break my word."

The gate closed. Nan stood still a moment. She was trying to remember exactly what Dr. Barlow had told her of a certain benevolent society whose object was to befriend ill-treated animals. The subject had interested her keenly because of poor Rover, but she had not dared to mention him to the young doctor, lest in so doing she should reveal the fact that Rover was Bob's dog; but now she need not fear having to make this admission. She did not remember, however, where the society's office was to be found. She had been out every day with the children for a walk, and being quick about such things, had learned to know her way in various directions—could go to Macy's or Arnold's, or to various candy stores, to Madison Square, or to Central Park—but Fourth Avenue, to which the alley led, was new and doubtful ground. However, Nan's life had made her less timid than Betty or even Joan would have been. She had listened eagerly to Dr. Barlow's stories of all that the kind-hearted gentleman in this society had accomplished, and so, stepping into a drug-store at the corner, she asked quietly if they could direct her to Mr. B——'s office.

* Begin in No. 372, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The druggist looked at the little girl holding the dog so tenderly, and gave her the necessary direction, adding, with a smile, "You are taking a little friend in trouble here, I see?"

"Yes, sir," said Nan, delighted to have learned her way readily. She did not know how widely the noble character of Mr. B—and his fellow-workers was known.

CHAPTER XII.

BEPPLO.

INDIGNATION and a fear that Bob might discover and follow her hurried Nan along, and made her forget any tidiness she would have felt in her strange enterprise. She had been so accustomed to Miss Rolf's taking good and charitable deeds for granted that a doubt of her right to this never occurred to her; but when she reached the society's building and inquired for Mr. B—, when the grave-looking porter at the door asked her her business, one of her courage failed her. But before she spoke again a door at the left of the hallway opened, a gentleman with a very kindly face came out, and Nan soon found herself ushered into a pleasant room, where a lady and two gentlemen were talking at a table. One of the gentlemen came forward, and giving Nan a seat, spoke so encouragingly that Nan's last fears vanished.

"I am afraid, sir," she said, in a low voice, "it will be hard to explain to you just what I want to do. My little dog—he is sick and hurt, you see, sir—has been shamefully treated by a very bad boy, and I resolved him just now, and I *can't* let him go back again. He will kill him; and yesterday I heard of your society, and that the law lets you take poor ill-used animals away from the people who are abusing them—"

Nan came to a pause in her story, and her eyes were eloquent, and the gentleman said, kindly,

"You were very right, my dear; but we can not take the dog away by law unless you testify to having seen him ill-used, and tell us more about it."

"Oh, sir!" cried Nan, tears starting into her eyes, "I can not do that! I promised never to tell that the boy had it. I thought I could have it with you, and then when I went back I would oblige him to consent to it."

The gentleman smiled, and looked with great compassion at poor Rover, whose short breaths and red eyes showed that Nan had been none too soon in her capture of him.

"I hardly know what to do," Mr. Moreton, the gentleman, said. He went back to the table, said a few words in a low tone to the lady and gentleman, and then returned to Nan, who was waiting eagerly, an idea having occurred to her mind which seemed hopeful.

"Let me look at the dog," he said, kindly. "Perhaps we might contrive so you could buy it of the boy."

"Oh!" cried Nan, joyfully, "that is just what I was going to suggest. I can pay well for it, sir. I have plenty of money"—Nan was rushing on, but suddenly she added: "My aunt gives me all I want for charities, and surely this would be one. What shall I offer for him?"

The lady at the table now looked up, evidently interested in the little girl who stood, with anxious, sparkling eyes and eagerly parted lips, waiting for a decision which could set poor Rover free.

"Let me see the little creature, Mr. Moreton," said the lady. And as Rover was brought forward she added: "Surely I can not be mistaken. That is Beppo. It *must* be." The lady took Rover in her lap, and stroking his head softly, said, "Beppo! Beppo, old fellow!" while, to the surprise of the group about him, Rover looked up, and feebly wagging his tail, seemed to answer, "Here I am—Beppo."

"I am sure it is Jenny Morison's dog," continued the lady, eagerly, "which was lost about two months ago—lost or stolen—and the children have nearly broken their hearts over it. My dear," she added, looking very kindly upon Nan, who was evidently alarmed by the turn things were taking, "I heard what you were saying, and I do not want to get you into any trouble or make you break your promise; but could you not go with me to my nieces' house, and see if they can prove this is their dog; then you may make your bargain with the boy, whoever he is, and I am sure they will gladly pay for Beppo's recovery."



"SHE TORE THE WHIP FROM HIS GRASP."

Nan declared herself perfectly willing to accompany the lady, and assured her she would and could gladly buy the dog of "the boy," feeling that by so doing she would have a better right to take matters into her own hands if Bob was inclined to make trouble.

The lady's carriage was at the door; in a few moments she and Nan, with Rover, or Beppo, on the latter's lap, were driving toward Gramercy Park.

Nan felt the necessity of silence, lest she should betray the Farquhars, but it was hard to maintain reserve with so pleasant and kind a companion. Perhaps the lady guessed at the awkwardness of the little girl's position; at all events, she asked no embarrassing questions during the few minutes' drive to a modest little brick house, where the carriage stopped.

Nan, still holding Rover carefully, followed the lady into a pretty, modern-looking hall, where everything was



"SHE TURNED TO SAY GOOD-BY TO THE LITTLE GIRLS."

neat but plain, and stood back while her conductress inquired for Miss Jenny.

A little girl of about ten years came running down the stairs before the maid had time to answer, followed by two younger children, and from the moment they beheld Rover there was no room for doubt as to his identity. Feeble as he was, he recognized his old companions at once, and presently Nan went with them to a little sitting-room on the left of the hall, answering and asking eager questions, while the children gathered around their long-lost pet, caressing and fondling him in eager delight.

Mrs. Floyd, their aunt, made it easy for Nan to explain her share in Beppo's capture, and taking her to one side, she suggested her returning at once to make her bargain with "the boy."

"And you know, my dear," said the lady, "as it could be so readily proven that the dog belongs to my nieces, you ought to easily frighten him into making no objection. Tell him he may consider himself fortunate in not being made to account for the way in which he obtained it."

Nan felt confident of success; but as she turned to say good-by to the little girls who were loading Beppo with caresses and attentions, a feeling of loneliness about saying good-by to her poor little dumb friend made her linger as she stroked his back, murmuring something affectionate, which he seemed to fully appreciate and understand.

The children now crowded around her, thanking her many times, and seeming to take it for granted that she had found their pet in some part of the town to which he had strayed. Jenny, the oldest of the trio, described how they had been walking out one day, with Beppo scampering along as usual at their side, and a tall boy who had followed them—"he looked," said Jenny, "like a grocer's boy, or at least as if he had been at work, and he had an

ugly mark across his cheek"—made Beppo angry by trying to pull his tail. They got him away, but soon after he re-appeared, and when, half an hour later, they found he was lost, Jenny had been certain the boy with the scar had stolen him.

Nan listened with dismay, for she was quite certain that the boy thus described must be Jim. How far Bob was to blame for the theft of the dog she did not know, and she was glad that the little Morisons were so much delighted over Beppo's recovery that she could escape without being too closely questioned.

Once out in the street again, Nan had to collect her bewildered senses sufficiently to find her way home. It was nearly one o'clock, and in half an hour she knew the Farquhar's luncheon bell would ring, and her absence have to be accounted for.

Betty's silence might look more mysterious than anything she could have said, and to what lengths Bob's anger might lead him she dared not think; so the only thing to do was to hurry back with all possible speed, which she did, reaching the house just as the family were assembling at the table.

Nan went directly into the dining-room in her hat and jacket, not feeling quite sure what she would have to say, but she had forgotten that her position in the household now was that of a most distinguished little guest. Mrs. Farquhar, at the head of the table, was all smiles, and expressed a hope that Nan had enjoyed her walk. No excuses, therefore, seemed necessary, but as Nan took her seat Bob's eyes met hers like an open challenge, and Betty could not restrain her inclination to whisper, "What have you done with him?" But Nan only shook her head, and in a moment contrived to whisper, "After lunch," wondering within herself how "the boy" would take what she had to disclose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME QUEER TRAPS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

I WANT to take you with me some bright summer day on a little visit to the boggy lands of southern New Jersey. Close beside a cranberry patch let us stop and look at this great bed of wild flowers. The ground is covered

as thick as they can stand with spikes of delicate rosy flowers and long narrow green leaves, sparkling in the sunshine as though they were set with millions of bright jewels. These can not be rain-drops, for it has not rained for a week, nor dew-drops, for the sun is high, and the dew would have been dried up long ago. Look close, and you will see that each narrow leaf is covered with tiny stalks, each tipped with a bright drop of what looks like dew. Touch it, and you will find the drop to be sticky. The sun, which dries common dew or rain drops, draws out this sticky substance. From this fact the plant is commonly called sun-dew (Fig. 1).

The sun-dew in the picture is not the one we have just found growing, but belongs to the same family. The principal difference

between them is that it has round green leaves instead of long narrow ones; but what is true of one is equally true of the other, so far as its general behavior is concerned.

It had long been known that the sticky drops on the sun-dew leaves served as a trap to catch insects, but it was not fully known why the insects were so caught until Mr. Darwin began to watch them and study their ways. If

anybody in the world could get the truth out of a plant or animal, Mr. Darwin was the man. He tried a thousand ingenious ways of cross-questioning them by tests and experiments. There are few more interesting stories than that told us about the ways of the flesh-eating plants. The sun-dew is one of these; the insects it captures are for food.

Look at this leaf, which was picked from a sun-dew plant and looked at through a magnifying-glass (Fig. 2). It is somewhat the shape of a palm-leaf fan, fringed around the edge, and covered over the upper surface with strange prolongations. These are called tentacles, because they are something like the arms of some sorts of sea animals, with which they capture their prey. The leaf is not flat, but, as you can see by looking at Fig. 1, it sags a little in the middle, making it slightly cup-shaped.

For some reason insects seem to be very fond of flying around the sun-dew plants, and sooner or later they are pretty sure to brush their gauzy wings against a leaf or light upon one. Then there is no hope for them; they stick fast, just as unfortunate flies stick to the fly-paper spread open to catch them.

Watch that happy little fly sipping honey from one flower after another. Now see him settle down right on the middle of one of the sparkling, harmless-looking leaves. He is caught. No struggles will loosen the poor little feet glued fast by the sticky drop on the tentacle. His struggles to free himself are only making his capture more certain. The touch of his feet, light as it is, is like the touch of a telegraph operator's finger upon his instrument. The fly sends not one message by his touch, but hundreds—one to every tentacle on the leaf, telling it to come to the central office and get its share of the booty captured. In response every tentacle begins to curve over to the middle of the leaf, until at last the miserable fly is caught in a hundred arms.

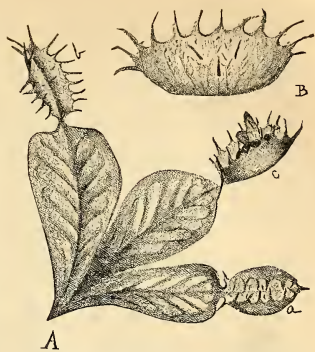


Fig. 3.—LEAVES OF VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.
a, Opening and Empty; b, Open; c, Closing over Fly.

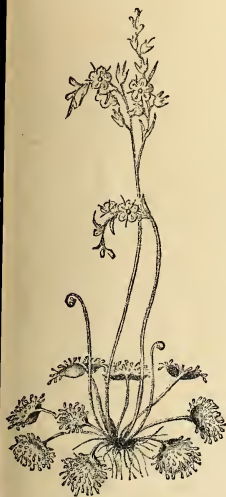


Fig. 1.—SUN-DEW PLANT.

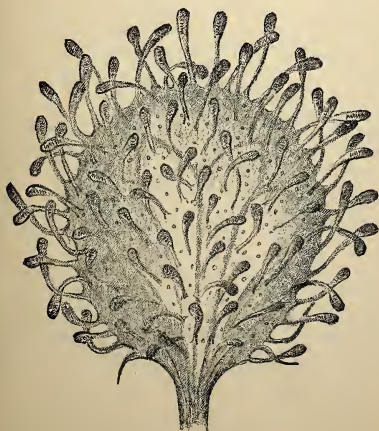


Fig. 2.—SUN-DEW LEAF MAGNIFIED, SHOWING TENTACLES.

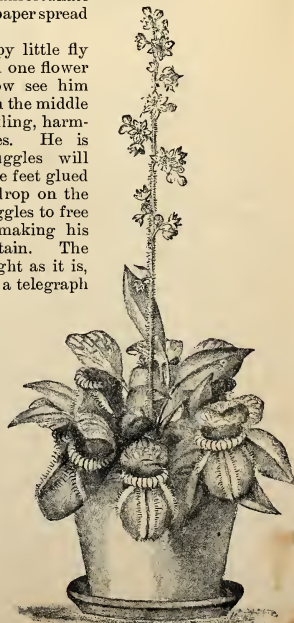


Fig. 4.—AUSTRALIAN PITCHER-PLANT.

The message goes slowly, and the movement of the tentacles is slower still—so slow that it takes from one to five hours for the movement to cease after the insect is caught. When the fly alights on the side of the leaf, or anywhere away from the middle, the tentacle it touches bends over, carrying its prey with it, to the centre of the leaf, and then the arms all begin to move toward the middle and clasp it. Sometimes, when the insect is not on a long tentacle, and so can not be carried to the middle, only the arms on that side clasp it.

But the most curious part is not the catching of the fly. Many other kinds of sticky leaves and buds catch flies; the sun-dew devours them.

The leaf acts precisely as your stomach does after you have been eating; it pours over the insect a liquid acid which dissolves what is good for food. This dissolved food causes the flow of another liquid, called the gastric juice. In your stomach the gastric juice has the power of turning the food you have swallowed into flesh and blood, which makes flesh and bones; it, in fact, builds up your body day by day, and makes you live and grow. The gastric juice of the sun-dew builds up its body in the same way, only instead of blood and flesh it makes sap and cells.

If you want to keep well, you must eat the right sort of food, and so must the sun-dew. One poor little plant that Mr.

Darwin was experimenting upon turned yellow and sick, and finally died of dyspepsia, after having been fed for a long time on nothing but cheese.

One full meal lasts a sun-dew leaf a good while, usually nearly a week. After a fly, or a bit of meat, or anything proper in the way of food, has been seized and digested, the tentacles slowly open out. That means that it is hungry again, and ready for another meal.

Of course when the plants grow wild they have to depend, like other savages, upon the prey they capture, and often they must go hungry. In trying to find out all about these curious plants they have been fed with all sorts of things—meat and milk and different kinds of soup. When a few drops of milk are poured on a leaf it will very often curve up around the edges, making the cup deeper, and the tentacles at the same time bend over to get their share. The leaf makes in this way sometimes a round and sometimes a three-cornered cup. One very strange thing has been found out: if a small piece of meat is cut in two, half of it placed on a sun-dew leaf, and the other on some damp moss close by, the meat on the moss spoils, and is filled with living things, like any spoiled meat, but the piece on the leaf stays fresh until it is digested.

Another plant which lives upon the prey it captures is the Venus's fly-trap (Fig. 3). It grows in great quantities on the poor lands of North Carolina. It has few and small roots, like the sun-dew. The leaves grow out from the centre of the plant. From the same place the flower stems and roots also grow, just as is the case in the sun-dew. Only three leaves are given in the picture. The plant usually has from eight to twelve; the flowers are

quite large, of a delicate greenish-white. The whole leaf is not a trap, but on the tip of each leaf you see them: *b* is open; *c* is closing over a fly which it is about to make a meal of.

The traps, you see, are a little like the two valves of a clam shell, hinged together at the back, and edged all around with sharp spikes. On the inner side of each shell are three long hairs; these hairs (*B*, Fig. 3) are very sensitive, and the instant they are touched the valves close, the spikes locking together as your fingers do when you clasp your hands. If the thing caught in the trap is not fit for food, the valves open before long; but if it is the right sort of food, the spikes stay closely clasped until the food is digested, and then they open and drop out any remains which were of no use to them, such as the horny coat of a beetle, and are ready for another feast.

One day when I was looking through a fine collection of plants in a greenhouse on Madison Square, New York, I caught sight of a very singular bunch of leaves (Fig. 4). I said to the gardener: "What is that? It is very curious." "Yes," he said, taking the pot up in his hands; "they are queer little fellows, the thirstiest little rascals I ever saw; can't get enough water anyhow," and he dipped the whole pot into a cask of water, filling up the pitchers on the ends of the leaves to the brim. The picture (Fig. 4) is taken from a sketch made on the spot. It comes from Australia, and is still, I believe, very rare; this is the only one I ever saw. Its habits and manners do not seem to have been as carefully studied as some of the other flesh-eating plants, but it is a near cousin of the last and most curious of these traps.

These last of the "queer traps" grow chiefly in the islands of Polynesia. In shape they are something like the vegetable pitchers we were studying last spring, but their way of really digesting food shows that they are nearer kin to the sun-dew than to the pitcher-plants.

The plants are large, with many leaves, the stem instead of stopping where it runs into the middle of a leaf, runs right through it, and grows one or more feet beyond the top of the leaf. On the top of this stem is a graceful pitcher, with two fringed flaps down the front, and a leaf hinged on for a lid which is sometimes open and sometimes shut (Fig 5). The pitcher is usually partly filled with a sticky liquid. Some of these pitchers are half a yard high, and would hold quarts and quarts of water. The plant bears great spikes of beautiful flowers, and the pitchers themselves are gorgeous in color—green and red and pink, with curious markings. The rim around the mouth is beautifully ornamented, and inside the mouth is a sort of funnel of projecting points, leading down to the trap below. You have probably seen the same sort of arrangement in a rat-trap; it is very common. Small birds attracted by the smell or color of the flower, or the hope of a drink from the reservoir below, make their way down. It is a trap easy to enter, but hard to escape from in the face of the points. In its struggle for freedom the poor little fluttering thing gets its wings wet and sticky, and is either drowned at once, or lingers on and is finally digested by its beautiful captor. This is turning the tables truly, when vegetables catch and devour birds, instead of being destroyed and eaten by them.

THE PALACE OF THE MONKEYS.

YOU have seen the chattering monkeys at the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia or Central Park, and been amused at their droll antics, but what do you think of the taste of a tribe of Hunouman or black-faced monkeys which actually live in a palace in India.

For one hundred and fifty years this palace has been in ruins, but the ruins are splendid. There are towers surmounted by cupolas, marble courts, columns fretted with sculpture, and floors composed of beautiful mosaics. Long,

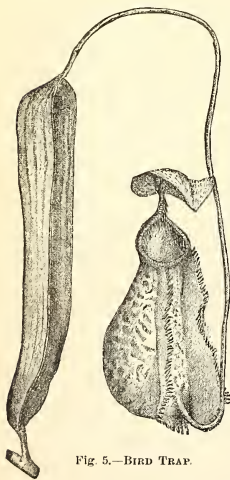


Fig. 5.—BIRD TRAP.

long ago the last human owner departed, however, and now the monkeys reign there supreme.

The Hunouman monkey is from two and a half to four feet in height; its form is slender and its movements active. Its face is perfectly black and smooth, and it has long white whiskers, while its silky hair is chinchilla gray on the back and white on the breast. Its long bare tail has a tuft at the tip. Altogether it is a queer-looking creature, this sacred monkey of India, which the Hindoos regard with awe, and protect from injury, if need be, with their lives.

In one of their sacred poems it is told that Rama, their ancient conquering king, who never went to battle without gaining the victory, was aided by the Hunoumans, who acted as his scouts. In the fortune of war an enemy took the king of the monkeys prisoner, and setting his tail on fire, cruelly sent him back thus to Rama's camp. A friendly wind put out the fire, but not until the poor monkey's face had been badly scorched. In pity Rama decreed that forever after the monkeys of that tribe should have black faces like their chief, and as nobody has ever seen one with a white face, the story is considered true by the natives.

Should you ever go to the palace of Ambir, in Upper India, you will no doubt see hundreds of monkeys there—mothers hugging their babies, old and grave monkey grandparents grimacing angrily at frolicsome children, and playful young monkeys grinning and leaping, while a chattering chorus goes on. And should you happen to offer them some bananas, a bevy will make friends with you at once.

FORD BONNER AMONG THE GYPSIES.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

Part XX.

VERY likely it amused the queer company not a little to see so cool-headed and civil a lad throw himself upon their kindness, and that had at least as much to do with their friendly conduct as had the influence of Dr. Cowart's name. Ford was, however, to put the gypsies' good-nature to a sharper proof before he left them.

There is a great fund of real sympathy and charity in the oddly mixed-up character of this wandering race, all their many sad tricks and traits to the contrary. Whoever begs help from them is fairly sure of receiving it in one way or another.

"Be at home with us, little gemman!" exclaimed another merry-looking, bold-faced girl, whom the rest addressed as Sarah—"be at home. The stranger shall fare well who comes to a gypsy under a gypsy's roof. See the lamps in it!" And Sarah pointed up to the few stars visible between the tree-tops. Then leaning over Ford, deliberately bestowed a rousing and warm-hearted smack on the boy's cheek, considerably to Ford's blushing embarrassment. Several of her black-eyed friends repeated around Ford her words, "Be at home, little gemman"—"Fare well!" Really Ford felt at home, and those forty pots steaming away there were an assurance of good fare. He began to fancy himself adopted into the roving crew already.

Indeed, the frank lad met with nothing but kindness during those strange hours that he spent in the dark forest with old Pharaoh's band. He often looks back to it to-day and laughs. Under the lively Miss Sarah's guidance he was shown the wagons where they slept, their curious cooking and blacksmithing fixtures, and their rather disconsolate-looking horses. Ford soon discovered that nearly all of the band were related to each other. They seemed to be a pretty sweet-tempered lot with one another. At supper he was surprised at the fine china plate and handsome steel knife and fork which Sarah brought

him as an honored visitor; and such splendidly cooked sweet-potatoes, and such chickens and ducks bubbling in the pot together, he told Burt Cowart afterward, he never tasted. He thought at the time that it was none of his business where they had been—bought. Ford wished more than once, too, that he could have understood a little of Sarah's wonderfully beautiful language (it sounded to the boy like the music of a running stream), in which all manner of jokes and nonsense were sped around the circle. Ah, Ford, a rare paragraph in your boy-life was that evening in the woods with those mysterious and evil-doing gentry!

The meal was just ending. Ford chanced to look once more around the circle. Two places below him sat a wiry lad, eating rather voraciously. He raised his fork, and something on his wrist flashed. Ford started, leaned forward, and looking eagerly at the wrist, "Hallo!" he cried, involuntarily; "why, you've—you've got on Mrs. Cowart's gold bracelet."

That curious dragon's head, the little charm with a monogram hanging to the neck—Ford could not mistake it.

The bracelet's wearer stared angrily at him.

"I say you've got on Mrs. Cowart's bracelet," repeated Ford. "Where'd you get it?"

By this time the attention of all the group was attracted to the two lads, one so fair-skinned and eager in attacking, the other so dark, with glittering eyes. Ford leaped up from Sarah's side, and walked around to the young gypsy's side. The latter, in turn, sprang to his feet, and faced Ford threateningly. He began to blurt out sundry angry sentences in his own language.

Old Pharaoh stepped forward, frowning, and with an impatient exclamation. "That's not pretty of the little gemman," he said, standing beside the wearer of the bracelet, "to say bad things to one of the gypsies who have been so good to him. What does the little gemman mean?"

"I mean," replied Ford, roundly, while the company, old and young, closed around, "that Mrs. Cowart lost that bracelet, on that fellow's wrist there, or had it stolen, last night, maybe early this morning, and I want it back to give it to her. I'm sorry to seem rude. Did you find it?" he continued, more quietly, turning to his opponent.

For all his answer, the swarthy lad showed his white teeth and shook his fist furiously at Ford. He was plainly quite enraged by this time. Ford did not take his eyes from him, nevertheless. It was a strange scene: the wild background of low shrubbery and tree trunks, one moment clear in the flaring fire's light, the next a mass of shadow; the whole band of savage-looking men and women gathered in silence about tall Pharaoh and Ford and the angry lad. Certainly Ford was in a very trying situation as he remained fronting the latter, too determined to get what he wanted to think of the odds against him.

It is possible that so much pluck was not necessary, and would have done no good in any case. Probably Pharaoh and a dozen others would have prevented affairs from coming to actual blows. Still, I am glad that my hero made the gallant show he did.

"Look here," he said, turning to those nearest him, and holding out his purse. "There isn't much in that thing, I know. There's about five dollars, I believe. I want you to make that fellow sell that bracelet to me right away. That's about the *least* thing you can do. But if you don't, why, I ain't much of a fighter, but if you'll agree to give us fair play, I'll have that bracelet or I'll be a good deal the worse off." And small Ford straightened himself up to all his inches, and gave the thief a look meant to wither him.

A round of clapping and a buzz of talk broke forth, and old Pharaoh, in whose ear several of the gypsies had been whispering while Ford had thus thrown down his chal-



"THE SWARTHY LAD SHOOK HIS FIST FURIOUSLY AT FORD."

lenge, laughed a frank, hearty laugh, and clapped Ford on the shoulder. So did Anselo. So did two or three others. "Long live the little gemman!" exclaimed Pharaoh; "he has a brave heart. Put up your purse. You shall have the bracelet. You shall have it for the sake of your spirit, and the good Dr. Cowart, to whose wife you *say* it belongs—mind you, to whom *you say*. I don't know anything about it." And Pharaoh laughed and winked at Anselo.

He said something gravely to the gypsy lad. The bracelet was given up and placed in Ford's hand. "He says he found it this afternoon," said Pharaoh, as the late wearer of the bracelet disappeared sulkily. Probably the chief had promised him something valuable in return for it. Ford looked at Mrs. Cowart's recovered treasure, and could scarcely believe that he held it in his hand. He asked no questions.

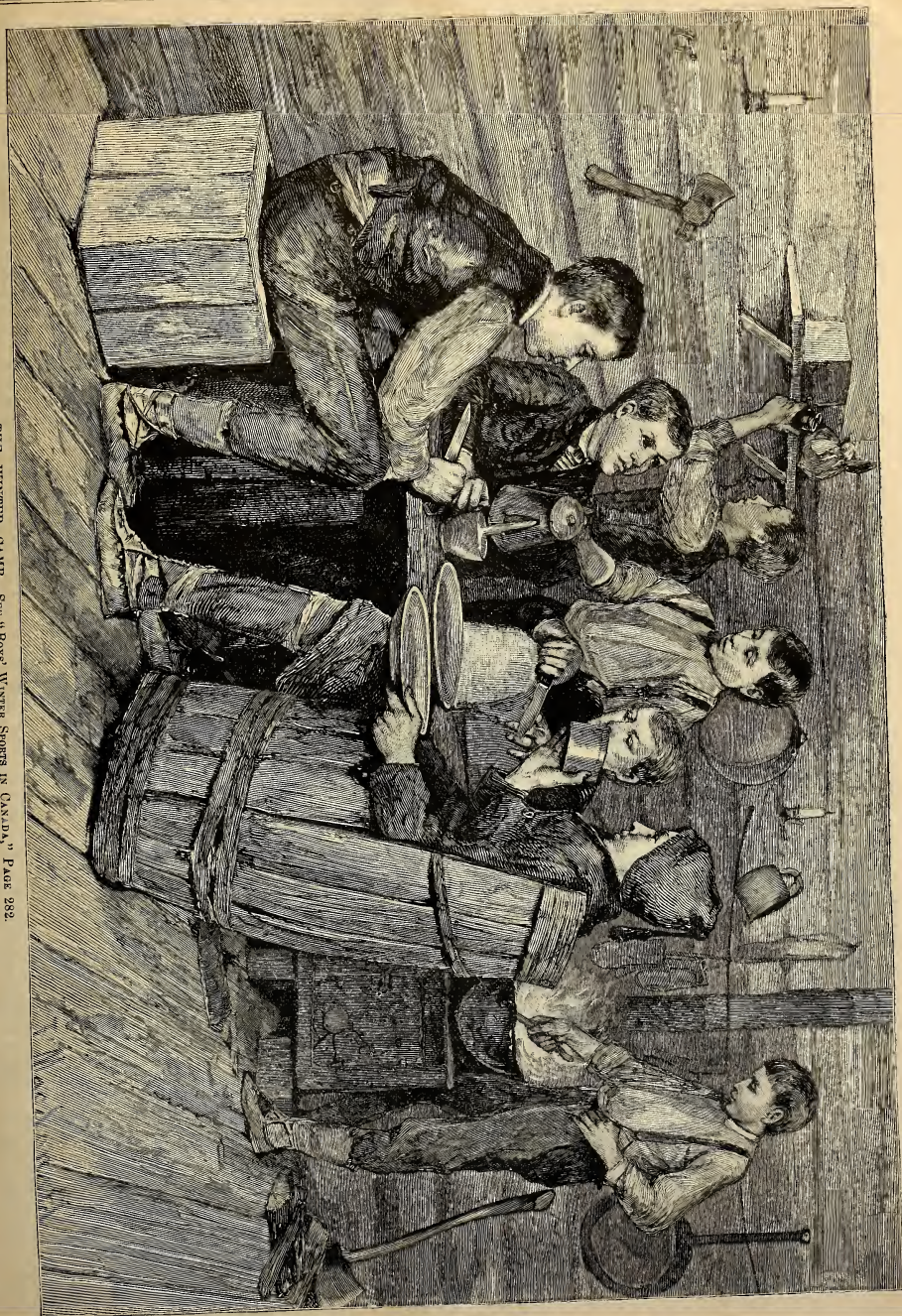
Not a word was said about the late difficulty during the last hour or so of Ford's "captivity," as he persisted in calling it. Indeed, his little display of spirit had raised him high in the opinion of his queer entertainers. He strolled about with the merry Sarah. Old Pharaoh proving curious as to the contents of the photographic outfit, he felt obliged to exhibit it in detail. It is doubtful if they understood, all of them, its precise use, and whether Ford did not leave them with the notion that he was a very genteel young amateur tinker, after all. He wished that he could have taken a picture of the group in their bright-colored attire.

"Good-night to the little gemman!" "Good-by to the little gemman!" So said one and all of the band as Ford,

mounted in front of Anselo on his tall lean nag, at last moved briskly up the moon-lit road. "Don't forget your Rommany friends!" and "Good luck to you!" were the last words Ford caught. Our hero felt as if he had just come out of some strange old play. As he and his charge went on, Anselo told him a dozen curious stories, in which the beasts and trees and flowers all spoke and played tricks upon each other.

By half past ten the lights in B— appeared. A little after that Ford was jumping off the tall nag before Dr. Cowart's door, under a perfect shower of questions from Burt and the family. Sadly frightened about him had they been, and Dr. Cowart and Burt's brother were even then scouring the neighborhood of the "Wolf's Rock" for the lost one. But they returned before many hours to hear Ford's story all over again. (Anselo had gone back to his beloved woods with a handsome present in his purse.) "The most extraordinary adventure I ever heard," said Dr. Cowart himself, handling the bracelet with deep respect. "The idea of those thievish scamps behaving so delightfully to the lad! I don't believe, Ford, that my name had any more to do with it than your manners, your quiet way of showing them that you trusted to their kindness of heart to help you, and last, but not least, your daring spirit." Now this is still an open question, though it is a curious fact that Harry North, to whom Ford shortly wrote one of his usual long letters, giving an account of himself and his doings, insists upon exactly the same thing.

THE END.



THE WINTER CAMP.—SEE "BOYS' WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA," PAGE 282.

BOYS' WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

BUILDING A CAMP.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

IN September, when the Archer boys returned from their camping expedition in the Adirondacks, where, by closely following their uncle Harry's directions, they had had a splendid time, and had been able to make themselves



FIG. 1.

very comfortable, they found a wonderful piece of news awaiting them. Their father was obliged to start almost immediately for China, on important business that would detain him until spring. He had decided to take his wife and delicate Aleck with him; but what was to be done with Ben and sturdy Bob?

They begged hard to be allowed to go to China too; but their father said he could not afford to take them all, that they must not on any account give up school, and that he was only going to take Aleck because the sea-voyage and a winter in a warm climate would be of great benefit to him.

Then the boys said that, after their summer's experience in camping, they felt sure they could keep house all by themselves; but to this their mother, of course, would not listen for a moment.

It was finally decided that they should be sent to a small private school kept by the Rev. Mr. Dubois, a former college chum of their father's, who was now settled in a little Canadian parish on the St. Lawrence River below Quebec.



FIG. 2.

This decision suited the boys exactly, and when they recalled all that they had read of snow-shoeing, tobogganing, curling, fishing through the ice, and other Canadian winter

sports, they began to think they were going to have as much fun as their brother Aleck, after all.

Thus it happened that early in October Ben and Bob Archer were settled for the winter in the Dubois school at Beauvoir, and were rapidly becoming acquainted with the five Canadian boys, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, who were the only pupils besides themselves.

Upon entering the school they found all the boys greatly interested in the winter camp that André Thibault, the Canadian voyageur and trapper, who was employed to supply the school with wood, game, and fish, was teaching them to build. They drew such glowing pictures of the good times they were to have in this camp during the winter holidays that the Archer boys became quite excited over it, and entered most heartily into the plans for its construction.

Although the boys could only work at the camp on Saturdays, and an hour or two every other afternoon, they were so diligent that early in November, just as the first snow of the season was falling, they had practically finished it, and were able to light a fire in their stove, and to feel very much at home in it.

This winter camp, which was a snug log house or cabin

ten feet by fifteen feet square, eight feet high in front, and six feet high at the back, was built as follows:

First the boys selected a site in the woods about a mile from the village. It was a lit-

tle mound near a beautiful spring, from which a small stream flowed into the river, half a mile away.

While some of them levelled the ground on which the cabin was to stand, and cleared it of underbrush, stumps, and roots, the others "blazed" the most direct possible path from it to the school, and cleared it of bushes, but allowed it to wind among big trees, which they did not disturb.

Mr. Dubois, who entered as heartily as any boy into all their plans for healthful recreation, had provided each of them with a new light axe, in buying which he had carefully avoided taking any with varnished handles, as he knew that these are very apt to stick to the hands when warm, instead of slipping smoothly through them, and that they have thus been the cause of many dangerous misses and cuts.

Before the logs for the cabin were cut, André Thibault went through the woods near the camp site, and with his axe marked a number of the straightest soft-wood trees, such as he considered most suitable for the purpose. Then he showed the boys how to cut them down by chopping nearly through the trunk from the side on which they wished the tree to fall, and then felling it with two or three sharp blows on the opposite side. Ben Archer and another boy cut down the marked trees in this manner, while the others trimmed them of their branches, and cut them into lengths, each of which was four feet longer than the side or end of the cabin that it was to occupy; thus all the logs were either four-teen or nineteen feet long.

Then came the heavy work of hauling them to the camp site (which was done with the aid of the front pair of wheels of a small wagon), sorting, and notching them. In sorting, two of as nearly as possible the same size were selected for each pair of side and end logs, and these were notched deeply with an axe, on two sides, eighteen inches from each end (Fig. 1). All were thus notched except the two bottom side logs, which were only notched on their upper surface (Fig. 2).

In laying up the walls, the largest logs they had, which were about two feet in diameter, were chosen for the bottom side logs. They were placed in position on the north and south sides of the camp, which was to face south. Besides the deep notches at the ends, these logs had smaller notches cut every two feet along their upper surface to receive the ends of the floor poles or supports (Fig. 3), which were laid in place before any more logs were piled up. Then the bottom end logs, deeply notched on both upper and lower sides, eighteen inches from each end, were laid across the bottom side logs, a second tier of side logs was laid across them, and thus both sides and ends were gradually raised (Fig. 4).

When the ends had reached a height of five feet, holes eighteen by twelve inches square were sawed in them for windows; and when the front wall was six feet high, a doorway two and a half feet wide was sawed down to the bottom log in the middle of it. The required height of eight feet for the front side wall and six feet for



FIG. 4.

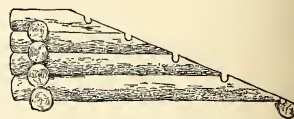


FIG. 5.

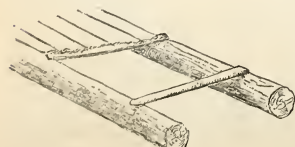


FIG. 3.



FIG. 6.

the back being reached, the three upper logs of the ends were hewn off at an angle, to form a perfect slope from front to back, and in them notches were cut, two feet apart, to receive the ends of the roof poles (Fig. 5). These poles were allowed to project two feet beyond the ends of the building.

The roof was made of hemlock bark, stripped in great sheets from the trees, and so laid that each piece overlapped another a foot or more. They were held in place by poles laid across them and projecting, so the ends could be lashed firmly to the ends of the poles supporting the roof (Fig. 6).

Mr. Dubois had given the boys the lumber from an old tumble-down out-building, and of this they made their floor, and a door, that was hung with leathern hinges and fastened by a wooden latch. A single pane of glass was used for each of the windows, and all chinks between the logs were stuffed with moss and daubed with clay. Then the cabin was pronounced finished.

All this had taken hard work, but it was work in which the boys were so heartily interested that they had enjoyed it thoroughly. The two Archers had worked with such a will and so well as to completely win the heart of André Thibault, who promised to teach them many tricks of fishing and of woodcraft during the winter. As a further token of his esteem, he presented Ben with a comfortable arm-chair made of a flour barrel sawed half in two and seated with canvas.

For two dollars the Beauvoir tinsmith made them a sheet-iron box stove, and gave them enough old stove-pipe for it. They set this stove in a large shallow box filled with sand, and ran the pipe out at the back of the cabin, where an elbow supported on a forked post turned it upward, and two more lengths carried it above the roof. They did not run it through the roof, for fear of causing a leak.

At last, on the Saturday afternoon of the first snow-storm, everything was finished, and the boys sat around their rude home-made table on all sorts of stools and boxes, with Ben Archer at its head in his fine barrel arm-chair, thoroughly enjoying the warmth and coziness of a house that they had built all by themselves. Bob Archer made a pot of coffee on the sheet-iron stove, and as they drank it they formed plans for all sorts of good holiday times that they hoped to enjoy here during the winter.

THE PHARAOHS.

THE Egyptians called their kings Pharaohs. The first Pharaoh was Menes, about 3000 or 4000 B.C. He built the city of Memphis, on the banks of the Nile, and turned the river from its course to make a foundation for it. Around it ran canals and basins of water, and embankments of earth and sand, to protect it from the annual floods. The city rose to great splendor. The Pharaohs adorned it with immense temples, long rows of sphinxes, obelisks, and vast pillars of stone. Behind rose the pyramids, the most enduring and the most useless of buildings. Memphis was for many centuries the finest city in the world. It decayed slowly under the Roman rule; the Saracens pillaged it of its stone and marble to build Cairo; and now the position of the great city can only be traced by its ruins. Only the pyramids and some huge sphinxes and lions remain unchanged.

The next famous Pharaohs added to the splendor of Memphis. But a later dynasty removed the seat of their government to Thebes. This splendid city grew up on both banks of the Nile. It was even more magnificent than Memphis. Its temples, Luxor and Karnak, are the largest ever built by man. Their vast and ruined ranges of columns are well known to all who sail up the Nile. Not far off is the famous statue of Memnon, that was said to utter musical notes at the rising of the sun. One famous Pharaoh, Amenemhat III., built the Labyrinth, a

palace with three thousand rooms, which is described by Herodotus. Thothmes I. made war in the East. A woman reigned as Pharaoh, and clothed herself in a man's dress; her name was Hatshepu. She was the Queen Elizabeth of Egyptian history, and surrounded herself with fine workmen, architects, soldiers, and sailors. Her fleets went on voyages of discovery on the Red Sea and along the African shore. Thothmes III., her younger brother, was the conqueror of the East. His name is carved on some of the finest of the obelisks, temples, and countless stones and gems. He is called the greatest of the Pharaohs.

Ramesses I., about 1400 B.C., was the founder of a famous family. His son Seti made war on all sides, and was victorious. He built splendid temples at Memphis and other cities, and burdened his people with taxes. His more famous son, Ramesses II., completed Seti's works, and showed the purest love and reverence for his father. Ramesses conquered all the East, and in his reign Moses was probably born. On the banks of the Nile, in some humble cottage, the famous Jewish lawgiver first saw the light. He led out his people, perhaps, under Meneptha II., and the reign of the cruel Pharaoh must have been disturbed by plagues and civil wars. Another famous Pharaoh, Ramesses III., plundered all his neighbors, and lavished his wealth in building new temples in the cities of the Nile. The family of Ramesses reigned many years; their names constantly appear on the tombs and statues.

But Egypt now began to decline; powerful states grew up around it; civil wars divided its people. The Assyrians invaded the wealthy country, and the Kings of Assyria became the Kings of Egypt. Sheshonk I., the first Assyrian Pharaoh, has left his name carved on many monuments. Next the Ethiopians invaded the unfortunate land, captured Thebes, and drove off the Assyrians. From about the year 1000 B.C. the country knew little repose. The great cities were full of sorrow. Cambyses and the Persians, who conquered Egypt about 527 B.C., ruled with severity. The great bull Apis, who was the Egyptian god, died about this time, and Cambyses was said to have killed him.

Once more the Egyptians drove off the enemy, and were for a short time free. The last Pharaohs ascended the throne of Thothmes and Ramesses the Great. But Egypt was soon conquered by Alexander. The last Pharaoh died; his name was Nektnebef. His descendants are probably to be found among the dusky beggars who crowd around the American traveller on the Nile. The Pharaohs are passed away. But the pyramids, the sphinxes, the Memnonium, Karnak, Luxor, and countless tombs and monuments record their memories.

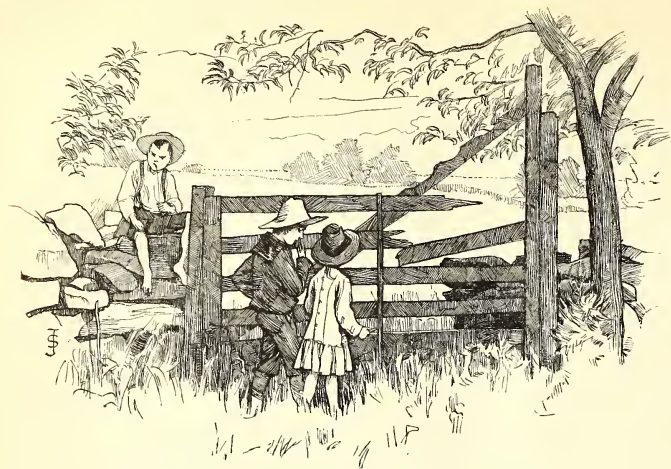
The troubles in Egypt recall their history. Egypt is now powerless and fallen. It is burdened with heavy debts, and foreigners control its principal affairs. The European has long been the superior of the Egyptian. Once the Egyptian taught and conquered Asia and part of Europe; but the Egyptians became vain, insolent, refused to learn anything new, and sank into indolence. The Europeans and Americans build railroads and bridges instead of useless pyramids and decaying temples.

WHAT A SNAKE DID.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

CHARLIE CURTIS and Jim Olin were two boys of the same age, lived in the same village, went to the same school, and had about the same fondness for toops, kites, marbles, and molasses candy. There was, however, a difference between them.

Have you ever taken a Sedlitz powder? Do you know the taste of that part which is in the white paper, and the very acid flavor of the blue paper's? and have you not watched the bubbling and foaming when the two are dis-



"CHARLIE HUNG HIS HEAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF."

solved in one glass? Well, you will understand, then, why I compare these two boys to a Sedlitz powder. They never came together without foaming into some sort of a squabble.

One had a slow, soda sort of temper; the other was very cream-of-tartarish; and though they got along well enough when apart, they never seemed to do well together. But somehow they were always coming across each other.

It was in a tree that they had their worst time one day, for Jim was determined to get a nest which Charlie had been watching with much interest, expecting to find the young birds hatched every day, and wanting to secure one robin, as soon as it should be old enough, to tame; for his neighbor, Miss Watkins, had one which fed from her hand, perched on her shoulder, and flew in and out of his cage as if he had never been wild, and he was sure that if he were as kind and patient as she had been, he should be able to secure a pet for his little sick cousin Emmie.

So when Charlie found Jim bent upon getting those eggs it not only was a disappointment, but it made him angry that a boy who knew better should do so mean a thing. Up the tree he mounted after Jim, and many were the hard and sharp words that passed, and in their excitement a branch gave way, down tumbled both boys, and the old gate of the pasture field, which had weathered the storms of thirty or forty years, saved them from breakage, but was badly damaged itself.

This pasture field belonged to the father of Jim, but Charlie had always gone through it whenever he liked, just as did the squirrels and woodchucks; but Jim was now so angry that he declared if he ever caught Charlie in that field again he would thrash him "within an inch of his life"—whatever so absurd an expression might mean.

Bruised, out of temper, and more than ever vexed with each other, they both went home. Charlie was just a little afraid of Jim, and that threat of being "thrashed within an inch of his life" sounded in his ears for several days, keeping him away from the pasture field, and, more to his regret, away from the robin's nest which he had been watching so long. But one bright morning all these recollections were quite forgotten as he bounded gayly along the road which led to the old mill. It was one of those days that make you happy without

your knowing the reason why. Charlie ran and skipped and jumped in the sunshine till his eyes shone and his cheeks were like two rosy apples. Just as he was about to take a leap rather longer than any he had done, he saw a long slippery black snake glide across the road, and at the same moment he heard a child cry. Quick as wink he seized a stone, smashed the snake on the head, and then turned his attention to the crying child.

"Why, Bessie Olin, what is the matter?" he asked, going to the little girl, who was sobbing piteously.

"That dreadful snake!" she said she could utter.

"Did it bite you?"

"No."

"But it frightened you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is dead now, so don't cry."

"No; it won't be dead till night."

"Oh, that's all humbug!" said Charlie.

"I won't go past it; I can't," cried the child, trembling with terror. "And see! I've run a thorn in my foot."

"Sit down and let me try if I can get it out," said Charlie, kindly; and he placed her upon a mossy stone, took up her little foot on his knee, and with his knife, which fortunately had one blade with a point left, drew out the thorn.

"Now, then, see if you can walk."

"Yes, I can," said Bessie, limping a little; "but I will not go past that snake. See! it quivers."

"They always do that; it's the electricity or something that's in them. But he's dead as a door-nail."

"Please come this way with me," pleaded Bessie.

Charlie turned to go, but suddenly remembered it would take them through the pasture field. Yes, and away in the distance there was Jim sitting on the stone wall by the old gate. Should he go on, or should he turn back? Bessie looked up to see why he paused. Charlie remembered the promised thrashing.

"Please come," urged Bessie.

"Can't you go alone now?" asked Charlie, but, without waiting for an answer, the thought came to him that it would be cowardly to leave his timid little companion, and without more ado he walked on.

Bessie soon was all smiles, and prattling away about everything she saw. As they neared the old gate she espied her brother somewhat sulkily chewing a straw. "Oh, brother Jim," she called out, "you ought to have seen the horrid snake Charlie just killed! and he took an awful thorn out of my foot. Wasn't he good?"

Charlie hung his head in spite of himself; he had not expected this defense, and his little champion went on to say so much that before he knew it they were over the gate and in the pasture field. Presently there was a loud halloo. To tell the truth, Charlie jumped; he expected that thrashing; but, instead, Jim called out,

"The robins are hatched; don't you want one?"

"Yes," replied Charlie, "I do."

"Well, come get it, then."

So Cousin Emmie got her bird, after all, and it was the tamest, prettiest little thing you ever saw, and brightened the sick-room wonderfully.

THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

WE mean to be stately;
And even though small,
We'll step quite sedately
To open the ball.

Just hark to the music!
It flies from the strings
As if every measure
Were fitted with wings.

There's a jolly old fiddle
That keeps out of view;
Its notes are such madcaps
They're laughing at you.

And quaint as a picture
Stepped forth from its frame
Is each haughty noble,
Each beautiful dame.

Queen Bess has a gown of
The rustlingest stuff,
And her eyes twinkle archly
In spite of her ruff;

And proud Lady Mary,
With plume and with fan,
Will flirt and coquet
Just as fast as she can.

There's a wee tot from Holland,
A beauty from Spain,
And a lady from Normandy,
All in the train.

Prince Rupert is here,
And the bonny Prince Hal;
And Roger, their Squire,
Has come to the ball;

While dainty Priscilla,
As prim as a pink,
Eyes bent on her slippers,
Scarce knows what to think.

And grave maiden Margie,
With bag on her arm,
Is blushing so brightly
It adds to her charm.

I wonder, to-morrow,
Will Daisy and Jack,
Our Chris and our Arthur,
Be wishing it back,

This evening of frolic,
When, ladies and lords,
They wore the rich plumes
And the bright jewelled swords?

Will the children be cross
When the dear little feet
Are tired of dancing,
Or will they be sweet?

I don't know, I'm sure—
I am all in a maze;
I feel quite bewildered
The longer I gaze.

But I think I may say
That the darlings will hear
The music in dreams
That is sounding so clear,

And cheeks in their slumber
The warmer will glow
For faint-falling echoes
Of fiddle and bow.





IN STRANGE QUARTERS.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

A MONTREAL lad has the honor of being our first correspondent this week:

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The citizens of Montreal recently held their third Winter Carnival, and I think perhaps you would like to know something about it. The Carnival opened on Monday the 26th of January. In the evening of that day the Ice Lion was unveiled. The lion is made up of a large number of small blocks of ice, which were modelled into the form of a huge lion, about twice life size. It was placed on a large ice pedestal in Place d'Armes Square.

Tuesday evening was the time allotted to the Tugue Bleue Toboggan Club to hold their annual opening. At 8 p.m. "Jumbo" and "The Baby," two huge toboggans that will seat ten or fifteen men, shot down the brightly illuminated chute, or hill, and at the same time the slide was lit up by burning different colored fire-works, which were lighted as the large toboggans flew past. The hill was brilliantly illuminated by four electric lights, many Chinese lanterns, and several large gas-lights at the head and foot of the slide. The Tugue Bleue is entirely an artificial slide. The chute, which is forty-five feet high and about one hundred feet long, is situated on the Montreuil Lacrosse Grounds. The entire length of the slide is about six hundred yards.

I have been describing tobogganing to you, but perhaps you do not know what a toboggan is. I will tell you. It is made of one or more pieces of hard wood about one-third of an inch in thickness, from two to ten feet long, and from fifteen to twenty-five inches broad. The front end is bent back and fastened by a cord, and across the toboggan, at intervals of about fifteen inches, are placed wooden slides, which are likewise fastened by cords. On each side are put small wooden bars, and the whole toboggan is covered by a cushion.

Each evening the Ice Palace was brilliantly illuminated by the electric light, but on Wednesday at 8 p.m. the crowd that had collected to witness that most beautiful of all the sights to be seen at the Carnival, the "assault" on the Ice Castle by all the snow-shoe clubs, were fully paid for coming out in the cold temperatures of fifteen degrees below zero. The projectiles used were Roman candles, rockets, etc., and the castle was garriaged by about one hundred and fifty volunteers and twenty-five women. After the assault the snow-shoers in costume, each one carrying a lighted torch, marched up the mountain, and the sight was one never to be forgotten.

WILLIAM M. B.

Now, having enjoyed Willie's graphic letter, we will peep at the Exposition through the rose-colored spectacles lent us for the purpose by a bright young friend in New Orleans:

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

As I live in New Orleans, I thought you would like to read about our Exposition. I have been up there four times. There is a place called Minnehaha Falls; it is real water, going over what looks like real rocks, and is called Minnehaha Falls. They have three Sioux Indians—Chief Big Gall, a squaw, and a papoose; a big circle with grass and bushes, which they call Dakota Park; and in it there are stuffed animals and skeletons of lions. In the Wyoming exhibit they had cranes for the death of Governor Hale, of that State. In Nebraska, everything is made of grass. The birds of these States they give you little bags of wheat. In Mississippi there is a case full of stuffed birds, but I tell the story of Cock Robin. He is in a little coffin, and Jesus King of Jordan. I passed on and a little handkerchief at her eyes. There was the Sparrow, and Parson Cook, and many more.

Louisiana's exhibit is very fine. They have a pillar of salt that looks like crystal, and they have made a man and woman out of cotton, and a cat and dog. I heard King of Jordan. I passed Harper's Department, and their papers and magazines looked very natural, for we have two of them always and sometimes the others. All the

spoils have departments, and such a noise! for they all have machinery at work.

The anguilla hairs are represented by two pieces dressed in satin and sitting at lunch. At nearly every place you get picture cards. In one place you look into a big mirror, and there you see a picture of the beer establishment and all its buildings.

In the Horticultural Hall there is a big fountain which throws the water very high, and keeps the place cool. As soon as you go in you smell apples. There are several Mexican plants and some beautiful parrots. Behind the hall there are the Main and Government Buildings, the Machinery and Stock Building, the Art Gallery, and a good many more.

I would like to see some of your subscribers, and when the boys and girls come to the Exposition, if they will come to 374 Princes Street, after school, my sisters and I will be very glad to see them.

FRANK L. RICHARDSON, JUN.

Frank's mother, in a cordial note, indorses this pleasant invitation. "After school" means after 3 p.m. and all day Saturday.

ARDELEY, near WAKEFIELD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I knew you wanted letters from some English children, so I thought I would write one. I have three brothers and one baby sister who is not six months old. I live very close by the railway, where about five hundred trains pass every day. We have taken Harper's Young People ever since it was first published in England; I like to read the letters, and mamma reads them to my brothers. We have our own little dog, and two birds, but our poor little dog Tiny got killed the other day, and I am very sorry, because it was such a great pet. I go to school, and I am in the highest class, which is called the Seventh Standard. I write any more, my letter will be too long, and I do want to see it in print. So I remain, with love to all the writers, your very obedient servant to the Postmistress.

ADA C. S.

STONEHOUSE, THAMET, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am an English girl, and I thought I would write a letter to you. I have just begun taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE myself, but an American friend used to send it to me, and I like it very much. I have two sisters. The youngest is a baby boy two years old; his name is Christopher. I have no pet except a pair of game bantams, and I am going to have three fan-tails. I like to watch the ships; there was one burning in front of our widows last October. If this letter is called the Seventh Standard, I will write about the burning ship. Would you please guess how old I am? Good-by.

RUTH S.

Is Ruth somewhere near her twelfth birthday? And will she remember her promise to write again, and finish this letter by telling how the ship came to be on fire, and all about it?

LEITH, SCOTLAND.

I have never seen any letters from this place, so I thought I would like to write to you. I have two brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself. We have a news-agent's shop, and sell ever so many papers. My sister and I are great readers, but we like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than anything else. We have no pets like the rest of the readers, but we see plenty of faces in the windows of the shops. I am now eight years, and we all know something about it. We have a fine harbor and docks, and the Duke of Edinburgh's Dock is the newest, and not quite finished yet. I think I must call on you to tell me about the Little Housekeepers, and I will try and organize a club.

CHRISTINA MCP.

All readers of the Post-Office Box, whether girls or boys, may now be asked to send their letters to the Housekeepers if they choose. They must promise to do something every day to make their homes happier, for the Little Housekeepers must be little subnans. They are to learn to cook nice dishes for people who are ill and for those who are well, to learn to sew, to put roses in dainty orders, and to do their part in *keeping the house as pleasant as possible*. When a club is organized, its members should hold a meeting at least once in two weeks, and the president and secretary will please send their names to the Postmistress.

LEMONS, BRIGGSBY FERRY, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—All the children send letters about their pets, and we have a very curious cat—that is, he has some very funny habits. I have a dog, and I tell you he is a very beautiful silky fur, and he is very funny. He is called Captain Wag, because he is always wagging his tail. I shall tell you how he was in April. When he was a wee, wee kitten he was always running away, but he would never think of running away now. However, he is a very good dog, not of the past. He will hardly take unboiled milk, and he is very fond of raisins. When he wants to come into a room, instead of mewing like a sensible cat, he scratches, and

when he wants to go out again he stands on his hind-legs and pats the key about till he succeeds in unlatching the door. He is a very clever cat, and one day he took it into his head to run, and he scampered and tore about like a mad creature. He cut a leg off a dog, and also jump. Besides this, he has a very good head, and he can find out, but they are not allowed to enter the house. This place is just three miles east of Dundee, and it is very pleasant in summer.

MABEL L.

GENEVA, NEW YORK.

If Gracie M. wishes to make a really pretty pen-wiper, or her try this one, which will look like a parasol when open. First cut a piece of cloth or felt eight pieces shaped like a triangle, three inches from point to top, and say two inches wide at the top. Then cut a piece of cloth straight, round it a little, notch this edge with small notches, and with silk of some contrasting color work a feathered stitch about half an inch below this notched edge. Then, from an old glove or bit of chamois leather cut pieces a little smaller than the cloth ones; put one inside each, and sew the edges together from point to top, so that each piece will look like a cornucopia. Then take a slender pencil, point the end, and cut a hole in the middle of each piece, and sew it to be the handle of your parasol. If it has an ivory top, all the better, but put the points of your cloth on the ivory. Then take a piece of your pencil, and where the pieces come together on the top drill a hole with a hot needle through your pencil and so securely fasten your pieces in the middle of each. Then take a piece of cloth, circle of cloth, notched and neatly fastened, to cover the ends of your divisions, and at the handle end take a piece of cloth, and either a tassel or a tassel and tassel made from sewing-silk. When Gracie begins to cut out her pieces she will soon know how to do it.

DAISY C.

Write again, Daisy, and tell us how to make other pretty articles.

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.

I will tell you about our "branch" of the Little Housekeepers Club. Our first meeting was held November 20, 1884. There are four girls, Lydia, Tillie, Nellie, and myself. I am to be the president for three months. We go to the same school, and we are in the same grade, though we are separated from it by a beautiful bay of the same name.

Our first pitcher-plant in your magazine last summer reminded me of something that really happened a year ago to my brother and his friends. They went to hunt for trout in the south of the lake, and on their way they took the wrong track, and passed the shanty where they had intended to spend the night. They had provisions with them, but they were so tired that they did not yet they did feel very thirsty. They wandered about many hours before they found any good water. They were so thirsty that they drank their friend's friend happened to see something glistening on the ground. He stooped down and picked it up, and it proved to be a pitcher-plant filled with ice. On looking around they found the ground was covered with these plants, and each little pitcher was a complete ice-house in itself. Their very soon had a fire, and emptied dozens of these pitchers of ice into a cup, which they carried in their pack, and then made a cup of tea, which they said was the best thing they ever tasted. Good luck followed them, for after they heard a train of cars, miles away, and by listening intently for the whistle they knew what they had to do, and they got to the depot in time. We had been anxious, because they were gone so long. Your friend,

GEORGE E. G.

This is a charming letter. The incident is worth preservation in the Post-office Box. I wish you had said a little more about your club.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and go to Newark Public School, and I am in the highest school in the city; there are seventeen teachers, and nearly one thousand scholars. I am in the Third Grade Grammar, and in two years after that I hope to be ready for the High School. I am now studying arithmetic, geography, spelling, language, writing, drawing, and physiology, and I like them all very much. In the afternoon those who have been good through the week may read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which our teacher says is a very good book, and I am quite sure every one in our class likes to read it. I do. If you ever come to Newark, I wish you would visit our school.

EDNA S. S.

Thanks for your kind invitation, Edna.

GRAND MOUND, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I began; I enjoy reading it very much. I live twenty miles south of Olympia, the capital of the Territory. I have a very good horse, and am quite sure every one in our class likes to read it. I do. If you ever come to Newark, I wish you would visit our school.

two; we have about twelve hundred to ship before long. Papa is Assessor this year, and I have to work the farm myself. Good-by!

You are a man of business. Is your name Sydney, or Samuel, or Sylvester, or Stewart? I would like to know, for I want to put you down in my note-book.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am eight years old. I wrote once before, but the letter was not printed, so I thought I would write again. I wish Jimmy Brown would write for my paper. I like this paper better than any other. I have neither brothers nor sisters. I have a pug-dog who sits on a music-box of mine and tries to sing, and he succeeds a little. His name is Rosie. I have a book case full of books. The best of them are the "Elsie" and the "Mildred" books, all of Miss Abbott's, and St. Nicholas. I like the "Elsie" books best.

MABEL F. O.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I am really "Roll House," and am so glad to hear something more about Nan. I was seven years old the day after Christmas. I had a little party, and ever so many pretty presents. Mamma gave me a lovely doll with long golden hair. I am dressed in pink, and looks like my little cousin Elizabeth, in (Vineimant). I have one sister named Elsie. We go to dancing school on Saturdays.

NETTIE B.

ROME, ITALY.

I am an American girl, and have been in Europe almost two years. This is the first letter that I have written to the Post-office Box. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only a few times. We have seen HARPER'S BAZAR, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S MONTHLY for some time. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; papa sends me to me every week, and I am always glad to get it. All the family are over here except papa; he came with us as far as Paris, but when we reached Rome was obliged to go back on account of business, and we have been away from him so long that we are anxious to go home and see him. We are going home in the spring. I have three sisters, all older than myself and my brothers. I am thirteen years old, and I study the violin. Last winter we spent in Florence, and I went to boarding school, where I studied French and French. I like Florence very much. My home is in Rome this winter, and when spring comes we will go to Nice, and then to Paris. I shall stay in Brooklyn. This summer we travelled in Germany and in northern Italy, and we stopped in Paris several months; we had a very nice trip. I am studying, and will be glad to study and school again after so long a holiday. I take my Italian lesson this afternoon with a new teacher, and so that she is a very nice girl. I hope that I have written a long enough letter for the first one, so I will close.

BESSIE E.

It is a pleasure to have Bessie among the Post-office Box friends.

NEWTON, IOWA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have a little sister Daisy, and a little brother "Toby Tyler." Daisy and I go to school every day. I study reading, writing, and arithmetic. Mamma teaches me French at home. Daisy and I each have pet cats; hers is named Muffie, and mine Napple. Don't you think they are funny names? I have a dog, but he has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and we all think it is a very nice book for little folks. I have a very nice, cozy pillow for my doll's sofa. I have eight dolls. We live by the water, and have good skating, and we slide down-hill on our sleds. In the summer we go rowing on the bay. I am sure you read the little letters from England. I wrote this letter all by myself.

FLORENCE J.

It is a very good letter. Muffie and Napple have original names. I hope the kittens behave as good kittens should.

RIDEA, MARYLAND.

My little sisters and I have been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and though we take special interest in the letters, we do not remember to have seen one from our immediate neighborhood. I live the year round in a cozy little hill about nine miles from Baltimore, and we think we should feel smothered in town. I am ten, and my sisters are eight and five and a half years of age. Somebody, we do not know who, sent us a beautiful parrot at Christmas. It says "Pretty Polly" in a low, sweet voice, and whistles most beautifully. The bird came from the East, says sent says he is from the East Indies, and his age is unknown. A parrot in the Zoological Gardens, London, is said to be the same. I have a pet white, with a jet-black tail. The other day he came in with blood on his mouth, and we found that he had climbed up into the top of the house and eaten a beautiful white pigeon, all except its wings. The country in our neighborhood is beautiful, with hills and valleys. We have a lake Roland, which is an artificial lake for supplying Baltimore with water, and nearly five hundred

acres in extent, makes a pretty picture in summer in the midst of its green surroundings. It is now all frozen over, and we think of it as the beautiful story, "The Ice Queen," as we look at it.

A. D. P.

It is very hard to forgive a cat when he devours a bird, yet the cat only follows his natural instinct when he becomes a hunter and eats the game he kills.

NEW YORK CITY.

A gentleman made me a Christmas present of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and a sight of it was much indeed. Every evening papa reads of mine to me out of it when he has time. My mamma has been away, and so I had to sit at the head of the table and pour out salt tea and coffee. She is coming home to-day, and I am a little sister two years old, and she is just as sweet as can be. I like the letters very much, and the ones about Timothy Tiggs and Timothy Tiggs and the cat that liked to be held up by tail made us both laugh very hard. Hoping I may be one of your little friends,

MABEL CHRISTINE P.

PORTLAND, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years of age, and as a friend of mine and myself were composing puzzles for our own amusement, and we thought we would send them to you, thinking they might be worthy of a place in your Post-office Box. I have written to you twice before, but have failed to see my letter in print, but I am not sorry for it. For I know you receive a great many letters, and for some of the young folks have to be disappointed in having their letters published. I liked "Let Behind," "Our Little Queen," and "The Ice Queen" very much, and I think that "Roll House" is just wonderful. I am a very nice girl, and I am in the Intermediate Department. My teacher is Miss K., and we are all very fond of her.

MABEL C. D.

Here, dear, is your letter, for your patience and sweetness deserve to be rewarded at last, and your enigma, for which I thank you, is in the column of Puzzles from Young Contributors.

CARLETON, CANADA.

I attend a French convent this winter. I don't like it very much, but papa wants me to learn French. The girls laugh at me when I try to speak it. I am very glad that "Roll House" is appearing in the Home. I like the stories ever so much, but I like "Nan" best of all this far, and I hope "Roll House" will be as nice. I told you in my last letter that I lived in barracks on the Ottawa River. The house has a black hole in it; it is very dark inside, and full of old rubbish. The current away at the top of the house, about the fire room, is splendid for fishing hils and seek, because there are a great many funny little holes in the walls.

DAISY B.

The girls at your school are rather impolite to laugh at you. You must make haste and get a good accent. In the mean time, never mind them.

GRIFIN, GEORGIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. My sisters have just subscribed for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I attend school at the Sam Bally Male Institute. I have no live pets, but have a tool-box, a train, a car, a rifle, and a drum. I have a brother and two sisters. My sisters have a beautiful canary-bird.

JOE D. B.

SANDWICH, WISCONSIN.

I have two sisters and four brothers. I have a little brother nearly three years old, and his name is Hottel. He has a dear and lively mother, and she is from New York, who very kindly sends us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We all enjoy it very much. I think the stories are nice. I am not old enough to read very well, so my mamma reads to me. There is a large stove factory right in sight of our house. I like to see the clouds of steam coming from the pipes. Every day there are a great many of stove bolts going by. We have a beautiful spring of water on our farm. I wonder if some of the children in New York City were ever to see it. I suppose the Indians used to camp around here, because we find so many arrow-heads.

ARTHUR G.

It is not silly to write about cats and other pets, but I am always very much pleased when a girl tells me about the work which is carried on near his home. Arthur has written a very bright little letter.

BLOOMFIELD, MISSOURI.

I am a girl twelve years old, and have no pets except a little cat, which belongs to my sister and me; but I take care of it, and she does not like it much. My only sister who is eleven years old, is quite a musician, but I am very fond of books and my studies. We have a very nice lady who is going to stay with us for a while. I like white papa and mamma are gone to New Orleans. I do hope the Postmistress will publish this, for

if it is not printed I shall feel discouraged. I should like to belong to the Little Housekeepers, but I can't cook much; still when I am not in school, I help mamma with the house-work. May I join? I don't know of any receipt to send except ice-cream, and I have tried and found delicious; I will put it in at the end of the letter. We have been having some real cold weather here; the thermometer was five degrees below zero last night. I am going to surprise my teacher and brother Charlie with this letter, and papa, I can. Here is the receipt:

ICE-CREAM.—A cup of cream, half a cupful of cream, sugar, flavoring to taste, and the white of an egg. Boil it, and then freeze it. GENOVA C.

It would be good without boiling.

LITTLE ROCK, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy ten years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 13th of January, and like it very much. I have four pets, two cantam hens and two cantam roosters. I also have a large goat named Billy.

T. H. C.

Austin H. P., Hartford, Connecticut: Your inquiry was referred to Mr. W. C. Prime, author of "Another Chat About Coins," and has kindly made the following note up to it:

"The Connecticut coppers were struck under a grant from the State in 1785, to certain persons of power to establish a mint, etc. The coppers were issued in 1785, 1786, and 1787, and bear several of those dates. The mints made a great many dies to strike these coppers, and these dies vary more or less. There are some of each year with head facing to right and some with head facing to left."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No.

FISHES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A luminary and a member of the animal kingdom. 2. An abbreviation of street, a verb, and a preposition. 3. A streak of light. 4. A color and a plant. 5. A weapon, a vehicle and a consonant. 7. A consonant and a card. 8. A fisherman. 9. A large body of water and a quadruped. 10. A consonant, the French for thee, and something very nice to eat. 11. A color and a temptation. 12. A consonant and an exclamation.

FRED P.

No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first in apple, but not in fruit. My second in trigger, but not in shoot. My third is in music, but not in a note. My fourth is in early and also in late. My fifth is in waltz and also in dance. My sixth is in Europe, but not in France. My seventh is in rope, but not in twine. My eighth is in Lulu's, but not in mine. My ninth is in shoe, but not in boot. My whole is my papa's favorite fruit.

2.—My first in delicate and dainty. My second in wine and also in whiskey. My third in mimic and dramatic. My fourth in Puffy, Fuss, and Patrick. My fifth in laughter and in loving. My sixth in weariness and weeping. My whole goes dancing in and out, And never yet was in a pout.

No. 3.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A sailor. 3. An early discoverer of America. 4. The smallest kind of deer. 5. A consonant.

2.—1. A vowel. 2. The close of day. 3. A kind of soap. 4. An age. 5. A consonant. MONA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 276

No. 1.—Water. Haydn. Babe.

No. 2.—

J
T
A
M
E
S
T
E
A

No. 3.—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Good. Her. Recr. Bee. Hestia. Hub. You.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary May, Titania, Howard W. Taylor, Freddie G. Hall, George C. Gussie, Louise H., William Holzman, Temple Perry, Ethel S., Cockade City, Sadie Emma Lee, Gertie Ely, Frank A. Missenden, F. M. E. M., Lizzie K. M. B. D., Estella I., Archibald M., Donald Campbell, Maggie Larkins, George Banvard, Ellen Emmens, Thomas Kissan, Louise McLeod, Johnnie Blauve, Teresa Van Santvoord, A. C. B., and Charlie Davis.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH THE FASHION.

GEE UP, NEDDY!

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A TOY which will serve to amuse young children, and which we have named "Gee up, Neddy!" or, "The Donkey Race," can easily be made in the following manner:

Trace or copy on a large scale the accompanying figure on thick writing-paper or card-board, and following the white cir-



cular line with a sharp knife or pair of scissors, cut out that part of the donkey on which the boy sits. You will then have three parts—the head and fore-legs, the middle with the boy on it, and the hind-quarters. These can be arranged in a variety of attitudes, to resemble kicking, rearing, buck-jumping, etc. If several of the figures be cut out, they can be ar-



anged in procession to resemble a race, as shown in the picture. The figures may, of course, be colored to suit the taste of the manufacturer.

By coloring both sides of the donkey it may be so turned round as to make the boy sit with his face to its tail, as boys sometimes do in donkey races at fairs and rustic festivals.

WHO WAS HE?

HE was born December 9, 1608, in Bread Street, London. His father, who was a scrivener, and had considerable property, was a well-educated man, and gave a good deal of his time and attention to music.

He had one sister older and one brother younger than himself. His sister's name was Anne, his brother's Christopher. He was devoted to his books, and even before he was twelve years old he often sat up until after twelve o'clock to study. When he was twelve years old he was sent to St. Paul's School, where he remained until he was seventeen. When he left St. Paul's he entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he remained until 1632. He devoted all his time to his studies, and was considered one of the best scholars of his time. He became proficient in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and understood some Hebrew. When he was fifteen he wrote several poems, which are the earliest of his writings that have come down to the present day. While he was at Cambridge he composed a number of poems. His father had intended him for the Church, but he decided to devote himself to literature. His father was at first much disappointed at the change, but later gave his consent.

For nearly six years after leaving college he lived with his father, who had retired to a country house near Horton. In 1638 he made a visit to the Continent, and spent a year in France and Italy. He had intended to visit Sicily and Greece, but the news of the civil war brought him home. After his return he acted as tutor to his two nephews, the sons of his sister Anne, and had several other pupils besides.

In 1643, when he was thirty-five, he married Mistress Mary Powell. His domestic life was very unhappy. His wife soon left him, but returned after two years, and died in 1654, leaving three daughters. He had been a strong supporter of the Commonwealth, holding an important position under Oliver Cromwell, so on the restoration of Charles II. he was obliged to go into hiding, and remain there until the Indemnity Act was passed in August, 1660. For several years his eyesight had been gradually failing, and now he was totally blind and quite poor, and his daughters, with whom he had not been happy, left him.

He soon afterward married a third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, who took excellent care of him. In 1667 was published his principal poem, which some critics call the greatest monument of human genius. During the next few years he wrote a number of other books. He died November 8, 1674, of gout. He was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London.



A QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"I wonder if Polly cut her Teeth before she could speak?"

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 280.

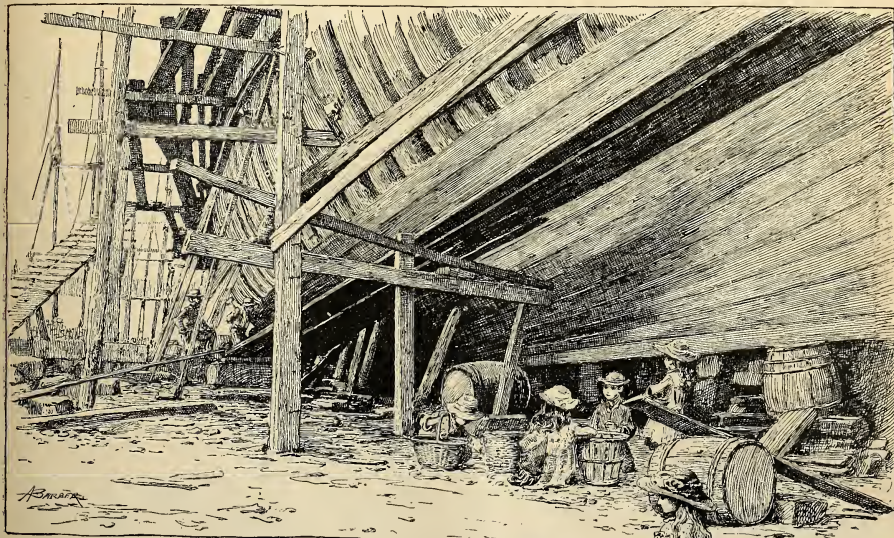
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE "DAUNTLESS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part K.

UNCLE RICK'S new ship! There were few things more important in the universe to the young Maxwells—from May, who was sixteen, and thought herself a young lady, down to Poppet and Little Billee, the twins, who were of no account to speak of, being only five or six, or something of that kind. They all talked of it by day and dreamed of it by night. And even Ned, who was in college, wrote letters home inquiring about it.

From the time when the keel was laid—farther back than that, from the time when the timber was cut—the little Maxwells had watched with eagerness and delight the building of Uncle Rick's ship. Even the timber had been cut in their own woods; the very trees that they had played under were sacrificed.

Their beautiful rock-maples went to make the keel; the

great oak that had tossed acorns into their laps every fall made the ribs, stout and strong; their pines, which made such mysterious murmurings and whisperings—they, with all their secrets torn from them, and cut and sawed and planed, made the decks. The very tallest pines were used for the masts; even old Daddy-long-legs, who had stood at the cross-roads, like a sign-post, for so many years that everybody was as well acquainted with him as with the church steeple—even he had to go for the mainmast of Uncle Rick's ship. But he could still stand upright, and

needn't bow his head to anybody, which might be a comfort to him, the children thought.

The ship-yard was always the most delightful and fascinating of places. It was on the bank of a wide, blue river, where vessels were always going up and down, and rafts of logs, with jolly lumbermen singing songs, and, in summer, merry little excursion boats with crowds and music, and, three times a week, a stately steamer from Boston.

But the "teeters" were, after all, the best fun. There were innumerable piles of boards, and their heights varied so that the size or courage of all could be suited. It was but a moment's work to place a long board across the top of a pile, and then, with a plump little body at each end, what a delightful seesaw it would make!

If the ship-yard was fascinating at any time, it was tenfold more so when Uncle Rick's ship was on the stocks. Every nail that was driven in her was an event. To see her growing day by day, tall and grand and shapely, the largest vessel that was ever built in Browton, and by far the handsomest, was an unending wonder and delight. But it was very hard that in those last June days, when she was being finished, school *would* keep; the little Maxwells thought it ought to close at least a week earlier than usual to allow them to attend personally to the finishing touches, such as the painting and gilding around the prow, the flags, and the name: they were in *such* a state of uncertainty about the name! Uncle Rick had said that Grandma should name the ship, but they were all anxious to help her think of a name. Poor Grandma! if she didn't go raving distracted before that vessel was named, papa said, it would be a wonder. The children came home from school every day shouting names loud enough to deafen one; Polly woke in the dead of the night and thought of a name, and ran and screamed it through Grandma's keyhole, and frightened her so that she almost fainted, and Bob offered to give his five-dollar gold piece to the heathen, and be good for a month; if she'd let him name it.

When May came home from class-day she thought the ship ought to be named the *Handkerchief*, because she had met a young man who had a yacht of that name. All the boys thought that was a silly name.

Polly wanted it to be the *Golden Fleece* or the *Argonaut*. Ned wrote that he thought it ought to have a family name; it might be called *Kenneth Maxwell*, after their grandfather. Dick wanted it named *Norombega*; that was an Indian name, and belonged to the State of Maine. "Then she would show, wherever she went, that she was proud of being a 'down-Easter,'" Dick was noted for his patriotism. Bob said if Dick wanted an Indian name, the *Tonahawk* was better, but he thought it ought to be called the *Captain Kidd*, or the *Red Hand*, or something stirring like those.

Even Poppet and Little Billee had their own opinions with regard to names. Poppet thought it would be appropriate to call it *Lilybell*, after her wax doll that melted and ran to nothing, all but its eyes; and Little Billee was in favor of *Silver Heels*, which was the name of a vessel in his fairy-book that could sail through moonshine just as if it were water.

After listening to all these names, and at least fifty others, Grandma calmly announced that the ship was to be called the *Daumtless*. It seemed that Grandma's father, when he was a poor young man, had owned a little coasting vessel of that name, which had earned for him the small beginnings of a fortune. So Uncle Rick's fine ship was to be named for the little coasting schooner; and, after talking it over, they all felt very well satisfied, for it was a name that *meant something*, and that, after all, was the main thing.

The launching was to take place on the first day of July. Uncle Rick had made that announcement at last,

after being questioned and cross-questioned and coaxed and teased until he would certainly have lost his patience if it had not been quite inexhaustible. The 1st of July! that would just suit everybody. School would be over; Ned would be at home; the *Farmers' Almanac*, which Grandma was sure wouldn't make a mistake, said, "Expect—pleasant weather—about—this time," all the way down the July page from the beginning; and Uncle Rick was going to have the band to play; everybody in the town would turn out, to say nothing of crowds of people from up the river and down the river, and across the river, and away back from the river. It would "beat the Fourth of July all hollow," Bob said.

Two days before the great event May received a note from Ned.

"Ned is going to bring home two of his friends, Miss Edith Amory and her brother, to the launching!" exclaimed May, as she read the note. "He spoke last week of inviting them here, but I didn't think of his doing it so soon. He thinks the launching will be quite novel to them; and Walter Amory is his great friend, and his sister is very nice; they invited me to their house to dinner. Oh, such a beautiful house in Boston!"

"Swells, I suppose—real howling swells; that's Ned's kind," remarked Dick, with scorn.

"They are *very* nice people," said May, with great dignity. "And, mamma, there are so many of the children, and they're always doing or saying something dreadful, and Ned thinks they had better be kept out of the way on the day of the launching."

"Well, if he hasn't got cheek!" began Dick.

"They talk slang like that, mamma!" exclaimed May, interrupting him. "It is really dreadful. And Ned says that in well-appointed households the children are never seen. They are always kept in the nursery."

"I don't think we could manage that very well with only one nurse, who has her hands full with the baby; and as for the launching, the children have been looking forward to it so long. But we must do the best we can to make things pleasant for Ned and his friends," said Mamma, who held the reins of the household in a pair of weary and rather feeble little hands.

Dick walked off, looking savage, with feelings too deep for utterance.

"But I don't think Mr. Ned will try to come that on *me*!" he said to himself. Dick was twelve, and didn't mean to allow himself to be imposed upon. He hurried down to the ship-yard, where Bob was sure to be found. He was standing there with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, gazing at the ship. She was worth gazing at, with the sunshine lighting up her bright new paint and gilding. She was being raised on to the "ways" now, and looked impatient to be gone. What a glorious plunge that would be off the high steep ways into the water! thought Bob.

"I say, Bob, you ain't going to be at the launching," said Dick's voice behind him. "Ned is going to bring some friends home with him—a swell girl, one of 'em is—and he's going to have the children kept out of the way. It is pretty hard lines; but you know, old feller, you do talk an awful lot of slang, and your hands are never very clean, and a feller ought to have his neck-tie straight sometimes, and the worst thing is what nobody would expect of a boy of your size, you do suck your thumb."

"Ned thinks he can boss the whole world, but he'll find he can't boss Uncle Rick's ship!" exclaimed Bob. "Who wants him here, with his old girl, anyway? Meanest kind of a mustache he's got. Uncle Rick don't believe it'll ever be any bigger; and now he's got a girl, has he? I knew that was just as much sense as he'd got. I shall just see what Uncle Rick says about a lot of strange people crowding out the ones that the ship belongs to. If it were only the youngsters, now—Little Billee is continually tum-

bling down and roaring—he roars at nothing—and Poppet is always sticky; but *me*!”

“Perhaps you’ll be allowed to stay round in the crowd and see her go, but you won’t go in her, and I shouldn’t wonder if you should be sent with the youngsters out to Aunt Priscilla’s to spend the day,” said Dick, who might not have been quite so provoking if he had not been inwardly disturbed by doubts as to what was to become of him on the day of the launching.

To Aunt Priscilla’s, to spend the day with Poppet and Little Billee! Never would he submit to such ignominy as that. It was unjust, it was cruel. He would see what Uncle Rick would say to it. Uncle Rick was very busy superintending the raising of the vessel when Bob rushed up to him.

“Ain’t I going to be on board her when she is launched, Uncle Rick? Can Ned bring home a lot of friends and a *girl*, and say we’re children, and make us stay away?”

Uncle Rick knit his brows. He was thinking how many more people than could be accommodated on board the ship ought to be invited.

“I hope there’ll be room enough: of course we must make room enough for Ned and his friends,” he said, absently. “Run away now, Bob; I’m busy.”

Bob turned away, with a feeling of blank dismay. Uncle Rick didn’t seem to think it was of much consequence whether he went or not. When Uncle Rick failed him, what was a boy going to do? He ran home as fast as he could go, and up into Grandma’s room, where she was sewing buttons on to a small jacket.

Poppet and Little Billee were up in Grandma’s room playing menagerie, with the lame chicken for a giraffe, the spotted kitten for a leopard, and the feather duster for an ostrich. When they were in everybody’s way, and the baby was asleep in the nursery, they were always sent to Grandma’s room, and she would let them do anything.

“Grandma, sha’n’t Ned be put a stop to, bringing girls and things here, and saying I ought not to go to the launching?” cried Bob.

“Why, Bobby, surely you want your brother to come home and bring his friends?” said Grandma, reproachfully.

“He needn’t say I’m children, and ought to be kept out of the way!” grumbled Bob.

“Oh, I don’t think Ned would say you ought to be kept out of the way. Certainly not if you behaved—”

Bob didn’t want to hear his misdeeds rehearsed again, and he very impolitely interrupted Grandma. “He thinks I ought to be sent to Aunt Priscilla’s to spend the day with Poppet and Little Billee,” he said.

Poppet and Little Billee were listening, and this caused them to neglect their menagerie. The giraffe gave the leopard a vicious peck upon the nose; this aroused the leopard’s breast to wrath, and he seized the giraffe by the neck. A tragedy might have resulted if Grandma had not sent Bob to the rescue. Amid the squawks of the giraffe, the growls of the leopard, the roars of Little Billee, and the loud objections of Poppet, Bob withdrew the leopard from the scene of action, and restored him, by Grandma’s direction, to his mother, Tabitha.

Bob went and lay down flat on his face in the orchard grass, and made up his mind what he should do. Meanwhile the hearts of Poppet and Little Billee were deeply stirred by what they had heard Bob say.

“Us not go to the launching! Us go to Aunt Priscilla’s to spend the day! Us *won’t* go!” exclaimed Poppet, as soon as she and Little Billee, sent to restore the giraffe to the bosom of his mother, were alone.

Little Billee began to roar—his usual manner of expressing himself.

“Don’t be silly. We must *do* something,” said Poppet, with a little stamp of her foot. Poppet ruled and guided her twin brother, who was considerably larger than she, by force of moral superiority, in a manner to delight all ad-

vocates of woman’s rights. But Poppet was considered a remarkably bright child—Grandma was really afraid she would not live to grow up—while Little Billee was remarkable for nothing except growing like Jack’s bean-stalk.

“I don’t w-l-want to see the old calf at Aunt Priscilla’s; I want to be l-l-launched in Uncle Rick’s ship,” roared Little Billee.

“If you make that great noise,” said Poppet, “we shall get carried to Aunt Priscilla’s anyway. Sit down on that door-step with me and let me think.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIR ANTONY VANDYCK.

MANY, many years ago a number of young men, assembled in the studio of the famous artist Rubens, suddenly found themselves overwhelmed with horror. The morning’s work was finished, and, according to his habit, the master had ridden forth into the country freshness for his daily amount of exercise. Before starting he had locked the studio, giving the key, as usual, into old Valcken’s keeping. But in their master’s absence the young artists liked to study into the secrets of his method. Making short work of wheedling the key from the old serving-woman’s untrustworthy pocket, they were wont to enter the forbidden sanctum whenever they chose.

On this particular day, however, there seemed every prospect of their paying pretty dearly for their stolen pleasure, for in some rough play with one another young Meister Diepenbeck was pushed against a freshly painted picture, and oh, horror! his sleeve as neatly wiped out the chin and throat of the principal figure as though the painter had never intended anything else.

No wonder a terrible silence fell upon the little group. But at last up spoke a brave youth. “Comrades,” said Jan Van Hoeck, “there are still three hours of daylight. We must do our best to repair the mischief, and, if possible, avoid discovery. Anton Vandyck, thou art the fittest among us for the matter.”

There was no time to waste in foolish objections. With a beating heart the youth sat down to his work, and before the daylight had altogether vanished had finished his task.

When their master seated himself before his easel on the following morning, you may think what a quaking there was among the students. With the utmost care and deliberation he examined the canvas before him. At length he looked up, smiling. “This throat and chin is by no means the worst piece of painting that I did yesterday,” he said.

The class heaved a big sigh of relief, then confessed their misdeeds; but Master Rubens was so pleased with the evidence of such skill among them that he speedily forgave the deceit, and the whole affair ended in the happiest manner.

Antony Vandyck was born in Antwerp, March 22, 1599. His father was a manufacturer of silks and wools, a Flemish burgher of considerable wealth and position, and, indeed, since his family numbered twelve sons and daughters, he had need of both. The mother’s name was Maria Cuypers. She was a gentlewoman, famed in those days for her wonderful skill in needle-work, making more clever pictures by patient stitching than many an artist with his brush. She is said to have been very fond of her little artist son, and from infancy to have directed his studies; but when he was eight years old she died, and after that he worked under sterner teachers.

From the first it had been decided that his life should be devoted to art, and he made such good progress that by the time he was fifteen he was admitted to the studio of the most famous artist in Belgium. Moreover, as the story you have just heard will show, before long he had become the first and favorite pupil of that great painter.



A DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.—AFTER A PORTRAIT BY VANDYCK.

They tell another story about him when he was twenty-one, and had gone out into the world to seek his fortune. Passing through Haarlem one day, he called upon an eccentric brother artist, Franz Hals. Hals was out. Vandyck, always fond of fun, announced himself as a wealthy gentleman wishing to sit for his portrait, but having only two hours to spare. In wild haste Hals was summoned from the tavern. He began his work, and the two hours had not quite expired when he showed the picture to this noble art patron, finished.

Vandyck praised it highly, and professed great astonishment at the rapidity with which it had been done. "But," said he, "doubtless painting is an easier thing than I thought. Let us change places, and see what I can do."

Hals soon saw that this man was no stranger to the brush. In vain he tried to guess the name of his visitor; but when the second portrait was finished in less time than the first, and yet was every whit as good, he sprang to his feet in amazement. "The man who can do that must be either Vandyck or the Evil One," he cried.

Vandyck travelled much in his short lifetime. He visited England, Holland, and France, and spent three years in Italy, studying Italian art while pursuing his work. Passing from one city to another, he won both honor and riches in no stinted measure. To this day you may see many a portrait from his cunning hand hanging upon the walls of many a faded old palace in Genoa, Florence, and Rome.

Unhappily, however, Vandyck possessed the true artist's temperament. If he gained much gold in Italy, he spent much also, and went home at last almost as poor in pocket as when he went away.

At length, Rubens going into foreign lands, the field was left open to less fashionable artists. The art patrons flocked to Vandyck's feet, and orders were fairly showered upon him. For five years he worked in Antwerp. At the end of that time, becoming disgusted with the jealous-

ies of some brother artists, he turned his back upon them, and went to England, where he was soon in high favor with both King and Queen, besides many other great folk of the land. The English found "his conversation brilliant, his manners delightful, and his person handsome." No wonder his studio became the resort of fashionable crowds. His brush was kept constantly busy, and the King knighted him.

Still, in spite of this, his prosperity was short-lived. His old fondness for luxury and splendor ruined him at last. Determined to live in the style of the wealthiest Englishmen whom he entertained, he spent more money than he could earn. To make up for his losses he was obliged to work so incessantly that his health broke down. What was worse yet, cruel times suddenly shut down upon Merry England. In all the troubles of his country unhappy King Charles the First had no time to remember his favorite painter, and there was no money to pay for the pictures that had been so freely ordered by both the King and Queen; so, disappointment meeting the poor artist on every hand, all his energy for battling with the world forsook him. He became very ill, and though the King sent his own physicians to attend him, he never rallied, but died on the 9th of December, 1641, and was buried in old St. Paul's Church in London.

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE BOY" HAS AN OPINION.



UNCH was no sooner over than Bob followed Nan and Betty into the school-room, and, as soon as the door was closed, said, angrily:

"Now let me know what you've done with my dog, Nan Rolf. You needn't think I am going to let you off easy either."

Nan looked at him very quietly. "He wasn't your dog," she answered. "I found out who he really belonged to, and gave him

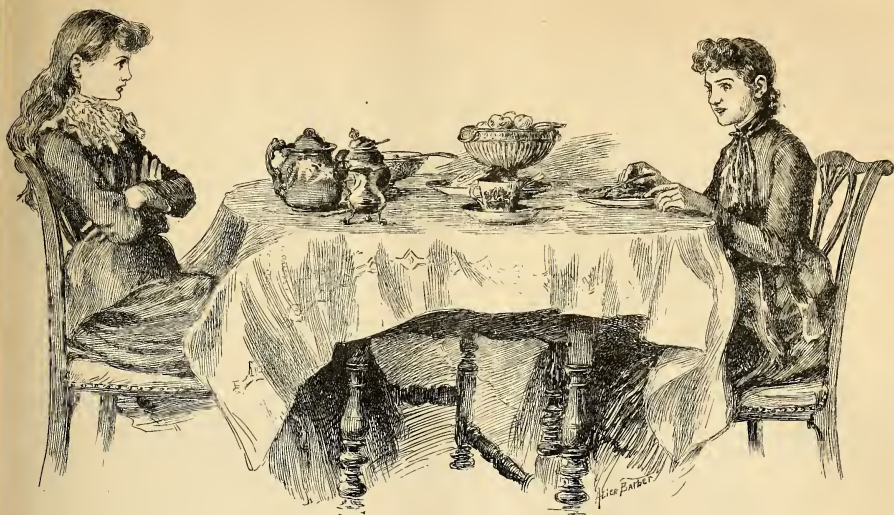
back. His name is Beppo," she continued, calmly, "and he belonged to three little girls in Gramercy Park. He was stolen from them, and I *think* I know who was the thief."

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, between his set teeth, "that you think I stole it? Since you've found out so much, you meddlesome Matty, let me tell you it was Jim who gave him to me. There!" he added, with a triumphant laugh, "I told Jim Powers I'd be even with him for taking my rope away from me. How did you find all this out? You're a pretty sort of sneak. If you were a boy in our school you'd get paid off well. As it is, I'll get even with you some day—see if I don't."

And Bob, too angry to wait for a reply, dashed out of the room, banging the door after him, and followed by Betty, who was curious to know whether he intended to tell Jim of Nan's discovery.

Bob's rage had to find its vent somewhere, and Betty was right in conjecturing that he would go at once to the

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"DID YOU EVER COME ACROSS SUCH A PAIR OF LITTLE DEMONS?"

stable, and give Jim the benefit of his state of mind. Betty dared not follow him too closely in his present humor. When he went into the stable, she lingered around outside hearing the loud voices of both boys in angry dispute, but unable to catch the meaning of what they said. Nan's name uttered angrily, and followed by some threat, from Jim, she did distinguish, and flew back to the school-room to let her cousin know of it.

Nan was sitting by the table, tired and dejected after her experiences of the morning. Bob's coarse language had made her shiver with disgust, but she was not afraid of him, and it did not occur to her that she need have anything to fear from Jim. Even when Betty, with great unctious and some embellishment, related what she had heard, Nan felt too wearied to care, and begged only that Betty would say no more on the subject. To quiet her, she gave her cousin a full account of what she had done that morning: of the benevolent society, the curious meeting with Mrs. Floyd, and the journey with Beppo to his old home. But to her great astonishment Betty answered, quite calmly:

"Oh, Nan, I don't believe it! You've just made that up. Now do tell me *really* what you did do with the little dog."

"Betty," cried poor Nan, thoroughly out of patience, "I want to tell you, once and for all, I don't tell stories. I don't know what you and Bob can be thinking of, as you seem to imagine nobody tells the truth."

"Well, people don't—much," said Betty, sullenly. "Then it is true? Well, if I were in your place, I'd try to make Jim forgive me."

"Forgive me!" cried Nan, proudly. "Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind. It is he who ought to be thankful that I make no complaint about him. I am sure he can't hurt me. There isn't anything he could do, and," she continued, wistfully, "I shall be going home very soon."

But the "very soon" seemed to Nan, in the days that followed, a long way off. Mrs. Farquhar was now evidently bent upon her little guest's remaining as long as she could keep her, and the very day after Nan's adventure with Beppo she was summoned to Cousin Mary's

room for a long talk, which ended in Nan's subscribing liberally to various charities in which Mrs. Farquhar was interested.

It troubled and perplexed her sorely; for although Aunt Letty had left things of the kind largely to her niece's discretion, Nan felt certain that this was neither the method nor the spirit of doing good which she desired her to have.

A certain date came, however, when Nan had to send in her account to Miss Rolf, and to draw the money for the disbursements she had made, and which Mrs. Farquhar had advanced. Nan wrote a letter to her aunt, giving her, as usual, a general idea of her own doings, and then explaining that the list of charities to which she had subscribed were, Mrs. Farquhar thought, very good ones. But when they were written down Nan had to confess to herself that they looked rather formidable.

Things had not been any too comfortable for the little girl, in spite of her fine room and Cousin Mary's attentions, since the affair of Beppo. Bob had maintained a sullen silence toward her, and even Betty seemed afraid to be very companionable. She had missed a call from Miss Vandort and Dr. Barlow, but the expedition to his poor children's establishment had not been given up: that very afternoon she was expecting them to call for her again, and felt certain this would be an occasion where money might be judiciously expended.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

NAN, on her return from a second visit to Brightwoods, found the children in a state of extreme although half-suppressed excitement. Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar, it appeared, had unexpectedly gone to New Haven.

"And we're to have a party to-night," Betty announced—"a real party, all of our own. Bob's gone out to ask his boys, and I'm going for Fanny Moreton to ask the girls."

Nan enjoyed the prospect of the fun the occasion promised. At the same time she thought it an impromptu sort of an affair; but then, as Betty said, the children "wouldn't mind," and Nan was willingly pressed into the service.

When she went with Betty and Bob to purchase the refreshments, their choice of viands struck her as somewhat peculiar, although the same reasoning applied again. A great deal of molasses and pea-nut candy, mince and cocoanut pies, chocolate eclairs, licorice drops, figs and raisins, chewing-gum and oranges, were mingled with orders for ice-cream and Charlotte Russe.

By six o'clock the table was spread for this unwholesome feast, and half an hour later the children began to arrive. There being no grown persons present, the greetings were noisily carried on, and the informality so complete that Nan could hardly feel a great deal of surprise when she saw two boys, within ten minutes of their arrival, turning back somersaults over the wide blue satin sofa, while three or four of the girls began waltzing around without partners, and Tina appeared, after an absence of five minutes, with a large quantity of molasses candy, which she deposited on an embroidered ottoman, previous to inviting her own special friends to share it with her.

Nobody paid particular attention to Nan, who had resolved upon enjoying herself, and tried to make friends with different girls and boys in the company, but by eight o'clock it was useless to think of anything so reasonable. One noisy game had succeeded another; the supper had been half eaten in the dining-room, half in the parlor, and the appearance of both rooms may be imagined. One of Bob's friends had upset the lemonade, which was in a soup tureen, and Betty had used all the napkins within reach in mopping it up; and as the servants had refused any assistance, these, wrung out, with bits of pulp and seeds of lemon sticking to them, decorated the front balusters, "to dry."

Bob had lighted a saucer of alcohol at one end of the table, and putting salt into it, stood behind the lurid flame, making terrible faces, which sent Tina into fits of terror, and Nan had to be summoned from the parlor to subdue her. One little boy who had eaten enormously of the varied delicacies on the supper table was reposing on the blue sofa, with despair in his expression, when suddenly there came a loud peal at the front-door bell, and, while the hilarity was at its height, Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar and a strange gentleman appeared.

Nan, who was still holding the frightened Tina in her arms, knew by the consternation on every face around her that the party had been given contrary to Mrs. Farquhar's commands; and she knew, also, that for once Bob and Betty had gone too far.

A silence disturbed only by the heavy breathing of those who had been most actively employed when the interruption occurred, now reigned in the disorderly rooms, and Mr. Farquhar was heard saying, in a voice full of suppressed anger:

"I don't know who is to blame for all this—Betty, no doubt. However, these children had better go home as soon as possible. I will see to Bob and Betty afterward."

And then, during the frightened scramble which ensued, Nan suddenly recognized in the strange gentleman her old friend Dr. Rogers, of Beverly.

Oh, the joy of seeing a home face! Nan had scarcely realized how entirely uncongenial her surroundings were until this moment, and putting Tina on the sofa, she sprang forward with an exclamation of delight.

"Nan," said Mr. Farquhar, in his harsh tone, "this gentleman has called with a message from your aunt. You had better take him to the library."

Nan was only too delighted to accept this suggestion, and hurried her old friend across the hall and into the one room not invaded by the harum-scarum company.

"Well!" was the doctor's first exclamation. "So these are your fine town relations! My dear, I think we do better by you in Beverly."

Nan began to laugh, and then almost to cry at the same time.

"Oh, Dr. Rogers," she said, hurriedly, "don't you think I could go home? I want to *so* badly! and it only wants a week of the month I was to stay. Couldn't I go back with you?"

"Why, that's just it," said the kind-hearted Doctor. "Your aunt had a letter from you which rather troubled her, and as I had to come on to New York, she asked me to call, and, if I thought best, bring you back with me to-morrow morning. Could you get ready?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," cried Nan, joyfully; "of course I could."

"Now I'll tell you," said the Doctor, lowering his voice confidentially, and glancing over his shoulder in the direction of the parlor, "that's what I call bedlam let loose. What a set of youngsters they must be!"

Nan laughed again.

"And what's the matter with you, child?" he continued, taking her chin in his hand, and lifting up her face to look at it critically. "Where are your roses and your round cheeks?"

Nan was very pale, but she tried to smile as she answered:

"I don't feel very well; but I guess it isn't anything. My head aches most of the time, and I get tired easily. But it seems ridiculous for me to say I am sick, doesn't it?"

"Humph!" the Doctor's fingers were quickly on her pulse. It beat with sharp, feverish strokes.

"You'd better get ready to come home with me," he said. "Train leaves at 6 a.m. I'll make it all right with these Farquhars, and be here to-morrow morning for you at half past five."

Nan needed no second bidding. She flew back to the parlor, deserted now by the giddy company, but occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar, Betty and Bob, the latter two talking loudly and violently, each blaming the other and endeavoring to implicate Nan.

At any other time Nan would have been troubled by this, but she was too full of the permission to go home to care what was being said of her, and she quickly explained Dr. Rogers's intention.

This created a diversion certainly welcomed by the children, and Mrs. Farquhar hurried upstairs with Nan to see that Louise assisted in her packing, and Nan was glad to have the subscription money for her cousin's charities, which Dr. Rogers had been commissioned to bring. She did not think it necessary to tell Cousin Mary that Miss Rolf had been troubled about her, nor that she was not feeling well. Her whole heart was full of her return to Beverly, the only regret being that there was no chance for a good-by to Annie Vandort. The fact that she was going away so early in the morning created quite a stir among the children when it was communicated to them. Tina immediately began to cry and to cling to Nan, until roughly ordered into the nursery by Louise. Betty was interested to know all about Dr. Rogers's visit, and why Nan had been sent for, and Bob, full of glee over the party, in spite of his father's unexpected return, tormented and teased his cousin in a most jubilant manner, only sobering down long enough to warn her not to tell "those Rolfs" about the dog, "for," he said, vindictively, "you haven't heard the end of that yet, miss. Jim and me haven't made up our minds yet just what we will do, but it will be something or other."

At daybreak Nan was awakened by the pressure of a little wet cheek against her own, and opening her eyes, saw Tina standing beside her with an offering of some molasses candy saved from the entertainment of last night. That it had seen hard service in many hands, and was reduced to the stickiest of lumps, made it none the less a tribute of the child's affection, and Nan accepted it with the most elaborate thanks, and promised Tina she would beg permission for her to come next summer to Beverly.

And so Nan was presently whirling away in the cars.

and with Madison Avenue and her visit there a confused sort of nightmare in her mind, she found herself talking happily to the Doctor about Brightwoods and Miss Vant-dort.

"I'm glad you've made a friend of *her*," was the Doctor's comment. "But, great heavens! what a set of youngsters those Farquhars are! Miss Rolf hasn't an idea of it. Why, Mary was her father's favorite, and I'm not at all sure but she means to leave them very well off. Good gracious! what would she have said to that house last night? Those damp things strung all down the balusters; that boy grinning over the plate of alcohol; those screaming, dancing dervishes of children, and racketsy music! And those are Mary Rolf's children! Well, well, time certainly makes great changes."

CHAPTER XV.

COMING HOME.

It was eleven o'clock when Nan, in the Rolf House carriage, entered the well-known gate, welcoming with all her heart the sight of the dear old mansion, its hospitable doorway, its look of friendly good cheer sending a thrill of delight through her heart.

Joan, her face in a thousand puckers of happiness at beholding Nan again, dashed out and nearly crushed her cousin breathless in the ardor of her embrace, and as they entered the hall she explained that Miss Rolf had gone with Phyllis and her father to Ramstollora on business.

"They had to go to-day," explained Joan, as she and Nan stood before the fire in the black-walnut room, Joan helping Nan off with her things, and uttering little groans of satisfaction from time to time. "You see, it was about a house that Cousin Letty thought of buying. She wanted her lawyer and papa to see it first, and to-day was the only day they could all go, but I was to tell you that Laura and I could spend the day here, and they will be back by five o'clock."

Mrs. Heriot hurried in with a luncheon tray daintily prepared for her darling, and Nan sat down, with Joan opposite her, a feeling of the most intense relief coming over her as she realized she was indeed once more at home.

"And now," said Joan, with a most important air, "tell me what you think of those Farquhars? Did you ever come across such a pair of little demons?"

Nan put down her knife and fork to laugh merrily. "Oh, Joan," she exclaimed, "how often I thought of you and what you would say if you were there!" And Nan gave a rapid sketch of certain things and events belonging to her visit; but she shrank from criticising too strongly people whose hospitality she had just received. Joan, however, understood that her cousin was keeping back far more than she said.

"My dear," she remarked, calmly, "you needn't be afraid to say just what you think. There isn't *anything* you could tell me which 'could in the least degree make me think worse of them.'"

"I never saw any children left so entirely to themselves," Nan said, quickly.

But Joan only sighed deeply, with an air of wishing Nan to understand that she regarded the Farquhars as entirely beyond the pale of charitable consideration. Then Nan told about the party and the wild antics of the company, making Joan laugh till she cried over the picture the balusters and the parlors presented when Dr. Rogers arrived. Joan said it was a comfort to think he had seen it, for then perhaps he would tell Cousin Letty just what they were really like.

"For, to say the truth," said Joan, "I live in dread of their being asked here next summer."

After Nan's lunch the two girls were joined by Laura, who had just come in, and the morning passed quickly enough, Nan opening her trunks, but feeling soon tired,

and glad to lie down upon the sofa while her cousins put away the things.

A long time afterward the three girls tried hard to recall even the most trifling events of that day; but they could only remember that the hours passed swiftly and with a delicious sense of quiet happiness in all being once more together. Nan remembered how, as she lay upon the sofa in her pretty room, Joan and Laura, bending over the trunks, lifted out her dresses, shaking them, and with now and then some comment on the color, or trimming, or cut of them, hung each one in the wardrobe; Laura recollected thinking from time to time that Nan looked very pale and tired in spite of her readiness to talk and laugh; and Joan's memory was keenest over the bits of talk now and then as to what they would do for the Christmas holidays, when it was devoutly hoped Lance would be with them once again. Certainly the general impression was of happy contentment. They dined merrily together at three o'clock, Laura calling attention to the fact that she was getting strong enough to eat very heartily, and then Joan had to tell of a witticism of Alfred's. "But you mustn't laugh at him much," interposed Laura, good-humoredly. "Phyl says that Joan is spoiling him."

Laura, it seems, was taking a tonic called Elixir Pro, and when some one calling at College Street had inquired what the Doctor was giving her, Alfred remarked, "*He likes her three times a day.*"

After dinner the girls went out across the wintry garden to the stables, carrying apples and some sugar to Dandy and Jim. Nan could always remember just the look of the leafless trees, the dank beds, the old sun-dial at the end of the garden, and the cheerful warmth of the harness-room, where, sitting in front of the fire, they found David Travers busy over something for the use of the gardener; and then followed many questions and answers about his mother, the Blakes, all of Nan's Beverly friends. David told her of the winter flowers he was potting for Miss Rolf.

"She said, Miss Annie, that you wanted a stand of them in the staircase window."

"Oh, so I did!" cried Nan. "Dear Aunt Letty! how good of her to remember it! and I shall like to have you do it, David," she added, smiling.

They all remembered that while they stood there talking the stable clock struck four, and David, jumping up, said that he had promised to tell Peter, who was down in the garden, when that hour came, as he was to drive to the station for Miss Rolf. The girls turned to go away. Nan could remember later how they stood a moment looking across the garden paths at the house, with the wintry sunlight shining on its many windows, on the ivy clustering about the end with the gambrel roof and the gables. Probably they had done the same thing and had the same thoughts twenty times before; but what happened just at that moment made everything more sharply defined when they came long afterward to think over that day.

"Who is that?" Joan said, suddenly. It was Miss Rogers, the Doctor's elderly maiden sister, and behind her was the figure of Mrs. Heriot wringing her hands. The two came down the central garden path, Miss Rogers, as was her habit when anxious or excited, clasping and unclasping her nervous hands.

"What can be the matter?" Nan said, darting forward to meet them. But Mrs. Heriot could not speak. She could only take Nan in her arms, exclaiming over her again and again, "My dear, my dear, what will become of us?" It was Miss Rogers who, in a stifled sort of voice, told the news.

"There has been an accident," she said, in a hushed, awe-stricken voice. "You must all try to be very brave, and not frighten anybody or each other. We do not know yet just who is hurt or how it is. My brother has driven over to the place with other doctors, but we are afraid!"—



"NAN LAY DOWN UPON THE SOFA WHILE HER COUSINS PUT AWAY HER THINGS."

the good lady's voice trembled, and tears were running down her cheeks—"we are afraid that perhaps Miss Rolf and Phyllis are very—badly hurt. Perhaps we ought to be ready for the very worst."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TALE OF TWO DOUGHNUTS.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

THREE boys lay stretched out upon a high rock in a pasture just back of the little village of Trueburg. It was a sunny, October-like day, though the almanac said that the season was well on toward the middle of winter.

"I wish," said Charlie Knight, "that there'd be some skating, or sliding, or something for fun, pretty soon. Here's a whole Saturday, and no nuts, nor much of anything."

"Well, it'll break me up if we don't have some ice pretty quick," said Will. "I didn't have half a chance to use the new skates I had last winter."

The beautiful Saturday proved to be what the farmers called a "weather-breeder," and the next day was cold and stormy, while the whole week following was full of genuine winter weather. Before the next Saturday snow lay piled two feet deep all over the ground, and on Thursday and Friday nights the rivers and lakes froze solidly.

The favorite skating place in the village was Libby's Lake, a widening of the river, which was about two miles across and somewhat longer than broad. The lake was not so apt to freeze as some other parts of the river, for a swift current ran through it, and it was really more like a succession of deep rapids than like a lake. Several mountain streams entered it at this point, and in the summer there was not a more beautiful spot for miles around than Libby's Lake. Directly in the middle of it stood up a pile of ragged sentinel-like rocks of peculiarly picturesque shape. On one side of these rocks—the side opposite the village—the water was glassy and quiet to the very edge, from which rose abruptly the almost perpendicular side of Old Feathertop, the principal hill in the neighbor-

hood, whose sides were darkly clothed with pines and hemlock, while its summit was crowned with a growth of white birches, which gave it its name.

Libby's Lake was now entirely frozen over, and the boys had a merry day. Then came a thaw—not enough to spoil the skating, but sufficient to make it a little soft. The air was really balmy, and the boys felt as though Providence were smiling particularly upon their holiday pleasures.

"I say, fellows," exclaimed Pem Morse, "let's take next Saturday and have a regular adventure. I'm tired of doing the same old things every holiday."

The other boys, the same who had been with Pem in the pasture—for they were always together—agreed to this sentiment heartily.

"But what shall we do?" said Charlie.

"I'll tell you," said Pem, suddenly. "Let's play we're arctic explorers, De Long and the others, and build us a hut out here by the Stook."

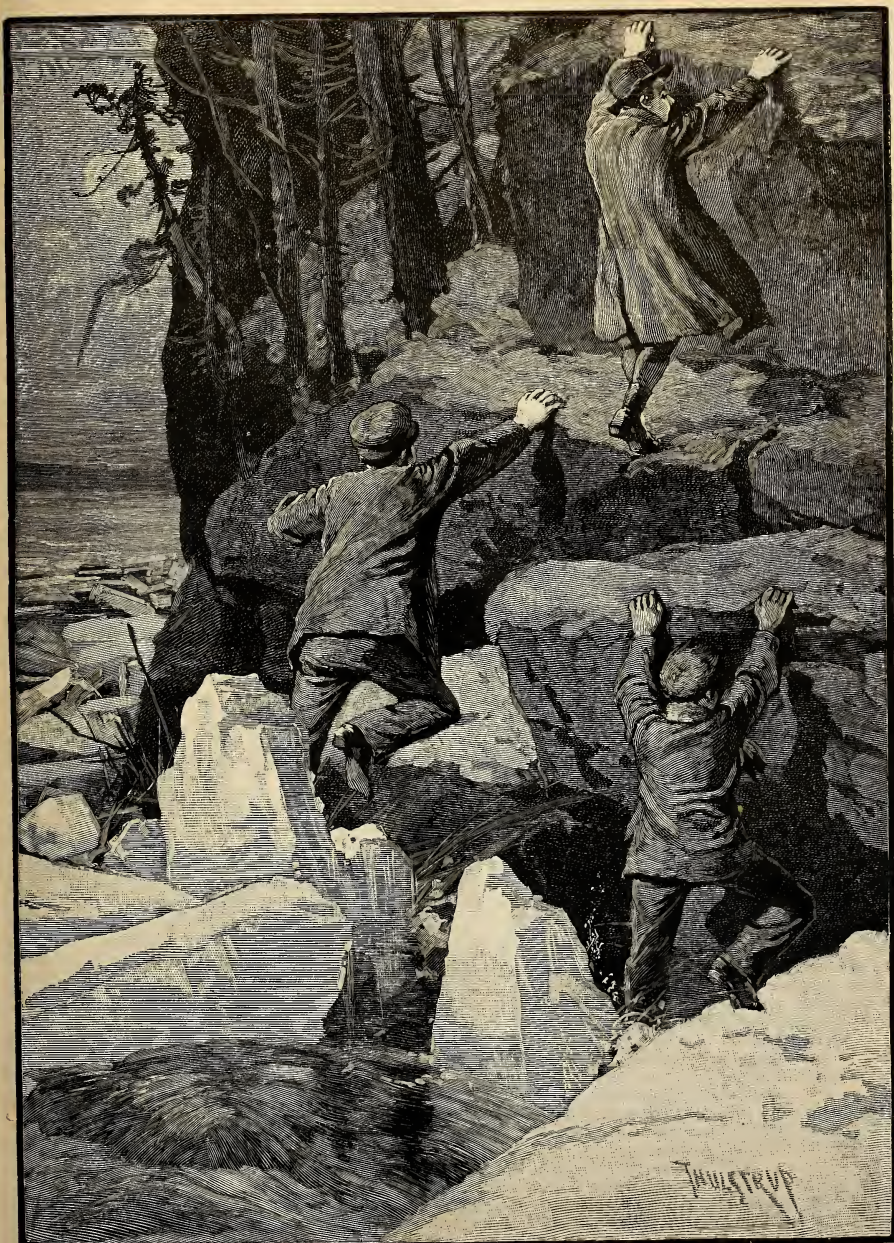
"Good!" exclaimed Charlie. "That's the best yet. But what'll the folks say?"

"I think we'd better do it on the quiet," suggested Will, after a moment's deep thought on the part of each boy.

"All right—mum's the word," said the others. "We might as well be getting ready now."

They went to work at once. At the end of an hour more they had dragged down a great many dead branches and old logs from the shore at the foot of Feathertop, and had arranged about the signal of distress which was to flutter from the top of the Stook after they were once fairly settled in their new abode.

Day by day the preparations for the hut grew. The branches and other materials which the boys collected were carefully hidden in the snow among the intricacies of the Stook rocks; a lantern was carried over, an old kettle, some matches, an unused buffalo-robe, Pem's father's old gun (it never would do to take his best one, for he would be sure to miss it), two pairs of snow-shoes, some old spoons and knives and forks and broken crockery, a good deal of rope, and a hammer and nails; and the other boys almost exploded when Pem, who was of a neat and



"A TALE OF TWO DOUGHNUTS."—THE RETREAT TO THE STOOK.

orderly turn, gravely deposited a broom in the shadow of the early twilight beside the highest pinnacle of the Stook.

"The fact is," Pem said, "we might as well keep the hut going all winter if we can keep it from the other fellows."

"But we can't," said Charlie. "They want to know now what under the sun we're lugging so many bundles over here for, and I saw Tim Ricker climbing on the rocks here with his skates on, and poking around. We've broken up the snow so, they know there's something going on, no matter how still we creep over here after dark."

"Well, De Long had a good many men," said Charlie. "I don't know but we really ought to have more."

But they finally concluded that they would not admit any more into the secret unless they had to. The others might come and envy and admire, after the hut was built, all they wanted to.

Saturday morning broke warm and bright, and the boys, having brought all their plans to a happy conclusion, crept joyfully over the ice, with their pockets full of such eatables as they had been able to obtain, to their "arctic hut."

Hollowing deep into the snow between the high rocks of the Stook, they had laid in their pine branches with considerable success, one above the other, nailing a few others above the top, three or four feet above the ground, and heaping snow abundantly over the whole.

Now, just in front of the "door" to this establishment, they built a roaring fire, hung over it the kettle—at present containing nothing but ice and snow—on a pole laid across two crooked sticks, and having plauted a high staff, which they had provided for the purpose, on the loftiest pinnacle of the Stook, hung out a white banner with "DISTRESS" painted on it in black letters, they proceeded to lay out their breakfast. They made some coffee in an old coffee-pot, and drank it without any milk, and were just going to lay into their big kettle a slice of ham which Will had brought rolled up in a paper, when their proceedings were brought to a sudden and unexpected termination.

It so chanced that about two miles above Trueburg a great manufacturing concern had built a big dam. The owners of this great factory had been running it at a loss for some weeks, and they had announced that on a certain day they would "shut down" for at least a week. It happened that this was the very morning on which they had let out the water in their pond, and thus had greatly increased the volume in the bed of the river above Libby's Lake. In ordinary cold winter weather this would have been of little consequence, but the steady thaw of the last few days had honey-combed the ice all along the stream, and had made it ready to "give." Accordingly, when the water was let out from the big raceway at the factory, crack—snap—whish! went the ice all along the river, and the commotion finally extended to Libby's Lake.

The boys were so busy with their cooking and other operations that they did not notice the more distant sounds. It was about nine o'clock in the morning, and only one or two skaters had yet shown themselves upon the river. These suddenly began to scream and yell at a furious rate, and then the boys heard pop—pop—cr-r-rack! They looked at each other in dismay, and Pem peeped around the corner of the Stook to where the village lay. There he saw a sight that made him quail. The river was rushing madly along the central channel, while the ice was breaking up closer to them. He turned pale. At the moment the ice beneath their feet began to quiver strangely.

"Get up, boys," he shouted, hoarsely. "Quick! It's going. Hurry, I tell you!" as Will, trying to snatch the ham from the kettle, and to pick up something else with the other hand, slipped and fell. The ice began to move down the river—pop—clang—crash!—all around them. They tugged at Will with both hands, and, trembling like little touch-me-nots, they scrambled up the Stook. Now the water was at their heels; still it was rising. Down

went Pem's new seal-skin cap, and off it danced on a wobbling cake of ice; but they must climb for their lives, whatever became of their caps. At last, on a little ledge nearly at the top of the Stook, they clung together and stopped. Bang—bang—bang! came the mighty pieces of ice against the rocks below them, while the dark water, which had risen many feet, was far up above their little hut, and almost near enough to them, high as they were, to touch it. The day was cloudy, but still, and there were no indications of a storm. The boys never thought of the big dam, which had been built only the spring before, and they could not understand it at all. Whence came this rush of water? What tremendous power had been exerted to break up the ice so suddenly?

The water stopped rising, but still it flowed on, full of ice, between them and the village, a rushing, impassable torrent, while between them and Old Feathertop was a rough-packed swaying ice-field, with black water showing here and there.

The village people by this time lined the bank of the lake all along. The poor boys waved their handkerchiefs to them in vain distress. They knew their parents were not aware of their whereabouts, but they knew that Parson Fryart would soon bring his spy-glass and discover their retreat. But how were they to get home? Would the ice ever stop flowing by in these creaking, tossing masses?

The day wore on, growing steadily darker and colder. The mothers wrung their hands. Had their boys got to pass the night on the Stook? The ledge they were on was not very broad. They could not safely go down to the mass of rocks below, which was covered with freezing water, and if they fell asleep they might pitch headlong into the hopeless flood of ice and water below.

Meanwhile the boys were hungry and cold and forlorn. This was surely playing arctic sufferers with a vengeance. They had mostly emptied their pockets in the hut, but a careful search revealed the fact that they possessed between them only two doughnuts and a half-dozen crackers. They divided the crackers for dinner. Two round doughnuts seemed hard to distribute evenly. But they were wretchedly hungry before four o'clock. As they sat there Will Barber had been thinking over their whole plan and its beginnings, and their conversation in the pasture had recurred to him—how nobly some of the real arctic sufferers had gone without food when the others had seemed to need it more. The two doughnuts were in his pocket, and now he brought them out.

"Here, boys," he said, "you each eat one of these. Father'll get to us before very long. I ain't hungry."

Pem Morse, who looked pitiful enough, with no cap, and his woollen comforter tied around his head, took a doughnut eagerly. Then he paused. "What?" he said; "ain't you going to have one, Will?"

"No," declared Will. "There ain't but two, and I ain't hungry."

"Oh, go 'long!" said Charlie. "Let's make an even thing of it—that's fair."

"No," said Will; "you boys need them most. I sha'n't touch them. Pem there's as weak as water. He hasn't been right since he had diphtheria last winter."

"Oh, I'm all right," declared Pem, catching the spirit of the occasion.

"And I'm strong as a horse," insisted Charlie. "Well, anyhow, I sha'n't touch them," Will persisted. "Then I sha'n't," said Charlie, firmly. "You eat 'em both, Pem; you need 'em, and it's little enough."

But Pem wouldn't, and so the two doughnuts lay untouched in Will's pocket, though nobody but themselves knew how hunger was gnawing at those cold stomachs.

It grew very dark. There was no moon. The boys could see the agitated movements of lanterns upon the shore. At last they heard the sound of a boat cutting through the ice on the side next Feathertop. But could

anybody ever climb over the ice that lay piled about the Stook? Yes: there come figures clambering uncertainly over the great fragments, which rested firmly on each other, now that they had frozen together.

Then Pem was snatched to his father's heart, and Will and Charlie were carefully helped down by loving hands into the boat far below them. They were pale from hunger, fright, and cold, but their young hearts were very brave.

Up, up the stream, far above the village, rowed the boatmen with steady strokes till they were out of Libby's Lake, and till the masses of ice—now held in place by the thin crust which had formed since the wind changed, and liable to bear right down upon them if too suddenly liberated—grew infrequent. But there were plenty of lanterns, and a prudent man at the rudder, and little by little they worked their way slowly over to the village shore, where warm sleighs were waiting to receive them.

The mothers cried, and poured warm tea down the boys' throats, and the whole village population waited in the streets to hear all about how the boys came to get caught so, and how they had stood it. The next morning, all of them being assembled at Will Barber's house, Will drew out from his overcoat pocket two rather dry doughnuts.

"Why, did you have these?" cried his mother. "Why didn't you eat them?"

"We—we couldn't agree," stammered Will.

"You see," put in Charlie, "Pem needed them the most, but he wouldn't eat them."

"I didn't," said Pem, stoutly. "I didn't need them any more than the others."

"You darlings!" cried their mothers, bursting into fond tears, and hugging their big boys, who yielded a little unwillingly to their caresses before so many of the neighbors; and Mrs. Barber added, "I'm going to preserve those two doughnuts as long as I live—in sugar and spice and everything nice!" And she did.

ANTS.

BY SARAH COOPER

ANTS are considered the most highly developed of the insects. Indeed, none of the lower animals possess such remarkable instincts. They show great wisdom and ingenuity in building their nests and in reaching any desired point. They make roads for themselves by carefully removing any obstacle. They also dig tunnels of considerable length, sometimes resorting to this method for crossing broad rivers. They protect their nests, fight battles, gather food, tend their young, take care of domestic animals, and possess slaves. Their industry is not excelled by the bees and wasps. They work all day, and, when there is necessity, even at night.

Ants live in families, consisting of males, females, and workers. At first the young males and females are furnished with wings, and they fly from the nest to select their mates. Immediately after this first and only flight the males die, and the females strip off their wings, and do not leave the nest again.

The workers are much more numerous than the other classes: some of them serve as soldiers, others, which are generally smaller, serve as nurses. All the labor of the colony falls upon the workers, and they attend to their various duties in the most orderly manner.

Ants do not all build their nests in the same way. Some species heap up a mass of small sticks and pine leaves; some bore into the trunks of old trees; but most ants make holes in the ground, with a little mound of earth around the entrance, which we speak of as an ant-hill. These nests are carefully contrived, with passages and avenues leading to many chambers, as you will see in Fig. 1. The entrances are closed every night, and

opened in the morning. If it rains they remain closed, and the ants are confined within the nest.

The eggs, which are scarcely large enough to be visible, are not deposited in any especial place by the females, but the nurses take possession of them immediately, and are henceforth devoted in their attentions. The tiny eggs are carried to some favorable place, and are constantly licked and cleaned, and their position frequently changed.

From the eggs are hatched little white grubs, which are entirely dependent upon their nurses for food. Every day they are carried into the sunshine, or at least to the upper chambers that have been warmed by the sun, and toward evening they are all taken back to the bottom of the nest, where there is no chilliness. Just think of the labor—each one of those thousands of larvæ carried separately in the mouth of a faithful nurse! If a shower comes on, or if the young family is threatened with danger, they are quickly taken to some safe place.

When ready to enter the pupa state the larvæ cover themselves with a sort of web (Fig. 2), and are still carried back and forth by the nurses, who continually clean them. Sir John Lubbock, in his recent work on ants, states that when the pupæ are ready to leave their cases the nurses help them to escape. "It is very pretty," he says, "to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding their legs and smoothing out the wings with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy."

Ants not only keep their homes neat, but they are careful of their own personal cleanliness. Their little feet are covered with hairs, which form good brushes, and no particles of dust are allowed to remain on their bodies. They may often be seen rubbing their feet together to clean them, as flies do. The antennæ of ants (Fig. 3) are bent like an elbow; with them the active little creatures examine every object they meet.

In one nest there may, perhaps, be four hundred thousand or more ants. Notwithstanding these immense numbers, a stranger upon entering the nest is immediately attacked, which shows that all the ants in the community have some power of recognizing each other. They even know members of their own family after a long absence, and welcome them back to their own home.

If an ant has discovered a good feeding ground, it seems to spread the news, and often returns with a troop of its fellows to share the feast.

An interesting case of this kind once occurred, in which a number of ants were found in a jar of molasses. After taking out the ants, the jar was suspended by a string from the ceiling. One ant happened to remain in the jar, and, climbing up the string, it worked its way back to its nest. In less than half an hour a great company of ants climbed the wall, crossed the ceiling, and crept down the string until they reached the jar. Here they fed, one line running up the string while another came down. Such facts as these seem to indicate that ants possess some kind of language which is understood among them.

You have probably noticed the little ants that burrow under the pavements in our streets and door-yards, and have wondered why they choose situations so exposed that many of them are trodden under foot, while their little hillocks of earth are swept away by the broom.

We may rest assured that there are good reasons for this singular choice, and that the situations are not undesirable, or the ants would seek other spots.

In the first place, the ants must have a care to supply their growing family with food, and where could they fare better than near the homes of man? The tiny crumbs dropped by the children are treasures to the economical ants, whose sharp eyes see many chances for feasting upon things we have thrown aside as useless.

Then, too, the bed of fine gravel which the bricklayer smoothes so carefully to lay his bricks on is a fine place

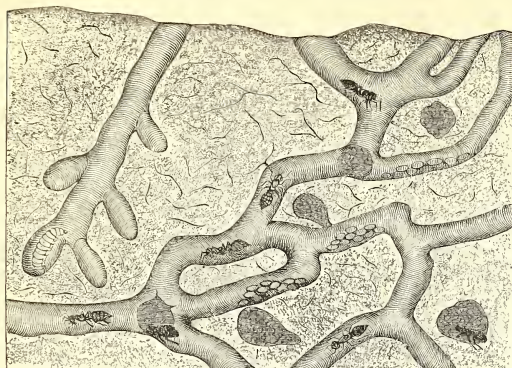


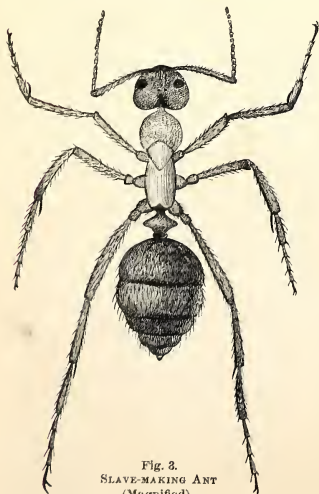
FIG. 1.—ANT NEST, WITH UNDER-GROUND PASSAGES.

for the ants to burrow in. The sun, shining upon the bricks, heats them, and also the earth beneath. Here the ants may put their larvæ when they are brought up out of the nests.

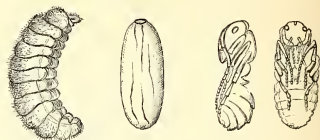
You know how common it is, on turning over large stones, to find the ground beneath covered with the white larvæ of ants, which are quickly carried away and hidden. The stones become heated during the day, and retain the heat long after the sun has set. Ants, no doubt, select these spots that they may secure a safe, warm place in which to hasten the development of their larvæ and pupæ.

Ants feed upon insects, killing great numbers of them. They also eat honey, fruit, and almost any sweet substance. This liking for sweets has led them to form singular relations with our common green plant-lice, the aphides. The plant-lice secrete a sweet liquid called honey-dew, of which ants are very fond. The ants obtain the honey-dew by tapping the lice with their antennæ. Charles Darwin was of the opinion that the lice even retained the fluid until the ants were ready to receive it.

Some species of ants ascend into bushes in search of these lice, and, having found them, watch over and defend them from attacks by other insects. Sir John Lubbock says that the ants take care of the brown eggs of aphides during winter, carrying them to the lower chambers when the nest is disturbed. In the spring, when the young aphides hatch, they are brought out and placed on tender shoots of plants.

FIG. 3.
SLAVE-MAKING ANT
(Magnified).

Fierce battles are fought between different colonies of ants, especially for the sole purpose of capturing slaves. This instinct is so strong with the common red ant that it is spoken of as the slave-making ant. It frequently in-

FIG. 2.—LARVA, COCOON, AND PUPÆ OF RED ANT
(Magnified).

vades the nests of black ants, and fearful struggles follow.

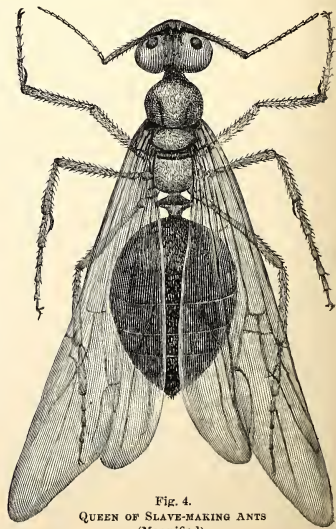
When about to attack the enemy, red ants leave the nest in full force, and march directly to the battle-field. It is not a general warfare, but each red ant seizes upon some black one, and makes a desperate effort to kill it.

After the battle the victorious red ants enter the conquered nest, and carry off the larvæ and pupæ, which they bring up as slaves. The young slaves enter at once upon a life of toil, and make no effort to escape.

It has been noticed that this system of slavery has a degrading tendency among ants, as it is well known to have among men. Some of the slave-making ants are so accustomed to being waited upon that they have lost the art of building and of caring for their young, and are entirely dependent upon their slaves for these services. They have even lost the habit of feeding themselves, and, although surrounded by food, they will starve unless fed by others.

The harvesting ants of Texas clear a circular space, ten or fifteen feet in diameter, around the entrance to their nests. Within this space nothing is allowed to grow but "ant rice"—a species of grass, the seeds of which are carefully gathered by the ants.

Many species of ants in hot countries hunt in large packs. The driver ants of Africa hunt in this way, and render valuable service in clearing away decaying animal matter that might otherwise cause disease. The dread of visits from these ants compels the inhabitants to keep their dwellings clean. These hunting ants are said to be blind, and go out chiefly at night.

FIG. 4.
QUEEN OF SLAVE-MAKING ANTS
(Magnified).

Profession & Practice.

ONCE, when Saint Swithin chanced to be
A-wandering in Hungary,
He, being hungered, cast around
To see if something might be found
To stay his stomach.

Near by stood
A little house, beside a wood,
Where dwelt a worthy man, but poor.
Thither he went, knocked at the door.
The good man came. Saint Swithin said,
"I prithee give a crust of bread
To ease my hunger."

"Brother," quoth
The good man, "I am sadly loath
To say" (here tears stood on his cheeks)
"I've had no bread for weeks and weeks,
Save what I've begged. Had I one bit,
I'd gladly give thee half of it."

"How," said the Saint, "can one so good
Go lacking of his daily food,
Go lacking means to aid the poor,
Yet weep to turn them from his door?
Here—take this purse. Mark what I say:
Thou'lt find within it every day
Two golden coins."

Years passed. Once more
Saint Swithin knocked upon the door.
The good man came. He'd grown fat
And lusty, like a well-fed cat.
Thereat the Saint was pleased. Quoth he,
"Give me a crust, for charity."

"A crust, thou say'st? Hut, tut! How now?
Wouldst come a-begging here? I trow,
Thou lazy rascal, thou couldst find
Enough of work hadst thou a mind!
'Tis thine own fault if thou art poor.
Begone, sir!" *Bang!*—he shut the door.

Saint Swithin slowly scratched his head.
"Well, I *am*—humph!—just so," he said.
"How very different the fact is
'Twixt the profession and the practice!"



HP.



"DON'T YOU FINK YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S AWFUL GREEDY, MA'AN? I NEVER 'LWS MY CHILD TO EAT SO MUCH."

A NATURAL BIRD-TRAP.

A TRAVELLER in South America tells of a "queer trap" he found in that country of a different character from those described in Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick's article in the last number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, but fully as deadly to such unfortunate birds and small quadrupeds as happened to get caught in it.

It was the crater of a small extinct volcano, and was full of black matter, hot and sticky, of about the thickness of molasses. Floundering on the edge of the hole the traveller found two small birds, which were entangled in the sticky substance, and which the travellers hastened to release from their uncomfortable position. But the kind intention was of no avail; for so firmly had the sticky stuff seized the plumage of the little captives that both feathers and skin were torn from their bodies as they were being released, and the travellers were obliged to kill the poor creatures in order to put an end to their sufferings.

Supposing that these were not the first victims of the fatal

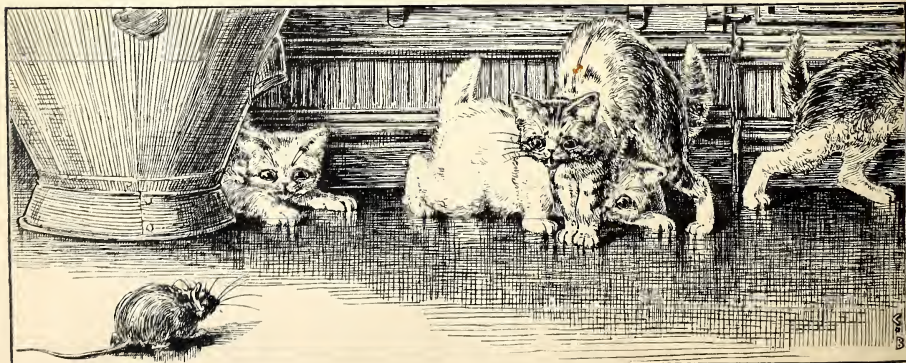
snare, they searched around the edge, and found the skeletons of many unfortunates, which had doubtless been attracted to the pool by the expectation of finding worms or other similar food, or perhaps for the purpose of drinking.

Another live captive the pool held. This was that unpleasant animal the skunk, and he being hopelessly entrapped, and not a grateful creature to rescue in any case, was promptly and mercifully dispatched by a bullet from a revolver.

A TIGER SIEGE.

NOT long ago an English government agent in a remote district in India reported that the inhabitants of the district were panic-stricken and helpless under an actual siege of man-eating tigers. The siege had lasted five months, during which time over forty persons had been devoured, men, women, and children. People could not stir out after dark. In daylight groups of persons had to keep together to work or walk. The fields had gradually been neglected, and the whole country-side was being depopulated by degrees. A man and his wife were carried off by two tigers, almost at the same moment, from their own door-yard and in broad day. Three constables lost their lives. As for cattle, there was hardly a head left in the neighborhood. The secret of the situation was the want of any fire-arms, or Englishmen to organize a hunt.

The affair was becoming unbearable, so, in despair of raising the siege by the unaided efforts of the natives, the English agent applied to the government for assistance. At last the government sent men and arms to the suffering district. As Mr. Tunner, the agent, says, "It is horrible to contemplate the feelings of a poor laborer going out for his day's work to a field, a few hundred yards from his house, with the knowledge about him that there is an even chance of his being carried away from the side of his plough, or that his wife may be seized when she is bringing him his midday meal."



THE KITCHEN RANGERS IN THEIR FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 28A

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE LAST COAST OF THE SEASON.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE B. WOOD.

CHARLES DICKENS WITH HIS CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MANY of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have doubtless already begun to enjoy the wonderful stories of Charles Dickens, whose pages make people laugh and cry, and whose characters seem almost to be living persons, and not mere puppets of the author's fancy.

The eldest daughter of Mr. Dickens has lately given, in an English magazine, some interesting recollections of her father's life at home, with his own little ones around him.

He was very fond of his boys and girls, and took special pains with them, writing little prayers for them, as soon as they could speak, giving them prizes for good behavior, for perfect lessons, and for clean and neat copy-books. Indeed, many of you know that the charming *Child's History of England*, which is a favorite with thousands of young folk, was written by Mr. Dickens for the delight and profit of his children.

Mr. Dickens was always bright and merry at home, and the children were never so happy as when they were with him. They were taught to tiptoe past papa's study, and to speak softly when in its neighborhood, because papa was not to be disturbed when he was writing. But when work hours were over, papa was their most delightful playmate, coming out strongly in the telling of funny stories and singing of funny songs, with a child on each knee, and the rest clustered closely around him.

Charles Dickens was very fond of acting, in which he excelled, and he often arranged little plays for his children, with parts adapted to each, himself teaching and training the little company, until every member understood his part perfectly. Sometimes he would perform for them as a conjurer, and again he and his friend John Leech would dance with the little girls, who had taken immense pains to instruct their tall partners in the art of dancing the polka.

If papa promised one of the children a present, punctually to the hour and the day the gift for that child would arrive. Once a little daughter had been told to expect a watch on her birthday, and when the day came Mr. Dickens was ill and in bed. But the child was sent for, and from under his pillow the kind father, having wished her many returns of the day, drew forth a case containing a gold watch with an enamelled back, and the little girl's initials thereon.

It was almost a passion with him to surprise his children with some rare pleasure. Not to speak of drives, and walks, and rambles to gather flowers, when the furnishing of a house or a room was in question, Mr. Dickens took great pains to please the taste of each occupant, not forgetting the children. Thus, on the removal to Tavistock House, the two daughters were promised a very lovely bedroom, for which they were allowed to choose a bright wall-paper with a pattern of wild flowers, while they were not allowed so much as a peep at the apartment until it was entirely ready for their use. When ushered into it at last there were two little beds, two little tables, two, in fact, of everything, just the right size for children, and all as dainty and delicately finished as could be found in London.

The Dickens household was fond of pets, and had them in great variety. A canary named Dick was a privileged character, permitted to hop about the breakfast table and eat from people's plates as he chose. He would even give Mr. Dickens's cheek a friendly peck now and then. Dick loved his mistress dearly, and would come to her on call from any part of the room. Sometimes, when she had been away on a visit, her first act after her return would be to open the door of the room in which Dick's cage hung and put her head in. This was always observed by the bird, which would immediately fly to the corner of his cage and sing his sweetest song.

When poor Dick died he was buried under a rose-tree in the garden at Gadshill, and Mr. Dickens wrote his epitaph.

THIS IS THE GRAVE OF

DICK,

THE BEST OF BIRDS.

Born at Broadstairs, Milsummer, 1831.
Died at Gadshill Place, 14th October, 1866.

After Dick's death a white kitten, which was called Wilhelmina, came to Gadshill, and took a fancy to the master of the place. She particularly liked his study, and seemed determined to stay there. After a while she outgrew her kittenhood, became a motherly and sedate puss, and continued to show her good taste by bringing her kittens and laying them at her master's feet. Kittens in the study were not to be thought of, but puss persisted, and finally she and her family were fairly established there.

Another cat, which followed Mr. Dickens about with dog-like fidelity, was one evening so jealous of his master's attention to his book that he put up a paw and put out the candle. This was repeated until the famous author ceased trying to read, and, taking the cat on his knee, stroked and played with his Majesty the remainder of the evening.

In the sick-chamber no one else had the quietness, the tenderness, the skill, of "papa." In all the partings, little or great, in the troubles and the joys, every one went to him for sympathy, and no one went in vain.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "DAUNTLESS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part XX.

LITTLE BILLEE obediently sat down on the door-step, wiped his eyes on his apron, and gazed in wonder at his superior, while that mysterious process was going on inside her small head.

"Felits Adustus likes me. He finks I'm *very* nice. The ship belongs to Felits Adustus almost as much as it does to Uncle Rick—and more! Let's go and find him!" said this small diplomat, rising and extending her hand graciously to her humble follower.

Felix Augustus was a young colored man who had served Uncle Rick as steward on several voyages; when he was on shore he made himself generally useful about the house and grounds, and the children were all very fond of him, but Poppet was his especial pet.

They found Felix Augustus hurrying off to the shipyard, and called him back to the gate.

"Felits Adustus, you would feel dreffily if I shouldn't go to the launchin', wouldn't you?" demanded Poppet.

"Bress yo' heart, chile, couldn't be de launchin' widout Missee Poppet! If dey done try it, de ship go down in deep black hole and never come up no mo'."

"Perhaps she would," said Poppet, seriously. "But they may fink that Aunt Priscilla's new calf want to see us *very bad*—they do, sometimes. If they do send us to see him, you'll come after us and carry us to the launchin', won't you, Felits Adustus?"

"For sho!—if I can," said Felix Augustus.

"If you *can't*, you must!" said Poppet. "And now remember you've promised!"

The next day, when the steamer from Boston came churning and whistling up the river, May was down at the wharf in her bravest attire to meet Ned and the expected guests, and Dick and Bob were there too.

There was Ned, whom they hadn't seen for half a year! He had grown to look like a man, and his mustache had grown. He wore gloves, and carried a very small cane. Bob surveyed him with gloomy scorn.

The "girl" had pink cheeks, and her nose turned up a little bit at the end, and she showed all her teeth when she laughed, and she wasn't dressed up so much as their May always was, and her hair was down her back in a long braid, and she looked as if she might call a "teeter" a "teeter," and like to get on one. *She* wasn't so bad! But her brother! He was ten times worse than Ned, for he had on knickerbockers, and a veil around his hat.

"He's a heavy feller, with his legs like a small boy and his head like a girl!" remarked Bob. "They'd better get him into the carriage soon, or he'll have a crowd after him. Hear those boys shouting circus?"

"I should think Ned would have those things on, too. It would be just like him," said Dick.

"It's a wonder he hasn't got a lace parasol!" said Bob. As the carriage containing May and Ned and their guests rolled away, Dick and Bob came out of their hiding-place, and walked, with melancholy looks, toward the house.

"I ain't going to let Ned think I'm scared of 'em," said Dick, with determination, walking boldly in at the front door. Bob just then espied a friend in the distance, whom he very much wished to see. He took his whistle from his pocket—a real watchman's whistle that was the envy of all the boys—and blew an ear-piercing blast.

"Oh, there's Bob and his whistle! I did hope they could have been suppressed!" he heard Ned say.

Bob thought that was a pretty mean thing for a fellow to say, when he hadn't seen his brother for six months, too. He really had to swallow a lump in his throat: nobody seemed to think he had any feelings, but he had.

What Bob was attending to this day was a plan to go to that launching, whoever might try to keep him "out of the way." And as he thought the surest way was always the best, he went on board the ship, and when nobody was looking, he stowed himself away under a sofa in the cabin. He found his quarters close and far from comfortable, but there he was determined to stay until just before the ship made her grand plunge. Cramping and painful and *very monotonous* it might be to stay there, but it was better than to be sent to Aunt Priscilla's to spend the day. He should be on board at the launching, and that would pay him for everything.

It was little past the middle of the afternoon when Bob went into his retreat, and though it seemed hours to him, it was in reality only a little while, before he went to sleep. Bob was used to roughing it; he camped out every summer, and he had spent weeks in the lumbering camps away "up river" in the winter, and he could sleep if his bed was not soft. He slept now soundly and long.

When he awoke it was night, and the hanging lamp was burning dimly. Felix Augustus was there talking to himself; it was his voice that had awakened Bob.

"Dis nigger better min' what de cap'n say, an' not 'low no pusson on board dis ship. Dem fellers come foolin' 'roun' 'ticin' a po' nigger to drink."

Alas! Felix Augustus signed the pledge regularly every six months, and regularly broke it. "It was evident that he had broken it now. He staid on board the ship as a watchman every night, and some fellows from the village often visited him "to keep him from being lonesome." Uncle Rick had given orders against his having visitors on board the ship after dark, but it seemed they had been disobeyed.

"Just de leastest pull out ob de bottle. Who would 'a tought 'twould fotch me down like dis?" muttered Felix Augustus, who was with difficulty disposing himself on a mat before the door of one of the state-rooms.

It struck Bob as being rather strange that Felix Augustus should go to sleep in the cabin on a mat, but it was evident that he was not altogether responsible for his actions just now.

Bob decided that he might as well go to sleep again, but he had slept a good many hours, and he found him-

self very wide awake. He thought it would be quite safe to come out of his hiding-place, and try a more comfortable position on the sofa, as Felix Augustus's sleep was evidently very profound.

The sofa was an agreeable change, and with the sense of comfort a feeling of drowsiness seized Bob. He was fast yielding to it, when something aroused him suddenly, and made him start to his feet. It was a pungent odor that had come to his nostrils—the odor of *burning*!

Bob thought he might have been dreaming, but no! there was no doubt about it; something was on fire. A fire in the ship-yard was no small matter.

Bob rushed to the cabin door; it was locked, and there was no key in the lock. He shook Felix Augustus, and demanded the key; kicked him, and shouted fire! fire! in his ear. It was as useless as to try to awaken the dead. Bob felt in all Felix Augustus's pockets—no key. The smell was growing stronger, and the air was full of smoke.

He took his whistle from his pocket, by a kind of instinct, for he was too bewildered to think, and blew an ear-splitting blast. Felix Augustus slept quietly on, but—was that echo that answered?

"If I ever did hear Little Billee roar!" gasped Bob. Then came a pounding on the door of the state-room near Felix Augustus's head.

Bob dragged Felix Augustus away, and opened the state-room door. Poppet's angelic head was put serenely out; behind her stood Little Billee, roaring.

"How in the world—" began Bob.

"Felix Adustus bringed us, 'stead of carrying us to Aunt Priscilla's. I *made* him. If I wasn't at the launching, the ship would go down in a great black hole," said Poppet.

Bob groaned. Locked in the cabin with this drunken man and these children, with fire apparently surrounding them, what was he to do?

Fortunately in the upper half of the cabin door were two long panes of glass. If one of them were knocked out, the aperture would be wide enough for him to put Poppet and Little Billee through; he might possibly squeeze through himself.

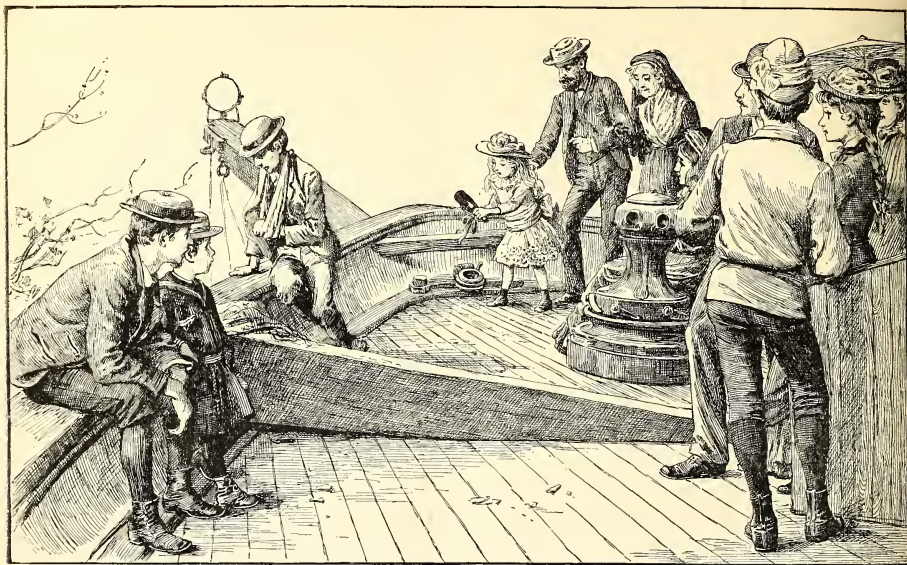
He wound the table-cloth around his fist, and knocked out the glass. He had to spend a good deal of time in getting the glass all out, so that it was safe to put the children through, and the glass cut through the cloth, and his hand was badly cut and bleeding; but it was done at last, and the children dropped on the other side, Little Billee's roars hushed by the novelty of the proceedings, and Poppet facing the situation with the calmness which never forsook her.

By dint of great struggling and squeezing Bob managed to get through himself. The smoke was suffocating and almost blinding. Bob blew his whistle frantically, and shouted "Fire! fire!" He made his way to the after-part of the ship, from whence the smoke seemed to come; he lifted the hatchway, and a dense volume of black smoke rushed up; the fire was in the hold of the ship.

Bob found some buckets and ropes—where he could never afterward remember—and from the bow he let the buckets down into the water. He poured two bucketfuls of water into the hold, and the smoke seemed to be suppressed; it was only for a moment, however, and now Bob caught sight of a red, eager tongue of flame.

He blew his whistle, and shouted "Fire!" more madly than ever; he had not ceased to do both even while he was getting the water; but there was no sign that he had aroused anybody.

Then he remembered the children. He found them near the cabin door, where he had left them, and led them to the stairs that led down the ship's side to the ground—fortunately an easy flight, with a railing, which Uncle Rick had had placed there in preparation for the next day's festivities.



"POPPET BROKE A BOTTLE OF WINE ON THE SHIP'S BOW."

"Go down the steps carefully; then run home. You know the way, Poppet, and when you get there, scream, ring the bell, pound like fury, and tell them the ship's on fire. Wake them *quick*. Don't be afraid."

"No, there are no boogermen, and we shall come back to the launching when you have put out the fire," said Poppet, who always took a hopeful view of things.

What they thought and felt at home when, in the dead of the night, the door-bell rang furiously, and Poppet and Little Billee were discovered, the former announcing in her calmest manner that "Uncle Rick's ship was on fire, but Bob was putting it out," may be imagined. The house was astir in a moment. Dick declared, sleepily, that he "had been hearing Bob's whistle for a long time, but Bob was *always* blowing that whistle."

While the women were questioning and kissing and scolding Poppet and Little Billee, the men started for the ship. But before that time Bob's whistle had aroused the sleeping town. It seemed to him that hours instead of minutes had gone by, and that everybody must be dead. The fire was increasing in spite of all his efforts; it took him a long time to get the water, and it was too little to have much effect on the flames, and, moreover, his wounded hand was sorely bruised by the ropes, and he could not use it much longer.

The blessed sound of answering shouts came to his ears. Then the more blessed sounds of the engine bell and hurrying feet. After the first sound of life it seemed as if the whole town were in the ship-yard in a minute.

And in less than three minutes from the time of its arrival the engine had extinguished the fire.

People came trooping around Bob to hear all about it, among them Uncle Rick and Bob's father, Ned and Dick and "that fellow in knickerbockers." Bob was pale and a little faint now—though he wouldn't acknowledge it—from the pain in his hand, and his hands were covered with blood. People seemed to get the idea that he was a hero, though Bob couldn't see what in the world he had done more than any boy would have done in his place,

and the firemen were calling for three cheers for him, which were given with a will.

Uncle Rick laid his hand on Bob's shoulder.

"If you hadn't been here, Bob!" That was all he said, but his voice shook, and somehow Bob felt prouder than at all the cheering.

Then Bob remembered poor Felix Augustus, who, he was afraid, must be nearly suffocated by this time. And then "that fellow in knickerbockers showed that he was *some*," as Dick remarked, for he burst open that cabin door with one blow, and picked up Felix Augustus and carried him out as if he were no more than a baby. As he did so, out of the folds of the mat dropped the door-key, which Felix Augustus, with a confused idea that the children would be safer, had hidden there.

Felix Augustus was so thoroughly frightened by the narrowness of his escape from death, and by the awful danger in which he had placed Poppet and Little Billee, that he made a solemn vow never to "let de debble catch him again;" he runs as fast as he can go from the sight of a bottle, and has kept his pledge for more than twice six months. Everybody wondered how Bob had happened to be spending the night on board the ship, and at last Bob confessed that he meant to be sure of being at the launching, and hadn't the least desire to see Aunt Priscilla's new calf. And then they all assured him that nobody had so much as thought of sending him to Aunt Priscilla's, and Uncle Rick said that he would not have had the vessel launched without him.

For if Bob hadn't been there—When anybody said that, Mamma seized Poppet and Little Billee, as if she didn't dare to have them out of her arms, and said she should never trust Felix Augustus with those children again. Uncle Rick had a large force of men at work on the ship at daylight the next morning, and the launching was postponed only three days.

Uncle Rick said he thought it was highly appropriate that Bob should christen the ship, since if it had not been for him there would probably have been no ship to christen.

ten, but Bob, who was looking pale and like a hero, with his arm in a sling, said he "thought a lady ought to do it, and"—with a nice little bow in just the right place—"he should like to have Miss Amory do it."

"Upon my word, the little beggar has manners, too!" Ned was heard to remark in an under-tone.

And Dick reported that he heard Miss Amory say to Ned the next day, "You must be very proud of your brothers and sisters."

And Ned looked as if it were a rather new view of the case, but he pulled his mustache thoughtfully and said he was. And he added: "The small-fry *did* come gallantly to the front last night."

After all, it was Poppet who christened the ship. Miss Amory insisted on deputing the honor to her.

The ship was just as good as if she had never had a cruel fire trying to devour her, and gay with bunting and flowers. The day was perfect, and there was such a crowd as Brown-ton had seldom seen. There was a fine collation, and a band that played *Pinafore* music, and "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Yankee Doodle," and other inspiring airs, and all the little Maxwells were there, every one, and nobody thought of complaining that they were in the way. Nobody said that Bob's hands were not clean, or that Poppet was sticky. And oh, what a glorious plunge the ship made from those lofty ways into the great blue river! "She just dipped like a swallow," Polly said.

And Poppet, a seraph in a white dress and a big sash—if seraphs may be supposed to wear big sashes—broke a bottle of wine on the ship's bow, and christened her the *Dawnless*.

THE ENGLISH MADRIGAL.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN a former paper we have seen the progress made in the art of singing during crusading times—how the troubadours and the Minne-singers, the sirventes and minstrels, came and went. All nations from time immemorial have had some kind of song music, but, as you have seen, it was difficult to harmonize this until there was some system of notation—some method of writing down the songs which were handed from one to another like tales told from generation to generation. The "people" of all times and places will have their own songs, and so in the sixteenth century the French had what they called their *Chansons*, the Italians their *Canzonetti*, the Germans their *Volkslieder*. When the spirit of the troubadours died out a strong interest in singing was already felt in the Netherlands—the Low Countries, as they were called, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were rich and prosperous.

Jacqueline, the beautiful and daring daughter of William IV., Duke of Holland and Hainault, was one of those who gave every aid to the perfection of the madrigal, and as in the reign of Henry V. she fled to England for protection from the tyranny of her husband, it is more than likely she introduced into the English court some of her favorite music. The first madrigal of which we have any distinct record was composed by Willaert, a Netherlander, and Philip of Burgundy, Jacqueline's rival, continued to encourage this form of song writing and performance.

Jan Okeghem and his pupil, Josquin des Pres, became famous writers of these songs. Their music, simple and melodious, followed all the then known rules of what is called *counterpoint*, and they undoubtedly encouraged what was best in other countries.

But the first authorities have decided that the oldest known school of vocal music is the so-called "Early English." Although in the Netherlands it was more perfect, in the England of the same period a distinct form of song had been permanently established.

We are not accustomed to think of the court of Henry VIII. as a very musical one, but that bluff monarch really delighted in harmony, and gave every encouragement to the singing of the madrigal, as a certain form of song was called; and as it laid the foundation of English choral singing, and was the first distinct form of ballad or independent song, it is well for all young people interested in the art of music to understand its origin and nature. There is an old picture somewhere which represents Henry VIII. seated in a hall with some courtiers near him, while opposite a band of youths stand singing. "Madrigals for the King" is the name of the old print, and looking at it we seem almost to catch the sweet notes, to follow the wandering capricious air, to hear the quaint words of this early song. Sometimes Henry himself joined in such music. We know he had his daughters carefully instructed, and Anne Boleyn was said to have a "fair voice in a madrigal" when she was a girl first at court.

The meaning of the word is not definitely known. Some writers think it was from "sheep-fold," because so many madrigals were of a pastoral or rural character, while others agree in saying it is derived from the Italian *madre*, as many of the first madrigals were addressed to the Virgin. However that may be, from the thirteenth century it was a known title for a special kind of song, and by the sixteenth century many famous composers were employed in writing music according to the madrigal law. The first one was published in 1590, and was written by King James's chapel-master, Thomas Weekes, but long before that manuscript madrigals were in vogue, and not to understand them or the art of singing them was considered



"Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong, and doubly sweet a brotherhood in song."

almost boorish. Sight reading was very generally studied, and in Queen Elizabeth's day no "damsel's" education was considered "fair" if she could not read her part in a song.

The madrigal is sung without any accompaniment, and consists of some one theme or subject, which is taken up first by one voice, then another, the original idea in the music being carried along through a series of changes or variations, and what are called "imitations." It is well to understand fully what this term "imitation" means, as it is applied to all kinds of music, being specially used in fugues and suites by Bach, Mozart, etc.

To begin with, a fugue means a flight, and is so called because, as in the case of the madrigal, the principal idea is chased or pursued by the music that follows, the same suggestion being carried out in every possible way, so that as long as the composer's ingenuity lasts he can keep it up. Now the imitation consists of repeating one phrase or idea. Supposing a line is sung by one voice in one key, taking the chord or notes up the scale, the next voice repeats the same in some other key, or going downward, making a perfect harmony, although the idea is the same, and it becomes the task of the composer to make such variations agreeable to the ear, and at the same time strictly according to the rules of art. Sometimes it is allowable to make an imitation not quite exact, that is, not at precisely regulated intervals; but when the rule is distinctly adhered to, the madrigal or music is called a canon. The earliest known madrigal is in this form, and is preserved in manuscript in the British Museum. It is supposed to be of the thirteenth century, and is entitled "Summer is i-comen in."

At all public festivals, court entertainments, and gay doings in the houses of the great, singers were employed to entertain the company by their madrigals, frequently celebrating the occasion by specially written words and music. So some of the most famous part-songs were composed to honor Queen Elizabeth, who was an excellent musician, and in spite of her severities, frequently to be touched, moved to compassion or regret, by the sweet strains of music in her court.

Hitherto the instrumental parts had always followed the melody or the voice, but now in Italy and France and in England a more careful arrangement of chords in accompaniment was thought of. In Italy the musical dramas were very popular, and began to be called *oratorios*, from the name of the halls where they were performed, and in England the part-songs and madrigals were extended to something more dramatic in character, although they were very different from the simplest opera or oratorio of our day, being chiefly, as I have told you, for the purpose of celebrating some special day or honoring a noted individual. Still the love of song grew, and naturally singers appeared, and fine voices were developed. We hear of one youth, a lad of fourteen, at King James's court, whose duty it was to open a banquet with a song, in which he was supported by a double chorus, and Queen Mary of Modena had her special "madrigalists," who came at the Queen's bidding "to disarm melancholy" with their dulcet strains.

Milton, in his room "hung with faded green," used to sit hours at his organ, singing sacred music; but from the first the love of simple ballad and madrigal songs remained with the English people, and the very first musical association in England was formed in 1741, under the name of the Madrigal Society. Their object was to promote a love of this kind of music, and to improve it. They met around at different places, and were certainly very industrious; but looking over their rules, we have to smile at the contrast between such a society in 1741 and in 1885. Their meetings were called in various places, and we read in the old books of the society that "all musical performances shall cease after ten o'clock, unless some of the members shall be cheerfully incited to sing catches, in which case they shall be indulged half an hour, and no longer."

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAN HEARS "EVERYTHING."



It was Laura who of all the little group in the Rolf House garden seemed to be most resolute, and who knew best what to do. Nan had been stunned into silence, and was staring blankly before her, white as death. Joan sank down upon the bench at the stable door, and only Laura seemed to feel that something had to be said or done.

"Hurt—Phyllis—Cousin Letty," she murmured. And then, in a braver voice: "Oh, Miss Rogers, they will be bringing them back, and— See! Nan!" for Nan's strength had failed her utterly, and they carried her, only half conscious, into the quiet house.

Perhaps it was a mercy that Nan had to be put to bed; that all sounds or knowledge of that sad day's trouble were kept from her. Afterward she said it seemed to her that she slept nearly all the time, knowing in a vague way that Dr. Rogers and Joan and Laura and Mrs. Heriot came softly back and forth; that cooling drinks were given her; that when her head ached, soft hands were laid on it; but of what had happened she knew nothing clearly for many days.

She had been dimly conscious on one day of an unusual sound of moving in the house—feet going back and forth and up and down stairs. Then there had been a long quiet afternoon, with Laura sitting near the fire trying to read a book; but Nan in her dreamy way remembered that she saw tears fall on the open page; and then the scene in the garden came back to her mind, and she fell asleep again to dream that old Miss Rogers was crying over her, and that something strange was being said of Phyllis and Aunt Letty.

So, although little Nan did not realize it, all of this was a preparation for the sad news that she had to hear one clear crisp December morning when for the first time she was lifted out of bed, and sat up in the big easy-chair before the fire. The shock was broken; but, oh! how hard it was to feel that Aunt Letty was gone, for they had carried the dear old lady into Rolf House for the last time on that November afternoon, and when her little niece came back, as it were, to conscious life, she had been three weeks at rest in the old church-yard of Beverley. But the household in College Street had suffered even more. Mr. Rolf had been instantly killed, with Mr. Jeness, the lawyer, in the railway accident that sad day, and pretty, graceful Phyllis, to whom no one had ever thought such a thing could happen, though fast gaining strength, was to be, they feared, a cripple for life.

Well for the large desolate party of young people that they had the vitality and hopefulness of youth; and Nan did not know how much she had to be grateful for in her illness. The physical weakness made it harder for her to realize what Rolf House without Aunt Letty would be; and then—sore at heart, bitter as were her tears—before she was able to move about, a certain familiarity with the

sad change had come upon her, and her anxiety every day for news of Phyllis gave her a certain interest in life and every-day occupations.

And during this time how wonderfully Laura had developed! It was she who had stepped into Phyllis's place with a gentle, orderly rule, which excited Joan's admiration and the obedience and loyalty of the boys in the most surprising way. Phyllis lying in her bed, not suffering a great deal, but almost helpless; the two servants downstairs; Joan and Alfred and Dickie—all were looked after successfully and thoroughly by the very member of the family whom they had thought of the least consequence; and even Dr. Rogers, who had feared the young girl was doing too much, was brought to admit that this necessity for action, this sense that others depended upon her, was the very thing that Laura Rolf had needed to improve her health and "wake up her character," as he phrased it.

Between Laura and Joan, Nan was rarely left alone, but it so chanced that one afternoon she was dressed and lying on the lounge before the fire, with closed eyes, and Laura, who had been sitting near, fancied her asleep. She heard the Doctor's step in the next room, then his sister's voice, and, half waking, half sleeping, Nan heard the murmur of the voices and the mention of her own name.

"There is no hope, I am afraid," the Doctor was saying. "Laura here has been very brave about it, but—they said I might tell you—it is certain Miss Rolf died without a will. She must have destroyed any that she made, as poor Jeness's father says the very week before her death she came to the office to see Jeness about making a new one. Every search has been made, but we all know that Miss Rolf was too methodical not to have put her will in the right keeping."

Then, dreamily, Nan heard the other voice say:

"And so poor little Nan has nothing, and will have to leave Rolf House?"

"Yes; there are a few hundreds in her name, given to her out and out, and in the bank, but not a penny besides. We must think of what is best to do. Poor girls! they are very badly placed, for Arthur Rolf, their father, was no sort of business man, and he died very much involved. Mr. Field and I and Mowbray, Jeness's partner, are doing all we can, but I doubt if we'll save five hundred out of the whole estate."

Nan for a moment lay perfectly still, but roused in every nerve of her body by what she had accidentally heard. Of course they would have to tell it all to her very soon, and it might be this was the best way to hear it; but how strange, how bewildering it seemed! To leave Rolf House forever! That was Nan's first agonizing thought. And then came a crowd of other feelings, other recollections. Oh, what would they *all* do—not only she herself, but Phyllis, the younger ones, Lance away in Paris, and then her own protégées, the many people she had begun so happily to cheer and keep? It was not possible just then to bear it calmly. Nan was, after all, only an impulsive, warm-hearted, strong-natured little girl, who had begun to live her life after a very happy inspiring plan, and now it was all to be snatched from her—not only the loss of her dear loving aunt, but all her power of helping and doing good.

Some tears forced themselves from under her closed eyelids, and in brushing them away, she moved, turned her head on the pillow, and looked pitifully at Laura.

The older girl had heard all that was said. Nan read that in a glance.

"Lollie," she said, "what *are* we going to do?"

Laura tried to look very cheerful. "Oh, Nan!" she said, coming up and kneeling by her cousin's side, "we expect you to be the brightest and bravest of us all, and Phyllis has plans already. The first time you are allowed to come to College Street, we are to talk it all over. Dr. Rogers thinks you can go by next Monday."

There was an uncasy movement outside of the door, and Joan's head appeared, her big dark eyes looking unnaturally solemn.

"Come in," said Nan, with a watery smile. "I know *all* now," she added, as Joan sat down on the sofa, and, folding her hands, looked unutterably despondent.

"All," she echoed, in a hollow voice. "Does she know—you know what?"—she pushed Laura with one foot.

"No," said Laura, slowly. "You don't know who is to have Rolf House and everything."

"Who?" queried Nan, eagerly.

"Who!" cried poor Joan, with a hysterical sort of gurgle in her throat. "Oh, Nan, *those Farquhars!*"

And unable to witness the effect of this announcement, Joan rushed from the room, a passion of tears relieving her feelings as soon as she was alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

PLANS.

ABOUT ten o'clock one morning, a week after Nan's fate had been disclosed to her, Joan called Laura up to the spare room in the College Street house to inspect her preparations for an important visitor.

"Nan said everything at Brightwoods was so lovely!" said Joan, regarding her work in rather a doleful way.

"Never mind," said Laura, cheerfully. "That looks very nice, Joan, very. I'm sure you're doing famously. Miss Vandort won't expect anything half so nice. Nan will be here very soon with Dr. Rogers," she added. "Won't you see that she doesn't come upstairs too quickly, and we must try to make her and Phyllis laugh when they meet; otherwise it'll be doleful all around."

A glance of amusement shone in Joan's face. "Oh, shall we!" she exclaimed. "That's nice; I'll see to that." And she darted off, leaving Laura to go into Phyllis's room for some final touches before the company arrived.

Phyllis had been moved to the sofa, and save for the meagre outline of her pretty cheeks, a certain brilliancy about her eyes, and the pallor, only now and then relieved by a feverish pink not to be desired, no signs of her accident were evident, and Laura, always fond of what was bright and pretty, had succeeded in making her sister's room very cheerful, and giving her the air, as she said, of quite a "coquettish" invalid. The Rolfs' mother had been a Quakeress, and she as well as her husband had distinctly condemned the wearing of mourning, so that the only difference made in the dress of the young people at College Street was that all gay ribbons and furbelows were laid aside; but Phyllis's seclusion, her being condemned to lie still all day upon her lounge, seemed in Laura's eyes to warrant something soft and pretty—the white wool dressing-gown she wore relieved with swan's-down—and altogether, when her bright wavy hair was arranged, when the rare winter flowers were disposed of in a vase on the table near her, Phyllis on her sofa, for all her sickness, looked very attractive and cheerful.

She smiled pleasantly as Laura came in, rolling a low easy-chair near the lounge.

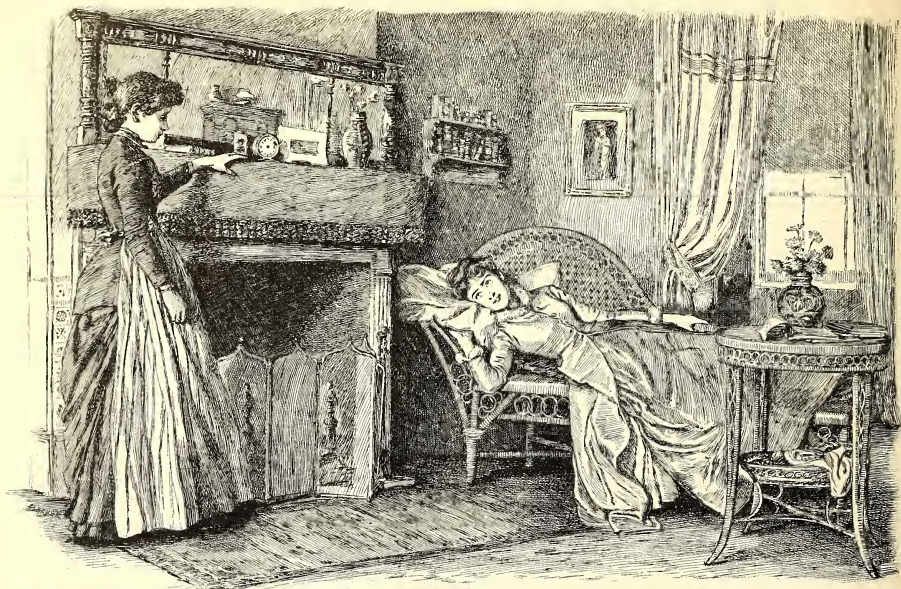
"For Nan is it?" she inquired; "that is nice and thoughtful of you, Lollie. Dear me, I hope the little Dame Durdens will like our project! I'm so glad Annie Vandort approves, and that we have got over thanking everybody for all their offers and suggestions."

"Yes, indeed!" was the answer. "I wonder how you thought it out, Phyl, lying there suffering so much, too."

Phyllis looked grave a moment. "Why, I shouldn't have thought it possible," she said, presently, "if I hadn't known what a rock of common-sense and *working* sense Nan is, and if I hadn't seen how splendidly you were managing, Lollie."

Laura's cheeks colored with satisfaction.

"Oh, Phyl," she said, in a low tone, standing looking



"OH, PHYL, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO HAVE YOU FEEL THAT WAY."

down into the fire, "you don't know how glad I am to have you feel that way. It's so long since I felt I could be or do anything for anybody! But oh, how I've wished to show you what I might do if I had the chance!"

"Dear Lollie," Phyllis said, tenderly, "the 'chance,' as you call it, always comes to us, if we deserve it, and ask Him for it; and yes, you have yours now, dear little sister!" and Phyllis held out her hand and drew Laura toward her, kissing her in a quiet though deep-hearted way.

"There are the wheels! Is it Nan or Annie Vandort? Oh," added Phyllis, with a sudden exclamation, "I forget I can't move! Shall I ever learn that I am helpless?"

It was Miss Vandort, whom they had invited to share in their councils at this critical time.

Laura and Joan were fascinated by her at once. The tall young lady of Brightwoods seemed just as much in her proper element here, where, for all of Laura's activity, the little household was rather disjointed, and the fact that for two years past Mr. Rolf's affairs had been growing more and more involved was apparent in the shabbiness of the furniture, the many deficiencies throughout the whole house; but in five minutes, as Joan said later, they saw she was one who "didn't mind." She stood before the fire in the parlor pulling off her gloves and laying aside her seal-skin cloak and toque, talking with Laura and Joan as if she had known them for years, and before the party reached Phyllis's room the sound of pleasant voices and laughter floated in to the invalid, making her feel that Annie Vandort had made good her welcome already.

Leaving the elder girls together, Joan rushed down to wait for Nan, whom Dr. Rogers was driving over from Rolf House, and who, in her eagerness to see the College Street party once more, had quite forgotten to be dismal over the fact that they were, to quote the now witty Alfred, "honest and well-meaning paupers." Without telling her of Phyllis's plan, Dr. Rogers had explained already

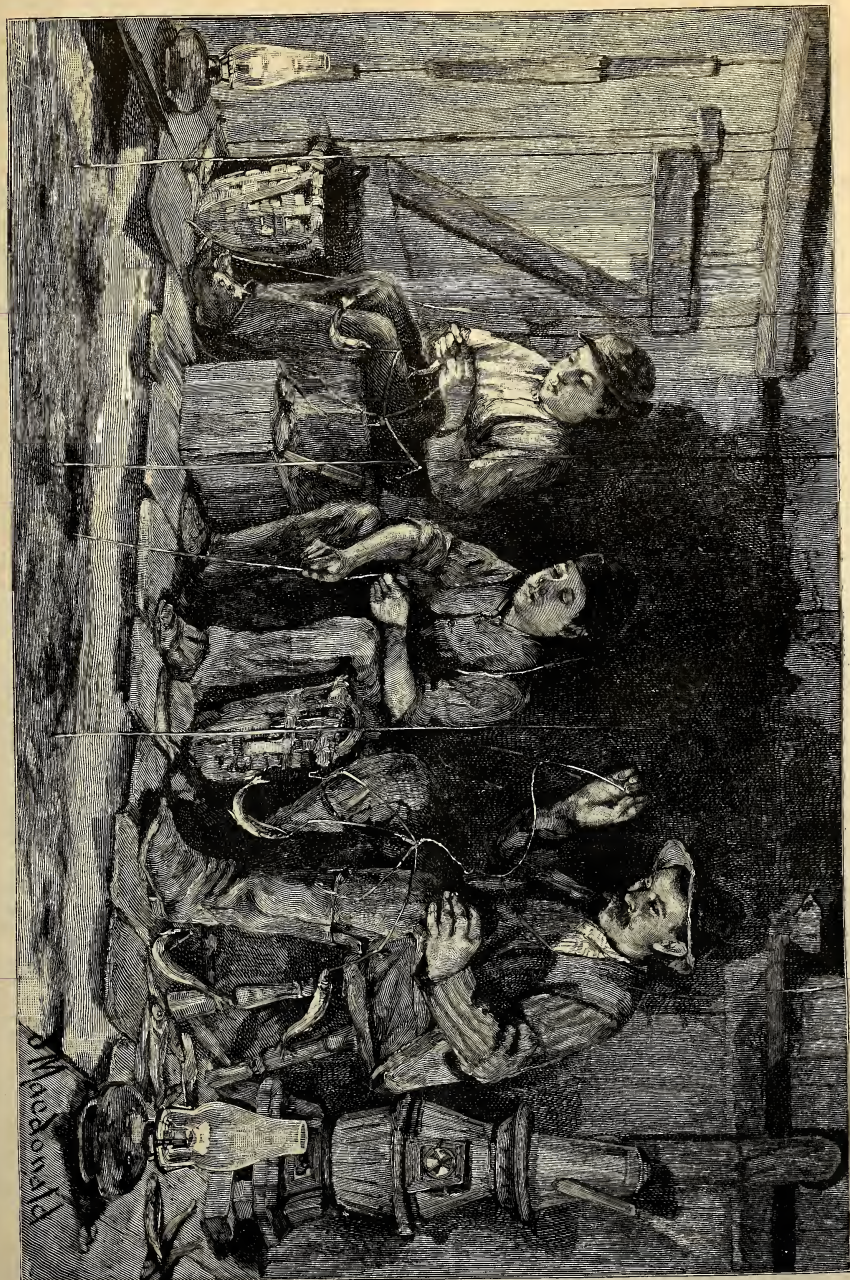
to Nan just the state of affairs. The Farquhars were eager to take possession of their new property, and it was needless for him to say they intended to do nothing for any of their young relations. The Doctor never told any of the girls of his long letter to Mr. Farquhar, suggesting that between them they might place the little family in better circumstances, for it had been answered by a few curt lines of such definite refusal that the honest Doctor's blood boiled with indignation. Phyllis would not be talked into his doing more than give counsel and such help as they needed in deciding and arranging their future.

Then came in Mrs. Vandort's prompt and loving offers—made through Annie. Brightwoods was offered as a home for Phyllis, and schools were talked of for the others; but again Phyllis had been grateful, but firm. "Let us *try*," she had pleaded with her old friend, the Doctor; and he had gone home to his six-o'clock tea to declare to his sister that perhaps Miss Rolf was wiser than they thought. "For," he said, "it's wonderful what a stock of bravery those girls are showing. I'd always regarded Phyllis as rather vain and consequential, or, that is, apt to hold that pretty, dainty head of hers too high; but here she is actually forgetting all her fine-ladyism, and coming out the true blue."

What he wanted to impress upon Nan chiefly, as they drove along the wintry road, was just how the money matters stood. The College Street family would have about seven hundred dollars, and five hundred remained to Nan's credit in the bank.

"And I suppose, little woman," he concluded, as they drew up before the door, which Joan opened at once, "you will think best to join forces here; but remember one thing, childie, sister Amy and I wanted you to be with us, and any time our door stands open for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE FISHING CAMP.—SEE "BOYS' WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA," PAGE 314.

BOYS' WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

II.—SMELT FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ANDRÉ THIBAUT'S liking for Ben and Bob Archer was increased rather than diminished as he became better acquainted with them, and he spared no effort to keep the promise he had made, while they were building the log cabin, to teach them something of woodcraft, and to try and make their first Canadian winter a pleasant one.

During the Christmas holidays, when all the other boys of the school had gone to their homes, the young Archers, who for the first time in their lives had no home to go to, were beginning to feel a little lonely. So when, on a certain Thursday, André said to them, "Boys, how you like go fishing, eh? stay all night, help me catch heap l'éperlan for Friday?" Ben answered, "Of course we should like it," and Bob, who was always ready for anything, exclaimed, "Yes, indeed; it'll be jolly; but what's l'éperlan, André?"

"Feesh—leestle feesh—vat you call smelts," answered the good-natured Canadian, laughing.

"And where are we going to stay all night?"

"Out on river, in shanty—my feesh shanty. Plenty warm, plenty eat, plenty sleep, plenty feesh," was the reassuring answer.

Mr. Dubois readily gave his consent to their going, for he knew André to be a trusty fellow who would take good care of them, and the boys at once began their preparations.

One of the light toboggans that in Canada take the place of sleds was loaded with blankets and a bountiful supply of provisions, warm clothing was put on, and skate straps were examined; for they were to go down the river on the ice, from which the wind had blown most of the snow, and soon after dinner everything was in readiness for the start. André dragged the loaded toboggan, while the boys took turns at a second, on which were two large empty fish baskets and a light axe.

Going directly to the river, they all put on their skates, and were quickly off for a long race over its frozen surface. The St. Lawrence was here about five miles wide, and presented only a vast white surface that glistened in the clear sunlight as far as the eye could see. For a month the weather had been intensely cold, the mercury often falling twenty and thirty degrees below zero, and the ice was several feet thick. On this day the thermometer registered a few degrees above zero, and the boys soon became thoroughly warmed with their splendid exercise, though the cold was still so great as to cause the thick ice to crack every now and then with sharp, startling reports.

"How far are we going, André?" asked Ben.

"Six—seven mile—au Point Poisson."

"But how on earth are we going to fish with the ice three feet thick is what I can't understand," said Bob.

"Cut hole, my shanty, you see," said André, who never wasted words.

So the boys skated on without asking any more questions, and in less than two hours they reached a little rough board shanty that stood all alone on the great white plain of the river, about half a mile from the outer end of a long, heavily wooded point of land.

Quickly unloading the toboggans, and placing the things they had brought with them inside the shanty, they started for land to get fire-wood for the night. The short winter day was nearly ended, and the sun had already set when they returned to the shanty, dragging the toboggans piled with sticks of dry birch cut to the size of stove wood.

As soon as they stopped exercising, the boys began to feel the bitter chill of the night air, and they were very glad to see André light a fire in the little old stove that stood in one corner of the shanty. Besides the stove the

shanty contained several boxes, a dilapidated chair without any back, a large can of oil, two lamps, and in one corner a pile of balsam boughs, over which were thrown a couple of buffalo-ropes. On the opposite side of the room from this rude but soft and sweet-scented couch was a hole in the floor, about three feet wide, and extending nearly the whole length of the shanty. Through it the boys saw that the ice beneath differed from that outside by being smooth, black, and apparently but a few inches thick.

André explained that this was his fishing hole, and that the ice over it was thin because it had already been cut on several times that winter. He also told them that he kept his shanty on shore during the summer, and dragged it out to the channel as soon as the ice was strong enough to bear a team of horses in the winter.

After getting the fire well started, he produced a tin pot, some tin plates and cups, knives, forks, spoons, a piece of bacon, a package of tea, and some maple sugar from one of the boxes. The boys lit the lamps, and spread out the cold lunch they had brought with them, while André made a steaming hot pot of tea, and fried the bacon. Then they had supper, and with appetites sharpened by their active exercise in the clear cold air, it seemed to the boys that nothing had ever tasted so good.

At last the meal was over, and while the boys cleaned and put away the few supper dishes, André chopped out all the ice that showed through the big hole in the floor. When he had finished, and it had all been carried off by the current, a clear space of dark water, that gurgled with the flow of the tide, lay at their feet.

Then André set the lamps on the floor, one at each end of this open space, so that it was brightly lighted up by them, and from another of the boxes he produced six fish-lines. Each of these had a four-pronged spreader of wire made fast to one end, and to each of these prongs was attached a small hook, about the size of those used in catching brook-trout.

The six lines, two for each of the fishermen, were made fast to nails driven into a beam overhead, the twenty-four hooks were baited with small pieces cut from a fresh hog's liver that André had brought with him, and which he said was "vere tough an' good for l'éperlan," and the spreaders were thrown into the water.

They had hardly sunk when, with a quick exclamation, Ben, who sat on a box next to André, began to haul in one of his lines. Two beautifully silvered little fish, that André said were smelts, were drawn to the surface, and Ben felt very proud at having caught the first. Then Bob pulled up four at once, and for the next ten minutes all three were kept busy catching the hungry little fish as fast as they could haul them in. Suddenly they seemed to have left that part of the river, and for a quarter of an hour not a bite was had.

"Some big feesh chase l'éperlan away," said André.

After a while they came back again, attracted by the glare of light on the water and the smell of the bait, and, after that, business was brisk for several hours, until André said they had all the fish they could possibly carry back to the village.

Then all three of the fishermen lay down on the fragrant balsam couch and slept until morning as peacefully as though they were in their own beds at home, instead of away out on the frozen St. Lawrence.

The first peep of daylight found André up lighting the fire and making coffee. After breakfast, just as the sun was flooding the frozen river with its first rays of red light, they closed the little shanty, and, leaving it again to its lonesomeness, started with their heavily laden toboggans for Beauvoir.

They reached home by nine o'clock in the gayest of spirits, André being happy because he had so many smelts to sell, and the Archer boys delighted with the novel experience through which they had just passed.



ow · Dame · Margery · Twist · saw · more · than · was · good · for · her,

BY HOWARD PYLE.

DAME MARGERY TWIST, of Tavistock town, was a good, gossiping, chattering old soul, whose hen never hatched a chick but all of the neighbors knew of it, as the saying goes. The poor old creature had only one eye; how she lost the other you shall presently hear, and also how her wonderful tulip garden became like anybody else's tulip garden.

Dame Margery Twist lived all alone with a great tabby cat. She dwelt in a little cottage that stood back from the road, and just across the way from the butcher's shop. All within was neat and as bright as a new pin, so that it was a delight just to look upon the row of blue dishes upon the dresser, the pewter pipkins as bright as silver, or the sanded floor as clean as your mother's table. Over the cottage twined sweet woodbines, so that the air was laden with their fragrance in the summer-time, when the busy yellow-legged bees droned amidst the blossoms from the two hives that stood against the wall. But the wonder of the garden was the tulip bed, for there were no tulips in all England like them, and folks came from far and near only to look upon them and to smell their fragrance.

Now this was the secret of the dame's fine tulip bed: the fairies dwelt amongst the flowers, and she often told her gossips how that she could hear the fairy mothers singing their babies to sleep at night when the moon was full and the evening was warm. She had never seen the little folks herself, for few mortals are allowed to look upon them, and Dame Margery's eyes were not of that nature. Nevertheless she heard them, and that, in my opinion, is the next best thing to seeing them.

Dame Margery Twist was the best nurse in all of Tavistock town. She was always ready to bring a sick body into good health again, and was always paid well for the nursing.

One evening the dame was drinking her tea by herself with great comfort. There came a knock at the door. "Who is it?" said Dame Margery.

"It's Tommy Lamb, please, ma'am," said a little voice.

"What is it you want, Tommy?" said the dame.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a little gentleman outside, no taller than I be; he gave me this box, and told me to tell you to rub your eyes with the salve, and then to come out to him."

The dame looked out of the window, but never a body stood there that she could see. "Where is the gentleman, dearie?" said she.

"Yonder he is, with a great white horse standing beside him," said Tommy Lamb; and he pointed with his finger as he spoke.

The dame rubbed her eyes and looked again, but never a thing did she see but the green gate, the lilac-bushes, and the butcher's shop opposite.

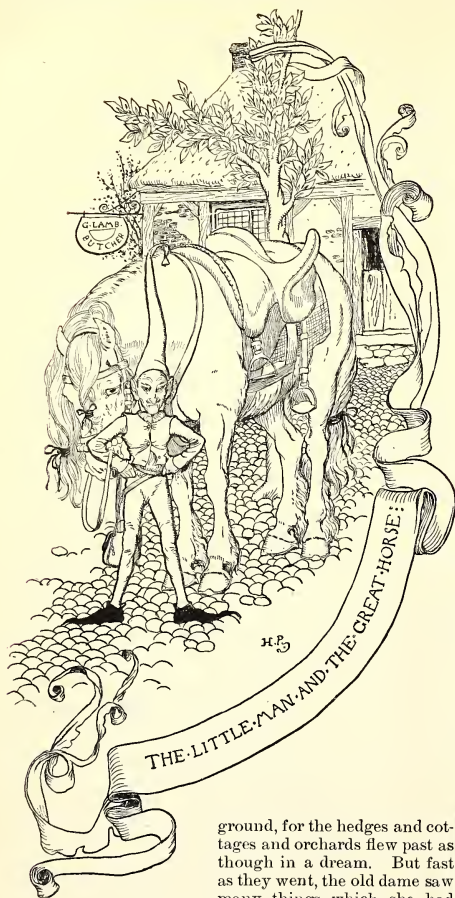
"Well," said Dame Margery to herself, "this is strange, for sure! I see no little old gentleman in green." Then she opened the box that she held, and looked into it, and saw that it was filled with a green salve. "I'll rub some of it on my eyes, at any rate," said she; whereupon she did so. Then she looked again, and, lo and behold! there stood a little old man no taller than Tommy Lamb. His face was as brown and as withered and as wrinkled as a winter's crab-apple left on the bare tree when the frost is about. He was dressed all in green from top to toe, and on his head was a tall green cap with a bell at the peak, which tinkled at every movement of his head. By his side stood a great, tall, milk-white horse, with a long tail and mane tied with party-colored ribbons.

Dame Margery went out to the little old gentleman in green, and asked him what he would have with her. He told the dame that his wife was sorely sick, and that he



wanted her to come and nurse her for the night. At this Dame Margery hemmed and hawed and shook her head, for she did not like the thought of going out at night, she knew not where, and with such a strange little body. At last he persuaded her to go, promising her a good reward if she would nurse his wife back into her health again. So the dame went back into the cottage to make ready for her journey. After this she came out again, and climbed up behind the little man in green, and so settled herself upon the pillion-saddle for her ride. Then the little man whistled to his horse, and away they went.

They seemed to fly rather than ride upon the hard



ground, for the hedges and cottages and orchards flew past as though in a dream. But fast as they went, the old dame saw many things which she had never dreamed of before. She saw all of the hedge-rows, the by-ways, the woods and fields, alive with fairy folk. Each little body was busy upon his or her own business—laughing, chatting, talking, and running here and there like folks on a market-day.

So they came at last to a place which the dame knew was the Three-tree Hill; but it was not the Three-tree Hill which she had seen in all of her life before, for a great gateway seemed to open into it, and it was into this gateway that the little man in green urged the great white horse.

After they had entered the hill, Dame Margery climbed down from the pillion and stood looking about her. Then she saw that she was in a great hall, the walls of which were glistening with gold and silver, while bright stones gleamed like so many stars all over the roof of the place. In the corner of the room was a bed all of pure gold, and over the bed were spread coverlets of gold and silver cloth, and in the bed lay a beautiful little lady, very white and ill.

The dame nursed the fairy lady all that night, and by cock-crow in the morning the little woman had ease from her pain.

Then the little man spoke for the first time since Dame Margery had left home. "Look 'ee, Dame Margery," said he, "I promised to pay you well, and I will keep my word. Come hither." So the dame went to him as he had bidden her to do, and the little man filled her reticule with black coals from the hearth. After this she climbed up on the great horse again, and behind the little man, and they rode out of the place and home, where they were, safe and sound, ere the day had fairly broke. But before the little man had left her, he drew out another little box, just like the one that Tommy Lamb had brought her the evening before, only this time the box was filled with red ointment. "Rub your eyes with this, Dame Margery," said he.

Now Dame Margery Twist knew butter from cheese, as the saying is. She knew that the green salve was of a kind which very few people have had rubbed over their eyes in this world; that it was of a kind which poets would give their ears to possess, even were it a lump no larger than a pea. So when she took the box of red ointment she only rubbed one eye with it—her left eye. Her right eye she pretended to rub, but in truth she never touched it at all.

Then the little man got upon his horse again, and rode away to his home in the hill.

After he had gone away, Dame Margery thought that she would empty her reticule of the dirty black coals. So she turned it topsy-turvy, and shook it over the hearth, and out tumbled—black coals? No; great lumps of pure gold that shone bright yellow like fire in the light of the candle. The good dame could scarcely believe her eyes, for here was wealth enough to keep her in comfort for all the rest of her days.

The next night was full moon, and Dame Margery came and looked out over the fine bed of tulips, of which she was very proud. "Heyday!" she cried, and rubbed her eyes, in doubt as to whether she was asleep or awake, for the whole place was alive with little folks.

But she was awake, and it was certain that she saw them. So the dame leaned out of the window, watching them with great delight, for it is always a delight to watch the little folks at their sports.

After a while she saw where one hid himself under a leaf, whilst the others, who were to seek him, looked up and down and high and low, but could find him nowhere. Then the old dame called out, in a loud voice, "Look under the leaf, Black-cap."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than, whisk! whirr! off they scampered, out of the garden and away—fathers, mothers, children, babies, all—crying, in their shrill voices, "She sees us! she sees us!" For fairies are very





timid folk, and dread nothing more than to have mortals see them in their own shapes.

So they never came back again to the dame's garden, and from that day to this her tulips have been like everybody else's tulips.

Now, about twelve months after the time that the dame had nursed the fairy lady, the great fair was held at Tavistock.

All the world and his wife were there, so, of course, Dame Margery went also. In the great tent the country people had spread out their goods—butter, cheese, eggs, honey, and the like, making as goodly a show as you would want to see. Dame Margery was in her glory, for she had people to gossip with everywhere; so she went hither and thither, and at last into the great tent where these things of which I have spoken were all spread out for show.

Then, lo and behold! whom should she see, gliding here and there amongst the crowd of other people, but the little man in green whom she had seen a year ago? She opened her eyes mightily wide, for she saw that he was doing a strange thing. By his side hung a little earthenware pot, and in his hand he held a little wooden scraper, which he passed over the rolls of butter, afterward putting that which he scraped from the rolls into the pot that hung beside him. Dame Margery peeped into the pot, and saw that it was half full; then she could contain herself no longer.

"Heyday, neighbor," cried she, "here be pretty doings, truly! Out upon thee, to go scraping good luck and full measure off of other folk's butter!"

When the little man in green heard the dame speak to him, he was so amazed that he nearly dropped his wooden scraper. "Why, Dame Margery, can you see me, then?"

"Aye, marry can I, and what you are about doing also. Out upon you, say I."

"Which eye do you see me with?" said he.

"With this eye, gossip, and very clearly, I would have you know;" and she pointed to her right eye.

Then the little man swelled out his cheeks until they were like two little brown dumplings. Puff! he blew a breath into the good dame's eye. Puff! he blew, and if the dame's eye had been a candle, the light of it could not have gone out sooner.

The dame felt no smart, but she might wink, and wink, and wink again, but she would never wink sight into the eye upon which the little man had blown his breath.

Dame Margery Twist never greatly missed the sight of that eye, but, all the same, I would give both of mine for it.

All of these things are told at Tavistock town even to this day, and if you go thither you may hear them for yourself.





OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SHELMAN, MOUNT Lebanon, SYRIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Our school is a large room. From one window we look down to the Mediterranean; from the other, to the top of Lebanon. Our teacher wears a cap and spectacles, and sits in a rocking-chair before her table. There is a large table for the first class—that's Jennie; a desk for the second class—that's Theodore; a low table and little rocking-chair for the third class—that's me. I study geography and history, Common Things, French, and arithmetic. I am reviewing fractions, and so many rules are very bothering. Friday afternoon we learn poetry or write compositions. Saturday we draw from copies. I like to draw from fancy, not from lessons. Sister Jennie gives me many lessons. Jennie and Theodore have Latin with papa every other day. In one corner is a little two-story play-house for the fourth class—that's Elsie; but she does not come here often in school-time, though she knows her letters, and can make some of them on her slate. She has another play-house in the nursery. I could write a whole letter about Elsie, she is so cunning. We have Bible lessons and hymns and catechism with mamma, and she reads to us history and travels and biography. We have just finished *Ole Bull*, and now we are reading Mrs. Somerville. We do not see any Frank children for six months, and we have nowhere to go on Sundays, and no one to come in, so we read aloud, and do fancy-work, and have nice games. We keep Christmas and all of our birthdays, and are very busy making presents; that is the way we learn to sew and do many kinds of work, and there is fun in surprising each other. I will be nine on my birthday next June. Last week we had a birthday, and we children gathered sixty-one roses to put around the cake. Last summer we had to Arab lessons. Of course we talk it a little, though, but to read it is like another language, for the book words are very different. When I have practiced more I will send you an Arabic letter. I send you a card of thanks and one of thanks, which I mounted, and Theodore sends you one of anemones, which he made. I send you a picture I drew of Jennie on her pony and of me gathering flowers, and one of the little carriage I would like to have, now that the carriage road to Ninian is finished. I send you some Arab bread; you can eat it with butter or with your orange and salt. Next time I will write you about my friends and fun out-doors and in the house.

Your little friend, EDITH M. P.

Possibly some of my little readers may be puzzled to know just what Edith means by the phrase

"Frank children." Let me explain it. The term Frank is applied by the Turks, Egyptians, and other people of the East to the Western nations—the English, French, German, Italian, and others—and of course to Americans. Long, long ago, as you who study history remember, a race of Germans called Franks conquered France and settled there. From the word Frank we get franc-marks, which means free. No American or Englishman would part with the franchise, or his privilege of sharing in the government of his country. But perhaps this is too deep for some of you.

The Arab bread was very nice—something like a wafer in its brittleness. I wish there had been enough to go round the whole Post-Office Box circle. And the beautiful pressed ferns and flowers and the little drawing were graceful additions to your letter, which is very welcome to thousands of children. I'm a wee bit afraid to have you send me an Arabic letter, dear, for I haven't had your advantages, and it would be necessary for me to return it and ask for a translation.

CALHOUN, CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Among your numerous correspondents I see there are some who are nineteen years old, so I thought you would not object to my writing a letter although I am that age. I am very much interested in *Harper's Young People*. My little pupils (for I am a governess) take it in, and they are very fond of reading it indeed, especially the letters.

I am going to tell you about some little swallows (do you have any in America?) that built in the Post-Office Box on the side of our house, between two springs back. They only had a very small space to fly in and out of at the top of the door, and they became so tame that they would fly quite close to our heads, but if they came to a strange voice in the yard they seemed to know directly, and would not come in or go out till they were quite sure that everything was quiet again; they evidently knew us perfectly well. Sometimes a stray swallow invaded their nest, and they would make such a noise, twittering and fluttering about, and would not come out till they had killed the poor unfortunate little invader if we had not got a ladder and removed it. Last year we are almost sure the same thing happened; they seemed to know where to go in and out, and were quite as tame as the year before. Many little swallows migrate to other countries, but some of them spend the winter in Europe, and hide themselves under ground in marshes (damp, grassy places) and bottoms of rivers, where they remain as long as attached to earth. It is surprising what instinct they must have.

An aunt of mine has a very clever parrot; it says almost anything. Sometimes in the summer, if the hall door happens to be open, it will whistle dogs in, and frequently it has made horses gallop away. It always seems to know what-thing it can say for fun, or to get a dinner, tea, and supper, and generally commences asking for them by saying, "Poor Polly is very hungry; he wants a dinner," or whatever it likes to say. It has very ill a short time ago, and auntie gave it some bread, which did it a great deal of good, and ever since then it has been so fond of her, and will sit on her finger or let her hold it, and she pleases with it, but it will not allow any one else to touch it. I do not think it would be at all particular about eating anything else, but it would never think of touching auntie.

EVA S. P.

Many thanks for your kindness in writing about the swallows. Yes, we have them in America. Among my earliest recollections is the finding of a house of swallows in the cellar one morning. They had a nest in our chimney, and a violent wind blew it down, with the whole family, and there we children discovered it on the hearth when we came down to breakfast.

PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

I am a little boy ten years old, and have just begun taking *Harper's Young People*, and think it is very nice. I have one pet, a little dog; it is a very good one. Our first dog was run over. I was like to see it die in the price, but it was as it is tea-time. I am sending you an enigma that I have made myself.

D. C.

I thought I would write to you for the first time, and tell you how I have died with a blackbird. I have one still, and that is a kitten. I am nearly ten years old. We have several dogs. I go to school, about two hundred yards from our house. My sister takes *Harper's Young People*, and we both like it very much.

FRANK AITCHISON A.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little boy seven years old, and I have been to school only three weeks. I like to see the letters, and I like to read, so he is writing for me. I know how

to read little stories, and I can do very easy addition. I don't know why all the little boys and girls like *Harper's Young People* better than "Rolf House" like "Rolf House" best. I had a dear little birdie, but my kitty ate it all up. This is the first letter I ever saw and I hope it won't be the last one to print. May I write again? CHARLIE B. S.

Yes, you may.

PULLMAN, ILLINOIS.

I have just received *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and turning to the Post-Office Box, saw a letter from William A. B., of Norwich, New York, who had been in Pullman. I live in that city, and I thought that perhaps it was desirable for it might be interesting to the many readers of this delightful paper.

There was a model of Pullman, fourteen feet long, sent to the World's Exposition at New Orleans; perhaps some of the readers have seen it. A little more than three years ago the ground on which this pretty little city now stands was only a marsh. It borders on Lake Calumet, a small lake connected with Lake Michigan by the Calumet River. My father says he has been here duck shooting when people thought the land of little value. But a stock company thought this a good site for a town, so they drained the marsh and built the town. Pullman, M. J., the managing president of the company, the town was named for him. It is built entirely of brick, and is affected by the city of Chicago. Just on the borders of the town are the brick-yards where all the brick is made. In the "City of Brick" are the Pullman palace-car shops, where most of the residents of Pullman are employed. The principal buildings in the city are the Arcade and Market Building, where most of the business is carried on, and the Hotel. On the first floor of the Arcade are the stores, post-office, and a bank; the second, offices and bank, library; and on the third, the theatre and lodge-room. In the Market Building, on the first floor, are the meat, vegetable, and fruit markets, etc., as the grocery stores are allowed to keep no fruit or vegetables; above the markets are the hotels. The hotel is a fine building in the centre of one of the parks; it is named for Mr. Pullman's daughter—Hotel Florence. Near the centre of the town is a water-tower, from which water is conducted from Lake Michigan all over the place. In the eastern part of the town are five ball grounds, and still farther east is a small island in the lake on which are the Pullman athletic grounds and boat-house. The rest of the town is composed mainly of residences, all furnished with water and gas, the streets are all paved, and the houses are named for the four inventors Fulton, Stephenson, Watt, and Morse. As a stranger looking on, would think that every thing is a small place, but it is built very compactly, all the residences being in blocks, and it contains from seven to eight hundred families. It is very pretty in summer, with its green parks and terraces, and is kept remarkably clean. The whole town is governed by the Company, and no man is allowed to own a lot of ground in the place. I can go to say that there is a fine church, built of a local stone from Pennsylvania, and called the Methodist Episcopal Church. The water of the exhaust-pipe of the Corliss engine, and is so warm that it never freezes in winter.

W. A. B. (12 years old).

This letter is quite a model in style, and is credit to a girl of Daisy's age.

CHILMARK, N. W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

I have read the letters in the Post-Office Box of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and now I think I should like to write one too. I have two sisters, and I am the youngest, and I am twelve years old. One Saturday my father brought home *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I was so delighted with it that I asked him to buy me the book numbers, which he did, and I have been reading ever since. "The Lost City" very much. I am afraid there will be not enough room in the Post-Office Box for me to write to you very often, but I think I must end it, as I want to see it printed.

JOSEPH S.

I hope Joseph will some day tell us about his school life, and his games when out of school.

Now for a child's composition:

THE VIOLET AND THE BROOK.

BY ETHEL C. (AGED 9 YEARS).

One day a violet peeped out from its green mantle. The sun was shining brightly, and all the world looked beautiful. As it looked, the violet's eye fell on a brooklet, which was babbling and laughing. The violet looked down at the brook, and then at its own radiant dress. "Ah! poor thing!" it said, "you dredge your life away, with no glory to show for it. You are mistaken, I think," modestly replied the brook, "for I have a free life. I flow through the land, and all welcome me with pleasure. The world is full of me, and I am taken in by the sun smiles on me, and the cattle drink my

waters; so I am very happy." The brooklet habited on, and the days went by, but where was the violet? A maiden had plighted it and laid it against her shining hair, and there it died, pining for the sunshine and the merry breezes of the meadows; but the brook went on brightly singing and making pleasure.

Moral.—It is far better to devote life to making others happy, than to spend it in self-pleasure and waste it like the violet.

Ethel has written this wonderfully well, but as the violet is one of my favorites, I feel a wee bit sorry that she chose that modest little flower as an illustration of vanity. Few girls of nine, however, could have written so well, however, and an older friend assures me that Ethel had no assistance in this effort.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have only taken it in a very short time. I like "The Lost City," and especially the Post-office Box. I have five brothers and two sisters besides myself. I always like to get the new number, which I have on each Saturday. I am ten years old, and I go to school. I like to read the Fourth Standard. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history, dictation, and grammar. I like school very much. EDITH J.

ENFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA.

My brother takes your paper, and like it very much. I think "Wakula" and "Rolf House" are the prettiest stories. I am eleven years old. I have five brothers and three sisters. One of my sisters is married, and has two little boys named Frank and William. They are very sweet. I live in the country, nine miles from Enfield, N. C. I go to Washington, D. C. and Baltimore this winter, and enjoyed myself very much. When she returned she brought me a number of tales from the States, and they were interesting. Christmas I received candy, nuts, raisins, a cup and saucer, doll, work-book, card, and a package of pop-crackers. Mauna teaches my brother and myself. I have a dog named morning, two or three winters ago, one of my brothers went down in the field and found a little yellow lamb almost frozen. He took it home by the fire and gave it some milk, and after a while it got up and walked about. He gave it milk, but it died in three days. I have a little pet, a silver cat, and I was very sorry to lose it. My brother has a little black dog named Rab. It seems to me that you receive so many letters that some may not be welcome, but I hope this one will. Lovingly, your little friend.

KATE DEANE P.

Indeed, dear, all are welcome. I hope your next pet may live and thrive.

MARSHFIELD, OHIO.

I have written to the Postmistress before, but my letters have not been published, so I thought I would try again. We are having splendid sledding now, and go very fast down the river. We start at Fifth Street and go to Third Street. The boys have put water on the street, and it is frozen, and of course it makes us go all the faster on our sleds. We have five double-runners on the track, and sometimes there are a dozen or more persons on one double-runner. I go to school every day, and study reading, spelling, geography, and German. I can speak German, but not very well. I am eleven years old now, and will be twelve in September.

ELABEN'S, N. Y.

Your fun in the snow is over for this year. What are your summer sports?

HOPKINSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I do not think my papa could have given me a nicer Christmas present than HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. I have been getting it for seven weeks. I like the Post-office Box very much. I count the days from Tuesday to Tuesday for the paper. The stories almost always leave off at the most interesting place. And then we have to wait a whole week before we know what is coming next. I am nine years old. My papa is the minister here. We have been here three years, and will be here in a few days this spring. I go to the High School here. I think it was a nice little girl who wrote "Silver-hair's Journey"; I liked it very much.

FOSTER P.

PALMER, NEW YORK.

This is the first time I have written to you. I think I could not do without your HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The older people seem to enjoy it very much, for grandma and auntie and mamma read it every day. Did you ever hear of a boy named Sweet? My uncle has a tree that can run away in the branches of a willow. He learned this trick by chasing squirrels. I enjoy reading the Post-office Box very much. I find from it what HARPER'S young people are doing, not only in this country, but across the water. I have a little five-year-old sister, whose name is Anna, and we call her Sweet. I am eight and a half years

old, and go to school. It has been so cold this winter that I have had to stay at home several times. FRED A. C.

What an astonishing dog! Kiss Sweet for me, please.

KITE-TIME.

A hurry, a scurry, a rush, and a flurry—It's real March weather; let nobody worry. A puff of a snow-squall, a dash, and a splash, As the rain strikes the pane, and the wind shakes the sash.

Hurrah for old March! though he bluster, he's folly. To make a great fuss when the wind blows is folly.

Who cares for his clatter? it's no such great matter; He lies down when the sun-rays sweet May-time would flatter.

And the boys have their joys; they are full of When March sets each fellow to flying his kite.

SIMCOB, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time. I have no pets to speak of, but my brother has a little dog named Ruby. I have three brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers is in Montana. I go to a private school where there are twenty pupils; I study reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. My teacher has a dog named Fice, and a cat named Harry. RODERICK M.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have no pets except a black cat named Maud. I have a aunt. I had a pet chicken, but it got lost. I have quite a number of dolls; one is as large as a two-year-old child; it has a wax face, blue eyes, and dark hair. I go to school, and cluster in division and study geography and Third Reader.

BESSIE G. B.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am a very little girl four years old. Brother has a donkey, which sings, and I have a parrot that talks and sings. I don't know if it is a great many? Now I must stop. I have stopped. FRANCES S.

This letter was printed in very large letters by very small fingers.

BRIDGEPORT, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl ten years old, and as I never saw a letter from this place, I thought I would write one. I go to school, and take geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, map-drawing, drawing, and grammar. I have a brother thirteen years old, and a sister eight. I have four dolls, whose names are May, Abbie, Jennie, and Lucy, and I have also a cat. I am making a chair full of crazy-work, and have just begun it; my sister Bessie is making one too. Mabel is, I suppose, and myself have a club; its name is T. G. P. C. Can you guess it? Good-by. EMMA G. R.

You will have to tell me, I fancy.

Carleton C., Baltimore: We have an article on the subject you mention, which will soon be published.—Vernie C. B.: Blossom is a very poetic name for a kitten.—Nellie B. McE.: If the stories "left off" as you say, in places, I should not be interested; it would be much worse, would it not?—Sterie H. McE. and Louis R. L.: You are good boys to write to me.—Curley: I prefer dogs which say "Bow-wow" loudly to those which howl and whine; do not you?—Mabel D. E. Aubrey R.: Thanks to you both—I think roller-skating rather dangerous. I have a sled. I was pleased to hear of your girls' club. What do you do at the meetings?—Estelle N.: You wrote a very nice little letter.—The puzzle sent by Andrew and Delia K. shall soon appear. I am sorry you had such trouble with the pretty brood of chickens, but nobody is secure from a brood of them, and you have a great many pets. Won't you write again?—Sophie is the possessor of a colledge dog, and has a cat too.—Allen K.: Bless the boy; didn't know when my birthday came, but sent me a pretty card to keep for the occasion. It happened to arrive very near the right time. And it is as delightful as an invitation from that queer youth Jimmy Brown.—From Blackfoot, Idaho, Fred, James, Will, Francis, and Charlie J., five brothers, write that they have a great deal of fun and no end of noise in their home, which is on a cattle ranch fifteen miles from here. They have a cow, a horse, a pig, a head of cattle to care for, and are kept busy. A lady teacher has been engaged to instruct these boys, and I am sure they will form a guard of

honor to protect her from danger.—Annie L. P. has a precious little sister named Alice, and has several pets besides.—Maudie E. C.: Do not feel sorry, dear, that I can not find a place for your letter. I am very glad you like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much.—Stella L. D.: Tell mamma no, not yet, but the author of whom she inquires may publish a book on that subject after a while. —Lillie C. C., Lillie S., William H. B., Walter M. P., Anna N., M. Eugenia P., Ralph H. W. (what a good name you have!), Mary J., Sallie, Helen D., Beatrice C., Lillian P., Harry M., Maud M. P., Ora D., Arthur J. B., Julia B., Azalea B. C., Jessie P., Lillie M. S., Nellie S., F. B. L., Charles S., Harry Holroyd S., Arthur C. C., H. C., Mary E. T., Josephine F., Ellen W. C. (write a letter, dear, describing the pleasantest journey you have ever taken), Ida S., Edith F. W., Lillian K. W., Willie H. S. (what does your Polly say?), Mary D., and Katie H. will please accept thanks.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

REVERSIONS.

1. Reverse to dwell, and leave calamity. 2. Reverse space, and leave a cure. 3. Reverse a period, and leave to send out. 4. Reverse to feast, and leave a mechanical power. 5. Reverse a small pond, and leave a river. 6. Reverse a very graceful animal, and leave a musical instrument. JAMES CONNOR.

No. 2.

TWO MONKARS.

1.—My first in vain, but not in cringe. My second in paint, but not in tinge. My third in use and in abuse. My fourth in let, but not in choose. My fifth in tea and also in toast. My sixth in sea, in shore, in coast. My whole, alas, we all possess, Yet few are willing to confess.

LENNIE M. H.

2.—First in pear, not in fruit. Second in shoe, not in boot. Third in hat, but not in Sue. Fourth in color, not in hue. Fifth in house, not in hut. Whole is sweeter than a nut.

H. H. WEISER (eight years old).

No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. To settle. 3. Sunrise. 4. A portion of the year. 5. A fortress. 6. A Latin word meaning four. 7. A letter. SYDNEY L. KILLIAM.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A dainty. 3. A street. 4. A fish. 5. A letter. C. F. SWETT.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters, and am a city of Japan. My 1, 6, 3 is a horned beast. My 5, 8, 7 is part of a pig. My 2, 5 is an Italian word. My 6, 5, 4, 1 is an expression used by sailors. N. H. SWAYNE.

No. 5.

1.—1. A wharf. 2. One of the United States. 3. A vessel for liquids. 4. Scarce. 2.—1. Part of a ship. 2. Partly open. 3. A grain. 4. A city. ALFRED B.

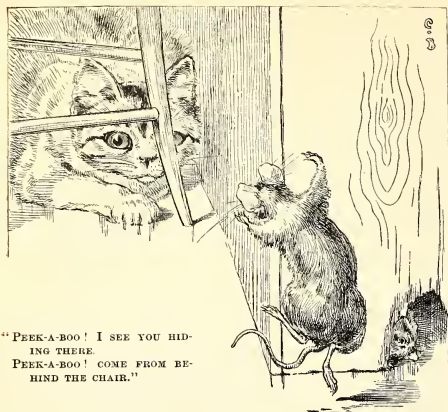
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 278

No. 1.—
P
O
P
P
E
L
L
E
T
S
C
O
A
L
I
T
I
O
N
P
R
E
T
E
N
D
S
I
T
N
D

No. 2.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Brown. Rat. Heart. Blizz. Bug. Tent. No. 3.—O-pen. M-ode. C-ore. S-pare. Clark. S-tone. Trust.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Willie H. Aubrey, Nora E. Barnhart, Cora and Nellie Swain, Lillian B. G. Swett, George Edward Smith, Willie Austin, S. H. N., Frank C. Lander, Imogene Church, Ida Craig, Willie De Mot, Bertie B. Austin, B. G. Swett, A. C. Don, G. Lawton, David Hale, D. T. R., Rose Anson, Edna Pritchard, Charlie A. C., Carlton Stannard, Susie E. Bigelow, Anna Jasper, Linda Chester, and Jack D.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"PEEK-A-BOO! I SEE YOU HID-
ING THERE
PEEK-A-BOO! COME FROM BE-
HIND THE CHAIR."

"BOBBING" UNDER PROTECTION OF THE LAW.

SINCE our cousins in Canada instituted their famous Ice Carnival, winter sports all over the country appear to have taken a new lease of life. Tobogganing is now almost as familiar a word in the United States as coasting, and although toboggans may not be as numerous here as they are on the other side of

the St. Lawrence, American boys and young men are rapidly pushing the bob sled to the front as an American institution.

Last month the Common Council of Albany, the city of hills as well as the capital of the Empire State, passed an ordinance making it lawful to use, every evening after half past seven, certain streets within the town limits for bobbing or coasting. Therefore doth the heart of the young Albanian rejoice to know that now, instead of running the risk of being arrested for indulging in his favorite pastime, the once-dreaded police are detailed to clear the track for him.

The deepest snow of the season lay on the ground the week this marvellous change was wrought, and every night the favored streets echoed to the shouts of the happy "bobbers" and to the clanging of their gongs of warning.

A "bob," we may here explain for the benefit of some of our readers, is simply a long board set on two independent runners. The picture on the front page of this number shows one of the ordinary kind. The sleds of the Albany boys are provided with appropriate names, such as *Avalanche*, *Polaris*, *Dynamiter*, etc. The largest, called the *Brooklyn Bridge*, measures twenty-nine feet in length, weighs over five hundred pounds, and will carry thirty-three persons. When it is remembered that some of the Albany hills are ten and twelve blocks long, the speed which a "bob" of this description will attain can be imagined. Already, and in spite of every precaution, several accidents have occurred, some resulting fatally. The streets devoted to the sport are lined with spectators, and the horse-cars on a route crossing the favorite avenue are withdrawn early in the evening. On the other hand, many of the citizens are in favor of repealing the law, and it is probable that the privilege of bobbing under legal protection will not last as long as this winter's snow.



A CHANGE OF OPINION.

"See! it don't hurt to hold it up dat way. De old cat allers—"

"Oh yes, it do hurt—yes, it do!"

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 282.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THEY FORMED IN PROCESSION OF SINGLE FILE, AND STARTED OVER THE MOUNTAIN."

MRS. COX'S GARRET. A RAINY DAY STORY.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"RAIN! rain! rain! Oh, bother, boys, what *shall* we do?" said Allan McGregor, stalking restlessly up and down the wide piazza of the comfortable country house where he and his comrades, the Bunker boys, were spending their vacation. Allan was not cross or lazy, nor disposed to find fault; on the contrary he was eager, active, and pleasant-tempered; but the rain had poured unceasingly for many hours, and every one who liked to

be out-of-doors was longing for it to stop. Tennis, croquet, and boating had been abandoned for chess, checkers, and "logomachy," till Ned Bunker said his head ached. Louise Bunker was poring over a story-book full of pictures of knights and squires and damsels of "ye ancient time," her yellow hair falling like a veil about her, but she pushed it back as Allan paused near her, and said to him:

"Why don't you dress up, as we girls do, and have a tilt, or a tournament, or something?—just as we have tableaux, you know?"

A little scornful smile appeared upon Ned Bunker's

brown face as he whistled a waltz and danced with an imaginary partner; but Allan said, quite affably,

"What shall we dress in—our best clothes?"

"Oh no; in costumes; knights and squires and pages, like these pictures. Bessie and I will help make armor, and Mrs. Cox will let us go up to the garret and see what we can find. She has a glorious old garret, full of curious things. I've been there, and seen spots on the floor which are said to be blood-stains from the wounds of Revolutionary soldiers."

"You don't say so! Come on, boys! let's go root around and see what we can find. Three cheers for you, Louise, for your suggestion."

Permission from Mrs. Cox—who was very kind—was soon obtained, and presently the whole troupe, Allan and Rob McGregor, the three Bunker boys, and Louise and Bessie Bunker, were mounting the narrow stairs which led to Mrs. Cox's garret, full of the spirit of exploration and discovery.

The Cox farm was an old one, and the house, though partly rebuilt and added to, had still a look of antiquity about its stone gables, and the date 1756 might be dimly seen carved upon one of its doors.

Many generations had come and gone from under the old roof, and of course left traces of their tastes and habits, so that the Cox garret had become quite famous for its relics, none of which the present owner had been willing to part with, esteeming them of more worth than the paltry sums which covetous *bric-à-brac* collectors had offered in vain.

"If there's one thing I value more than another," said Mrs. Cox to the children, when she had given them permission to examine her treasures, "it is that fine flowered silk of Grandma Winslow's. She was married in it. Don't take that off the peg, whatever you do; just look at it where it is. I'm so busy making pies I can't go up with you; but you're welcome to all that's in the east end—that's all rubbish, and no good but to play with; but the Dutch clock and the spinet must not be touched; they're on the boundary line 'tween the chimney and the closet."

The children promised to disturb nothing forbidden, and kept their word, looking reverentially at the old faded and time-worn objects, and then setting to work with paste-pot and scissors to construct helmets, visors, shields, and greaves, for Louise had stirred their imaginations, and they were all eager for a fray—all but Allan, who, now that he had satisfied his curiosity, felt as if the work they were engaged on was rather small for him. In truth, he was a big boy of fourteen—older than any of the rest, who ranged from eight to twelve. But he kindly kept his thoughts to himself, and cut and clipped to the satisfaction of all.

"Wouldn't it be nice to do some really heroic deed?" said Louise Bunker, half divining Allan's thought, as she pasted some strips of gilt paper on blue muslin.

"Yes," said Allan, "more than nice; but there's no chance nowadays."

"Not much, to be sure, though I suppose the lady who wore Grandma Winslow's flowered silk had frequent opportunities, such as rescuing prisoners and saving lives and helping the good cause along."

"I haven't seen that dress; is it very quaint?"

"I saw it last year, but it does not seem to be here now, nor several other things—an old sword and a curious old pistol. I think it is strange, and I had better tell Mrs. Cox that I can not find them. Just put this helmet on Regy while I run down-stairs."

By the time Louise returned with Mrs. Cox, whose busy hands had little leisure, all the boys were arrayed in their motley garb, and were brandishing wooden rapiers and battle-axes, while Allan led them through sundry manoeuvres supposed to be knightly.

Mrs. Cox looked over her treasures with visible agitation.

"You're not playing tricks on me, I hope," she said, as she opened a chest of drawers, "for there's more missing than Grandma Winslow's gown."

"No, indeed," cried all the children, indignantly. "We haven't touched a thing you told us not to."

"Oh, dear me! then I've been robbed," sighed the old lady. "Who could have been up here? Why, Uncle Peter's snuff-box is gone; so are his silver buckles, and that sword and pistol. Why, I'm sure they were all here yesterday, or was it last week? I forget, and I am so confused that I can't remember."

"There was a man here early this morning," said Bessie Bunker, "begging for something to eat. I saw Minerva give him a piece of pie, and I told her afterward it was wrong to give anything to tramps, but she said you never let anybody go hungry from your door."

Mrs. Cox looked blankly into the eager, sympathizing faces about her, and said, with a long sigh:

"Well, well, well, it's a poor reward for kindness if *he* has taken anything of mine. He used to live in our village, and I knew his father and his grandfather before him. I shall have to see Mr. Green about this. Well, go on with your play, and forget all about it. I must go to my work again." So saying, she turned wearily away and left them. But there was no interest in anything now that could compare with what had transpired, and all turned to Bessie with rapid inquiries.

"What did he look like?" "What kind of eyes?" "What sort of a nose?" "Was he short or tall?" "Stout or thin?"

They were all agreed that the man was a suspicious person, and that he must be dreadfully ferocious, for Bessie said he was ugly and dirty, and wasn't that enough? Besides, she didn't hear him even say "Thank you" for the food given him.

"How I wish I could find out something about him!" said Allan.

"Why don't you try?" queried Louise. "Isn't this just what you and your squires ought to do? Bessie can tell us which way he went. The rain is stopping—just look at the blue sky. You must march on after the enemy, and we girls will go too. Which way did he go, Bess?"

"Right over the mountain."

"Come on, then, boys," said Allan, rising with enthusiasm; "let's go after him."

Down the stairs they all scrambled, and scampered over the wet fields to the narrow lane through the woods, which Bessie said was the path the man had taken. Here Allan paused and organized his motley band.

Ned Bunker was to be first lieutenant, Rob McGregor second, and Teddie and Regy Bunker were non-commissioned officers, the girls being the main body of troops; but suddenly they remembered that these titles were not quite in accordance with their Middle Age armor, and concluded that Allan should be their knight, Ned his esquire, and all the rest faithful retainers. This matter settled, they formed in procession of single file, and started over the mountain, with the intention of making their first halt at a little ruined cottage used as a place of shelter by woodmen during storms.

The supply department had been thought of by the ever-hungry Bessie, who had a store of cookies in her pocket. The woods were very wet, and rained down moisture upon them, and the ferns and mosses drooped and dripped on every side. Not a bird whistled or chirped, and the silence of the forest was made more dismal by the croaking frogs in a distant marsh.

"What shall we do if we come upon him suddenly?" whispered Ned to Allan; "and what are we going to do anyhow?"

"Leave that to me," said Allan, loftily. "I have a plan."

"Hush! I heard something," said Teddie.

They paused, their eyes growing larger, and their faces perhaps whiter, under their pasteboard visors.

"I think you had all better stay here, while Ned and I make a recon— What do you call it?" said Allan.

They were approaching the little hut as he spoke, but they all gladly hung back—all but Ned and Louise, who kept stoutly beside Allan. A turn of the road now placed them where they could survey a distant opening and the curling smoke from a farm-house. Perhaps this gave them more courage, for all pressed on again—only to stop, however, with a thrill of horror, at the sound of a voice, rough, coarse, and full of malice.

"Into the woods, quick!" commanded Allan.

A slouching form was seen to emerge from the little hut; a man with a big bundle under his arm turned from where the children were hidden, and passed on toward the space where the farm-house could be seen.

In breathless silence they watched his heavy, lumbering tread, not daring to speak till he was out of sight.

"Where's your plan, Al?" asked Ned, provokingly.

"My plan is to give information, when we have any to give, and I think that time has arrived," said Allan, proudly; "but first let us examine the hut."

They crept cautiously up and peered in the little window. What was their surprise to see, lying on some boughs of hemlock, a boy of their own age, pale, thin, and evidently ill.

He looked up with a frightened stare. They certainly were queer in their rudely constructed helmets and visors.

"Who are you?" said the boy, rubbing his eyes.

"We are knightly foresters," said one of the girls, quickly, "come to seek stolen treasure."

The boy shivered perceptibly, and put up a thin hand with a cowering motion.

"I didn't take anything; I told him I wouldn't, and he said I might starve, then. I'm awful hungry, but he's left me here with a broken leg, and I can't move."

The words ended in a sob, and the children looked at him in pitiful amazement. They had all crowded into the hut. Bessie now drew out her cookies, and said, gravely,

"We can not let you starve, but you must tell us who the man is, and where he has put the stolen treasure."

"He will kill me if I do," said the boy, shrinking away.

"No, he shall not," said Allan, boldly; "he would not dare to. Just you eat something, and then you'll feel stronger. If you are honest, we will take care of you."

The boy, thus encouraged, stifled his sobs and ate like a famished wolf. Bessie's cookies soon disappeared. He then told them that his father and mother were dead, and that he had lived with a laborer who worked on the railway; that one day a man came along who urged him to go to the city with him, promising him work and wages, but he had proved to be only a common tramp, who wanted him to beg and to steal, neither of which he was willing to do; that he had broken his leg, and the man was so angry that he had left him there alone.

"Are you sure he won't come back?" asked Regy.

"I don't think he will, but I don't know."

"And has he got a beautiful flowered silk and some silver buckles in his bundle?" asked Louise.

"I can't say," said the boy. "I saw something shiny, but he was so mad at me I didn't dare look twice. Oh, please don't leave me."

The children held a consultation, and agreed it would neither do to leave the boy alone nor let the man escape.

"I'll tell you what," said Allan: "let's make a chair and carry him home. Ned and I can take turns, with Rob, Regy, and Teddie to help. What is your name, boy?"

"Tim Murphy. What's yours?"

"Oh, no matter. We are knights and esquires. Just you put an arm around our necks, and we'll lift you. So—there. Don't mind a little pain, Tim. Now come on. Forward!—march!"

It was a curious sight that met Mrs. Cox's wondering eyes as she stood at her kitchen door, over which the morn-

ing-glories bloomed so luxuriantly. The sun was shining brightly, though every blade and bough glittered with the lately fallen rain, when from the woods emerged the little band, bearing in their arms the woe-begone and wretched little wanderer. Every young face beamed with satisfaction and glowed with the ardor of knightly enterprise. Helmets, greaves, and visors having proved annoying, had been cast aside, but not the spirit of heroic adventure which had prompted their errand. Their tale was quickly told. A man was sent off on horseback to Mr. Green, the nearest magistrate, as well as for the surgeon. Tim was washed, fed, and put in a clean and comfortable bed. His story was told and retold, each child having to give his and her version. Then the surgeon came and set the broken leg, and by night the tramp was arrested and lodged in the village jail. Tim's story proved to be true, and Grandma Winslow's bridal gown, the buckles and snuff-box, the sword and pistol, were recovered.

"That was the best rainy day's fun I ever had," said Allan McGregor to Louise Bunker when they met the following summer, "and I guess Tim thinks so too. See how he works for Mrs. Cox; and he's not at all lame, either."

"No; thanks to your knightly deed, he is a strong, healthy boy, and is learning to read as well as to hoe and plough."

"Thanks to you would be more just," said Allan, politely, "for you gave us the happy thought which led us to rescue Tim."

"Thoughts and deeds go hand in hand," said Bessie, "especially when hands have cookies in them."

ODD FISH IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

I MUST begin by telling you that these "odd fish" are very little fish indeed, so small that you could not make out anything about them unless you used a magnifying-glass. But if you do, you will be rewarded by seeing some very wonderful things.

Let us go out into the yard; it does not make much difference whether it is a great country garden, with beds of vegetables edged with flowers and threaded by pleasant walks, or a little narrow, paved, cooped-up city yard; you will be pretty sure to find what we want. Every water-butt and horse-trough, every little puddle left by the rain (if it has stood long enough), is sure to be swarming with one kind or another of these curious little creatures. If you have no such collections of water, look, and perhaps you will find in the shady corner of your yard a wet, slimy green moss coating the bricks. This you will find to be made up of thousands and thousands of little green cells. Each one of these is one of our odd fish, coiled up and asleep. I call them fish, because they live in the water and go swimming about seeking for food, every now and then settling down to the bottom as if they were tired and wanted to go to sleep.

One of the commonest of these—it has a long Latin name which means "first berry"—is also one of the most interesting. The first time I ever saw it I remember my astonishment. I dipped about a tea-spoonful of water out of a little stagnant pool that the rain had left in the garden, and poured it into the crystal of a watch. I put it under my microscope and looked at it. The little round watery world under my eye was all alive with busy creatures darting here and there and everywhere. Among other things I found my queer little "first-berry fish." He was long and pear-shaped, and moved small end foremost. I could not see how he managed it, but I knew where to look to find his swimmers (Fig. 1). Coming out from the two little peaks at the small end there were, I knew, two fine threads, called *cilia* (*d*), meaning eyelashes, because of their shape. With these he whipped through the water,

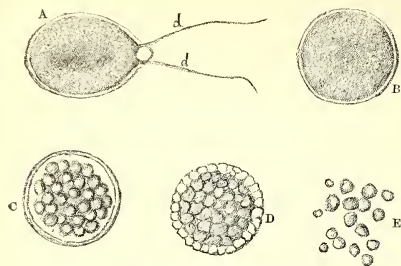


FIG. 1.—FIRST-BERRY FISH.

A, Moving; *d, d*, Cilia; B, Still; C, Multiplying; D, Red Snow Plant; E, Baby Berries, swimming freely.

moving himself along just as you do with your arms when you are swimming.

For a while I could not see the lashes, they were moving so fast, but after a long time one of the funny little fellows seemed to get tired; he "slowed up," and then the eyelashes could be seen. You see in the picture (Fig. 1, A) the berry fish moving; *d, d*, are his eyelashes. At B he is coiled up at rest. If you were to keep them and watch them every little while for several days, as I did, you would see a change taking place inside the still cell, B. The whole inner part divides in two, then each of these halves divides again, and so on until the inside jelly is divided up into smaller parts; each one of these parts rounds up until the whole inside of the berry looks like a cluster of small berries (Fig. 1, C) inclosed in the outer shell. Finally the old shell softens and melts away, and then instead of one mother berry you have a whole flock of baby berries that scatter themselves, and soon go lashing about merrily through the water like fish again.

In the same figure, D is another member of the family of berry fish, only he lives in the snow in Greenland and other far north countries. Instead of being green, this snow plant is red, and millions of them scattered through the snow give it a bright red color. I think you must have read something of the wonderful *red snow* in the arctic regions. Now you know the reason why it is so.

In the same little spoonful of water you may be so fortunate as to find another moving thing that looks like an eel as it goes wriggling about among the other fish. These are really stiff spirals, like a furniture spring, only longer and narrower, and move in several different ways: some move one end backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock, others wriggle. The movement that seems to be wriggling is really the turning round and round of the spiral, just as a spinning top turns. Try the movement with a corkscrew held in place at tip and handle and quickly spun around, and you will see for yourself. A great many of them at once turning round in this way

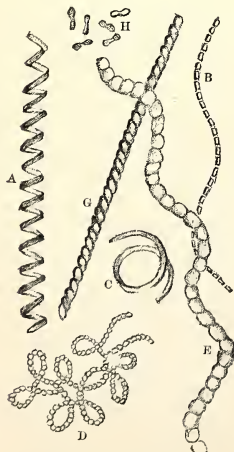


FIG. 2.—EEL-PLANT.

A, D, Vibrios; B, C, E, G, Spirillum; H, Bacteria.

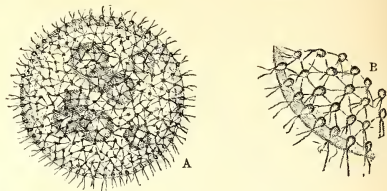


FIG. 3.—A, COLONIES OF FIRST-BERRY FISH; B, PART OF THE SAME MAGNIFIED.

naturally get tangled up into lumps. When one of these is placed on a sheet of paper, the separate little wrigglers often form a star-shaped figure which is very pretty.

Some of the forms here (Fig. 2, H) are the little mischief-makers that get into meat and make it decay and spoil. Bacteria they are called.

If you have ever spent any time at the sea-shore, you must have seen queer lumps of jelly in the sand, and been told, if you were interested enough to ask, that they were

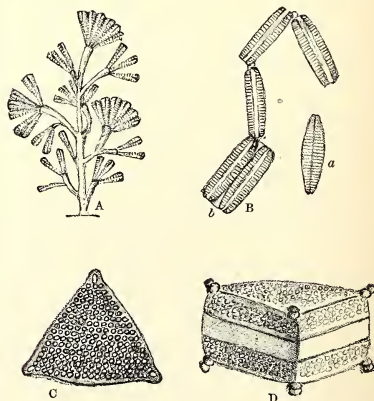


FIG. 4.—VEGETABLE SHELL-FISH.

A, On Stem; B, Fastened by Corners; C, Top of new Box; D, Side View of Box.

jelly-fish. The vegetable world has its jelly-fish too. Sometimes floating on ponds, sometimes on damp or mossy ground, lumps of a clearish jelly will be found, very curious to look at and very mysterious in their coming. They are really a kind of water-plant. All through the mass are rows of round cells, like strings of beads, coiled up in great masses, and held together by the jelly that oozes out of them. A new colony is formed by the jelly's melting up enough to let the strings of cells get free; they

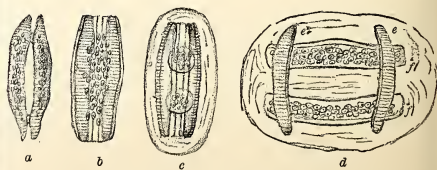


FIG. 5.—VEGETABLE SHELL-FISH.

a, b, c, d, Successive stages in the formation of Seed Shell.

keep on wriggling until they get out of the jelly prison, when they grow and spread, and finally make a new colony like the one they came from. Sometimes a quantity of the dried-out jelly will be lying on a brick walk or some such place. No one would notice it in this state. With the first rain, however, the cells all swell up, and a lump of jelly appears as if by magic. These are sometimes called "fallen stars" by country people, who think they must have fallen from the sky.

The pond in your watch glass may perhaps contain another form, which is interesting to watch without a magnifying-glass, but far more interesting with one. It looks to the naked eye like a little globe, not so large as a pin's head, of nearly clear green glass, with tiny specks of a deeper green through it. It goes rolling over and over and around in the water, not very fast, but pretty much all the time. Now let us put him under the microscope and see what he looks like. We see globes of a deep green inclosed in a lacy net-work of a beautiful pale green color. (Fig. 3, A; B shows this net-work still more magnified.) You can see without my telling you that the net-work is made up of hundreds and hundreds of our little berry fish fastened together by clear bands of a jelly-like material. The smaller and greener balls within the net are new colonies growing up to full size. When this happens, the outer globe bursts and sets the inner globes free, each globe having globes within it like a Chinese ball puzzle.

I wish I could give you a peep through my large microscope at the last kind of fish I am going to show you. These are a sort of vegetable shell-fish, and are found in all kinds of water, salt, fresh, and brackish. In the mountain brooks around West Point they grow in such multitudes that the beds of the streams are covered about one-quarter of an inch with them. Every stone and stick and twig is glistening with them. In other places they have been found in such quantities that the beds of rivers and the mouths of harbors have been choked up with them. The numbers you may get some idea of when I tell you that it takes sixteen millions of some kinds to fill a box one inch each way, and these are a large kind.

Nothing in nature is more wonderful and beautiful, when magnified, than these shells. They are of the purest glass, of every imaginable shape, and ornamented with the most delicate patterns. No drawing can give you an idea of their great beauty. Here are a few of the shells. Some of them grow on stems (Fig. 4, A); some are attached together by their corners, and live in long chains (B); others are free. They are of all sorts of queer shapes. Like the "first berry," they move about, but their movements are a curious jerking advance and retreat.

Now look at Fig. 4, C and D. You see it looks something like a three-cornered box; the upper half-shell is fitted over the lower, just as the lid of a pill box fits over the lower part. Inside is the jelly-like body of the plant. Like others of this family, the plant grows by the living cells enlarging and then dividing up into two. This is easy enough in soft cells, but of course if it were done as we saw it done in the "first berry," the beautiful glass shell would be broken to pieces. Now pay close attention while I try to explain how these curious little things manage to grow and save their shells too. The jelly inside gets bigger; that pushes the lid up and partly off the bottom of the box. To keep any of the jelly from being unprotected, a band like a flat bracelet of glass covers the edges, and grows wider as is needed. All this has been very carefully watched under the microscope. The jelly inside divides into two parts, and then one part of the jelly takes the old lid and the other the old bottom for new lids, and inside the band each builds itself half a new shell. (See Fig. 4, B, b.) So two new shell-fish are made out of one; when this is done, the band falls off, whole or in pieces, and leaves them each ready to begin this over again.

Sometimes two of the shells come near to each other

and surround themselves with a kind of jelly. After awhile in the midst of this jelly appears a curious-looking shell (Fig. 5, a), entirely different from the ones it comes from. This is the seed of new shell-fish plants like those which produced it. The figure gives the changes in this from a, where the two shells come together, to b, c, and d, where new seed shell is forming; e, e are the old shells, f, f the two new ones.

In the ages long ago these little plants had a good time of it. They grew in such quantities that their shells have made great beds of earth. The city of Richmond in Virginia is built upon such a bed, and millions and millions of them can be found in a handful of the common earth.

GHOSTS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WE have a ghost in our house. He has been there for nearly a week, but we haven't seen him yet.

Ghosts live in old houses, and you scarcely ever find them in a new house. They live in the wall, just like mice, and never come out in the daytime. You might stay in a house that was full of ghosts, all day long, and you wouldn't see one, but just as soon as it gets dark, and everybody has gone to bed, and the house is still, the ghosts come out.



A SOLO ON DE 'CORJUX.

A ghost can get through a hole that a mouse couldn't get through. This is because a ghost is made of something like fog, that can be squeezed up into almost nothing. Sometimes a ghost will squeeze through a hole in the wall not mornanich wide, and after it gets out it will swell up and look as if it was six feet high and as thick as a fat man.

Mr. Travers says that when once ghosts get into a house it is impossible to get them out again. You may stop up all the holes in the wall, but the ghosts will make new ones, or else hire mice to do it for them. It doesn't do any good to put poison in the holes, either, for a ghost is dead before it gets to be a ghost, and it can't be killed any more. There was once a man who lived in a house that was just swarming with ghosts, and he thought he would give them phosphorus paste, such as people give to mice to make them come out and die on the floor. So he put a lot of phosphorus paste near all the ghost-holes, and in the middle of the night he woke up and saw three or four ghosts that were all shiny, like a magic-lantern picture. You see, the ghosts had eaten the phosphorus paste, and they were so thin that it shone right through them, and didn't hurt them the least bit.

Ghosts can't be caught in traps any more than you could catch a piece of fog in a trap, and there is no use in setting cats to catch them, for a cat is awfully afraid of a ghost, and when she sees one, runs away and puts up her back and uses dreadful language. The only kind of animal that isn't afraid of ghosts is a Scotch terrier. Mr. Travers knew a man who was troubled with ghosts, and who bought a Scotch terrier to sit up with him at night for company. The very next night a tall, thin ghost came out, and the dog went for it, and got it by the small of the back and shook it. For about five minutes the man couldn't tell which was the ghost and which was the dog, for the two looked like a bundle of wool in a fog. After a while the dog felt sure the ghost was killed, so he dropped it on the floor and came up to the man wagging his tail; but the ghost sprang up and vanished through his hole without being any the worse for his shaking.

Mr. Travers says that he thinks ghosts could be driven out of a house by sprinkling carbolic acid—which is something like my bad medicine—in their holes, but I know better. How would that hurt a ghost that was in another part of the wall where the carbolic acid couldn't touch him? When ghosts get into a house there is no way to get rid of them but to tear the house down. Once there was a house in England that was so full of ghosts that nobody could live in it, and the Duke who owned it couldn't rent it even if he offered to pay a man to hire it. So one day he got angry and ordered it to be torn down. About four hundred men with big clubs stood all around the house, which was a big castle, ready to hit the ghosts in case they should run. They found six ghosts' nests in that castle, most of them in the place between the ceiling and the floors of the upstairs rooms; but no sooner did a workman drive out a lot of ghosts than they disappeared, just as the flame of a match does when it goes out, and the men with clubs didn't hit a single one.

As I was saying, we have a ghost in our house. It lives in the wall close to the head of my bed, and makes a noise at night just as if it was creaking and needed to be oiled; and sometimes it sighs, just as Sue does when she has trouble with her young man. I told our cook about it, and she said she knew it was a ghost, and she don't dare to go into the room, but I'm not the least bit afraid.

I've found a little hole in the wall, just down by the floor, where the ghost comes out, only, of course, I can't see him when I am asleep. I'm going to settle that ghost in a way that will surprise him; but I shall have to put off telling about it until it's done, for I don't want anybody to know anything about it. When people find out that I've invented a way to get rid of ghosts, perhaps they will begin to think that I'm of some use, after all.

HOLD ON!

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ONE day in March two blunt green leaves Pushed through the hardened ground, And though the wind was grumbling still, Looked cheerily around. And ere a week had passed, a bud Came shyly after them, And hung like tiny fairy bell, Upon a slender stem, When suddenly the sky grew dark, The snow began to fall, And from beneath the ground the bud Heard little voices call. "You were in too much haste," they cried, "Your pretty dress to don, And now what will you do?" She said, "I mean to just hold on," And drooping low behind her leaves Of green she hid from sight, While down the snow fell all the day, And down it fell all night. But when it stopped next morn, the birds Sang greetings to their kin, And bright and warm the sun came out To welcome April in. Then quickly ran the snow away, And soon as it was gone The bud her leaves of white uncurled— She had indeed held on; And "Sister Flowers," she gayly cried, "Here I am safe once more, To show the weaker hearts the way Some one must go before; And though I'm such a tiny thing, I really felt no fear. When forth I started that bleak morn To act as pioneer. For well I knew that it was spring In spite of wintry din, And that the blossoms on the trees To grow would soon begin; And well I knew ere long the sun The earth would shine upon, So to myself I softly said, 'Hold on, Snow-drop, hold on!'"

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDERER'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHYLIS'S IDEA.



FORTUNATELY Joan had no need to devise a way of making Nan's meeting with Phyllis cheerful. Annie Vandort's presence had infused new life into all the party, and the consins met, after their month of separation, in a manner which made anxious Joan draw a sigh of relief. It was really quite a cheerful little party that gathered around Phyllis's couch.

At first every one talked of their projects, to suggest, amend, laugh over ideas, etc.; but it was Annie Vandort alone, on one side of Phyllis, who observed that she was growing pale, and suggested that Laura, Joan, and herself should go off for a while, leaving Nan alone with Phyllis.

For an instant Joan looked confused, darting anxious

* Begun in No. 273, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

glances at Laura, who laughed, and said: "To tell you the truth, Miss Annie, we are going to set the dinner table, Joan and I."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Annie. "Do let me help. Then I shall feel sure you're not going to make company of me."

They laughingly allowed her to go down-stairs with them, Joan having insisted on her putting on Phyllis's daintiest apron, and a great deal of genuine fun was the result of the hour's work, Annie declaring she never saw a table so well set, and Laura and Joan laughing over her various mistakes in regard to where the salt-cellars and other small dishes were kept. Joan had had charge of the dining-room a few days past, but Laura declared she had been too deep in *Iranhoe* to know where she put the dishes when she cleared the table. There certainly was an unusual hunt for the steel, and Joan, after reflection, suddenly darted over to the tall secretary at one side of the room, and opening the lid of it, produced the steel with an air of great triumph, which was only brought down by Miss Annie and Laura's peal of laughter over her unconsciousness that a writing-desk was not exactly the most convenient place in which to keep a steel. Finally the boys came in. Joan manufactured a large white paper necktie for Alfred, and sent him upstairs to announce himself as the "new footman."

Phyllis and Nan enjoyed their talk.

As soon as the door closed upon the rest of the party, Nan crept into her old place on the footstool near to Phyl, while Mrs. Heriot, who was assisting in the care of the poor girl, took her sewing into the next room, and then Phyllis opened her "budget" for Nan's eager ears.

"You see," she said, "I went over all sorts of plans before I decided upon this one. It was evident we couldn't sit down in idleness, so the question came up *what could we do?* There were six of us altogether to be provided for. Now don't laugh, Nan. What I finally hit upon was *fancy-work*. I knew you had a genius for it, after the lovely things you did last year; Laura has a decided talent for designing, and you know Kensington-work is my specialty. Well, I wrote to Annie Vandort, and we had a famous correspondence on the subject. I sent specimens of work, and it so happens they are just the sort that is needed. Then there were the powwows with Dr. Rogers."

Phyl laughed as she thought of them. "My dear," she added, with a little wistfulness, "I never knew before what a worthless, light-headed young person I was supposed to be." Nan gave her hand a squeeze, and shook her head in violent deprecation of such a thing. "But at last I talked the Doctor over. Well, all we needed was to discuss it with you. We must look things squarely in the face, Nanette, my dear. The Farquhars will descend upon Rolf House next week. As soon as they dare let me be moved we must leave here, as we can't pay the taxes and mortgage on this house unless we rent it, and the Doctor has found us a tenant who is willing to make the necessary repairs. So my idea is to gather our wits and our forces together as soon as possible. What do you say?"

"Say!" echoed Nan. "Oh, Phyl, you know I'm ready to join you in anything. But Dr. Rogers talks of my having five hundred dollars in the bank. *It isn't* mine, dear Phyl. It was given to me for the Traverses and such people."

Phyllis smiled. "I have thought of that," she answered, "and I quite agree with you. It isn't yours to spend, except for just such purposes; but here again I have an idea. We'll need some person to look after things wherever we are. Mrs. Travers is just the one. Let us take her with us, and then pay her wages out of the money. Dr. Rogers thinks that quite an honorable way. And David could sleep in our house for protection at night."

Nan laughed brightly. "Why, Phyl, you've thought of everything!" she exclaimed, admiringly.

Her cousin looked pleased. "I've had nothing else to do, dear," she answered, softly.

"But where are we to go?" asked Nan, eagerly.

"That's another thing, and it is what hurried dear Annie Vandort on to-day. The Doctor knows of a nice little house at Beachcroft—only five miles from here, and you know how fashionable it is in summer—just the place, he says, for what he persists in calling our 'Emporium.' We are to have a place for a sales-room, you see, and to have a specialty of certain wools and silks, which Annie will see to our getting from New York, and when I am stronger I can give lessons. Oh, what a good thing it is, Nan, that you and I have *one* sort of genius, anyway!"

Nan was enchanted by the novelty and daring of this enterprise. She was silent a moment. Then she said, suddenly, "But Lance?"

"We have written to him," said Phyllis, quietly. "Of course he must come home, but until our new home is fairly started I don't mean to let him know what we are doing. Poor boy! It would be a dreadful blow to his pride. I had a struggle with myself, I assure you, Nan; but I don't feel that way one bit now. Surely it is more honorable than living in debt;" and Phyllis's face showed how she had suffered in the past from her father's easy-going ways.

"Dr. Rogers brought the keys of the house this morning," Phyllis continued, "and I thought you and Joan could drive over in the rockaway with Annie and look at it. It will be nice to hear all about it when you come back."

Certainly Nan was not very much disheartened, so far as she herself was concerned, by the change in their futures. For those who suffered through her she sorrowed truly, and yet with a hope of some day doing better for them. To have dear, dear old Rolf House pass into the Farquhars' keeping made her fairly shiver and groan, and to miss Aunt Letty was a constant grief; but youth will assert itself, and the future did not look all darkness when the party set out in the old carriage, about two o'clock, for a first inspection of their new home, "Emporium Villa," as Alfred, who was driving, insisted upon calling it.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEACHCROFT.

BEACHCROFT was a small, rather closely built up village or town, which for years had had a reputation for good bathing, driving, fishing—all the advantages which constitute a summer "resort"; and besides these central attractions there was a place called the "Point"—a strip of land which, with its fine roads diverging from the little town, its villas, cottages, and some pretentious dwelling-houses, gave the place a character of exclusiveness and "fashion." A great many people from New York and other cities had country-seats on Beachcroft Point. Beverly people were given to "running down" there for their holidays, and of late years even lodgings or board in the little town were eagerly sought, so that from May until October there was considerable life and animation in the long village street where were the principal shops, and also all along the pretty country roads and lanes leading to and around the Point.

Alfred had accompanied the Doctor when the latter found the desirable cottage, and so with a great deal of importance he rattled into the town, and turning away from Main Street, with its rows of stores, Post-office, Town-hall, obtrusive photographic establishment, and small hotel, drove down a side street, stopping before a small frame house set back very little from the road, and having two windows on each side of a dark green door, four in the story above, and an attic with a sloping roof.

They all stood in a sort of breathless silence while Alfred opened the door, and then, with a flourish, he exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to show you the famous 'Emporium' as viewed by daylight," and ushered them into a hall, from which cherry-wood doors led into the principal room.

There is always some amusement to be found in in-



"...THEN WE'RE GOING TO KEEP A STORE, ARE WE?"

specting an empty house, and on this occasion the girls found it very great fun to roam about, planning where everything and everybody would be. Annie Vandort immediately decided in favor of the room to the left of the hall for the "Emporium." It needed papering; but there was a nice old-fashioned skirting of cherry-wood, and two deep cupboards, and an open-fire-place. Back of this was a smaller sitting room, which Laura declared just the thing for family use—bright and cheerful, with two good windows looking into the bit of garden; and across the hall was a square room which could be used as a dining room, and which would be a nice place for the children's lessons.

Nan jotted down notes of it all in a little book she had brought for the purpose. Down three steps a door opened into a good store closet, and then came the kitchen, rather a tiny place, but very convenient.

Upstairs the party went, talking and laughing gayly, planning all sorts of things, from brackets to movable chairs and tables for Phyllis's use. Then the room for the elder sister had to be chosen. The upper hall was large, considering the size of the house, and sunny, having windows back and front. The best room was one overlooking the street, and although in need of some repairs, it yet had an air of coziness about it, fire-place and all.

"Nan's death on open fires," explained Alfred.

A fire-place was what Nan had first looked for on entering each room, and now she was calling upon every one to admire the hearth-place here; but Annie Vandort was admiring the view from the windows, the fields and jumble of streets and houses beyond, and the "Point," jutting out into the water with its air of dignified seclusion, the roads and mansions showing a wintry landscape very finely. Joan was bent on discovering the cupboards, and there were certainly some good ones in the little house,

though, greatly to her disappointment, they revealed no hidden treasures; only nice shelves and drawers, the best being those on each side of the fire-places in "Phyl's room," as they already called it, and those in the larger room below to be devoted to the "Emporium."

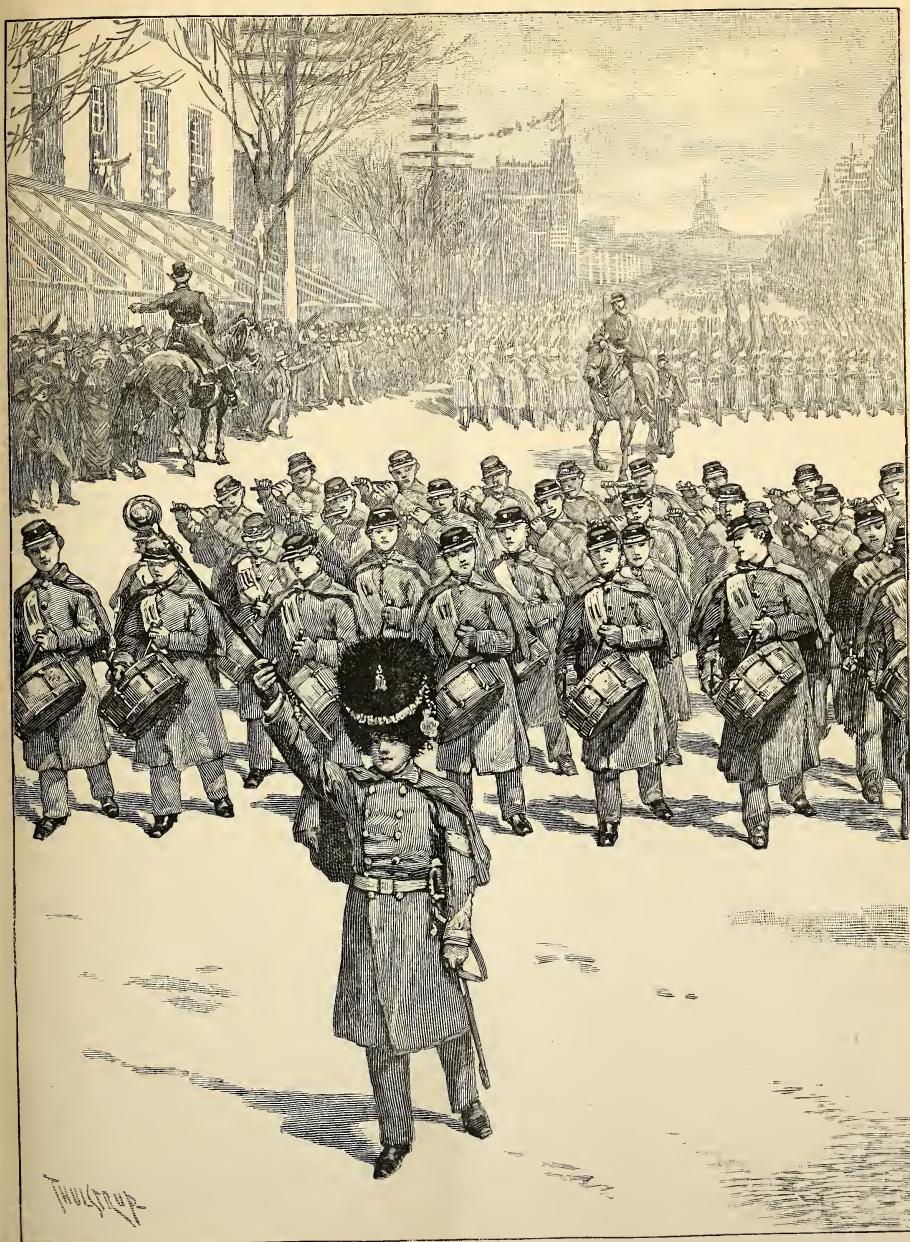
Before leaving, one more inspection of this important part of the house was made, Annie Vandort and Nan measuring off a space where the carpenter was to build a long table with drawers, and in another part of the room a closet with glass doors, within which "specimens" might be displayed. Joan regarded this with eyes growing bigger every instant, until she relieved her mind by exclaiming, "Then we're going to keep a store, are we?"

Everybody laughed, and Nan said, quietly, "I hope Phyl will decide to keep wools and silks and patterns for sale. In summer I am sure we would do well with them." And, later, Nan was surprised to find how readily Phyllis, so long the proud member of the family, accepted her suggestion.

The party drove back in a fine state of pleasant excitement. Annie had begun with Nan to calculate necessary expenditure, and as soon as they reached home Phyllis called them into her room for a quiet talk, where, after Alfred's spirits were subdued and the first confused descriptions given, something like a clear account was obtained, and then details were pleasantly discussed. Annie had come on primed with prices, patterns of wall-papers, and cheap "beginnings," and after tea the talk was resumed over Nan's note-book, where very careful proportions and notes had been recorded.

"Cartridge-paper of a nice gray for the 'Emporium,'" Nan suggested, and Annie said, "Excellent," and Phyl smiled, adding, "Cheap too."

"And such a good background for the things," Laura



INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—CADETS IN THE PROCESSION.—See Page 330

put in. So cartridge-paper on that room, and a nice little china blue, like one of Annie's samples, for Phyl's room, were decided upon, ten dollars being allowed for both. Alfred undertook to hang it.

Then came a decision as to what could be removed from College Street. Enough was selected to furnish the new dwelling; the rest could be sold, as it was not worth carrying away; the carpets were all too shabby, except the dark red one in the parlor, and this, it was decided, was exactly the thing for the sitting-room at Beachcroft. All the small necessities of housekeeping could be taken.

"And you don't *know*," said Annie, "that a saving it will be not to have to buy kitchen things and all such. I really think you are very fortunate."

"One would think," laughed Phyllis, "that you had had to consider such questions all your life. Yes, I quite agree with you. And, Nan dear, you can surely have all your own belongings from Rolf House."

Nan nodded.

"Oh, pack them up to-morrow," said Joan, earnestly. "Those Farquhars will be here soon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INAUGURATION-DAY.

IT is just ninety-six years since the first Inauguration-day. In the recent Inauguration at Washington a larger number of persons were present than on any former occasion. Two hundred thousand spectators, it is estimated, watched the long line of coaches, troops, and civic and military officials. Thirty thousand or more stood around the Capitol front to share in the imposing ceremonies. Regiments of regular and citizen soldiery took part in the brilliant pageant, not the least conspicuous of whom, for steady marching and military bearing, were the companies of cadets.

Washington, one of the most beautiful of cities, is better suited than any American capital—perhaps any European—for one of these striking displays. Its broad avenues lead directly, by a gradual rise, to the top of Capitol Hill. They are lined by parks and gardens; the vista is unrivalled. The waving of countless flags, the glitter of arms, the march of thousands, the music and the cheers, fill the scene with life. Far off, at the end of the Avenue, rises the Capitol itself, seated on its hill, domed and columned, almost a reproduction of the famous Capitol at Rome.

The ceremonies of the day take place at the Capitol. They are brief and simple. The President takes the oath of office on the Capitol. He then proceeds to the platform in front to deliver a short address. He returns to the White House and reviews the procession. It is found that the less ceremony used on these occasions the better.

The first inauguration took place in New York, April 30, 1789. It was the opening of the first Presidency of George Washington. Amidst the universal joy of the people, the Union and the Constitution had been adopted, chiefly by the earnest entreaties of Washington, and now he was to take his oath of office in the presence of his countrymen. The ceremony took place at Federal Hall, a fine building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets.

New York was then (1789) a small city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. Its buildings did not reach far above the City Hall Park. Broadway was built upon until near Chambers Street; Pearl and Broad streets were in the finest part of the town. The Battery was a narrow strip of green extending from Broadway to Whitehall Street. A few large trees gave it some shade. The first inauguration filled the small city with excitement. An immense crowd of many thousand people filled Broadway. A long procession passed down the streets, with music, flags, guns, and loud applause. Washington drove in his coach of state; he would rather have gone on foot. Adams, the

Vice-President, followed; the wheels of his coach grazed the brother of John Randolph, who was then studying in New York. At Federal Hall, Washington appeared on the balcony before the people. Chancellor Livingston administered the oath, and the republic began. From that time New York was to grow with wonderful speed, until its population has spread over the island and the opposite shores. From that time, too, the nation began to spread over the continent, until now the republic of Washington extends from ocean to ocean.

Washington was elected a second time. His inauguration took place in Philadelphia. The second President, John Adams, was also inaugurated in Congress Hall, Philadelphia, but during his Presidency the capital was removed to Washington. It was then a city of a few houses, and public buildings half finished, in the midst of a wilderness. As he entered the White House, then a lonely, unfinished home, he exclaimed, "May none but honest men enter here!" Thomas Jefferson, the next President, was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1801. Like Washington, he disliked show and fine ceremonies, and rode into the new city on his horse, almost alone.

After Jefferson, President followed President with great regularity. The usual ceremonies were kept upon Inauguration-day. As Washington grew to be a considerable city, the crowds of people who gathered there were increased, and the ceremonies grew more striking. When President Jackson was inaugurated, March 4, 1829, the excitement of the people was unusual. The next inaugurations were not remarkable until, in March, 1861, President Abraham Lincoln, that kind and honest man, had been elected. The country was on the eve of a terrible civil war. The President-elect made his way to Washington as if in an enemy's country. The city was full of conspirators. But Lincoln, fearless, stood out upon the platform at the Capitol, and promised to preserve the Union and the country.

Another great and honest man, General Grant, completed the union of the country, and brought it once more peace. Every one who loves freedom is lamenting the sufferings and sickness that have fallen upon him of late, and hopes that he may recover to lend his services and his counsels for many years to his country. His inauguration took place March 4, 1869. Washington was still filled with the traces of the rebellion. General Grant took the oath of office in the Capitol amidst a fine display of citizens and soldiers. Since Washington had sworn to defend freedom and his country at Federal Hall in 1789 never had the country more needed an honest and brave defender. Under General Grant's administration it began to flourish again. Trade revived, new railroads were begun, States were founded, schools built. He was re-elected, and inaugurated again in 1873. Then came, in 1877, the inauguration of President Hayes. It was a soft bright day. The soldiers and the people gathered around the Capitol; peace had come, and Washington shone with all the flags and banners, the light and joy, of a reunited nation.

A sad recollection must always follow the next Inauguration-day. It was that of President Garfield. This amiable and excellent man had been elected by a large majority of his countrymen. He was followed by the good-will of many who opposed him. His inauguration passed off with the usual ceremonies, and the 4th of March, 1881, seemed to promise the continuance of the national prosperity. The 2d of July saw him fall by the assassin's hand. He lingered for many weeks, watched over by the whole nation, almost by the whole world. He died amidst the sorrow of the people. His successor, President Arthur, carried on successfully the government of the nation.

Thus from 1789 to 1885 the Inauguration-days have passed on with perfect regularity. They have never been interrupted. Freedom has flourished in the New World,

and countless immigrants have hastened from the Old to take advantage of its scenes of plenty. When Washington was inaugurated the poor people of Europe seemed to have no refuge from starvation and the oppression of their rulers. Jefferson and Franklin, when they travelled abroad, were shocked at the condition of the working classes. They soon began to find their way to the American Union. Here they have built up the cities of the East, and covered the wide waste that once stretched from Niagara to the Pacific. Millions of immigrants rejoice on every Inauguration-day.

The most useful and famous of the long line of Presidents are Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant. The first founded the republic; the second wrote the Declaration of Independence, and enforced it by his example; Lincoln saved the country in its danger by his rare virtues; Grant restored the Union, and kept it unbroken for the working men. But all our Presidents have been better and wiser than any line of kings or princes. They prove that the people will choose good rulers, and that a republic is the best form of government. Within a hundred years men have learned to govern themselves.

JOCKO'S DEFEAT.

BY C. W. C.

"JOCKO! come, Jocko! poor Jocko!" The voice was soft, and had a plaintive accent. On looking out of my window I saw two young Savoyards standing on the lawn gazing anxiously at the roof of the house.

One of them, the taller of the two, was beckoning and calling to his monkey, which had escaped from his arm and fled to the highest point of the roof. There Jocko sat, his paws resting on his knees, quietly meditating, and quite deaf to the entreaties of his master. The younger Savoyard, dressed in a scarlet waistcoat, with a monkey tucked under his arm, was laughing and enjoying the fun.

I was spending a few weeks with my friend Mrs. S——, in B——, a watering-place in the south of England, and it was at her house that I witnessed this amusing scene.

The monkey had now descended to the coping of the front door, and his master, who had been provided by the servants with cakes and milk to tempt the truant down, threw an apple to him in the hope that once having got a taste he would, like Oliver Twist, be craving "more." But, the apple finished, the monkey again resumed his meditations. He was tasting the sweets of liberty, and evidently intended to enjoy them to the utmost.

By this time we were all assembled on the lawn watching him, and a crowd was fast gathering in the street.

Suddenly the little monster stirs. Will he descend? Yes, he slowly moves downward, spreading out his arms and legs like an enormous spider. He comes steadily down; his master advances stealthily, puts out his hand, and just—does not grasp him, for the next moment Jocko, with a mighty swing, is sitting on the chimney-top. A murmur of disappointment passes through the crowd, and all is still again.

At this moment Mrs. S——, who has a kindly heart, was moved to pity for the poor Italian, and determined to help him out of his dilemma. She softly opened a window, cautiously put out her head, and surveyed the situation. Jocko was now sitting on the window-sill next her. She shook a parasol threateningly at him, calling "Shoo!" in determined tones.

Jocko asked for nothing better. He accepted the challenge as a war horse answers the trumpet call to battle. He dashed at Mrs. S—— as if he wished to tear her to bits, snarled, bit, and rent the parasol with such fury that we feared he would do her an injury, and, as Mrs. S—— afterward put it, "showed a most dreadful temper."

At this critical moment another window was opened, and the white cap of Josephine, the pretty French *bonne*, appeared. Josephine was also armed with an umbrella, and had come to the assistance of her mistress.

Jocko rose to the occasion; he divided his efforts with strict impartiality between Josephine and her mistress. He ran with lightning-like rapidity from one to the other, clattering and biting like a naughty little fiend.

The British public, with the justice which has always characterized that nation, cheered every lucky thrust of the parasols, and applauded Jocko when he successfully parried the blows and returned the compliments.

The crowd on the street had increased every moment. We laughed and shouted together. Tears rolled down our cheeks. We would not have missed the fun for a thousand pounds. A party of tourists, loaded with carpet-bags and rugs, on their way to the station, preferred to miss their train in order to see it out. Mrs. S—— and Josephine at length retired, and Jocko was left master of the field.

It was now dusk, and the rain fell in torrents. The unhappy Italian was quite drenched through and discouraged. He told us that he had paid four pounds for his monkey, the day before, in Southampton, and if unable to secure him before night-fall would certainly lose him, as he would disappear in the darkness.

A carpenter who had been engaged in some repairs on the house now volunteered to go upon the roof and seize Jocko from behind, while a cartman, running up the walk with a long whip in his hand, assisted at the capture. The struggle was short; there was a singing of the whip, furious chattering from Jocko, and all was over. The last I saw of the Italian he was walking off in triumph with his monkey tucked comfortably under his arm. Jocko was beaten.

EGG-SHELL FANCIES.

BY M. W. E.

I KNOW there are many bright little minds amongst the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE ever on the lookout for new ways to busy their deft little fingers, so I will draw their attention to the manufacture of some pretty little articles, which, sent with love, will serve as bright remembrances of "a joyful Easter." Egg-shells are to be employed, in supplying which the cook must be of assistance to you, so be careful not to offend her majesty, or you may be forced to look for your shells in a less convenient quarter; therefore commend yourself to her favorable notice, and she will readily provide you with all the egg-shells she would otherwise throw away, and at your suggestion she could break the shells, when using the eggs, in such a manner that they would be serviceable to you.

A perfect little pitcher made of an egg-shell is suitable for Easter-tide, and I will tell you how to make it: first procure as large a shell as possible, with only the point lacking, about a quarter down; make the broken edge as even as possible; neatly bind it around with gilt or silver paper with the aid of good boiling glue. Then for the spout cut the paper in such a shape that it will fold so as to form the spout, as shown in Fig. 1, and lining it with thick writing-paper, paste it around the upper edge of the shell in front so that the two points will be either side of the shell's centre, while the spout must be pinched a trifle to stand out as in a real pitcher.

Next comes the handle, requiring but a piece of the fancy paper, lined as before, and pasted at either end so as to project above and out from the body of the pitcher; then the stand must be considered, for it would prove disastrous to our hopes to employ the method of Columbus in making our egg stand erect, so cut the fancy lined paper three-quarters of an inch wide, and long enough to extend around the pitcher, and lap over to fasten with glue, the upper edge cut out in points, and the lower in



Fig. 1.—Pitcher.

four little feet; then paste on to the base of the egg by the points, and your pitcher is complete.

To give your work its finishing touch, draw some pretty design in pen and ink, or paint some flowers in oil, with an appropriate motto. Then you will have an Easter memento in which a few tiny flowers may rest, and which will be a pleasant surprise to mamma at the breakfast table.

You are all familiar with those quaint and life-like Japanese chicks and storks. They may be employed in the following pretty ways for Easter: first get your chick; then of cloth or flannel make a generous pen-wiper, pinking the edges; sew on the chick by its claws, either in the middle or on one side; then glue half an egg-shell on the chick's back, as though it was just hatched; paint the shell a bright color or gild it, and, inscribed with "Easter love," it makes a useful as well as ornamental article.

To illustrate "the doubting chicken," or "What I can't see I won't believe" (Fig. 2), place the "doubter" off from the centre, with the smaller part of the shell on its back, the other half in front of it, and you have a good idea of the picture. Your own thoughts will doubtless furnish you with a greater variety of positions than I can suggest here.

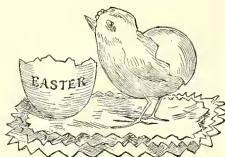


Fig. 2.—"WHAT I CAN'T SEE I WON'T BELIEVE."

Next for our consideration comes the stork, and with his assistance we will make a match safe (Fig. 3). Procure a pasteboard or wooden block such as is used for winding ribbon

upon; paint the circular sides black or red, then cut a stiff pasteboard the exact size of the top; cover the top of this thick with mucilage mixed with coarse sand, in which two or three bright pebbles or shells may be placed; sew on one side your stork, and before your mucilage has time to dry make a little hollow in the sand, opposite the stork, for the shell to stand in, where the mucilage will hold it securely, and then paste the pasteboard fast to the block. The shell used must be almost a whole one, and when colored and decorated with a motto it makes a serviceable match stand, guarded on the side by an ever-watchful stork.

Another idea is to represent a camp fire and kettle (Fig. 4), decorating half of a large egg-shell, and rendering it serviceable as a kettle by piercing at equal distances near the top three holes, through which coarse thread is passed to suspend it by. Then your tripod can be made of any thorny, irregular twigs, bound together at the top, first with fine wire, and finally tied with a neat bow of bright narrow ribbon.

The base is made of thick pasteboard well sanded, as before described, into which sand sink the ends of your twigs; then hang the shell over the tripod, not forgetting to put under it tiny twigs and shreds of red and yellow flannel to represent the fire, and soon you can invite all the household to partake of your Easter supper.



Fig. 3.—MATCH SAFE.

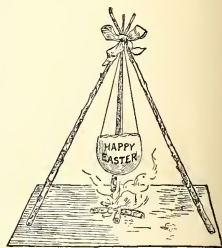


Fig. 4.—THE CAMP FIRE.



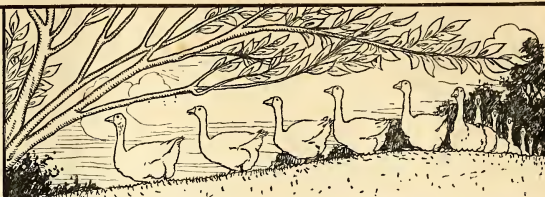
THE LADY AND THE LADLE.—By MARGARET JOHNSON.

THERE was an old lady whose mind was quite sound,
Who fed her large family all the year round
On soup from a very deep ladle.

"And surely," she cried, "it is much the best way,
For a spoonful apiece is enough for a day,
From myself to the babe in the cradle."



news- paper. puff:



TWELVE geese

In a row

(So these

Always go).

Down-hill

They meander,

Tail to bill;

First the gander.

So they stalked,

Bold as brass,

As they walked

To the grass.

Suddenly

Stopped the throng;

Plain to see

Something's wrong.

Yes; there is

Something white.

No quiz—

Clear to sight.

('Twill amuse

When you're told

'Twas a news-

Paper old.)

Gander spoke

(Braver bird

Never broke

Egg, I've heard):



"Stand here

Steadily;

Never fear.

Wait for me."

Forth he went,

Cautious, slow,

Body bent,

Head low.

All the rest

Stood fast,

Waiting for

What passed.

Wind came

With a caper,

Caught same

Daily paper.

Up it sailed

In the air;

Courage failed

Then and there.

Scared well

Out of wits;

Nearly fell

Into fits.

Off they sped,

Helters-skelter,

'Till they'd fled

Under shelter.



Poor geese!

Never mind;

Other geese,

One can find,

Cut the same

Foolish caper

At empty wind

In a paper.

H. PYLE.

was announced by the tolling of the boat's bell. Every boat going up or down the river pays this toll for his memory. The boat is pretty well loved, and the view exquisite, taking in a beautiful view of grand old trees, and at the foot the winding, curving river, which looks as if it were holding Washington's lovely old home in its long arms. There was a very funny man there; perhaps the boys would be interested to know what he stood for. He said was the very hatchet with which "George" chopped the cherry-tree.

The next morning we visited the Capitol and Treasury buildings. I never saw anything so grand and majestic as the Capitol of the United States. The view from the dome is wonderful, and the view of the city from the Capitol is like the rays of the sun. The landscapers are exquisite pictures, and the whole is so lovely that I could not bear to go away. The day after we attended a reception at the White House, which is beautiful too. The conservatory is filled with flowers and plants. We saw President Arthur, and on Sunday attended the same church with him. On Monday we saw one of the places I enjoyed most—the Corcoran Art Gallery, full of exquisite statuary and lovely pictures. Also the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum, which we all enjoyed immensely.

Hardly did I think you can doubt that it was with a sigh for the beautiful things we were leaving that we turned our faces homeward.

EDITH VERNON M. L.

Such a trip lives in one's memory a long time. I am glad you enjoyed it, Edith.

OSKAYVILLE, INDIANA.

This is the second year we have taken Harper's Young People, and I like it very much. My brother and I have rabbit traps set in the woods all winter, and one last winter. The night I caught last winter jumped out of my hands, and I cried bitterly, but it did not help the matter, as it was left on the double-track. The jumping out of my brother's hands this winter, but tried to crawl through the pines, and stuck fast, and, like the fox in the barn, he got killed. The others made nice eating for us. We are living between the old and new town, and my papa has a large park. In the park we have many beautiful trees, and they are very rare and full of fruit. In the summer they throw the nuts down on our heads if we go under the trees where they are sitting. They are higher up than I can reach, and I laugh about it. My papa had a lot of boxes put up in the large trees, and the squirrels like them very much, and make their nests in the tops of them. They love to eat corn in the winter, or anything we give them; if we do not feed them, they come to the corn crib and help themselves. They are also good to eat. My papa and other birds come to get something to eat from our barn-yard without being hurt, and they drink water out of the trough. If I feed them again, I will tell you all about the picnics and the nice times we have in the park. FRANK A. H.

My feeling about rabbits, Frank, is so tender, and I think them such pretty, graceful pets, that I do not like to have my boys set traps for them all the time. Poor Ben and my brother, who do not treat them as kindly as you treat the squirrels! Perhaps, however, the rabbits in your neighborhood are so numerous as to have become a pest. I am very sorry for the one that could not get away.

NEWARK, NEW YORK.

DEAR "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."—We go out to Sodus every summer. My father has a yacht and two sail-boats. There is a lot of sailing, and the boys do not like to have the yacht killed. We go out fishing, and catch a great many perch and a few bass. My brother goes duck-hunting, and says ducks are the best.

I am glad to have one little boy among my correspondents who is kind to harmless snakes, and does not desire to kill them. The children know that while many serpents are venomous, and must be destroyed, some kinds are not dangerous, and among them, no doubt, are these which Arthur's papa has taught him to protect.

GREENVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

Greenville, where I live, is a very nice high ground between Newark and New York bays. It is lovely in the summer. We go fishing, crabbing and rowing, and in the winter we have skating. I have a pet dog named Pip. I like Harper's Young People very much; I have been taking it for three years.

LEWIS S. H.

MARFETTA, GEORGIA.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I live "way down in Dixie." You have heard of "the sunny South." You would not like to live in Dixie. It is raining, and freezing on the trees and bushes. We had quite a snow-storm this winter, and it was very much. Last summer I was in the North for two months. I staid at grandpa's in the North, New Jersey. I had a very pleasant time.

I have a cousin who lives there with grandpa and grandma. We had a fine time together. I was very sorry when I had to go home. I like "Harper's Young People" very much; I think Bob was so mean! I have a little brother nine years old; his name is Adrian. Good-bye, my day.

Your loving little friend,

MABEL C.

For Georgia so deep a snow must have been quite an event. But what would the children in Canada and Colorado and New Hampshire think of snow-storms no deeper than that?

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS.—I am a little girl six years old, and have taken Harper's Young People three years. Mamma reads the stories and letters to me, and both boys and I love them. I like my auntie or somebody gave them the paper for a present, so I thought I would tell you how I get it. I earn it by saving the rags. I have two bags one for the white rags and one for the colored. When the bags are full, I soap the rag-man. The rag man is all mine. I have six dollars; one is a Chinese named Wang-Wing-Poo, one for my story in my paper. My last book is named *Jingles and Jogs for Wee Girls and Boys*. I do so much wish you would send me a new book.

Your little friend, JOSEPHINE S. W.

I am very much pleased to find a corner for it, dear. I think you have a very good way of earning the money to pay for your paper.

SACK CENTER, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a very close here this winter, but it is beautiful in summer. I have no brothers or sisters. I like many boys and girls. For pets, I have a canary, a cat, and two dolls. My doll's names are Mary and Allie. My kitty's name is Pip. I go to school, and study reading, writing, drawing, history, poetry, language, and spelling. Don't you think fractions are hard? I do.

FLORENCE L. S.

YONKERS, NEW YORK.

Seeing a letter from Edinburgh by G. R. H. reminded me of the time, three years ago, when I was there. I was in Edinburgh, and the stone balls were inside Moss Meg, Winchans old cannon. The stone balls are twice as large as my head. It was made at Moss, in Belgium, and is now in the hands of the Duke of York. I was in Hollywood castle, and saw the stain of blood where the Duke was slain. I am ten years old, and go to the public school.

J. AUGUSTUS II.

ETA-WAYNE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I want to tell you about the Exposition at New Orleans. When we first arrived there, of course a great many calumny hailed us to take their conveyances, and when we reached the Exposition, they saw some sailors who had just come off a Mexican ship, with some Mexican soldiers, and a Mexican band playing. The band would play part of its selection on the instruments, then laying them aside, sing the rest. There was a ball going on there at the same time, and one man was dressed in yellow velvet, another wore a brass full-moon on his breast. We did not get any supper until midnight. On the next morning we saw some very nice oranges and ripe oranges hanging from the limbs. At the Exposition we saw some of the Greely Relief Expedition relics, for instance, a kayak, a very queer-looking boat that can sail with one person, a sleeping-bag, in which Greely himself slept; a sledging for an eight days' journey, and mother to a horse, some stuffed dogs, and a compass. A man who was showing these things to a lady remarked that he himself had been one of the Greely Relief Expedition party, and that he wanted to extricate Greely from his sleeping-bag. Whereupon the lady said, "Well, you must have used a great deal of concentrated lyce!" (He). Another thing on exhibition was a small mountain made of solid silver, worth \$114,000—a good bit of money I think. Another noticeable thing was a big Corbett engine, Rex King of Corbett, had a very pretty thing. We saw him, after waiting about two hours and a half. The American fleet and a Mexican ship were to sail in his honor. When we heard he would sail we knew he must have just arrived. There came in before him some sailors and soldiers, all in full uniform, and well armed. In the rear followed some well-known characters as Robin Hood and his Merry Men. BECKLEY BRINTON C., JUN.

EDMIRA, CALIFORNIA.

I live in the country with my auntie. My mamma has been dead over three months. I have taken Harper's Young People six weeks; I like the story of "Robt. Hood" best. I like to read to my aunt; I study arithmetic, geography, spelling, history, reading, and writing. I shall be ten years old the 18th of this month.

FLORENCE B. K.

Dear Florence, I am so sorry you have lost your mother. Motherless girls have a warm place in my heart.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am going to send you a letter, I see so many nice ones in Harper's Young People. In the summer we go twenty-five miles out of the city to our farm. I have a good many pets. One is a pony that I can ride and drive. At first she was very wild, but now she is more gentle. Her name is Dolly. She will take sugar out of my pocket. We have two dogs; their names are Ruby and Black. Ruby is a large and curly-haired Newfoundland dog, and very black; he likes to be with us wherever we go. Brownie is a brown setter; and we love them both very much. I have three cats, but papa says one because it ate all the young chickens and turkeys I tried to raise. In the summer I gather the eggs at five cents a dozen last summer I made \$25. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, geography, history, and both kinds of arithmetic. I take and make every Monday and Thursday have a good many dolls, and lots of nice things for them. We have taken Harper's Young People for several years, and like it very much.

BESSIE K. M.

BESSON, VERMONT.

Papa has taken Harper's Young People for us a long time, and we like it more than I can tell. I like the Post-office Box very much, and the stories are splendid. Jimmy Brown must be a funny fellow; I should like to know him. Our school is out now, and I have more time for my pets. I have a blue jay, and feed it corn and meat; it will take its food upon its perch, and hold it with its claws and pick it all to pieces. I have a little calf that I feed every night and morning. I have one sister and three brothers. We live on a farm, and keep cows, horses, and turkeys. I can not tell you all of the nice times I have.

S. A. G.

Not many children have a blue jay for a pet; but don't you think he would prefer his freedom to your cage and your kind care? I hope he has a very large cage.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HOUT-GLASS.

1. A medicine. 2. A fruit which is used to make a shrill sound. 3. A pipe. 4. A liquid. 5. A letter. 6. A bird. 7. A large and curly-haired Newfoundland dog, and very black; he likes to be with us wherever we go. 8. To express sorrow. 9. Given. Centrals, a sloping grass-plot.

No. 2.

SQUARE.

1. An animal. 2. Mould. 3. To tie. 4. Two abbreviations. 5. A kind of fruit.

No. 3.

BOBBIET ACROSTIC.

Initials form the name of a country celebrated for gallant struggles against tyranny; finally, its capital. 1. An agricultural implement. 2. A city in Canada. 3. A country in North America. 4. One of the United States. 5. A country in Africa. 6. A natural moisture. LONE STAR.

No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead solitude, and leave a French measure. 2. Behead incidentally, and leave one who bites. 3. Behead slack, and leave pains. 4. Behead one, and leave a sun. 5. Behead a word, and leave a depository. 6. Behead a toy, and leave every one. 7. Behead a French article, and leave a consummation. 8. Behead a word, and leave a famous discoverer. P. McDONOUGH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 279.

No. 1.—Sun-fish. St-urge-on. Ray. Grayling. Pike. Carp. Dace. Angler. Sea-horse. Place. White-bait. Shark.

No. 2.—Pine-apple. Dimple.

No. 3.—	C	A	T	E
	B	O	T	E
	R	O	E	A
	T			Y

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ruth Norton, Mabel Florence Radford, Cora and Nelly Swab, M. L. D. William H. Hansell, Eva M. Hewabower, Nellie L. Powell, L. V. D. Hardenburg, C. E. Sedgwick, J. B. Smith, J. H. Holzman, Helen W. Gardner, Gertrude Pyle, Harry J. Wickersham, Daisy Saxton, A. D. Williams, Jun, Roscoe Nash, L. H. Emily Jay, Alice Craig, Ardelle Tamm, Beattie Kissan, and Theodore Pryor.

[FOR EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"ONE SHOE OFF AND THE OTHER SHOE ON;
DIDDLE, DIDDLE DUMPLING, MY SON JOHN."

THE HANGING GAME.

BY C. W. FISHER.

AS one might not imagine from its name, this is a jolly round game, in which any number may take part, and which for many an evening has held our young people so interested that bed-time has come all too soon.

One of the party, called the leader, or "Jack Ketch," writes upon a piece of paper the skeleton of a proverb or quotation with which the others are likely to be familiar, as, for example,

— — — — —, the dashes standing for the letters, and the vertical lines marking the separate words of the sentence.

Each player in turn guesses a letter, and the object of the game is to discover the complete sentence before seven letters which do not occur in it have been guessed.

If, for example, the first player calls for an E, the leader, if E is correct, must write it upon the dash which represents it. If the E is incorrect, on the other hand, it is placed in what is called the "jury-box." This is a little rectangle divided into seven squares, thus—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
---	---	---	---	---	---	---

and is drawn by the leader at the bottom of his paper.

The leader has the privilege of writing a guessed letter which occurs more than once in the proverb in any one of the places where it may belong, and so can often mislead a player who thinks he has a clew.

A letter repeated several times must be guessed as many times as it occurs.

The sentences selected should be such as are probably known to all the party, and at first certainly not difficult.

The name is derived from the following feature of the game, which is the source of much merriment: Beside the skeleton proverb is sketched a miniature gallows, with noose and knot all ready for their victim, who is provided in sections by the players who miss. Thus, when the first incorrect letter is placed in the jury-box, Jack Ketch sketches a head in the noose. For the second, the eyes, nose, and mouth of the figure are drawn; for the third and fourth, the two arms; for the fifth, the body or trunk; and for the sixth and seventh, the legs.

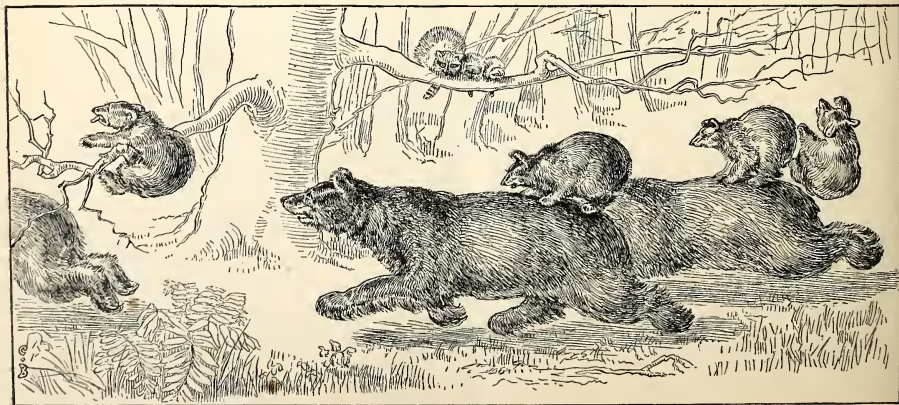
Jack, of course, endeavors his best to fill his jury-box and "hang" the company before they can guess his quotation, and they, on the contrary, strive their utmost to prevent the completion of the little hap who represents their stupidity.

In the construction of the skeleton given above, the leader had in his mind the quotation, "The quality of mercy is not strained." A number of letters were correctly guessed and written in their proper places, but B, P, G, K, V, not being found in the sentence, filled the first five seats in the jury-box, while U and H, which occur but once each, and were guessed *twice*, completed the jury, and Jack had his victim dispatched before any one could find out what the quotation was.

When either the hanging is finished or the saying discovered, the game ends, in the former case the leader giving another, and in the latter the player making the successful guess becoming the leader.

The paper upon which the skeleton and sketches are made must at all stages of the game be in plain sight of every player, for it is only by constantly looking at the letters already guessed that one can find the clew which determines his own choice of a letter when his turn comes.

Many players can guess the quotation from the hint afforded by a single letter, but the keenest wits and sharpest eyes will often find ample opportunity and necessity for their best efforts.



HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 283.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



HAIL! THIS HAPPY EASTER DAWN!

EASTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEN the bluebird's wing is flashing,
 When the silver brook is dashing,
 When the crocus forth is peeping,
 And the jonquil stirs from sleeping,
 When, though still the breeze is chilly,
 Blooms again the Easter lily,
 Then the happy world is ringing
 With a choral sound of singing—
 Little children, glad and gay,
 Greeting thus the Easter-day.

Then the tiny waves, a-quiver,
 Ripple down the laughing river,
 Then the pussy willow, flushing,
 Sees the shy arbutus blushing.
 Something sweet is everywhere—
 Sweet the earth, the sky, the air;
 And for very love of singing
 Thrill the fresh young voices, bringing
 Greeting pure and glad and gay
 To the Lord on Easter-day.

Winter's reign was cold and dreary,
 Spring is blithe and warm and cheery;
 Winter froze the garden bowers,
 Spring recalls the banished flowers.
 In the dear old shady places
 Soon will violets lift their faces.
 How can children keep from singing,
 When the joy-bells all are ringing,
 And the world is glad and gay,
 On the welcome Easter-day?

THE WONDERFUL PIGMY TROUPE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

IN the previous appearance* of the Pigmy Troupe the costumes of the performers were very simple. A more effective entertainment may be given by the introduction of a number of characters from familiar fairy tales and other sources, whose costumes require but little in the way of material, and make but small demands upon the industry of little needle-women.

A platform is first made across the end of the room behind the curtain by means of tables of about the same height, covered with shawls or any other drapery, which must reach to the floor in front. On this little stage the pigmies appear, either all at once to the number of six, or singly, as desired. One may represent a school-boy, one an old lady, another a Chinaman. Simple Simon, Bluebeard, and a baboon may also have places in the line. In fact, almost any personage may be introduced who can wear long robes, which are best for the purpose. Boys or girls of any age may take the parts, and a very tall man can also act when it is desirable to add a giant to the collection. The actors take their places in a row behind the tables, and their costumes are fitted to them.

The school-boy wears very full trousers on his arms, and slippers on his hands; a piece of cloth of the same color as the trousers is pinned around him close under the arms, the front edge of which extends below the table. A waist made full, with a broad white ruffle in the neck, is buttoned around him from the neck to his elbows. The hands are supposed to be in his pockets, and the sleeves of the waist are stuffed with cotton batting, through which a piece of annealed wire is passed, which will serve to keep them in any position in which they are bent.

The old lady wears a black dress of any cheap material, with armholes, so that her bare arms come out from the elbow; the skirt touches the platform, and a pair of shoes are seen under it, which are sewed at the heels upon the trousers of the boy who takes the part, so that they will move when he goes from side to side. A white apron, kerchief, cap, and cane complete the costume, a skein of tidy cotton being sewn into the front of the cap.

The Chinaman has a plain skirt of any convenient shade hanging from under his arms to the stage, over which he wears an over-dress with full sleeves made of cretonne. On his head is a paper lamp shade, from which a pigtail of braided yarn falls over his left shoulder.

Simple Simon has a long checked apron reaching to the floor, a broad collar, and cap with long visor. He holds a pie in his right hand, to which he applies himself with great energy.

Blue-beard wears very full trousers of yellow, with worked slippers sewed into the bottoms. They are gathered at the top into a string, which is tied under his arms, and over these trousers he has a full robe of red, beneath which his arms show to the elbow. A broad white sash about his waist holds a sword made of tin or pasteboard covered with silver paper. A huge turban on his head is ornamented with a large crescent, from which a blue veil is hung to represent his beard.

The baboon is harder, and may be omitted if too much trouble. A boy with his face browned with ochre wears a close brown skull-cap on his head, a tight dress of furry brown Canton flannel over arms and waist; the hands are browned, and a red skirt from the waist to the stage completes the costume.

When all are ready and in position behind the platform, the manager draws aside the curtain, and introduces the pigmies to the audience in words like these:

"Ladies and gentlemen, your delighted eyes will now behold the wonderful Pigmy Troupe collected from many climes without the slightest regard to expense. Your stunned ears will also listen to their dulcet harmonies, the most charming portions of which are considered by all to be the rests which occasionally occur."

He then hands to each of the pigmies a sheet of music, all of whom take it except the school-boy, who shakes his head, saying, "I can not read notes." The old lady adjusts her spectacles, which she takes from a bag which hangs on her left arm, from which receptacle she also draws out a tuning-fork, strikes it on the stage, and all sound the notes. All then bow, and begin to sing some well-known air with great solemnity of face and stiffness of figure. Any nursery air will serve, such as may be found in Elliot's or any book of songs to which the lines here given will go.

Here behold the pigmy troupe, with a greeting to you all,
 Who have come from distant climes, far around this worldly ball.
 We shall hope with music sweet to delight you every one.
 Though our stay will be but short, you will find it full of fun.

After singing, all bow, and wait for the applause, in response to which they may repeat this or any song they know.

The manager then says, "Mr. Ah Fui will now exhibit his wonderful skill." And the Chinaman attempts some simple feats, such as fanning little paper butterflies up and down, balancing a stick on his nose and head, and tossing into the air knives with silver-paper blades, one of which he pretends to swallow by rolling it up inside his mouth.

Simple Simon then dances a jig, and afterward seizes the bag from the old lady's arm when she is looking in another direction. He borrows a large apple from the bag, and proceeds to eat it instead of his pie, which he had eaten before he began to dance. He sneezes violently, and throws down the apple, which is well seasoned with snuff from the old lady's box, which he also takes from the bag, without its cover. The whole troupe then sneeze one at a time in order down the line, after which all sneeze together three times.

* See No. 275, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

If the actors are able to perform on musical instruments, the manager can hand them a violin, accordion, flute, or horn, and they can play correctly any easy piece, or, if unskilled, they may make any discordant sounds which their taste may approve of, after which all bow as if they had given great pleasure to their hearers.

Recitations, dialogues, or solo songs may follow, and the whole concert may be finished by a chorus, in which all join, using the following words with any common air:

To loving friends we bid good-night, with hopes that we may meet
Again the wise and brilliant ones that we so gladly greet,
With graceful dance and sweetest songs to fill them with delight.
To one and all, both great and small, we bid a sweet good-night.

[Curtain falls.]

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

GOOD Doctor's sister was busy in her neat little store-room putting jelly into a glass jar for Phyllis Rolf, when some one tapped on the door, and then Nan's voice said, "May I come in?" "Certainly," was the lady's answer, and Nan, paler and thinner than ever, made her appearance.

"I brought Dandy and Jim over," she said, smiling. "Your brother, you know, is going to keep them for us for the winter, Miss Rogers."

"I know, dear," said Miss Rogers, promptly; "and you will find them in good condition whenever you can use them. How are you getting on?—all your packing done?"

"Mostly," answered Nan. Then, as she followed the Doctor's sister into the parlor, she added, trying to smile, "Mrs. Farquhar has come—just for the day—to look after things, she says."

"Humph! and what had she to say?"

"Oh, she's going to make many changes, Miss Amy," said Nan. "I wonder if it's wrong? I felt as if I should scream when I saw her in dear Aunt Letty's little study, finding fault with everything, and saying how she could turn things inside out, and have a New York upholsterer down before spring. She has brought a lady friend with her, who says, 'Yes, dear,' to every remark she makes."

Nan tried to end with an indifferent air, but she did not look very peaceably inclined. Miss Amy took off her eyeglasses and rubbed them vigorously. "My dear," she said, presently, "we must try and think the best of them, and make the best of them. You've always been brave, Nan, and now's your time to show how brave you can be. I battled with Phyl a long time about her Beacheroff plan, but at last I saw that it was the very best thing for all of you. You have no near relations, but you have friends, and you'll make more by setting to work bravely and with the right spirit. Don't think, my love," said Miss Amy, coming up to where Nan was standing in the window—"don't think I do not understand how much you have lost, but I want to see you face the future as I believe Nan Rolf can."

And Miss Amy, with one of her sudden impulses, kissed the young girl heartily on both cheeks, and added: "There, now! I felt as near to saying something disagreeable of those Farquhars as I could be, but I put it down."

Nan laughed. "Oh, Miss Amy," she said, "you always comfort just the right way. I know you meant that for a little bit of a scolding, but you always do it so nicely. And I am wicked to feel that way. Just think of Phyllis. How patient she is, and so gentle and humble about everything! Who would have believed it possible?"

Miss Amy's face softened. Phyllis Rolf always had been one of her special favorites.

"Yes, it is remarkable. You know, as soon as you come over from Rolf House to College Street for good, they are going to have a consultation about her. Poor darling!"

"Oh, is that what they are waiting for?" and Nan felt a sudden sense of encouragement and exhilaration, for to all the young people the consultation meant a decision in Phyl's favor. They were very hopeful, seeing how little she appeared to suffer.

"Yes," continued Miss Rogers; "Phyl thought she'd rather you would be in the house that day. The boys are coming over to me, and Love Blake will be with you, and Annie Vandort, of course."

Nan went away from Miss Amy decidedly encouraged to hasten her departure from her dear old home, and on going through the familiar gateway and up the drive she tried not to look around with wistful farewell in her heart and eyes, and ran in at the side door, so bent on thoughts of Phyllis that for a moment she was not conscious of loud and angry voices in the black-walnut parlor. But once at the doorway of the room, she stopped, shocked and bewildered by what she saw.

Mrs. Farquhar was standing by the mantel, looking with scorn upon two excited visitors, no others than Nan's step-aunt Mrs. Rupert, of Bromfield, and her cousin Marian.

On seeing Nan, Mrs. Rupert checked the torrent of words she was pouring into Mrs. Farquhar's ears.

"Oh, there you are!" she exclaimed. "Well, I'm glad you had the grace to come back. I'm just a-giving this lady here a bit of my mind. A pretty mess your aunt made of things! To bring you along to your fifteenth year a-makin' us all think as how you was to come in for this property, and then to leave you on my hands, I suppose, and taking my Marian and my Philip away from an honest living, and then never leaving them a cent. It's what I call sinful, and she *knowed* it."

"Stop, Aunt Rupert," cried Nan, white and trembling with feeling. "I can't hear Aunt Letty talked of in that way. Whatever she did was for the best; we shall know why some day. She was too good, too generous, too kind."

"Oh, was she, then?" cried Mrs. Rupert, freshly exasperated. "You call it good and kind to take the bread out of your mouth, do you, after telling you, as I might express it, you was to expect *cake* all your days—and my Philip too? Got to come home from Paris."

"Then you know," said Nan, faintly smiling, "that it was Aunt Letty who sent him to school and then to Paris."

Mrs. Rupert tossed her head. "And much good it's done him, fooling around some painter's place for no sort of use, and now he's too old to learn a decent trade. It's what I call dishonest, and this lady here ought to see it in that light, and do something herself."

Nan flushed quickly, and Mrs. Farquhar smiled.

"These relations of yours ought to understand, Nan," she said, in icy tones, "that we take the property through a will very carefully made fifteen years ago, in which your name was never mentioned. It is quite impossible that Mr. Farquhar or I should keep up poor Aunt Letty's absurd charities. We always regarded her as very foolish and weak in such things, and I am sure it is a mercy we came into the property in time to prevent its all being squandered on such objects."

Mrs. Farquhar evidently said much of all this for the benefit of her friend Miss Jones, whose tall, willowy figure and smiling face appeared in the doorway. Nan remained stonily silent.

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"MAY I COME IN?" ASKED NAN."

"I must say good-morning now," Mrs. Farquhar continued, bowing to her uninvited visitors, and as she swept out of the room Nan heard her murmur to Miss Jones: "Such vulgarity! Just think of Aunt Letty's folly, doing for such people! That little upstart Nan, too!"

"Aunt Rupert," Nan said, as soon as they were alone, and sitting down near her, "I can't tell you how sorry I feel. I wrote to Mrs. Leigh last week, and she said Marian could just as well stay this year if she liked, and teach a little every day for her own board and schooling. She has done so well, it would be a dreadful pity to have her leave."

"Leave! a pity!" cried Mrs. Rupert, still indignant and excited. "I should think it would be. But who do you suppose, Nan Rolf, is going to pay for the clothes she has to have in that stuck-up school?"

In spite of her feelings, Nan could not repress a smile, for Mrs. Leigh kept one of the quietest, least "fashionable" of schools between Beachcroft and Beverley, and Marian Rupert was one of her six very quiet, well-mannered pupils. But Nan hastened to say, with a great effort to be considerate of her aunt's ruffled feelings:

"Oh, indeed, aunt, that will be arranged. When Aunt Letty died I had still a few hundred dollars of the money she meant I should spend on just such things. You see," she added, seeing Marian was about to interrupt her, "it isn't mine to spend on myself, and I intended to divide the use of part of it between Marian and Philip."

But Marian broke out with, "No, you shan't do anything of the kind, Nan; you shall keep it for yourself," and it took a long time for Nan to convince her aunt and cousin that she really was only trustee for the money; and to show that she was in earnest, she insisted upon Marian's going back to school, with fifty dollars in her hands to be placed there to her account.

Whether it was the possession of so much ready money or the conviction that Nan was accepting her position bravely, Mrs. Rupert went away in a calmer state of mind, only being roused to a new burst of indignation by catching a glimpse of Mrs. Farquhar's seal-skin cloak in the hall, and

feeling obliged to use some strong language about that "sly woman in the green silk." But the good-byes were, on the whole, exchanged good-humoredly. Nan promised to invite Marian to Beachcroft for a Saturday as soon as they were settled, and Mrs. Rupert expressed her intention of paying them a visit "when the weather broke."

Nan darted upstairs to her own room, where the sight of its empty bookshelves, brackets, dressing-table, etc., gave her a little pang; but, after all, her real sorrow was for Aunt Letty, and for her own inability to help those who so sorely needed it. However, Mrs. Travers was well pleased by the Beachcroft proposition for herself and David. If Nan was her idol and oracle, she regarded Phyllis as the most beautiful young lady on earth, and the fact that she was lying helpless had roused all of Mrs. Travers's rather

languid energies, so that she was likely to prove very useful, now that her health was sufficiently improved to warrant such a change of occupation.

At last everything to which Nan could lay claim was packed, with Mrs. Heriot's assistance, and trunks and boxes corded and labelled for College Street. Finding a half-hour to spare, and knowing that Mrs. Farquhar and Miss Jones were closeted in the study, Nan, with a solemn sense that she was saying a last farewell, roamed about the dear old house, memories of her happy life there crowding fast. She lived over again the first weeks, and smiled to remember that she had found them lonely and her life hard to bear. What would she not have given to bring them back! She ran up to the attic, thinking of the day, so long ago, when Joan and the boys had paid their first visit, when here on this very spot Joan, in her funny fashion, had introduced the family. Down to the old black-walnut parlor Nan went slowly, every bend in the staircases, every glimpse from their windows, bringing up some pleasant scene in the past.

"Good-by, dear old room," she whispered, kissing the dark-wood panel of the door, and choking back a little sob.

The carriage was coming for her, and only a few minutes remained for a last look at the gardens, the stables, and the long shed where the gardener worked, and in which she and Joan had so often enjoyed themselves. The stable door was locked, and as Nan was trying to get it open a voice which startled her called out, "Stop there; I've got the key," and running toward her from the shed was Jim Powers, the boy with whom Nan associated so much that was mean and cruel.

He came up smiling with an air of malicious triumph. "I'm to look after things here," he said, "until the family come, and I thought I might as well lock the stable door."

Nan turned away. She could not speak, and was thankful that in ten minutes more the carriage was announced, and after a hurried good-by to Mrs. Farquhar, who tried to murmur something intended to be pleasant, she drove away, straining her eyes for the last glimpse of Rolf House.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



EGGS AND EASTER, AND EASTER EGGS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

IN ancient Persia, many, many hundred years before the birth of Christ, the people were all worshippers of fire. According to their religion, as communicated to them by their prophet, Zoroaster, there was first a great spirit who had existed from all eternity: from him came the first light, and from this light sprang two brothers, Ormuzd and Ahri-man. Ahri-man grew jealous of his elder brother, and was condemned by the Eternal One to pass three thousand years in utter darkness. On his release he created a number of bad spirits to oppose the good spirits created by Ormuzd; and when the latter made an egg containing good genii, Ahri-man produced another full of evil demons, and broke the two together, so that good and evil became mixed in the new creation. This is the legend of Ahri-man and Ormuzd. In memory of it the Persians of the present day, on a certain festival in March, present each other with colored eggs, and it is perhaps from this that we get our similar Easter custom.

But, independently of Persian history, eggs are as full of interest to us as they are proverbially full of meat. They have always been held as symbols of the springing forth of life, and are therefore very naturally associated with the rising of our Lord from the tomb. The festival of Easter, often called the Queen of Festivals, is held to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. Formerly the churches were ornamented with large wax candles, bonfires were lighted, and Christians saluted each other with a kiss and the words "Christ is risen," to which answer was made, "He is risen indeed." In the present time, as you well know, we celebrate the day by going to church and by making presents of painted eggs and Easter cards.

In olden times the festival of Easter was celebrated with many ceremonies, sports, and observances. Chief among them then as now was the giving of colored eggs, called "pasch" or "pace" eggs, which the boys and girls rolled down some grassy hill-side until they broke, the one whose egg held out the longest being the victor, and claiming those of the other contestants. While they were doing this they would sing some ditty with the refrain, "Carland

parland, paste egg day." In a royal roll of the time of Edward I., preserved in the Tower, appears an entry of eighteenpence (thirty-six cents) for four hundred eggs to be used for Easter gifts. The game of ball was a favorite sport on this day, in which the town authorities engaged with due dignity and parade. At Bury St. Edmunds, in England, within a few years, the game was kept up with great spirit by twelve old women.

In some parts of Ireland there is a legend that the sun dances in the sky on Easter-Sunday morning. In the northern part of England the men parade the streets on Easter-Sunday, and claim the privilege of lifting every woman they meet three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver sixpence. The same is done by the women to the men on the next day. This custom had no doubt originally a religious significance, intended to typify the rising of our Lord on the third day.

In this country it is growing to be the fashion to spend a great deal of skill and expense on the decoration of Easter eggs. Some are adorned with designs in gold and brilliant colors, and not unfrequently artists of considerable repute are engaged to paint on them tasteful pictures. Some of the most expensive of these cost as much as a hundred dollars each, while the merely dyed ones can be bought in the little fancy stores in side streets for a few cents. Home-made Easter-eggs are colored by binding round them slips of colored ribbon or bits of printed calico before putting them in to boil. Another way is to boil some sumac, logwood, or indigo (washing-bluing) with the eggs. When this latter plan is adopted, the initials of any one may be made to appear on the shell in white by writing them in tallow on the egg, and then binding it in muslin, before putting it in the water.

In addition to the real eggs which are ornamented for Easter, cunning artisans make many clever imitations of them out of sugar, glass, marble, alabaster, gold, silver, and other metals. Some of these are represented as broken, with little winged Cupids issuing from the breach. Others are made to open in the middle with a hinge, and contain jewelry, implements for sewing or the toilet, perfume or confectionery. There is a piece of history connected with an egg of this sort.

Once a certain German Princess (I do not know the name or date) had for a lover a certain Prince, who on a certain Easter sent her a present of a huge iron egg. The Princess, enraged at what she took for a practical joke, raised the egg in her hands and dashed it to the floor. The force of the blow caused it to fly open, when, lo! it was all lined with crystal, in which lay a yolk of shining gold. She seized the golden ball, and, to her surprise, that opened too, and revealed a crown of rubies; this in turn opened, and displayed a betrothal ring of costly diamonds. This egg is now to be seen in the Museum of Berlin.

Of eggs unconnected with Easter, how many associations hover round them! Do we not remember how Columbus confounded those who doubted his discoveries by standing an egg on one end? Do we not recall and marvel yet at the roc's egg in the *Arabian Nights*? Do we not still lose our patience now and then when we think of those silly people who killed the goose which laid the golden eggs? You and I, reader, would not be so foolish; and yet there are people who do that very same thing every day. Then there is poor little Humpty Dumpty and his unfortunate tumble. Alas! we are all in one sense Humpty Dumpty's, and liable to have a fall, after which no amount of men or horses ever can set us up again. We are all sitting on the tops of walls: let us have a care lest we tumble off.

The egg is one of the sheet-anchors of the cook. The French have a hundred and odd ways of cooking them. Some eggs are more highly prized than others, the guinea-hen's, the turkey's, the turtle's, and, some say, the goose's, being particularly esteemed; but the primest delicacy of all,

in the way of eggs, is that of the plover, which generally figures as a dainty dish on the supper tables at grand balls in England. In such cases the eggs are boiled hard and peeled, and laid in a nest formed of strips of jelly, where they present the appearance of beautiful oval opals.

But whatever we may think of our modern eggs, they are as nothing when compared with the monsters of prehistoric times; even the burly ostrich's egg becomes a pigmy by their side. In the year 1850 a Frenchman dug up some eggs in the island of Madagascar which measured thirteen and a half inches in length, and eight and a half inches in diameter. The shells were as thick as the rind of an orange, and the contents equal to eight and a half quarts. Only think what an omelet that would make for the Frenchman! enough to fill a large-sized wash-basin; while, if he had wished to eat it out of the shell, the biggest "stove-pipe" hat would have been scarcely large enough to serve as an egg-cup. One of these monster eggs holds as much as 144 hen's eggs. Fancy seventy-two people breakfasting off the contents of one egg!

THE SWITCHMAN'S BOX.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was a Monday afternoon in February, and Charlie Oakland was on his way back to Hathaway Academy, after his Washington's Birthday visit home. Of the twenty students he was the only New-Yorker, and consequently had no travelling companions. The sun had set, and the brakeman was lighting the lamps in the car.

"Only ten minutes from Hathaway," muttered the boy to himself, looking at his watch. "I s'pose all the other fellows will be back before me. But, hello! we're slowing up. What does that mean, I wonder? Something must have happened."

He was evidently not the only one who thought so. As the train came to a full stop, the other passengers began asking one another the meaning of this halt in the woods, and one nervous lady in the seat behind Charlie declared that they had run over a man. "I'm positive I felt the bump," she insisted.

Two or three of the gentlemen smiled at this, and suggested that the cause of the stoppage was merely a hot box. But the smiles were changed into expressions of intense excitement when somebody learned from the conductor that a man had been struck by the engine. Then a rush was made for the rear door, Charlie being among the first to reach the platform.

About fifty yards back of where the cars had stopped he could see the brakeman holding the lantern, and the conductor bending down over a form stretched out on the snow. A crowd speedily gathered about the group.

"He isn't dead," reported the conductor, "but he ought to have hospital treatment. Is anybody here a doctor?" No one spoke.

"Why don't that switchman, Dave, come out?" exclaimed the brakeman. He put down his lantern, and started on a run toward the little house that stood near the point where the Korting track branched from the main line.

Charlie saw him try the door, only to find it locked, although there was a light burning inside.

"Dave ought to be back from supper by this time," said the conductor, when informed of the circumstance. "If he was only here, we could leave this poor fellow in his care, and have him put aboard the Korting express when it comes along. It is due here in fifteen minutes. There's a hospital down at Korting. If we take him along with us he can't get proper treatment up this end of the road. I say, Joe"—to the brakeman—"you'd better run and get the switch for the express anyway. It'll save time."

"And now, gentlemen," the conductor went on, turning to the passengers again, "this man ought to be taken

to the hospital at Korting, but I can't have my train wait here any longer. We've got to run beyond the cut, so as to pass the express on the double-track division. That switchman ought to be back any minute. Would any of you who may be going to Hathaway volunteer to stay here with this poor chap till he comes? Our train's short-handed to-night, as it is, or I would leave one of my own men. I believe I took up only one ticket for Hathaway."

A sudden resolve shaped itself in Charlie Oakland's mind. Clearly it was he that was called upon to perform this act of humanity; so he stepped forward and touched the conductor's arm.

"I'm the Hathaway passenger," he said. "If you'll wait till I get my things, I'll stay till the switchman comes."

The conductor looked him over doubtfully. He was only a boy, and it was a very responsible post he was to fill. But nobody else volunteered, time was precious, and so, "Very well, I'll leave you this lantern, and you can tell the switchman to keep it for me, along with my overcoat," he replied at last.

The overcoat had been brought from the baggage-car and spread out on the snow under the injured man.

Charlie ran back to the train, caught up his satchel and umbrella, and then, as he was about to dash off again, inquired: "And if the switchman shouldn't come before the express does, how shall I stop it?"

"Just pick up the lamp, stand out in the middle of the track, and wave it this way three or four times as high as you can," and the conductor lifted his arms and crossed his hands several times above his head. Then he added, "But Dave's sure to be here, and the express 'll be along in ten minutes now. We pass it this side of Hathaway station. All aboard! Come, Joe. Good-by, my boy."

Two jerks on the bell-rope, two toots of the whistle, and Charlie was left alone with his charge.

On returning to the wounded man he found him groaning fearfully and rolling about as if in great pain.

Charlie knelt down in the snow, and made a pillow for the man's head out of his satchel. Whether owing to this or not, the poor fellow lay quite still for some minutes. In rising to his feet Charlie put one hand on the ground, and quickly drew it back again. He had struck it against some article, the sharp teeth of which had almost cut into his finger.

Snatching up the lamp to make an examination, he discovered a saw, hammer, chisel, and other tools scattered about in the snow near where the accident had happened.

Charlie was gazing down at them in a puzzled way, when he heard the injured man muttering something. Bending over to listen, he made out that he wanted to know what was going to be done with him.

"Send you to the hospital as soon as the express comes along," and Charlie pointed in the direction of Korting.

"The express!" exclaimed the man, with a start. "Oh, that's the train I—" And then with a dreadful expression of horror creeping over his face, he soon sank back again into unconsciousness.

A fearful thought presented itself to the boy's mind. There had been a strike of the engineers on this road, and an angry and cruel state of feeling had been excited by it. "This man may be a friend of the strikers, have sawed some of the bridge timbers, and then been run over as he was hurrying off. And now to be told that he is to be put aboard the very train he's planned to wreck!" Charlie shuddered as all these thoughts came crowding into his brain. There was now a twofold reason for stopping the express. And the switchman had not yet returned.

"I shall have to give the signal myself," reflected the boy; "and it must be almost time now."

He took a step nearer the lantern to look at his watch, and at the same instant the injured man made a sudden convulsive movement, his foot overturned the lamp, the glass was shattered, and the light put out.

With the extinguished flame seemed to vanish all the boy's hope of stopping the coming train, and, as he thought, averting a terrible disaster. Perfectly well he knew that he had not a single match about him; nevertheless, mechanically and with fingers trembling from the knowledge of the brief space of time left him for action, he felt in all his pockets, and then, much as he disliked the task, dropped down in the snow and proceeded to search the pockets of the "train-wrecker"; but in vain.

And meanwhile the seconds and minutes were slipping by so fast.

Charlie sprang to his feet again and gazed half distractedly about him. Oh, why did not that switchman come? Must he stand there and see the express go rushing by, and not be able to give warning of the pitfall awaiting it at the bridge?

Suddenly he thought of that patch of light gleaming out through the small opening in the door of the switchman's box. If he could only gain possession of the lamp inside! But how to do it, when even the brakeman had been unable to open the door?

Charlie set his teeth together and ran to the box.

On reaching it he put his right hand in through the hole, which was some six inches in circumference and about five feet from the ground, and exerting all his strength, drew himself up until he was able to see in. Alas! the lamp hung out of reach on the opposite side.

Dropping back to the ground again, Charlie darted another searching look on all sides of him, and then sprang forward, inspired with a new plan.

Seizing hold of a good-sized log that was lying on the outskirts of the woods not far from the track, and once more bringing all his muscle into play, he began dragging it toward the little house. Having dropped it in front of the door, he ran back to the spot where he had left his things, and snatching up his umbrella and the broken lamp, made a dash in among the trees. After finding what he wanted, in a dead vine hanging from a branch, he twisted it loose, and tore back to the switchman's box.

"If I only have time enough!" he kept repeating, as he sprang upon the log, whence he could see through the opening before mentioned.

Through this he now proceeded to thrust his umbrella, and taking a careful aim, broke the glass of the lantern inside without extinguishing the light. Then hurriedly withdrawing the umbrella, he threw it aside and picked up the vine. Just as he extended the latter toward the flame, a locomotive whistle broke the wintry stillness of the night.

"The express!" exclaimed Charlie, with a start. "It must be blowing for the crossing this side of Hathaway. I haven't a second to waste."

But in his excitement his hand shook so that he went wide of his mark, and almost dropped the vine. Then, with another clicking together of his teeth, and an inward determination not to give up till it really was too late, he took a firmer hold, and again reached out with his taper.

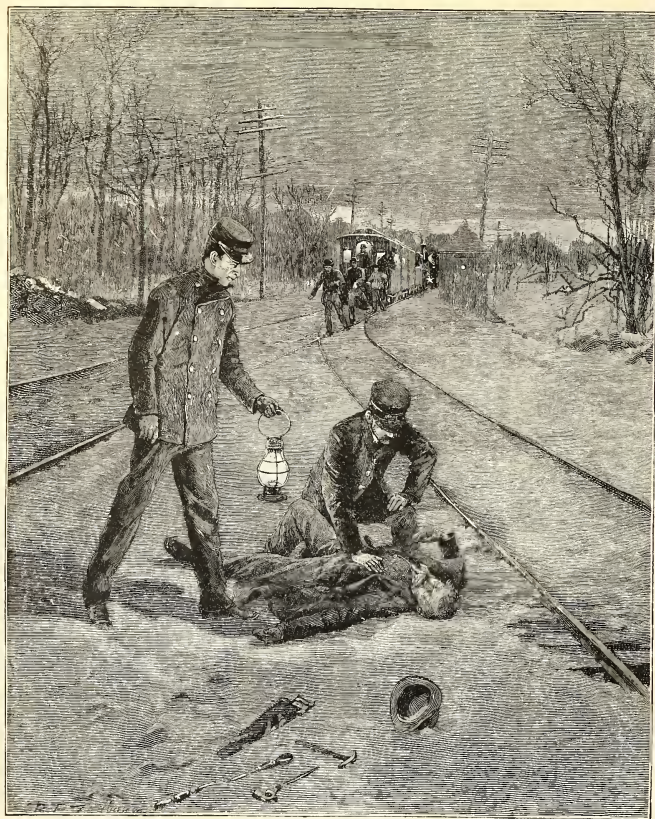
This time it came in contact with the flame, where he held it till he saw that it was fairly ablaze, then drew it out as rapidly as he dared. Already he could hear the roar of the approaching train, now growing louder, and now dying down into a faint rumble, as it dashed into a deep cutting or a clump of trees, but all the time surely devouring the distance with savage speed.

With trembling hands he touched the blazing vine to the wick of the conductor's lamp.

"I'll keep hold of the vine, too," Charlie resolved, and with these two comparatively tiny beacons, one in each hand, he raced off down the track.

But it did not seem to him that he had run fifty feet when a blinding light flashed its rays full in his face. The express was almost upon him.

He raised the lamp in his right hand, the flaming vine



"BENDING DOWN OVER A FORM STRETCHED OUT ON THE SNOW."

in his left, and crossed them twice above his head, at the same time shouting with the full force of his lungs. Then he gave a quick spring to one side, half a second before the head-light went sweeping by. An instant of suspense, and he heard the welcome "toot, toot" of the whistle ring out clear and sharp, giving the order "down brakes," thus proving that his signal had been seen and heeded.

Dropping the vine, that had now burned down to his fingers, Charlie called upon the train hands to follow him, and ran back to the spot where the injured man lay.

The conductor and brakemen of the express soon came hurrying up, eager to learn the cause of the signal. As rapidly as possible Charlie explained about the accident, delivered his messages, and pointing to the tools, stated his suspicions concerning the condition of the bridge. Then, while the excitement was at its height, he caught up his bag and umbrella, and struck out over the snow toward the academy. He was rather a shy boy, and had a dread of "scenes," such as the making up of a purse for him by the grateful passengers would have occasioned; but at the same time his eyes were still all ablaze and his heart thumping fast as he thought of his adventure, and wondered why that switchman had not come back.

He did not find out the reason until the next afternoon,

when he and his chum, Arthur Wolcott, walked down to Hathaway station. One question from Arthur to the ticket agent was sufficient to set the latter off on a detailed account of the affair down by the ravine.

"Last night Dave Kennedy, the switchman," he began, "came home to his supper, and was suddenly taken sick. So his wife asked her brother, who is a carpenter, and lives by himself not far from the fork in the roads, and who happened to stop in on his way home from work—well, she asked him if he'd see to setting the switch for the Korting express. They ought to have sent word here about the matter, but Dave expected to be better in an hour or two, and in fact he was. Well, this Baker (I believe that's the brother-in-law's name), he said he'd attend to it, and hurried off. He must have got down there just as the 'accommodation' from New York came along, got confused at the point where the tracks come together, and instead of stepping out of the way to the left, stepped in the way to the right, and was knocked down by Bill West's engine. Bill heard him scream, stopped the train as quick as he could, and they went back and found that he wasn't killed, but badly stunned."

At this point the two academy boys exchanged meaningful glances, for it was apparent that the ticket agent had

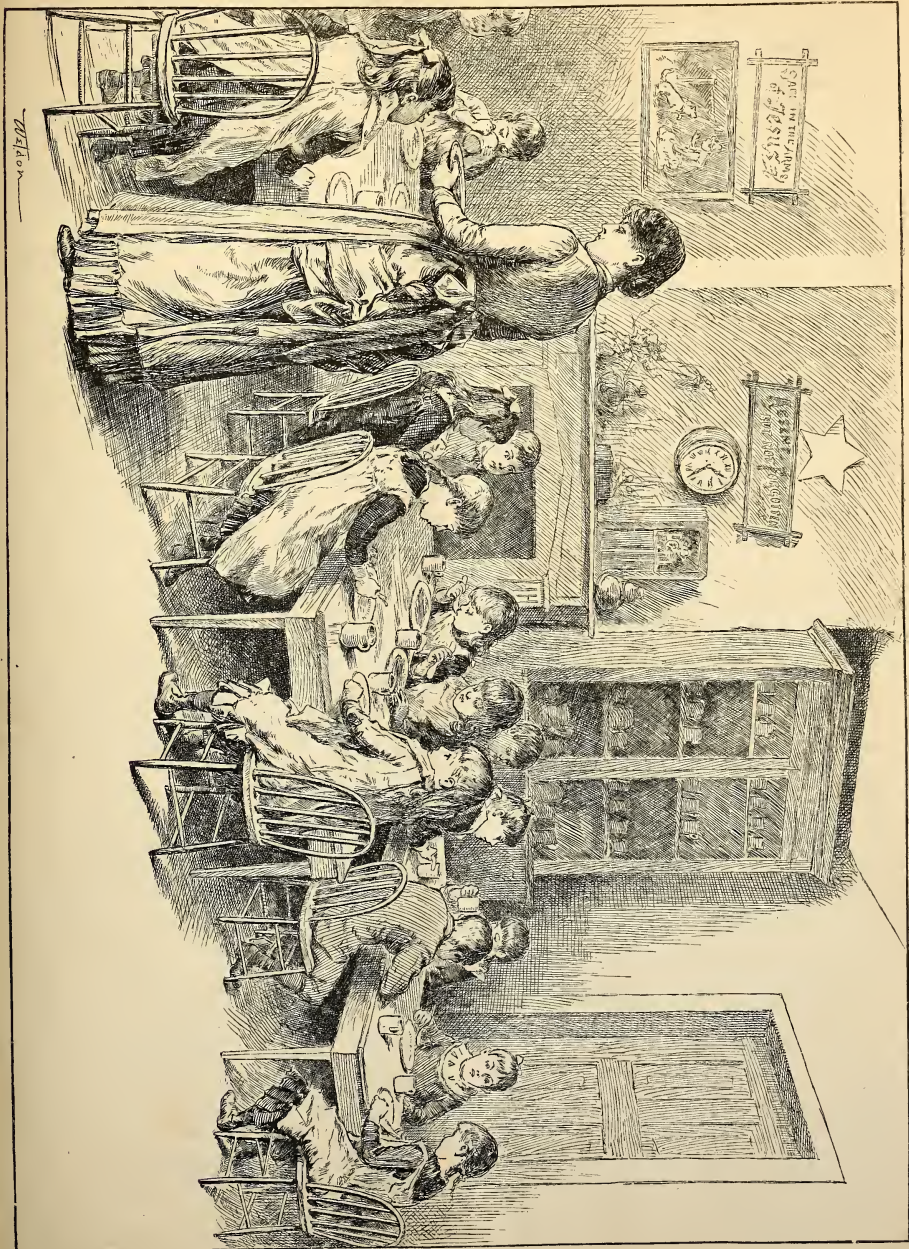
no idea that one of his listeners had been an important actor in the occurrences he was about to relate.

"Well," he continued, "Conductor Drake decided that the best thing to be done was to leave the fellow in charge of the switchman, to be put aboard the Korting express, and sent down to the hospital. But, you see, the switchman wasn't there, and the only Hathaway passenger aboard was a boy, who said he'd stay; and he did, and took poor Baker for a train-wrecker, because he had his tools with him, and told the express folks that the timbers of the ravine bridge had been sawed through. Then, before anybody could thank him or find out his name, he ran off. But he was a brave chap, even if he did send the express people on a wild-goose chase, looking for the sawed timber when there wasn't any. Still, a warning for nothing is better than no warning for something."

"But what made that man Baker look so horrified when I—when he was told that he was to be sent down on the express?" Charlie couldn't resist asking.

The ticket agent eyed him closely before replying, then answered slowly: "He didn't want to leave his post of duty as quick as some folks like to slip off after they have done a big thing. Why, I think that boy—"

But Charlie would not stay to hear any more.



THE DINNER HOUR AT BETHLEHEM DAY NURSERY.—SEE PAGE 344.

BETHLEHEM DAY NURSERY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A FEW steps from Second Avenue, on East Thirty-first Street, New York, a modest sign-board notifies the passer-by that No. 248, the Parish House of the Church of the Incarnation, is also Bethlehem Day Nursery.

The word "nursery" has in itself a pleasant sound. It reminds my little readers of a wide sunny chamber with pictures on the walls, a dainty crib in the corner, a music-box on the table, dolls seated in tiny chairs, picture-books and games on the swinging shelf just within reach of small hands, and, presiding over all, a kind and patient nurse in white cap and apron, or mamma herself, holding baby in her arms. The nursery is the brightest room in the house, and no child is at a loss for something to do there even on a rainy day.

But you must know, Daisy and Tom, that thousands of little people have no nursery like yours, and that in this great city of New York, as in other great cities, the children of the very poor are crowded into dark, narrow, and unwholesome apartments, where in winter they shiver for want of fire, where in summer they suffocate for want of air, and where they are seldom clean, and are always hungry. Their fathers and mothers are forced to work so hard that they have no time to play with the babies, and they are so ignorant that they do not know how to take care of them in the best way. It would make you very sorry to hear how many poor little creatures are hurt by burns and scalds and falls and cruel blows in the wretched tenement-houses which afford shelter to thousands of the laboring classes.

Bethlehem Day Nursery was opened in May, 1883, and is under the care of a board of lady managers, who visit it regularly and attend to its interests. If I were writing for grown-up people, I would say that it is a beautiful and practical charity, which begins where charity should always begin, at the very beginning, not waiting to reform bad men and women, but teaching little children to be good, and making them healthy and happy. However, as I am writing for Daisy and Tom, and I do not want them to skip any part of my story, I will just tell them for whom the Day Nursery is meant and what I saw there.

A great many poor mothers must go out every day to earn their living and to get food for their children. They wash or iron or scrub for people who need to have such work done, and who give them employment. While they are absent their children are, of course, left alone at home. The usual way is for the mother to put the matches somewhere out of reach, set a bit of bread on the table, lock the door, and go away, leaving the babies to manage as they can. No matter how carefully the mother hides the matches, the children often find them and set their clothing on fire, or they fall against the stove, or are injured in some way. Even though no accident happen to them, the day is very, very long and tedious when they have nobody to speak to and nothing to look at for hours and hours together.

The Day Nursery provides a cheerful, warm, cozy place in which mothers may leave their little ones under kind care while they are at their daily work.

I wish you could all see the sweet-faced matron at the Nursery. She has a real mother look in her pleasant blue eyes, and her manner is very winning. The little ones need fear no harshness while they are with such a woman, and it is easy to see that they like to be with her.

When a mother wishes to leave her child at the Nursery, she presents herself to the matron, and if it be her first application, she is sent, with a line of introduction, to a neighboring physician. He examines the child, and if he gives it a certificate of health, it is at once admitted to the institution, and receives a share in its benefits.

This certificate is a necessity, and, in each case, costs the Nursery fifty cents. No child having fever, or skin disease, or sore eyes, or any catching illness is allowed to enter the place.

The mothers pay five cents a day for each child. This charge, as you will see, does not compensate the managers for what the child receives, but it does preserve the self-respect of the mothers, who are thus kept from accepting a mere alms, and who also prize more highly what they partially pay for than they would were it wholly a gift.

The little ones are brought at seven in the morning, and stay until their mothers come or send for them in the evening. Some leave as early as five, while others remain until eight or even nine o'clock at night.

There are babies a few weeks or months old; we totos of two or three years; sturdy boys and girls of five, six, or seven—children, in fact, of all ages from the cradle up to nine years, at which age they are old enough to attend the public schools.

The first thing in order on their arrival in the morning is to wash faces, necks, and hands till they are daintily clean, to comb and brush rebellious hair, and to put on the children the clean jackets and aprons which are kept for their use while in the Nursery.

Then the poor little things must be fed. If they have had no breakfast, they are given a generous bowl of bread and milk; at the noon dinner they have a hearty meal of beef or mutton soup, with plenty of vegetables, and bread or else rice, oatmeal, or meat and potatoes in abundance; at four o'clock they have tea, which consists of thick slices of bread and butter, with jam or sauce of apples or prunes, and sometimes, for a treat, with oranges or sugar-plums.

Our artist has sketched the little ones in the dining-room. The low tables and chairs are very cute, if I may borrow Daisy's phrase, and the children look very happy as they sit there.

Some of them are so pretty and so plump, too! There is a marked contrast between those who have been in the habit of spending their days at the Nursery and those who come for the first time. The latter often look scrawny and pallid, and—would you believe it?—have to be coaxed to eat the good food provided for them. They sometimes cry, the matron says, for "bread and tea," or still worse, they ask pitifully, "Div me my lager." Think of babies crying for lager!

But they learn to like the nice, well-cooked dishes which are set before them, and of course they thrive on the better diet, and some of them grow rosy and pretty.

The babies are given good milk in nursing-bottles, and are well cared for. When I was there the babies were all quiet, one or two were asleep, one was being fed, and another, a cunning little mite, was sitting in a baby chair, and the scene was very peaceful. "Do they never cry?" I inquired.

"Indeed, yes," was the answer. "Once in a while they all begin to squall at once, and then we have lively times. Fortunately they are generally good."

Daisy and Tom, if you will ask your mamma or your nurse, you will be told that infants who are clean, warm, and well do not cry very much.

The older children would be tempted to quarrel or would grow very weary if they were allowed to spend the entire day in idleness,

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

The managers have met this possible trouble by providing the institution with a teacher. This lady, who is very gentle and kind, keeps school for the children during the morning hours. She uses Kindergarten methods for the tiniest ones, but also teaches reading, spelling, and arith-

metic to the older ones, and there is a blackboard on which they perform their examples, just as you do in your classrooms.

A great improvement has been observed since this school-work was added to the other benefits of the Nursery.

In the afternoon the teacher goes about among the poor, visits the homes of little pensioners who are ill, or tries to show some of the poor, tired mothers that kind words and patience would go farther than cuffs and scolding in the management of their little ones. Often when she carries a delicacy to the bedside of a sick child, she sits there to see him eat it, knowing that the moment her back is turned some selfish older brother or sister, knowing no better, would gobble it up if it were left unguarded.

Owing to the bounty of private individuals, and also to a share in the fresh-air funds of the benevolent, the children enjoyed a number of trips to the sea-shore last summer. These were days of gladness. They went under the care of a teacher, nurse, or matron, and were very much better for the outings, which were such rare delights.

Then, too, they had a play-ground in the back yard of No. 248, which, for the city, is quite ample. A thoughtful friend provided a tent which shielded them from the extreme heat of the sun in July and August.

I can see a question in Daisy's brown eyes, and Tom's face, at this point, is a perfect interrogation mark. Well, ask away, my dears.

"Where does the money come from to give the children the dinners and the clothing, to pay for fire and furniture and dishes, and to meet the salaries of the matron and teacher and the other assistants, of whom there are three? It takes money to do this, and, of course, the five cents a day received from each of the children are not nearly enough."

It does, indeed cost money to do so much good. The Church of the Incarnation gives the use of the rooms in its Parish House, so there is no rent to be paid, and each manager makes a liberal annual contribution.

Beyond this, the institution is dependent upon the gifts of those who wish to help along a good work.

Money can not be better nor more safely expended than in donations to the Bethlehem Day Nursery. Gifts of provisions will always be welcome. Clothing for children of both sexes is urgently required, and baby clothing is especially useful, and is always in demand. One of the best things which the Nursery does is the sending out of baby baskets and bundles of clothing to the poor homes in the neighborhood. I saw several such bundles, with tiny slips, shirts, skirts, flannels, etc., all complete. In many households there are stores of unused infants' clothing, as there are suits and dresses which the children have outgrown, and which would assist the Day Nursery in its excellent work of out-door relief.

The institution, in its present quarters, has accommodations for only about forty children at once. From twenty-five to thirty-five are present on Monday and Tuesday, when the mothers go out more regularly than in the latter part of the week to their tasks of washing and ironing.

Strangely enough, many of the poor women do not understand how great are the privileges offered to them here, and have at first to be persuaded to leave their children for the day. But those who once bring them need no inducement afterward to continue doing so. And one very direct way of aiding such an enterprise as this is by giving work to the baby's mother while the baby is at the Nursery.

It is a pretty name, isn't it, Daisy?—Bethlehem, the house of bread, and it makes you think of the Saviour, who was born in Bethlehem, and who said, "Suffer the little chil-

dren to come unto me, and forbid them not." So, with this dear verse in our minds, we will say good-by to the Bethlehem Day Nursery, No. 248 East Thirty-first Street, New York, a place where, any day and hour, visitors are welcome.

MR. THOMPSON AND THE TURTLE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON lay stretched at full length—which was considerable—on the ground under the big elm-tree down near the gate. He was lying on his side, resting one elbow on the earth, and supporting his chin on the palm of his long, thin hand. It must be admitted that this was not a very graceful attitude for Mr. Thompson to assume, but then Mr. Thompson was always ready to sacrifice grace in the pursuit of knowledge, and just at this particular moment he was intent upon studying nature, as represented by a big land-turtle which lay a few feet from him, and absolutely refused to come out of its shell. Mr. Thompson had poked and shaken and tapped the obstinate creature, but the only effect was to make it close its shell tighter than before; so Mr. Thompson lay quietly to see what would happen.

The time passed on, and Mr. Thompson had almost given up the matter as a bad job, when he noticed the shell began to unclose, and cautiously, very cautiously, the turtle thrust out his snake-like head. He looked all around him, and then as his little red eye rested upon Mr. Thompson, he winked.

"I thought you were never coming out," murmured Mr. Thompson.

"I thought *you* were never going away," answered the turtle, rather crossly.

Mr. Thompson started. To be sure, he had addressed the turtle, but with no idea that he would answer back. A cold shiver ran all over his body, for he remembered past experiences, and he hardly liked the idea of being transformed into a turtle. He endeavored to raise himself from the ground, but he could not. In the mean time the turtle was gazing at him in open-eyed amazement.

"Hullo! Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "I say, how did you do that?"

Mr. Thompson was greatly annoyed at such familiarity on so short an acquaintance; so he answered, stiffly, "I fail to see that I have done anything so very remarkable."

"Well, you are the first man I ever saw change into a turtle, as a cocoon changes into a butterfly. But anyway, however it happened, ain't you glad?" There was such an honest ring of sympathy and congratulation in the turtle's voice that Mr. Thompson had not the heart to express his real feelings, so he changed the subject by inquiring,

"Which way were you going when I stopped you?"

"Over in the orchard to the sweet pear-tree. Let's go now," answered the turtle.

Mr. Thompson readily agreed to this proposition, and as he strolled slowly along beside his new friend he began, as was his custom, to ask questions about the life of a turtle, which he found his companion only too willing to answer.

"Yes," said the turtle, in reply to one of Mr. Thompson's questions, "our family is a very old one. There are records of turtles in the very earliest fables, and our pictures are to be found on the stamped bricks of Nineveh and the sculptured walls of Ilium. Of course you know the story of the Greek philosopher who was killed by a turtle, which was let fall from a great height by an eagle which mistook the philosopher's bald head for a stone. The Chinese believe that the earth is supported upon two pillars which rest upon the back of a turtle."

"What does the turtle rest upon?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"That is something I never heard explained," answered the turtle, good-naturedly.

"Well, is it true that you live to such a great age?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"About two hundred years, if fortune favors us. There is an account of an English cousin of mine, who belonged to a bishop, who lived to be two hundred and twenty-eight. The bishop provided for him in his will, and he finally died from exposure to an unusually severe frost. That is what kills many of my family. You know, we sleep all winter in a hole we dig in the ground;

and it was customary, when a whaling ship stopped there, to carve the name of the ship and the date on the turtle's great shell. So, after a time, he became a sort of live register, and all the captains used to look for him, and were very careful not to harm him."

"He was a sea-turtle?" said Mr. Thompson.

"Yes; measured eleven feet from head to tail, and six feet across. Do you know another very funny thing, and that is that those immense turtles, weighing from five hundred to a thousand pounds, are hatched from eggs not much larger than ours. But here comes that horrid young fellow. He says that the next turtle he catches he will mark, 'Adam, year 1'; so you had better look out."



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE NEVER COMING OUT," MURMURED MR. THOMPSON."

sometimes the dirt gets disturbed above us, and we are frozen to death in our sleep. But here we are at the pear-tree."

After a few minutes' search, they each found a ripe pear on the ground, and proceeded to eat it up. At last Mr. Thompson's companion raised his head with a sigh of satisfaction, brushed the specks of pear from his mouth with one of his fore-paws, and announced that he had finished his dinner. "How is it," inquired Mr. Thompson, "that we see so few young turtles?"

"In the first place, they are small, and can keep out of the way, and secondly, they grow very rapidly. A turtle is nearly as big at two years old as I am now."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-five. Of course that 'G. W., 1695,' on my shell is all a humbug; George Washington wasn't born then—I know as much as that. The young man who lives down at the house with you cut it on the other day. Why, he marked a friend of mine 'C. C., 1492,' and a fellow picked him up the next day, and called all his friends to see the prize he had found—a turtle marked by Columbus."

"The children took me on the piazza once, where there was an old sea-captain, and he told them that on one of the small islands in the West Indies there lived a large turtle which was known to be over a hundred and fifty years old,

Sure enough, along came the young man, and stooped over Mr. Thompson to lift him. Mr. Thompson just felt his hands on his side, when by a violent effort he broke away, and exclaimed, passionately:

"Go way from me. You have no right to touch me. I will not have 'Adam, year 1' cut on my shell," and Mr. Thompson suddenly realized that he was standing under the old elm, and that the young man who boarded at the house was gazing at him with mingled surprise and amusement.

"I was afraid you would catch cold, so I came to waken you," explained the young man.

"Then what did you want to cut 'G. W., 1695' on his shell the other day for?" asked Mr. Thompson, for he had not yet fully come to his senses, and he was, moreover, suspicious of the young man.

On his part, the young man was perplexed at Mr. Thompson's actions, and circulated the report that Mr. Thompson was violently insane.

Mr. Thompson treated the whole matter with contempt, only making an explanation to Miss Angelina, who told it to the rest of the party under pledge of strictest secrecy, which was the way I heard of it, only, if any of you meet Mr. Thompson, don't tell him that I told you.



CHALKING A LETTER



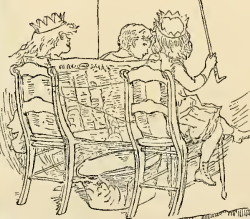
BY EXPRESS



MOTHER'S CALLER



COTTON DOUGHNUTS



KING and QUEEN

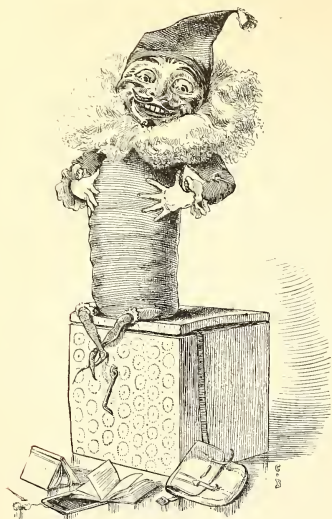


"CAUGHT AT LAST?"

THREE OF A KIND



Reflected



A WARNING TO MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.
JACK. "Jimmy Brown's in the Box. Ha! ha!"

WHAT ONE TREE CAN DO.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

THERE is a tree in Madagascar of which the natives make their houses. What of that? Well, it is not anything extraordinary, is it? We have several kinds of trees in this country any one of which can be used for making houses too.

But then it is principally of the leaves of this Madagascar tree that the houses are built, and that is odd. Indeed, before we have told all about this tree it will be seen that there are few trees in the world half so wonderful as it is.

When it is growing it looks like a gigantic palm-leaf fan. The trunk is bare to the top, from which the enormous leaves all spring. These leaves do not branch out in every direction,

but stand up side by side, so that they form a half-circle, and give the fan-like appearance.

It is the middle rib of the great leaf that is used for making walls and partitions of. The ribs are twined together very much as willow is with us in basket-making. The part of the leaf that is left after taking the rib out is used for thatching the roof with. Of course such a house is not a very grand one.

The good tree has not done all it can yet, however. The native of Madagascar likes to have his house carpeted, and so he applies to his tree. He strips off the bark in one great piece stretches it out, beats it with round stones, and dries it, and, behold! a thick soft carpet as wide as four breadths of Brussels carpet and from twenty to thirty feet long.

Still the good work of the tree is not exhausted. There comes a long hot and very dry season every year in that part of the world, and the wells refuse to give any water. Then the tree is ready, and the thankful man goes to it. With his spear he makes a hole at the base of one of the great leaves, and out spurts a stream of fresh, pure, and almost ice-cold water. Each leaf has about a quart of water to yield up, and no matter how hot or dry the weather, it never fails.

But even yet the good tree has a service to perform. When the dry season comes around, the houses very naturally become dry too, and then they take fire very easily. Of course there are no fire-engines there, nor any pumps even, and so a fire might easily spread and burn down a whole village if there were not always at hand an extinguisher of some sort. There stands the tree, with its leaves charged with water, and when a fire occurs the men run and tear off the leaves, and with them beat the burning house. The water runs out, and the fire yields.

There, then, is a tree which gives to man his house, his carpet, his fountain of pure water, and his fire-extinguisher. The botanical name of this friend of man is *Urania speciosa*; the common name is "Traveller's Tree"—and a foolish name it is, too, for it is more a tree for the native than for the traveller.

BOSSY AND THE DAISY.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

RIGHT up into Bossy's eyes
Looked the daisy boldly,
But, alas! to his surprise,
Bossy ate him coldly.

Listen, daisies in the fields:
Hide away from Bossy.
Daisies make the milk she yields,
And her skin grow glossy.

So each day she tries to find
Daisies nodding sweetly,
And, although it's most unkind,
Bites their heads off neatly.



THE FOOLER FOOLED.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 284.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



A VOYAGE IN THE AIR.—SEE PAGE 354.

A VOYAGE IN THE AIR.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"PAUL! Paul! come down—do! The Frenchman has brought his balloon to Mr. Brooks's big lot, and they are filling it from a tank in the shed."

"Is it a big balloon, Walter?" asked Paul, thrusting his head out of the window and looking down at the boy below.

"A monster," replied Walter. "Are you coming?"

"Yes," said Paul, disappearing from the window.

In another moment the two friends were hurrying along the road together. Presently they reached a large grassy field where a great number of people were assembled to watch the filling of the balloon. Placards were pasted on the neighboring fences announcing that Monsieur Le Clerc, for the sum of one dollar apiece, would allow the public to ascend to the height of six hundred feet above the earth.

When Paul and Walter drew near they saw that there was a cable attached to the car of the balloon, which ran over two pulleys, and then around a windlass which was securely fastened into the ground. A horse was standing near, waiting to be attached to the windlass to draw the balloon back to earth.

"That's Mr. Le Clerc," said Paul, pointing out a small man with bright black eyes and a heavy gray mustache, who was busily engaged in examining the cable, pulleys, and the apparatus for filling the great silk bag with gas.

"I know him. He is as nice as he can be. Let us go and talk to him."

Paul, followed by Walter, forced his way to the Frenchman's side, and said,

"Good afternoon, Mr. Le Clerc."

"Is that you, my little friend?" replied Monsieur Le Clerc, with a pleasant smile.

"Is the balloon almost ready?" asked Paul.

"Almost," said the Frenchman, glancing upward.

"What kind of gas is it filled with?" asked Paul.

"Hydrogen gas," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that pipe running from the neck of the balloon to the shed? The gas is forced from the tank in the shed into the balloon until it is nearly full, then the pipe is taken off, and the mouth of the balloon fastened up."

"And when you want the gas to come out, do you take off the fastening?" asked Walter.

"Oh no," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that cord hanging down in the car? Well, that cord runs through the balloon and is attached to a valve, which is kept closed by a spring. When you pull the cord, it opens the valve and lets out the gas."

"How delightful it must be to float above the earth like a bird!" said Paul, looking at the balloon longingly.

"Would you like to make the trial trip?" asked Monsieur Le Clerc.

"Yes, indeed," replied Paul, "if Walter could go with me. But—"

"But what?" said Monsieur Le Clerc. "It is perfectly safe."

"That is not it," replied Paul. "But I have no money with me."

"Never mind that," said the Frenchman. "I will only send you up a short distance, and use you as a kind of advertisement. You can tell all your companions how pleasant it was. This time you shall go alone; when the balloon takes the full trip I shall be obliged to accompany every party myself."

"Thank you," said Paul. "Walter, will you go?"

Walter nodded his head and smiled.

After this the two boys waited impatiently until the preparations were completed.

They climbed into the little car, and Monsieur Le Clerc gave the order to start. Breathless silence held the spec-

tators for a few seconds, and then, when the monster arose, controlled only by the cable, which unwound as the balloon ascended, they gave a loud cheer.

The boys looked over the side of the car, and saw the people and objects grow smaller and smaller, and they began to feel just a little frightened. But after a short time they grew used to the new sensation, and began to point out to each other distant and familiar objects, such as the school-house, the church, and the small stream that wound in and out among the bushes and trees like a glittering snake. As they were laughing and talking merrily they felt a slight jar, and a yell arose from the crowd below. Looking down, the boys perceived that all were hurrying about, waving their hands as if in the wildest excitement. And they heard the Frenchman shouting, but they could not make out what he was saying.

"What has happened?" said Walter. "Perhaps the horse has run away."

"Oh no," replied Paul. "But I think Mr. Le Clerc has concluded to let us go higher than he intended to at first, and the people are pleased. Wave your handkerchief, Walter."

"That must be it," said Walter. "Just see how high we are now."

"Who would think that six hundred feet would seem so high?" said Paul, growing puzzled.

"See, Paul, the people look like little ants crawling around," exclaimed Walter.

Paul looked downward steadily for a few moments; then he turned a white face to his companion, and said,

"Walter, what is that floating out below us?"

"The rope, I think," replied Walter.

"But it is not fastened to anything," said Paul.

"Do you think the balloon has broken away?" asked Walter, his eyes growing large with astonishment and fright.

"Yes," said Paul, in a low voice; "that is just what has happened."

The two boys sat perfectly still, and watched the earth below them as it seemed to float swiftly away, although not a breath of air stirred around them. Suddenly everything was shut from their sight by a thick gray mist.

"What has happened now?" whispered Walter, drawing closer to Paul.

"I think we must be in a cloud," replied Paul, shuddering.

"A moment ago I could hear railroad cars and a bell, but now it is dreadfully still," said Walter, beginning to cry.

"Don't cry, Walter," said Paul. "That won't do any good."

"But suppose we never come down again?" sobbed Walter. "We may be miles and miles away from home, and never find our way back."

"I don't care, so that it is earth again," replied Paul. "There must be some way of going down besides being pulled back by a rope and windlass. What was that Mr. Le Clerc said about letting out the gas?"

"Something about a valve and a cord, but I did not pay much attention," replied Walter.

"I remember now," cried Paul. "The valve was on top, but the cord that opened it hung down in the car somewhere."

"There it is," said Walter, looking up. "But you can't reach it."

Paul sprang to his feet, and saw that the cord had in some way become entangled in the net-work which covered the balloon. It was not more than seven feet above their heads, but it was entirely out of their reach. So Paul sat down again, and looked at Walter.

"It is no use to try," said he, with a white face.

After a while they arose above the cloud, and saw it hanging below them, while over their heads the sky shone out a dark and lovely blue.

"How cold it is!" said Walter, shivering.

This made Paul think of something he had once read of two men who had taken a journey in a balloon, and one of them had become insensible from cold when at a great distance from the earth.

"We *must* get that valve cord!" he said to himself; then he began to look around him and think. Suddenly he cried, "Walter! Walter! I know a way to reach it: I will sling it."

"But you haven't any twine long enough?" said Walter, hopelessly.

"I have the piece I saved from my kite this morning."

Paul then produced several yards of twine, wound on a stick, and tied his knife securely to one end of it; and presently the two boys almost forgot their peril in the excitement of trying to throw this sling into the loop made by the entangled rope. Meanwhile the balloon drifted higher and higher, and farther and farther westward.

After a great many failures, Paul succeeded in reaching the cord. Then they pulled it within reach of their hands.

"Now we are saved!" cried Walter, clapping his hands.

Paul pulled the cord gently, for he thought perhaps there might be danger of letting too much gas out at once. For some moments the boys could not tell what effect this had; but presently the air around them became much warmer, and they were again enveloped in a thick mist.

Walter was in despair. He slipped off of the bench, and, seating himself on the floor of the car, covered his face with his hands.

Presently Paul, who had been earnestly looking over the side, said, "Walter, I think we must have dropped a great distance."

"Why?" asked Walter, trying hard to keep his voice from trembling.

"Because we are in the clouds again," replied Paul.

"Are we?" said Walter, raising his head. As he looked up he caught sight of something under the seat. "Here is a queer kind of anchor," cried he, pulling at a rope attached to a great hook with a number of prongs.

"An anchor!" exclaimed Paul, with some surprise.

"What is that for, I wonder?"

"Maybe if we let it over the side the balloon will go down faster."

"I don't think so," replied Paul, glancing down again. Then he cried out, "Oh, Walter, we are below the clouds now. I can see a river with lights on it just below us."

"Then don't let out any more gas, Paul. We shall be drowned if you do."

Paul let go of the valve cord, and the boats seemed to fly away beneath them, and they passed the river in safety.

The balloon had sunk so low that now they could distinctly see the roofs of houses; but it had grown so dark that no one observed the balloon.

The lights and houses grew more and more scarce as they passed over dark fields and woods. They could see the branches of the trees bend, and hear the wind howling among them, and the two boys knew that they were being driven along through the air at a rapid rate.

"If we can not stop the balloon," said Walter, "we shall be torn to pieces by the branches of those trees when we get a little lower."

Just then the little car they were in gave a lurch which almost threw them out. The boys seized the nearest rope, and looked down. They were directly above a thick forest, and one great pine, taller than the others, had almost overturned them.

Paul and Walter stretched out their hands to grasp the branches, but in an instant they were wrenched away, and the balloon rushed on again.

"Perhaps that hook will help us now," said Paul, suddenly remembering the anchor. "I will haul on the valve cord, and when we come to thick trees, you let the hook right down among the branches."

Paul peeped down into the darkness, while Walter held the anchor suspended over the side of the car.

"Now!" cried Paul, and the anchor went crashing down among the crooked branches of an immense sycamore. Then the balloon flapped backward and forward like a great wounded bird, and presently the boys saw and felt the leaves around them, and then the car turned completely over. Both Paul and Walter were thrown out, but fortunately they managed to grasp the branches of the tree, and in a few moments found themselves seated side by side many feet above the ground. The balloon arose again, and dragging the rope and hook after it, disappeared from their sight.

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Walter. "I never want to see a balloon again."

"I think," replied Paul, "if we had not been so frightened, the voyage would have been perfectly glorious."

The boys sat in the tree all night, but at the first glimpse of daylight they climbed down and threw themselves upon the grass, and fell asleep, for they were very tired.

They were awakened from their sound sleep by loud exclamations of pity and sorrow. They sat up and rubbed their eyes. Then the exclamations were changed into surprise and joy, and they found that they were surrounded by a crowd of people; among them were their fathers and Monsieur Le Clerc.

After the excitement of their discovery had somewhat abated, the boys learned how their whereabouts had been found out. Their friends had telegraphed to all the stations west of the town for information of the escaped balloon, and in the morning received answer that an empty balloon had been seen hanging over the woods twenty miles distant. So they hurried as fast as steam could carry them to the spot. When they first saw the boys asleep, they believed them dead.

Paul, Walter, and their friends returned home, where their voyage in the air formed the principal topic of conversation among all their friends and neighbors, and the two boys found themselves the heroes of more than a "nine days' wonder."

LICHENS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

IT is not uncommon to find among animals a curious kind of housekeeping arrangement by which they live together, each one helping to keep up the establishment, and having equal rights. Oftener, however, we find one animal quietly settling down upon another, expecting to be supported in idleness. This is not only true of animals; it is equally true of plants. Some of the very smallest of them are as proud and independent as the largest; they busy themselves all day extracting their food out of the earth and air, earning their own living in a most praiseworthy way, and ready to lend a helping hand to others. The idlers of the vegetable world are most commonly found among the lower classes—the fungi.

You remember in studying the fungi we found that one thing, the principal thing, which marked their difference from the green plants, was that they are obliged to feed on what has been some time a living substance, whether vegetable or animal. The yeast plant and moulds and mushrooms feed upon dead material—that which is no longer alive; but there are other fungi that prey upon living things.

Have you not hundreds of times in the woods noticed how old tree trunks and twigs, particularly dead ones, were covered with a curious crust, sometimes gray and sometimes greenish in hue? Occasionally you found them bright orange, and again holding up coral red cups to the sun and rain. These are not *mosses*, as you often hear them called. In fact, they have no correct ordinary

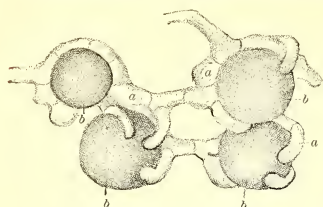


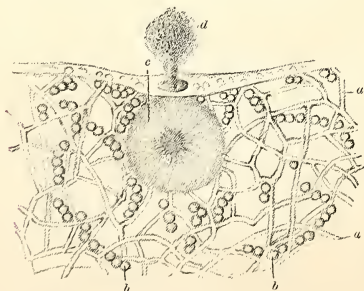
Fig. 1.—a, FUNGUS; b, FIRST BERRY, MAGNIFIED.

took a great many long years of study to find out their ways. They are really a peculiar kind of a fungus, growing on and sucking their nourishment out of a little green water-plant, which manages to support both itself and its



Fig. 2.—WOOLLY LICHEN.

idle neighbor. For a long time the little green cells that flourished so bravely in the clutch of the lazy giant of a fungus was thought to be the fruit of the fungus. After long studying and examining, some keen-sighted botanist saw that the green cells were no more nor less than our little

Fig. 3.—CALLEMA SLICED THROUGH, MAGNIFIED.
a, Fungus; b, Host; c, Spore Sac; d, Ripe Spores escaping.

name, and so get their botanical name of lichens oftener than any other.

Among the most singular things in the study of all kinds of plants are these same lichens, and it



Fig. 4.—INCRUSTING LICHEN.

"first berry," being eaten out of house and home by his lazy visitor. He collected the green cells of the plant, and, to test the matter, he sowed them, and watched what became of them; they grew apace, and when they came to move about he found that he was not mistaken: they were, sure enough, the "first berry."

You see in Fig. 1 how the twining arms of the lichen (a) embrace the "first berry" (b), and push their way into the very heart of the cell to take away its food. For some reason it does not overpower and kill its little host; possibly it may in some unknown way pay its board in services; but nobody has ever found it out if such is the case.

All these lower forms of life, including the fungi, "odd fish," and lichens, are called by a Latin name meaning that the plant is all leafy. They have no distinct stems and roots; they all seem to be just something like a leaf. In lichens this leafy crust is called a *thallus*.

The *thallus* creeps on chips of decaying wood, bark, or small branches, diving down into the cells of the green



Fig. 5.—"REINDEER MOSS."

A, Life size; B, Branch enlarged; C, Branch of Buds; D, Same fertilized.

plant below to feed itself, and sending up into the air the little cups or heads which are its fruit. Some of the gray woolly lichens that cover twigs growing near the sea-shore or down in moist dells (Fig. 2) have what seem like stems; but they are not true stems; the cells inside are different from stem cells and like those of leaves. We have to learn, in studying nature, "not to judge according to appearance, but to judge righteous judgment." It is by the *lives* of these little creatures, not by their mere outward appearance, that we know their real character.

Lichens are good things to study in winter, for you can find them when other plants are having their long sleep. They grow everywhere, and on pretty much everything that has crevices in which their host can find moisture.

The "first berry" is by no means the only one of the "odd fish" which are hosts to the lichens. The vegetable jelly-fish, the red snow plant, and others answer this purpose. But whatever the host is, you can not help feeling that he is ill used. Sometimes one is almost smothered in the embrace of his ungrateful visitor and guest; sometimes another is fairly sucked dry by these sponges; but the plucky little things manage to live somehow and bear the burden of life.

Some of the lichens contradict the old saying that "beggars must not be choosers," for they will not live on any host but a particular one which suits them. Others are not so particular, and will take to any one which will afford them nourishment. Some of the tiny plants so preyed upon, instead of being hindered in their growth, seem to be rather stimulated by the demand upon them.

Occasionally among the hard dry growths that are the commonest forms of lichens we find a kind that is like cold clammy flesh. It grows in cushion-like masses. In these forms the poor little host is scattered in bunches through the fleshy mass, or runs through it like strings of greenish beads (Fig. 3).

Lichens, like some plants higher in the scale of life, grow from *spores*. These produce new plants as seed do, but they are not seed. Seeds, as you will see when we come to them, are always made by the partnership of two entirely different cells combining together. Spores are more like little buds growing out of the plant, and when they are ripe, getting loose from the place where they grew, and being scattered on the ground by the wind or the rain. They grow usually in some sort of cup, which holds them safely till they are ripe and free. (Fig. 4, and Fig. 3, c.) It would not seem that such sturdy little beggars and persistent sponges would be of much use in such a busy world as this; and yet if it were not for them a large part of the world would be without inhabitants. All Lapland, you know, is inhabited by people who only live because of their reindeer. In our climate we can scarcely imagine how people can depend so much upon any one kind of animal. But the people there have nothing else; they eat the flesh, blood, and milk of the reindeer; their clothes are made from his skin; their tools are carved out of his antlers; his sinews supply thread; his bones, soaked in oil, they burn for fuel. Living, he is his master's horse and mule; he carries him and his belongings from place to place. And so the Laplander's whole mode of life depends upon this tiny plant, which is generally, though incorrectly, called "reindeer moss" (Fig. 5). When the reindeer have devoured it in one place, they move where they can find some more.

In the short, hot summers the reindeer can get the fresh shoots of certain trees; but in winter there is nothing but the lichen under

the snow. Besides being the only thing they can get to eat, it seems to be necessary to them. When reindeer are brought to temperate climates as a show, it is found necessary to feed them on these lichens, or something of the kind, or they will not keep well and hearty. As food the lichen has another advantage, in that it takes a great while to digest, and a meal will last for a long time, enabling the reindeer to take long journeys over the frozen, snow-covered ground without a fresh meal.

It is these tiny plants, which we scarcely ever notice, that save great regions of arctic country from being a desolate no-man's-land from end to end.

ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC.

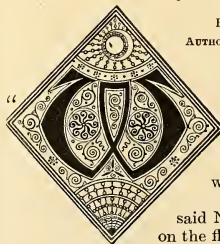
CHAPTER XXI.

TAKING POSSESSION.

"ELL, thank goodness! that job's done." And Joan leaned against the empty shelves with an air of satisfaction.

"And now for the china," said Nan, looking up from her seat on the floor.

The packing at College Street had prospered finely, and already a beginning had been made in the little house at Beachcroft. The girls had taken turns in going back and forth, and Phyl's room was so nearly finished that she was to be moved on the morrow, Dr.



PACKING.

Rogers having decided that the consultation ought to take place after she was settled there. Nan was going over with Miss Vandort to see that all was in readiness for Phyllis's coming in early the next morning, and Mrs. Travers and David were already established in the little house.

As might have been expected, Annie Vandort had proved a treasure. Just now she put her head in the library door to remind Nan that they were to take a basket of eatables to Beachcroft with them. "And, above all things," she said, laughing, "don't forget the cookies for Alfred the Great, or our cold ham will be nowhere."

"Now, did you ever see such a girl as that is?" remarked Joan from her seat on the library steps. "I think," she added, with a calm air of reflection, "I would rather be like her when I grow up than any one else, unless it was you."

Nan laughed. Joan was at the age when, to one of her nature, enthusiasms are very sudden, but even such an intense one as she cherished for Miss Vandort had not displaced her ideal. Her admiration continued the same for Nan even under her altered circumstances.

"She's just perfectly lovely! That's what I think," concluded Joan, coming down from her perch and holding up a pair of grimy hands for Nan's inspection. "You needn't bother about the china," she continued. "It's time you and Annie were off."

Miss Vandort, who returned presently, quite agreed with this, and so in a few moments Nan had washed her hands, made a hasty toilet, and, after asking Martha for the hamper, ran up to bid Phyllis good-by.

These days of moving had brought an excess of excitement to the invalid's room in spite of the constant efforts of the little household to keep all such care from her. She had to confess, when Nan came in and taxed her with it, that she felt nervous and tired. Even Annie Vandort's reading aloud from a favorite book had not quieted her. But "After to-morrow," she said, with a little smile, and Nan tried to go away comforted with this reflection, and by feeling that Laura would make the getting off for Phyllis as quiet and as endurable as possible.

It was certainly great fun to take possession of the little house about four o'clock that afternoon, to find that Mrs. Travers had the kitchen fire lighted, the kettle boiling, and enough china and tinware unpacked and arranged in the dressers to give it a cozy and home-like air.

The carpenters' work had begun in the sales-room; rolls of cartridge-paper stood waiting to be hung on the walls, and a large express package from New York filled one corner of the room, not to be opened, however, until a place was ready for its contents.

Alfred, for all his wild spirits, had proved very useful. He had been busy all the morning with David, tacking down the matting in the hall and a dark red strip of felt on the staircase. When Phyllis should be carried in the next day, they wanted her to find at least the entrance and her own room cheerful.

Upstairs in the room designed for her the pretty papering was hung, and a decided improvement both Nan and Miss Vandort declared it to be. It suggested some quaint, old-fashioned pattern on porcelain, and with the wood-work of cherry, curtains of unbleached muslin striped with blue, considerably altered the appearance of the room, which for further furnishing had a comfortable brass bedstead which Mrs. Vandort had insisted upon sending, a large easy sofa covered in cretonne, comfortable chairs, and a low wide table of cherry-wood which Amy Rogers had ordered made especially for the invalid's use.

The two girls had brought with them a whole box of knickknacks, and while Mrs. Travers was preparing tea, they opened it, greatly enjoying their arrangement of them in the room. There were tall vases for each side of the rather high chimney-piece, and in each of these peacocks' feathers looked well against the wall-paper, and

the engravings in oak frames, the books for the hanging shelves, the articles for use in writing or reading arranged upon the table, the *tête-à-tête* service of china on a little stand in one corner, a standing work-basket well filled, and a revolving book-stand, all gave to the room its final air of completeness and readiness for the occupant.

"There!" exclaimed Nan, as they surveyed their work; "it really looks lovely; and when David has that hall window full of flowers, and we have a fire lighted, and Phyllis is comfortable on the sofa, how nice it will all be!"

A great many other things had to be done throughout the house before morning: a room adjoining Phyl's to be ready for Mrs. Heriot, who was coming for the first week to take sole charge of the young lady, besides some sleeping-place for those members of the family party who would spend the nights at Beachcroft. Here the little garret came into good service. One or two beds were readily prepared there, and, as Nan said, it would be easier to furnish the rooms below if they did not make use of them meanwhile.

Mrs. Travers was determined to show herself a good cook, they all declared, when she summoned them to tea, all having done their "day's work." Dick with the carpenters, Alfred over the mattings, and Miss Vandort and Nan, as Alfred said, the "la-di-da!" part of the housekeeping.

"La-di-da, indeed!" cried Nan, gayly. "Just wait, my young man, until you see the solid comforts upstairs for dear old Phyl! Is there oil in the hall lamp? We must have a good look at the Emporium after tea."

It was pleasant having their first supper in the kitchen. The fire burned cheerily; the little "place," as Mrs. Travers called it, was neat and cozy, and Annie Vandort declared with a sigh, as she finished her supper, she had never before known what it was to enjoy "eating in the kitchen."

Then came a rush to the Emporium, where a week's work had begun to show very decidedly. Dick, who had turned out, if one of the quietest, decidedly the most practical of the Rolfs, explained that he had been trying to get the "noisy" part of the work done before Phyllis came, and so most of the hammering and sawing was finished.

Midway in the room was the counter with its drawers, some wide and shallow, some deep, and all well handled, and painted a dark mahogany-color. The top was to be covered with a piece of deep-hued crimson satin, on which Nan had been putting a border of darker plush. The standing cupboards with their glass doors were finished, all but the last touches, and the next day Alfred and Dick were to seclude themselves for the purpose of hanging the paper. Altogether it was considered a satisfactory piece of work, and going back to the kitchen, where, as the night was cold, the fire was most acceptable, Miss Vandort and Nan established themselves at the table to work on the hall curtains, while the boys sat at the other end, drawing plans and designs for endless "improvements" in the new home, the whole party talking and laughing so pleasantly that had any one looked in upon them at that moment, a suspicion of their being "in trouble" would not have occurred to the most sympathetic observer.

Nan entertained the boys with an account of her first day at Brightwoods, but in the midst of it she suddenly stopped short to give a little shiver and utter a low-toned "Oh! oh!"

"What's up?" inquired the ready Alfred.

"Oh," answered Nan, "I was thinking of Madison Avenue, and some of the performances there."

She had suddenly remembered Jim Powers and his malicious laugh on finding her at the stable door, and with that came a recollection of Bob and poor little Beppo, and, for what reason she could not say, Nan shivered with a sort of nameless dread.

CHAPTER XXII.
THE NEW BEGINNING.

THE consultation was over.

Phyllis had accomplished the journey very successfully, the busy workers at Beachcroft had everything in pleasant readiness for her arrival, and if she had been too tired to say much, her look of delight and appreciation on seeing her pretty room said more than words.

It had seemed to Nan, who waited in the room adjoining Phyllis's for the Doctors' verdict, that they never would appear, but at last Dr. Rogers opened the door suddenly, and came in upon her with a pale grave face.

"I'm glad I never encouraged her too much," he said, sinking into a chair, and showing by his dejection that his fears were confirmed. "Poor girl, she will not have to suffer much, but I'm afraid she's condemned to lie there a long time."

Nan showed such distress that the Doctor turned sharply, and said: "Nan, Nan, I look to you to cheer her, and she's really wonderfully courageous. You should have seen her face when we told her that she could use her hands as much as she liked, and very soon sit up. Why, you'd think we'd told her she could dance a hornpipe." The Doctor tried to smile, but the tears were standing in his kind eyes as he went on: "She's made of the right sort of stuff, after all, God bless her! I thought Mary Lancelot's child ought to have the true spirit in her when trouble came."

And the Doctor was silent a moment, his thoughts going back to the fair gentle mother of these children. How well he remembered her as a tiny dainty little girl whom he had often carried on his shoulder home from school when the snow lay deep in the Beverley road, and from those days until he had looked at the beautiful tranquil face in its final sleep, how interesting everything about her home had been to him! No wonder the little family setting out to brave the world seemed of deep concern to the tender-hearted, lonely old Doctor.

"She's really almost contented," he continued, "and full of the idea of this Emporium; so you'd better get it to rights as soon as you can, and open that box below. There's no necessity for preventing her amusing herself in a quiet way, but she must have constant care of a certain kind. Now go in and say a word to her, little woman."

Phyllis was lying very still on her pretty sofa, but as Nan entered she held out both her hands, and said, with a smile:

"So you have heard? Well, I don't think I expected anything else." There was the least bit of a quiver about her lips. "And, Nannie, I give you fair warning, I mean to be a most exacting invalid. I shall insist on every bit of news and talk being brought up here. This shall be council-chamber, judge's hall, every sort of thing, and I've even planned a little bell on the door of the Emporium, so that I shall know when we have a customer."

Nan sat down in the easy-chair at the side of the sofa, and nodded her head to all Phyllis's suggestions.

"I think," Phyl added in a moment, "that if you were to read a little while I might fall asleep. But, Nan, first I want you to tell them all down-stairs that nobody is to say a word about me. I mean we are just to forget the Doctors have been here, and begin life in our little home as though, as nearly as possible, I wasn't laid up on the shelf in this sort of way. You understand, dear."

Nan bent down, flung her arm about Phyllis's neck, and kissed her passionately.

"Phyl—Phyl, dear," she exclaimed, half sobbing in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, "you teach us all such a lesson! Oh, why can't I be as patient as you are?"

"Nonsense, my dear," said Phyl, promptly, and smiling as she lightly stroked the curly head on her shoulder. "Don't I tell you how cross I mean to be? But, Nan,"

she added, in a quieter tone, "I've had lots of time to think this month, for all I am crippled. I don't feel as if I ever really lived before. Now let's go on with our reading of *The Initials*; I feel as if I must hear it. Do you know, I read my verse for the day just before the Doctors came, and it was strange, wasn't it, that one about taking the *lowest* place? I never wanted to do that, Nan, did I?"

The reading began, and Phyllis closed her eyes, not to sleep, and only half to listen, for her thoughts went back and forth in many channels. It must not be supposed that she had accepted her fate without a struggle—the sudden and terrible accident which had made her an orphan, and crippled her no doubt for life. Phyllis's ruling traits had been pride and self-confidence, but now the real nobility and sweetness of nature underlying these had asserted themselves.

Lying day after day, knowing just what had happened and what she might expect, she had gone through hours of which no one would ever know, times of depression, of rebellion, calmed by earnest prayer, and the result was what Nan better than any of the others saw and knew how to appreciate: a new spirit of humility and cheerfulness, so much better than languid resignation, for she knew that, helpless as she was, she had a life to lead, a work to accomplish, an example to set, and an end to gain. Perhaps no less a trial, no less a combination of unfortunate circumstances, would have brought out all this in the pretty, self-contented, complacent Phyllis.

Phyllis went back over the day of the accident. It had been so sudden that she could remember only a sense of confusion, of bewilderment, as the train rolled down the bank, and then an awakening to terrible pain in her back and head, and the knowledge that she could not move her lower limbs. After that all had seemed darkness and confusion for days. When consciousness came back, the funerals were over; the facts that Miss Rolf had died, leaving no will since the old one, and that her father's affairs were hopelessly involved, had to be made known to her, and with all her grief she had been grateful for a period of inactivity which had given her a chance to think.

The responsibility of the little family she knew must rest upon herself if her life was spared, and no one can tell how deep and earnest had been her prayers for guidance! She, better than any one else, knew the exact position in which her father had left them, for she only had been in his confidence, and knew that during the last year he had made the most reckless investments, swallowing up his capital, and bringing them more than once almost to the need of laying bare the state of things to Miss Rolf. But this had not been done, and now both father and cousin were gone, so swiftly taken from them that Phyllis for some time found it difficult to face minor things with that one overwhelming fact before her. But she had to plan, and, after the younger children, Nan was her first thought. Phyllis knew Nan's worth. There were scenes in the past, never referred to now, but which she remembered only too well, when the little cousin had set *her* an example, and she built her faith in the future on the knowledge of that past. And Laura had proved herself such a comfort! Might it not be that all this seeming misfortune was a blessing in disguise?

"Nan," Phyllis said, unexpectedly, and turning her eyes toward her cousin, "I really am not hearing a word. I think I must be amused some other way. Suppose you see if the boys can't open the box up here in my room?"

Nan flew off, glad to carry such a cheering report of Phyl's frame of mind to the anxious party below. They were all in the Emporium, trying to distract their minds by inspecting the new wall-paper, and Nan's sudden exclamation of delight was approval in itself. It was certainly very pretty, the soft gray harmonizing admirably with the deep cherry-wood and mahogany, and the stained



THE FIRST EVENING IN THE NEW HOME.

floor looking very nice with the rugs brought over from College Street disposed at proper intervals, and giving color and an air of comfort to the whole room.

"And now for Phyllis and the box!" Annie Vandort said, eagerly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

A WILD animal, when free, seldom makes friends with a different kind of animal; but the most savage beast, cooped up in a little cage, will often become greatly attached to some weak little creature which it would have scorned to notice when free.

Just how animals make friends with each other and make the fact known it is hard even to guess. But they do it somehow, and two strange animals will come to enjoy each other's society so much that they can not bear to be separated. It is often noticed in menageries that elephants will make friends with dogs, and be perfectly miserable without them.

Lions, too, are often known to forget their savage nature, and lavish affection on animals as unlike themselves as it is possible to be. There is a noble-looking lion at the Central Park Menagerie which has only disdain for the men and women and children who stare at him, and indeed which would be only too glad of the chance to eat one of them, but which has allowed his affections to be won by a lot of tiny English sparrows.

If you were to put your hand in his cage to stroke his tawny skin, no matter how good your intentions might be, he would tear it in shreds with his terrible paw; and

yet he seems to enjoy having the birds hop all over him. Sometimes the fearless little creatures will perch almost on his very nose, as if they wished to show how impudent they could be. But whatever they do, the royal captive only watches them with a sort of sleepy good-nature that seems to say that the birds may do as they please.

In the Zoological Gardens at Paris they used to have a fierce young lion whose only friend was a poor little dog which had one day sneaked into the menagerie, and, when pursued, had leaped into the lion's cage, where, to the astonishment of the keepers, he was cordially received. Perhaps the lion saw that the little dog and himself had the same enemies in common. However that may be, the lion adopted the dog for his dear friend, and would not allow him to be taken away.

One morning, before any visitors had come, fortunately, the gate of the lion's cage was carelessly left unfastened, and the lion contrived to push it open and spring out. It is easy to imagine the confusion and terror that followed. The keepers fled for safety, and the great beast was truly monarch of the place.

The first thought was to shoot him at once, but one of the more shrewd keepers proposed a plan for recapturing him. This man had noticed that the little dog had remained behind in the cage; so he stole up behind the cage, and, catching hold of the poor little fellow, began to whip him. Of course the dog howled piteously.

At the first sound of the dog's voice the lion, which had been angrily lashing its tail against its sides in front of a tiger's cage, stopped and listened. As the howls continued, the mighty beast bounded savagely toward his cage, and seeing the keeper beating his friend, leaped in.

The gate was instantly closed and fastened, and the lion found that his friendship had cost him his liberty. The



THE MONARCH AND HIS FRIENDS.

quick-witted keeper was richly rewarded, and to make up for his beating, the little dog was made a pet of, and fed on the choicest bits of meat.

Sometimes the captive animals will have a strong affection for their keepers or trainers, but as a rule their obedience proceeds from fear, and not from affection. One case of such an affection, however, is worth repeating.

A trainer had a cage of animals, into which he was accustomed to go and perform with the animals—four leopards and a lion. The lion was a fine beast, and well trained, but very surly and difficult to control. One day, when the man entered the cage, the lion was very fierce, and refused to perform. The man spoke sternly, but the lion only crouched in one corner of the cage and growled angrily. The trainer then raised his whip and struck the beast a smart blow. In another instant the angry creature had sprung upon the daring man, and would have killed him had not the four leopards come to the rescue, and bravely taken the lion's attention until some of the keepers came and rescued the fainting man. One of the leopards died from the wounds inflicted by the lion, and the others could never be induced again to perform with the savage beast.

The annals of menageries are full of similar stories of friendships between different animals and between animals and men.

JACKKNIFE TOYS.

BY C. W. MILLER.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEANS.

THE beans did not seem to be unusual at first sight; it was the way they appeared and disappeared that was curious. This is a very neat trick, and easily made. The beans are in a small box, and a boy is asked to guess whether the number is "odd" or "even." Suppose he says "odd," you open the box and show him four beans. Tell him you will give him another chance, and of course he will say "even." The box is again opened, and he sees three beans, much to his astonishment; and no matter how many times he guesses, he can never get it right, because you can make them "odd" or "even" just as you please.

There is a catch, of course, and I will tell you how to make the box. Get some thin pine strips, and whittle out

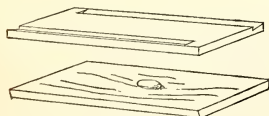


Fig. 1.

any box. Nail the sides and ends together, and fit in the covers, which slide in the grooves (Fig. 2). One of the covers has the centre hollowed out, so that a small bean may be glued in the hollow, and slip over the end, when the cover is drawn off, without catching. Put three beans loosely in the box, and close both covers.

The box is held carelessly in the hand, so that either cover may be turned up, and a boy is asked to guess "odd" or "even." If he says "even," turn the box so that the cover with the bean glued to the under side is uppermost, and slide it off, when three beans will be seen in the bottom. If the box is turned other side up, and the cover

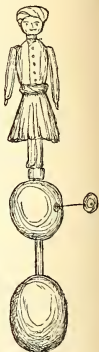


Fig. 2.

slid off, four beans will be seen in the bottom, and you may make the number odd or even as you desire.

THE WHIRLING JACK.

For this toy you will need a potato and a buckeye, or a horse-chestnut. Cut a small hole clear through the buckeye, and take out all the kernel. Whittle out the spindle, making a shoulder around the middle which will not pass through the hole in the buckeye. Sharpen the lower end, so that it may be stuck into the potato. Whittle from pine an oval body and head, and bore a hole for the top of the spindle. Make the arms and legs of separate pieces of wood, and tie them loosely to the body. Dress the figure in a very loose skirt, and paint buttons, etc., on the body. Cut a small hole in the side of the buckeye, and pass a string through this hole and up through the hole on top. Then raise the spindle so that the shoulder will be about half an inch above the hole, and tie the string firmly to the spindle, so that it can not slip around. Tie a button to the end of the string, and the jack will be ready to whirl.



Turn the figure around until all the string is wound on the spindle inside the buckeye, then hold the nut firmly in your left hand, and draw the string out suddenly and sharply with your right hand. This will make the figure spin round rapidly, throwing out its arms and legs. When the string is all out, slack it, and the momentum of the potato will keep the figure whirling until the string is all wound up. Then draw it out, and so on.

"VIENNA ROLLS."

BY C. W. FISHER.

ALL of you are familiar with the appearance of those crescent-shaped rolls so often seen upon our breakfast tables. How many, I wonder, have ever heard the curious legend which, it is said, gave rise to their manufacture? Here it is:

A great many years ago there lived in the city of Vienna a worthy baker, whose trade, though small, afforded a comfortable support for his little family.

At the time of our story there was war between the Turks and the Austrians, and the city had been for weeks in a state of siege. Hemmed in on all sides by the Saracen armies, it was impossible to obtain food from without, and the supply within was rapidly failing.

The people were in utter despair. If they did not surrender, they must die of famine; while if they did, they could expect no mercy from the cruel Turks, and would certainly be massacred. Prayers were daily offered in the churches for deliverance, but it seemed as if nothing could avert the dreadful fate that must soon overtake them.

So the days passed on.

One evening our baker was in the cellar kneading the dough (and what a little lump it was!) that was to furnish bread for himself and his neighbors on the morrow. He was intent upon his work, when suddenly he was roused by a slight rattling sound, which seemed to be in the cellar, and to come and die out at regular and short intervals. He stopped his task, listened carefully, and tracing it to a distant corner, soon discovered its cause.

On the floor stood a little toy drum belonging to one of his boys, and upon its tightly stretched head several marbles dancing about produced the sounds he had noticed.

"That is curious," said the baker; and he watched the

drum closely. Every second or two the drum-head would vibrate, and the little marbles would rattle upon it as if alive. Putting his ear to the earth, he heard what seemed a distant tapping or hammering, and he noticed that at each faint tap the dancing of the marbles repeated itself.

For a long time he could not account for the raps, until it suddenly flashed upon him that they were caused by the steady blows of a pick, and that the Turks were doing what had been much feared—they were undermining the city.

There might still be time to defeat their plans.

To tell of the difficulty the honest man had in getting the authorities to listen to and believe his tale, of the sneers and mockings he met with everywhere, would make a long story. It is enough to say that his firm belief in his own idea, and the earnest efforts he made to impress this belief upon others, at last reached the General in command of the city, and an investigation was ordered, which proved that the baker's suspicion was correct.

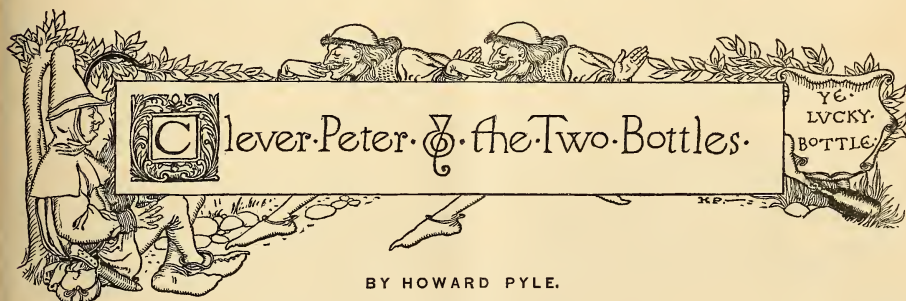
His timely information enabled the Austrians to construct a countermine, which at the proper time was fired

and exploded, and the Turks were put to flight. So the city was saved. When quiet was restored, and thanksgivings offered for the victory, the baker was sent for, and ushered into the presence of the Emperor himself.

"My worthy friend," said the Emperor, "we owe our deliverance, under God, to you. Name your reward."

"Sire," answered the baker, as his face flushed with pride, "I ask but one thing. A poor fellow like me is not fit for riches nor rank, and I want neither. Grant me but this one privilege, your Majesty, and I am content: let me, and my children after me, henceforth make our bread in the form of that crescent which has so long been our terror, so that every day those who eat it may be reminded that the God of the Christians is greater than the Allah of the infidel."

The baker's request was granted. An imperial order was at once issued conferring upon him and his descendants the sole right to make bread in the shape of the Turkish emblem, and forbidding any one, under heavy penalties, from ever infringing this right.



BY HOWARD PYLE.

"PETER," said his mother.

"Yes," said Peter; for he was well brought up, and always answered when he was spoken to.

"My dear little child, thou art wise though so young. Now how shall we get money to pay our rent?"

"Sell the eggs that the speckled hen has laid," said Peter.

"But when we have spent the money for them, what shall we do then?"

"Sell more eggs," said Peter; for he had an answer for everything.

"But when the speckled hen lays no more eggs, what then?"

"We shall see," said Peter.

Peter started off to the town with the basket full of nice white eggs. The day was bright and warm and fair; the wind blew softly, and the wheat fields lay like green velvet in the sun. So he trudged along with great comfort until high noontide, against which time he had come nigh to the town, for he could see the red roofs and the tall spires peeping over the crest of the next green hill.

By this time his stomach was crying, "Give! give!" for it longed for bread and cheese. Now a great gray stone stood near by, at the forking of the road, and just as Peter came to it he heard a noise.

"Click! clack!" He turned his head, and, lo and behold! the side of the stone opened like a door, and out came a little old man dressed all in fine black velvet.

"Good-day, Peter," said he.

"Good-day, sir," said Peter.

"Will you strike a bargain with me for your eggs?" said the little old man.

Yes, Peter would strike a bargain. What would the little gentleman give him for his eggs?

"I will give you this," said the little old man; and he drew a black bottle out of his pocket.

Peter said, "It is not worth as much as my basket of eggs."

"Prut!" said the little gentleman. "You should never judge by the outside of things. What would you like to have?"

"I should like," said Peter, "to have a good dinner."

"Nothing easier," said the little gentleman; and he drew



the cork. "Pop! pop!" and what should come out of the bottle but two tall men dressed all in blue and gold.

"A good dinner for two," said the little man. No sooner said than done. There stood the nicest dinner that you ever saw. Then Peter and the little man fell to with might and main, and ate till they could eat no more.

"Yes," said Peter; "I will give you my basket of eggs



Clever Peter rides to the King's Palace upon his fine Horse.

for the little black bottle. And so the bargain was struck. Then Peter started off home, and the little man went back again into the great stone, and closed the door behind him. He took the basket of eggs with him; where he took it, neither Peter nor I will ever be able to tell you.

"What didst thou get for thy eggs, my little duck?" said his mother, when Peter came home again.

"I got a bottle, mother," said Peter.

Then at first Peter's mother began to think that Peter was a dull block. But when she saw what a wonderful bottle it was, she thought her Peter was as wise as the moon.

And now nothing was lacking in the cottage. If Peter and his mother wanted this, it came to them; if they wished for that, the two tall men in the bottle fetched it.

One morning Peter said to his mother, "Mother, I am going to ask the King to let me marry his daughter."

So off Peter rode. At last he came to the palace.

"Is the King at home?" said Peter, when the door was opened.

Yes, the King was at home. So Peter went into the parlor and sat down, and then the King came in.

"What is your name?" said the King.

"Peter Stultzenmilchen," said Peter.

"And what do you want, Lord Peter?" said the King.

"I want to marry your daughter," said Peter.

To this the King said, "Hum-m-m!" and Peter said nothing. Then the King said that he had determined that no one should marry his daughter without bringing him a basket full of precious stones.

"Is that all?" said Peter. "Nothing is easier." So off he went until he came to a chestnut woods just back of the royal kitchen-garden. There he uncorked his bottle. Pop! pop! and out came the two tall men. "What will you have, sir?" said they. Peter told them what he wanted, and it was no sooner said than done, for there on the ground before him stood a basket full of all kinds of precious stones; each of them was as large as a hen's egg.

But how the King did open his eyes, to be sure, and how he stared, when Peter showed him the basket!

"Now," said Peter, "I should like to marry your daughter, if you please."

At this the King hemmed and hawed again. No; Peter could not marry the Princess yet, for the King had determined that no man should marry his daughter without bringing him a bird, all of pure silver, that could sing whenever it was wanted.

"Nothing easier," said Peter, and off he went again.

When he had come to the chestnut woods he uncorked his bottle, and told the two tall men what he wanted. No sooner said than done, for there was a bird of pure silver.

Then Peter took it to the palace. As for the King, he could not look at it or listen to it enough.

"Now," said Peter, "I should like to marry your daughter, if you please."

But at this the King sang the same tune again. No; Peter could not marry his daughter yet, for the King had determined that the man who was to marry his daughter should first bring him a golden sword so keen that it could cut a feather floating in the air, yet so strong that it could cut through an iron bar.

"Nothing easier," said Peter; and this time the men of the bottle brought him such a sword as he asked for, and the hilt was studded all over with precious stones, so that it was very handsome indeed. Then Peter brought it to the King, and it cut through a feather floating in the air; as for the iron bar, it cut through that as easily as you would bite through a radish.

And now it was as though there was nothing else to be done but to let Peter marry the Princess. So the King asked him to supper, and they all three sat down together, the King and the Princess and Peter.

After a while the King began to question Peter how he came by all these fine things—the precious stones, the silver bird, and the golden sword. But no; Peter would not tell. Then the King and the Princess begged and begged him, until at last Peter lost his wits and told all about





the bottle. Then the King said nothing more, and presently, it being nine o'clock, Peter went to bed. After he had gone, the King and the Princess put their heads together, and the end of the matter was that the wicked King went to Peter's room and stole the bottle from under his pillow and put an empty one in its place.

When the next morning had come, and they were all sitting at their breakfast together, the King said, "Now, Lord Peter, let us see what your bottle will do; give us such and such a kind of wine."

"Nothing easier," said Peter. Then he uncorked the bottle, but not so much as a single dead fly came out of it.

"But where is the wine?" said the King.

"I do not know," said Peter.

At this the King called him hard names, and turned him out of the palace, neck and heels. So back poor Peter went to his mother with a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

"Never mind," said his mother. "Here is another basket of eggs from the speckled hen."

So Peter set off with these to the market town, as he had

done with the others before. When he had come to the great stone at the forking of the road, whom should he meet but the same little gentleman he had met the first time. "Will you strike a bargain?" said he. Yes, Peter would strike a bargain, and gladly. Thereupon the little old man brought out another black bottle.

"Two men are in this bottle," said the little old man.

"When they have done all that you want them to do, say 'Brikket-ligg,' and they will go back again. Will you trade with me?"

So the trade was made, and Peter started home. "Now," said he to himself, "I will ride a little," and he drew the cork out of the bottle. Pop! pop! Out came two men from the bottle; but this time they were ugly and black, and each held a stout stick in his hand. They said not a word, but without more ado fell upon Peter, and began thrashing him as though he was wheat on the barn floor. "Stop! stop!" cried Peter, and he went hopping and skipping up and down, and here and there; but it seemed as though the two ugly black men did not hear him, for the blows fell as thick as hail on the roof. At last he gathered his wits together like a flock of pigeons, and cried, "Brikket-ligg! brikket-ligg!" Then, whisk! pop! they went back into the bottle again, and Peter corked it up tightly.

The next day he started off to the palace once more.

Presently the King came in, in dressing-gown and slippers. "What! are you back again?" said he.

"Yes, I am back again," said Peter.

"What do you want?" said the King.

"I want to marry the Princess," said Peter.

"What have you brought this time?" said the King.

"I have brought another bottle," said Peter.

"My dear," said the King to the Princess, "the Lord Peter has brought another bottle with him."

Thereat the Princess was very polite also. Would Lord Peter let them see the bottle? Oh yes, Peter would do that; so he drew it out of his pocket and set it down upon the table. And then Peter opened the bottle.

Hui! what a hubbub there was! The King hopped about until his slippers flew off, his dressing-gown fluttered like great wings, and his crown rolled off from his head and across the floor like a quoit at the fair. As for the Princess, she never danced in all of her life as she danced that morning.

"Oh, Peter, dear Lord Peter, cork up your men again!"

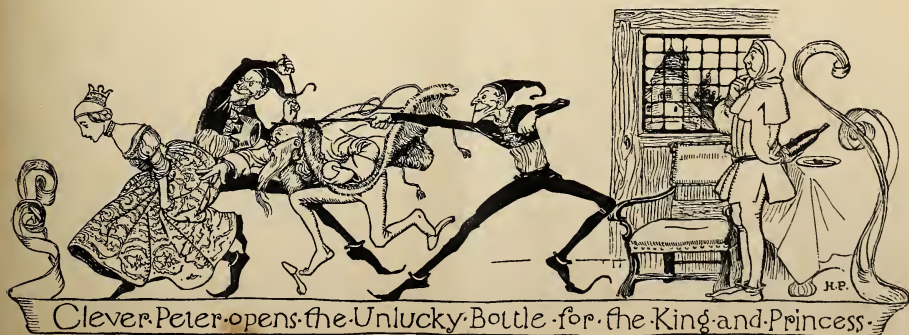
"Will you give me back my bottle?" said Peter.

"Yes, yes," cried the King.

"Will you marry me?" said Peter.

"Yes, yes," cried the Princess.

Then Peter said "Brikket-ligg," and the two tall men popped back into the bottle again. So the King gave him back his other bottle, and the minister was called in and married him to the Princess.





DISTRIBUTING THE MAIL.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

A LESSON IN HOUSE-CLEANING.

THE Little Housekeepers met one bright spring morning, not to cook, but to put May's play-house in apple-pie order. You know, in a properly made apple-pie the slices are laid smoothly one over another, not heaped in as it may happen. That is why we say apple-pie order. I presume, about a very neatly arranged place.

May's Uncle Cornelius had brought her a wonderful play-house from Paris, three stories high, with rooms like a real house, and all beautifully furnished. It occurred to the girls that they would like to give this charming doll's home a real house-cleaning. So they sent the dolls away on a journey, and with little caps and aprons, and full of energy, they set to work. They wanted to do everything with their own hands, but May's mamma thought it would be better for her maid to give them a little help about shaking the rugs, and this the good-natured Dinah was very glad to do.

Just before the girls were ready to begin, Irene tipped over a bottle of ink on the nursery carpet. "What a misfortune!" "Who had left the ink there?" "The carpet is ruined!" exclaimed one and another. But Dinah flew to the cook for some sweet milk, which she used in sop- ing up the ink, changing it three times, and finally drying the place with a clean cloth, after which she used spirits of ammonia, until there was not a trace of the stain left.

"Cousin Sophie," said May, "the girls want you to tell them how real grown-up housekeepers clean house in the spring. Is there any rule about it?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Well, where do they begin?"

"Where you can't mop, my little housekeeper—in the cellar. First always the cellar must be made perfectly clean and tidy, then the attic."

"We have an attic," said Irene, delightedly; and indeed May's play-house had a very good attic, where the dolls were sent to meditate when they were naughty.

"After the attic, the closets; then the bedrooms, then the halls, the stairways, the parlors, the basement, and kitchen, then the front doors, the vestibule, and the areas."

"Dear dear! dear!" cried the children in concert. "How dreadful it must be to have the whole house upset at once!"

"That is just what no good housekeeper does, my love. I have been in your grandmamma L's house when neither your papa nor your uncle Harvey dreamed that the house had been cleaned; yet it was all done beautifully by degrees, a little at a time, only one room upset, and then put in order before another was touched. There is a beautiful quiet way of managing work, my dears, if the little woman at the head of the house only knows how. But now my lecture is over, and we'll get this dolls' abode to rights."

Which they did before night. It looked perfectly sweet when the dolls came home.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

I buy this lovely paper every week at the book-store, and you can't think how much I like it. "Wakulla" and "Hof House" are my favorite stories. I spend nearly every summer in the country, twenty miles from Boston, and you know where the "Way-side Inn" is which Longfellow mentions? Well, that is the place to which I go. A great-cousin of mine from Boston, who lives at the inn, and in which Washington looked at himself. My cousins and I go fishing, berrying, have picnics, sail boats, wade in the brooks, build dams, forts, etc., go "haying," ride on the raft on the pond, and do scores of other things. We spent a delightful week at Nantasket Beach, a day at Plymouth, and climbed to the top of

Bunker Hill Monument. One rainy day we always went up in the attic to have some fun. Along a beam were hung some blankets, and on some days we used for table-curtains, but on this occasion three of us said we were going to take a trip to the White Mountains in a dog-cart, for which we had a large bureau. After this our adventures on the way, we came to a river, and started to cross it in the cart; but the bed of the river was rocky, and our cart jolted so that finally the old bureau collapsed, and sent us headlong into the currents, and, lo! we actually found ourselves floundering in a stream of water. I'll tell you how it happened: that morning the hired man found the roof leaking behind those curtains, and put some pans under, and when we passed them they were full. Wasn't it funny? We thought so, although we took cold. CLARA W. II.

I think you had a surprise that day, and not a very pleasant one either, but I suppose it did not prevent you all from laughing merrily.

LEUE ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Thanks for taking notice of my former letter. Since writing your, winter has been gone, and here on our lovely island spring's fairy fingers are at work, the trees, shrubbery, and bushes of various kinds showing their verdant leaves. My little looks smiling, as if glad to be freed from winter's icy chains. The island is dotted here and there with little farms, well tilled, and little barns well filled with oats and hay—two of its staple products. Nearly everything can be raised here in time and season. Our vegetable gardens can't be excelled either in quality or quantity. Wild game is abundant; deer, grouse, geese, and ducks of various kinds abound. Speaking of ducks reminds me of a peculiar incident that happened to one of my little friends. One fine afternoon, sauntering leisurely through the woods in search of cows, he saw some ducks feeding in the tall grass. He called out, and when he gave chase, and frightened them so that they were unable to fly; he chased them until, exhausted, they flung their wings and fell. He killed them, and took them home as trophies of his hunt. Was it not a strange manner of getting wild-ducks? If it were an artist, I would like to send a picture of Leue Island, as its beauties are beyond my power of description. A spur of a mountain for a background, and various kinds showing their verdant leaves, as it were with its north and south arms.

MINNIE E.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

I am a boy of twelve. I thought you would like me to try and write you a letter, so I hope you will put it in. I have some pets—a dog called Prince and a cat called Mimmy. I have just been to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is very nice. At the school to which we go, some of us get up paper chains. I have three nephews and one niece.

CHARLES L.

SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

A few of us girls have a little sewing society, which meets every Thursday at our different houses. We are going to have a fair so the things we make, and we are giving the most to the missionaries. We go to school, and study reading, dictation, arithmetic, Caesar, Latin, and some physics and geography. Every two weeks we have compositions and declamations. Sometimes during the recesses we go down into the basement, and one of the girls plays on the others dance. We like to go school very much, because we have such nice times.

ANNIE AND MADGE.

MANSIE OF PETTY, NEAR INVERNESS, SCOTLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMASTER,—I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Our house is situated on a hill, and we get the wind very much, and we are very fond of the May Day Fairs. I like to go in summer. We see Ben Wyvis from our school-room window, and it is quite white to-day. There is a big hill, and we have a very beautiful lake, and the surrounding country. I have been to Culloden battle-field, and it is a very wild-looking place. I saw the well where the dying soldiers went to get a drink, and there is also a large cairn with the date of the battle printed on a stone. I have been at Cawdor Castle, and it is certainly a very romantic place. I cut my initials down in the Hermitage. I have also been in Fort George; it is very large inside. I have five sisters and four brothers.

HENRY F.

STERLING JUNCTION, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box, so I thought I would like to write you. I live at Sterling Junction, near the Sterling camp-ground. In the summer a great many people come there. Near the camp-ground is a beautiful lake, called Wachusett, and my brothers and I have a small boat on it, and a small pavilion. Across the lake is a fine park, where there are a great many picnics in the summer. There is a small steamer, called the

Zephyr, on the lake, and I have sailed on it. On the camp-ground there are over three hundred tents. The part nearest the lake is called "Lake View." From this you can see the whole of Wachusett Mountain, a few miles off, in Princeton. The last week in August the Methodist Episcopal camp-meeting is held here. I have two brothers and three sisters. I am the oldest, and an eight years old; Howard is almost a year old. We are going to the State Fair. Will is two years, and Helen ten months. Howard and I each have a sled, and we have a nice little camp-meeting, and a fine ground, and a school and day-school. We have two cats for pets, Stripe and Jimmie. We had a little dog, but he liked chickens so well that papa gave him to a farmer. We are glad to hear of some more about Nab. We watch for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Tuesday, although this is my first letter to it. If you should ever visit Princeton and Wachusett Mountain in the summer, as a great many people from New York do, I hope you will visit me. Good-by.

GERTRUDE R. B.

If I ever have that pleasure, Gertrude, you may be sure I will remember your invitation. Thank mamma for her kind note to me. I am very sorry that you and your little brothers and sisters have been ill, as I learn from your mother, and I am sure that a few days will make you perfectly well and strong.

SALFORD, LANCAHIRE, ENGLAND.

My papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in monthly for his sister and me. We have taken it ever since it began to be published in England. I think it is the nicest magazine I have ever read. I go to school, and am in the Fifth Grade. I study French, English, and Latin. I have many other accomplishments, and I am going to study music. I have an only sister called Annie. Some of my designs for presents I have copied from "Milly Court's Christmas Gift," also from the Post-office Box. I conclude with kind love to the Postmistress.

ALICE S.

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

I thought that I would tell about some of my pets, as the rest of the children do. I have a canary-bird named Sam. I think that is a very funny name. I have a dog named Master, who sat on the dumb-waiter one day, and it began to go down with him, and he was so frightened that he jumped out and never got back. I have a little Bessie, who is very great fun in the summer. There are some woods back of our house, where we have picnics, and a little brook, where we sail boats.

MILLIE S.

DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I am eleven years of age. I go to school, but have not been lately, as I have been ill, and am going to Halifax when I am better. I have no pets, but I have got four sisters and four brothers. Father takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I like it very much. I live in Derbyshire, one of the prettiest counties of England.

TOM C. P.

MIDLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

I will tell you something about our town. It is a city situated almost in the center of Michigan, having about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. We have a High School (a four-story brick building), a Normal School, a High School, a church, and a great many handsome brick blocks. In a few weeks I shall enter the High School, if my work is satisfactory. Next time I will tell you of our pleasures. Give my love to the little letter-writers and keep some yourself. I shall be fourteen in April.

GERTRUDE B.

INGATONSTON, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMASTER,—I have begun to take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. My favorite tales were "Saved by Red Riding-hood" and "The Lost City." My papa brings the paper home, and my mother reads it to me. I have two brothers, and all of them are younger than I. I am thirteen years old; my birthday is Christmas-day. We have three dogs, Bjork, and my brothers and I have a little dog named Jumbo. My sister and I study the violin, and we take lessons in French, drawing, and dancing as well. We do not go to school, but our auntie teaches us at home. When HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes, I always read the Post-office Box first. My sister's name is Philippa, and my brother's name is Philip. I like to read Frank, and Luke. Luke is the baby; he is four years old. Do print this letter, as it is my first; I should so like to see it in the Post-office Box.

KATE MARY S.

LA CANADA, CALIFORNIA.

We killed a young rattlesnake this morning, and my cousin tried it, and was so sick that it tasted like chicken. It has not rained here for a long time, so my little brother and I make the water from a mountain spring run over our garden. Mamma says she likes to see the water

sparkle and hear the noise as it goes by the kitchen door. Every Sunday we go up a cañon or on some mountain, and have Sunday-school and a picnic-dinner.

You rather turned the tables on the rattlesnake, did you not? though I confess I should not care for fried rattlesnake myself. I like your plan of combining Sunday-school with a picnic-dinner.

DAISY MADE HAPPY.

In a garret in one of the poorest streets of London sat a little blind girl alone. Her mother was a hard-working washer-woman, and had been out all day trying to earn some money that she might buy some food for herself and her child. She had tasted nothing all day except a dry crust of bread, but she was not thinking of that now. Once some kind ladies had taken her out to the country, and now she almost forgot her hunger in thinking about it. Ah, how she longed to be there again! Directly she fell asleep she dreamed she was in a lovely little cottage out in the country. Her mother did not have to work now. But in the midst of this happy dream she awoke, and heard her mother cry, "Daisy! Daisy, have you found your dear long-lost Alice, and he is going to take us out to the country to live with him?" So Daisy's dream came true.

KATIE O. W.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in the college yard. The name of our college is Concordia College, and my papa is one of the professors. I have one sister, and no brothers. Because of the boys and girls who come about their pets, I will also write about mine. I have but one, and that is a dog. He can stand on his hind-legs. His name is "Trixie." Isn't that a funny name? I had several other dogs, but they were Deps; he could stand on his hind-legs, and jump over my foot when I said "Jump!" I know three languages, German, French, and English. I study at home with my grandmother, and learn French Conversations, arithmetic, geography, spelling, and French composition. EMM C.

BARTON, MARYLAND.

I live in Barton. We have many kinds of house flowers. I love to care for them in the summer, but I do not like to tend them in the winter. We have a cow. She was sick for a week or two, and we thought she would die. Papa made her swallow two whole codfish, and she is better now. We also have a cat and a dog. Papa says the cat is Spring; he is fourteen or fifteen years old. We have fifty or sixty chickens. MOLLIE T.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I wrote to you once before, but I do not think you received it, for you did not put it in print. Please print this one. I have two cats, one named Frank, and the other named Flossie. I have seven dolls, but I use only five. I received a watch on Christmas, and two dolls, and one on New-Year's, and I like them before. I wrote some poetry and a puzzle the other day, but they were not good enough to send to you. We had two young birds, but we gave them away. I go to school, and study ever so many lessons. There are only ten pupils here. My favorite authors are Lucy C. Lillie, Kirk Munroe, and Jimmy Brown. Your loving little reader, G. G. S. Y.

DUNKIRK, WISCONSIN.

I am seven years old, and have never been at school, but I can read, and mamma hears me run in spelling and arithmetic. I have fun this winter playing in the snow. My little cousin and I went to the barnyard and got some snow, and made snow men. Next winter we are going to have a place flooded in the yard, and some ice skating. Our mamma does not want us to play on rollers. I wonder if any of the children who make molasses candy have ever put in a teaspoonful of baking powder instead of oil. It is so delicious. Good-by. BESSIE E. C.

I am a little girl eight years old. I like the story of the *Dawdless* very much, and "Winter Sports in Canada." I have a Newfoundland dog, and a cat named Calamity. I have a cat named Calamity. I haven't a brother or sister, but would love to have a brother.

CLIFFORD S.

THE KINDNESS OF A HEART.

"Mamma, may I go out to play?"

"Yes, darling; but don't stay too long."

Mrs. Muffling did not know what a good, kind heart her little daughter had, although May was eight years old.

When May was out-of-doors, bundled up in furs, playing in front of her house, there came a little boy. His name was Peter, and his mother was dead, and his mother had to take in sewing to earn their living. Peter ran on errands here and there for a little money, but in winter he used to clean off sidewalks. He came up timidly and

said to May: "Please, miss, will you ask your mother if she don't want her sidewalk cleaned? Only ten cents."

May looked around, and said, "Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes, a little," answered Peter; "I gave none to my mother."

"Come in and warm yourself, and get something to eat." And May led the way to the kitchen, and left him there while she went to ask her mother if she wanted her sidewalk cleaned.

When May told her what Peter had said, Mrs. Muffling went where Peter was, and asked him about his home. Peter told her all about it, and that Mrs. Rice lived comfortably in a little cottage, while Peter is errand-boy in Mr. Muffling's store. A. E. N.

SYCAMORE COTTAGE, WAREFIELD, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—My papa brought HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I thought I should like to write to you. I am nine years old, and I go to St. John's School, but I did not go to school till I was eight years old. We had a pet; it was a kitten, but it was named Alice. We have a new baby boy, and that makes five boys and only one girl. I walk two miles to school, and we have a large garden and a lot of fruit trees, and we have plenty of room to play. George tumbled out of the pond, and I pulled him out. I hope you will put this in your next paper, because I should like to see it in print. ANNE T.

I am glad you had the presence of mind to rescue George.

EMMITTBURGH, MARYLAND.

Gertrude, Carrie, Alice, Ellen, Pauline, and myself have a plan to write to you. We are from the Little Housekeepers if you are willing. Please may we write sometimes and tell about our meetings? ETHEL.

I shall be delighted to receive your responses, Ethel. Present my regards to each of the girls. ANNE T.

MUSKOGEE, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in Muskogee, on Muskogee Lake, near Lake Michigami. Muskogee numbers 35,000 inhabitants, including four villages, which are a part of the township, as they are connected with it by street railway and ferry. There are sixteen central, ward, and district schools; and I am in the very good. I go to the central; I am in the Fifth Grade, and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, history, music, arithmetic, writing, singing, and drawing. I have a little brother; he is eight years old. Our uncle takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us, and we think it an excellent paper. We have a cat and four birds, and have been two doves, but a nink came and killed them. Papa has two ponies; their names are Ned and Jennie. Ned is very gentle, but Jennie is very naughty. She bit me on my arm one day. MAY K.

Blanche P.: For a little girl not yet seven, you write extremely well.—Ella May M.: I would like to hear your canary sing.—F. C. S.: I had been away from home one cold March day, and returned rather late in the evening. The moment I entered the door I observed a sweet odor which filled the house, and made me think of Florida and orange groves. And what should it be, dear F., but the scent of the orange blossoms which you packed so carefully in a tin box, and which Uncle Sam's mails brought so quickly that they were not fully faded. I am glad you are old to call yourself "still one of my boys," and I am pleased, too, that you are putting your time to such good use both in working and studying.—Maude L. P.: Thanks for your kind invitation, dear. Your house must be very lovely.—All the way from Seneca, Kansas, came a dear little letter from Gertrude. I am sorry that Gertrude had nobody to play with. I wish I were there myself, so that I might slip my arm around her and tell her a story when she feels lonely.—Lulu M., a Vermont girl, wants some clever girl to tell her a pretty way to make a work-box out of paste-board.—Maudie P. may be a Little Housekeeper, if she chooses. Eleanor and Elizabeth N. might ask their mamma's permission to organize a little club of their own, which should meet on Saturday afternoons, if that time would be convenient.—John S.: I will try your tricks myself, and if I find that I can perform them, you may look for them by and by in the Post-office Box.

Nellie D. has had trouble with her pets; her dog was stolen, and her pet lamb died.—Willie B. McC. has a cat named Colossal and a bird named Bert. —Birdie B.: If you will send me your full post-office address, I will write you a letter, and tell her the reason you ask.—Edith K.: The story you wrote is rather too sad for the Post-office Box.—Letters have been received from Carrie C. L., Nellie J., Harry M. S., Fanny P., Nellie V., Bes-

sie C., Gay F. B., Jennie J. T., Nellie Maud W., Herbert C. McC., Mamie F., Mary B. I., Mattie S., Harry L. C., Sadie M. B., Natalia B., Jessie A., Annie M. J., Ida May B., Isadore A. P., William B. C., Frank L., Clara S., Mark B., Florence B., Annie G., Harry B., Minnie M. I. I am sure your heart full of love, dear, Ethel P. B., N. K. B., and Frances. Thanks to each of these little writers, and thanks, too, to the many for whose names I can not find room this week.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

ACROSS.—1. To form in rhaclets. 2. Watchful. 3. A mistake in judgment. 4. Induced to follow. 5. A kind of rampart in the form of an inverted V, and having its angles toward the enemy. DOWN.—1. A letter. 2. A Latin prefix meaning again. 3. A liquor. 4. Lively. 5. A mistake. 6. To allure by some bait. 7. A bright color. 8. An Italian preposition. 9. A letter. O. DREW.

NO. 2.

ACROSS.—1. A letter. 2. A kind of liquor. 3. To decrease. 4. Rebouncing. 5. A giant. 6. A German numeral. 7. A letter. O. DREW.

NO. 3.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In mice, not in mouse.

In hat, also in house.

In flea, not in fly.

In truth, not in lie.

In slow, not in fast.

In present, not in past.

In mouse, not in rat.

In dog, not in cat.

In shiny, not in fool.

In college and in school.

In know, not in learn.

In van, not in train.

In nuts, not in shells.

In gongs, also in bells.

Whole a famous heart.

2.—In wash, not in cleanse.

In swallows, not in wrens.

In see, not in do.

In he, not in you.

In girls, not in boys.

In din and in noise.

In gone, not in late.

Nod in sorrow, but in fate.

In bog, not in dell.

In know, not in tell.

Nod in sorrow, but in fate.

You know of right well.

MAY DE F. IRELAND.

NO. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 17, 15 is an expression much used in the Bible.
My 14, 8, 5 is an organ of the body.
My 12, 10, 11 is a weapon.
My 7, 9, 2, 4 is a much-used article.
My 13, 18, 2, 6 is a kind of fruit.
My 1, 2, 3, 16 is a musical instrument.
My whole is an every-day common-guest.

GRACE EDNA MURRAY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 281.

No. 1.—Live—ever. Room—moor. Time—emit. Revel—ever. Pool—looper. Deer—read.

No. 2.—Faults. Peach.

No. 3.—

J S A G P
N U A P R
U A Y S R
G A N O E
P R O Y

No. 4.—Yokohama.

No. 5.—P I E R R E
I O W A
E W E R
R A R E T R O Y

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Helen B. Pardee, Jun. E. B. Enlle B., George T. Slade, Minnie Robinson, L. Sims, A. M. Virgin, Augusta Emmert, Walter T. E. T. N., My Nickerson, Lulu S., Ina L. Seaman, J. D. Taylor, Jun., Henry Seaser, Carrie M. New, Lillie A. Bostwick, Philip T. Lansdale, Buster, Madge Wildrude, Cub and Zed Jones, Thomas H. Mamie F. Merritt, M. A. Grant, A. M. Grant, Eleanor Mathews, and Nora G. G.

[FOR EXCHANGES, see 2nd and 3rd pages of cover.]

BEASTS OF PREY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

I DO not suppose you know it; I never did until I found it out. Mice are beasts of prey. That they were carnivorous to the extent of eating bacon and candles I was well aware, but that they would catch and eat live animals, as I said before, I never knew until I found out.

Now I am not quite sure that feeding on bacon and candles makes an animal carnivorous. Let us see what the dictionaries say. Webster defines *Carnivorous*: "Eating or feeding on flesh—an epithet applied to animals which naturally seek flesh for food, as the lion, tiger, dog, wolf, etc." Now I will tell you how I found it out that mice are carnivorous.

I was walking down Sixth Avenue near Fortieth Street one Sunday morning, when my attention was attracted to the window of a crockery store, where two little mice were running about among the plates and dishes and tea-pots. They were very small, but as round and plump as plums. The window was filled with flies, which were also plump and healthy, though what they found in the empty dishes of a crockery store to fatten on is more than I can tell. Perhaps they lived on the customers during the week, or upon their imaginations, making believe sugar in the sugar bowls, molasses in the syrup pitchers, and gravy over everything. Presently one of the little mice paused and eyed one of the flies for an instant, and then made a pounce upon it, just as a cat would have pounced on himself or his brother. Having secured his prey he sat up on his haunches, holding it in his front paws, just as a squirrel does a nut, and munched it up.

I watched those mice for fully a quarter of an hour, during all which time they kept catching flies and eating them, until they grew so terribly round and apoplectic that it became quite distressing. So I walked away, fearing a catastrophe.

Another experience I had of the carnivorous habits of the mouse. One evening while walking in the woods I found a beautiful black and gold butterfly clinging to the trunk of a tree, and almost benumbed with the cold. I carried it home to my room, where the warmth soon revived it, and for nearly a week it flew about in a very lively and picturesque manner, until I began to get quite fond of it.

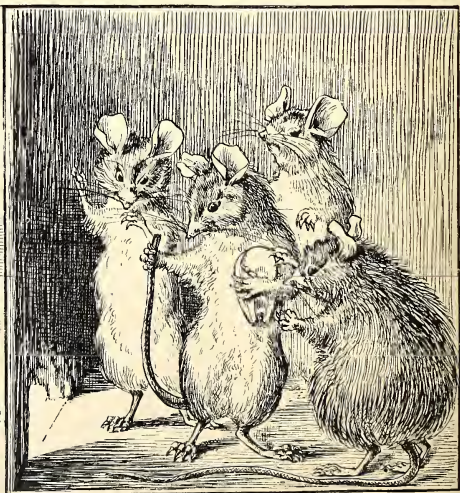
One day I was lying on the bed with a book in my hand, when quick as a flash a mouse, which I had often noticed running round among the legs of the chairs, made a pounce upon the butterfly. The action was so quick and unexpected that before I could get up from the bed the mouse was gone, and with it the body of my beautiful butterfly, leaving behind only its four wings, as neatly cut off as though with a pair of scissors.

APRIL WEATHER.

THREE happy little maidens, a-walking out together,
Didn't know how fickle was the pleasant April weather;
Soon they had to leave their play, and seek a leafy bower
For shelter from a wetting by a pleasant April shower.

If April didn't sprinkle with her many little showers,
Then May would have to stay behind, or come without her flowers;

So perhaps the gentle rain from which the party shelter seeks
Will make the roses blossom in the little maidens' cheeks.



A HARROWING TAIL.

The redbird is one of the most hospitable in his greeting, for it is "Cheer, more cheer"; and if any of you live near a marsh, and will call upon Madam Marsh Wren, she will tell you, "I am so happy, I am so happy, I am so happy," while the Carolina wren will bid you "Cheer up, and come to me, come to me, come to me"; and by-and-by, when it gets to be quite warm, a dear little bird, with the very ugly name of Loggerhead, will sit close beside his wee wife on the wild-rose hedge and say to her, "So sweet, so sweet"; and some warm morning, when you are on your way to school through the fields, the funny old gray fly-catcher will hop on the ground before you and call out, "I kill you, I kill you, I kill you early in the morning"—of course it is all a joke, for I don't believe he would, even if he could, for he is such a jolly bird. Then there's Joe, poor Joe; he is not poor at all, for he lives in the most beautiful house, made of tall reeds and grasses, and trimmed with flowers, and eats the fattest little frogs and fish, and yet every night, and early in the morning just at sunrise, he will call out, "Poor Joe, poor, poor Joe," in the most mournful voice.

I have a little English cousin who declares that her thrush can say, "Jane, Jane, a little game, a little game, a little game, please, please, sweet Jenny, sweet Jenny." If you live near Boston you may hear in the spring the warbling fly-catcher, who, although not quite so vicious in his remarks as the Southern gray fly-catcher, is very soldierly both in appearance and song, for he says, as plain as can be, "Brig-a-dier, brig-a-dier, brigade," and the Massachusetts Peabody bird will tell you that he is "all day whittling, whittling, whittling," while just at sundown you will hear the green warbler singing, "Hear me, St. Theresa"—and the queer little red mavis, who flits about the field while the farmer is sowing corn, will tell him to "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up, pull it up."

The oven-bird of Massachusetts, who sings only at noon on a bright day, and the Maryland yellow-throat, will both declare that they are watching you, although they use different words to tell you so; the Massachusetts bird says, "I see, I see, I see, I see," while his little Southern cousin sings, "I see, I see you, I see, I see you, I see, I see you."

Of course there are people who do not care for birds who will think it all nonsense to say that they can talk, but I am sure that there are boys and girls who love birds, and who study their ways and songs, that are equally sure that their pets can speak, and speak very plainly to them at least.

THE TROUBLES OF A LAZY LITTLE BOY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ONCE upon a time there was a very lazy little boy. He never did any work that he could avoid, and any task that he was obliged to perform he did unwillingly, and with a long sad face. At school he seldom knew his lessons, because he would not spend the time necessary to learn them; and when his teacher "kept him in" after school hours, the punishment had little effect on him, because he had only to sit still.

One day his parents went off on a visit, to be gone several days. Before leaving, they told him to cut up some branches of trees that were lying around the place, and to put them in the wood bin in the cellar.

After they had gone, the lazy little boy sat down beside the wood, and moaned, and drew his jacket sleeve across his face to remove the tears of discontent that coursed down his cheeks.

"I wish this wood would break itself up and take itself into the house, and that all my work would do itself. Then I should have nothing to do but play. But of course I can't be in such a fairy-land as that would be."

"Yes, you can," said a Bumble-Bee that had alighted

on a rose near by. "I have just signaled a number of my fellow-bees and some ants. They are all hard workers, and from them I am going to select a jury to decide whether you are guilty or not."

The lazy little boy did not like the idea of being talked to in this way by a Bee, and he felt disposed to make some rude reply, but refrained in consideration of the Bee's sting, and his ability to use it.

"Suppose you decide that I am guilty?" asked the lazy little boy. "What then?"

"Then," replied the Bee, in a tone of authority, "you shall not be obliged to take the slightest trouble about anything. Your work shall do itself, and you shall be in the kind of fairy-land you just spoke of. That wood will break itself and go into the house, and your other duties will perform themselves."

"Good! good!" said the lazy little boy. "I shall be happy now." And he smiled kindly upon the Bee.

The Bee then plucked a number of rose leaves, and on each of twelve of them there was a dew-drop.

"The leaves without dew-drops are the blanks," remarked the Bee, "and those with dew-drops on them mean that the bees and ants drawing them must serve on the jury."

Then the Bee took these leaves and dropped them into a great new-blown lily; and as she did this she summoned a Bat to come down and do the drawing, because the Bat was blind, and could not tell which leaves were gemmed and which were not.

And the Bat drew a leaf when a name was called, and the jury was soon selected. It consisted of about equal numbers of bees and ants, and they sat side by side in two rows upon one of the limbs that the lazy little boy had been ordered to cut.

The Bee that was to be the judge sat opposite, just under a large red rose, and looked very severe. A few humming-birds and butterflies lingered around to hear the trial, and an indolent old spider stretched himself in his web, and blinked lazily at the proceedings.

After the Bee had related the story of the lazy little boy's complaint on being asked to do an easy and reasonable piece of work, he asked the jury what they thought about it, and the jury looked very much concerned, as though it had a solemn case to decide, and wished to decide it conscientiously.

So just as soon as the judge bee had concluded his story, the jury retired. The six ants got on the backs of the six bees, and they flew away into a crimson hollyhock that was so high from the ground that no one could hear what they were talking about. After they had been in the hollyhock about a minute they agreed on a verdict, and when they had returned to their seats they pronounced the lazy little boy guilty, and the Bee sentenced him to become subject to his own wish.

After judge and jury had departed, the lazy little boy sat looking at the limbs he had been ordered to chop. Much to his surprise, they began to bend themselves backward and forward until they broke themselves into pieces small enough to fit an ordinary fire-place. When the limbs were broken, the straight pieces rolled across the yard, and down the cellar steps, and over to the wood bin. The pieces that ended in forks and had twigs on them joined twigs as people would join hands, and scampered gayly down the cellar steps, occasionally dancing a cotillion or playing leap-frog on the way. In a very short time the wood had got itself into the bin, and ceased its antics. The lazy little boy then attempted to close the cellar door, but before he could take hold of it it slammed itself shut, as though by an angry gust of wind.

The lazy little boy was frightened, but as he was being relieved of unpleasant labor, he thought it was, on the whole, a good thing. What an advantage he would enjoy over his companions, and how they would envy



THE TRIAL.

him while watching him at play from morning until night!

When he went up to bed, his shoe-strings, which were in hard knots, untied themselves, and his clothes unbuttoned themselves, and after his night-gown had jumped over his head and fastened itself around his neck, the bed-clothes turned down, and then over him up to his ears, and he was soon asleep.

In the morning his clothes put themselves on, and his shoes tied themselves, and the comb and brush danced all over his hair. Then he had to go down to build the fire—a duty that he disliked very much.

When he went into the kitchen, the lids lifted themselves off the range, the tongs ran across the room, got into the range, and jumped right out of the ashes into the scuttle with a cinder between its feet. The poker commenced poking, and the shovel cleaning the ashes out. This being done, a newspaper rolled itself up into a ball, and bounced into the range; and when the lazy little boy opened the cellar door to go down for an armful of wood, he was met by a whole army of twigs and forks swarming up the steps. They climbed up the coal-scuttle, and jumped into the range, and lay down on the paper. Then a match sprang down off the mantel-piece, and stood on its head on the hearth-stone, and whirled around until it lighted, when it flew up like a little sky-rocket, and descended through the twigs upon the paper ball, and started the fire. By this time the old black pot had hobbled back from the faucet on its three short legs, and was waiting patiently to boil.

"This seems as real as a pantomime," said the lazy little boy. And then the stove-pipes nudged each other with their elbows, and thought it capital fun.

While the lazy little boy was thinking about his good fortune, he sat down in the rocking-chair

and tried to rock it; but the chair began rocking itself so violently that he almost became seasick. Away went the old chair rocking all over the room as hard as it could, and the lazy little boy felt like calling for help, and having some one catch the chair and hold it until he could get out. Finally he made up his mind to jump out, but no sooner had he conceived the idea than the chair hurled him against the wall, and made him ache all over.

Later in the day he saw an idle dog skulking around the place, and when he went to pick up a nice smooth stone lying near to throw at him, the stone flew off the ground like a bird, and frightened the dog into hasty flight.

Then the lazy little boy walked over to the piazza to get his wagon, but as soon as he got near this favorite toy, it started down the walk so fast that he could not overtake it. It then struck him that if he got on his stilts he might catch the wagon, as he would be able to take such long strides; so he ran for his stilts, that he might get them before the wagon was out of sight, but just as he was about to take hold of them they ran down the path and through the gate, just as the wagon had done. They took longer strides than ever, and he could no more catch them than he could the wind.

Then he thought he would go out and take a swing, because he knew the swing was tied up, and could not fly from him, as the wagon and stilts had done. So he got into the swing, and it sent him flying back and forth so swiftly that the branches of the trees looked like one great cobweb. He became greatly alarmed for fear the swing might change its motions, and instead of flying backward and forward, keep going in one direction, until it should finally wind itself entirely up around the cross-beam, and leave him on it to get down as best he could.

He therefore made up his mind to jump out of the swing. Just as he formed this resolution the swing shot



"THE SWING SHOT HIM INTO THE AIR."

him into the air, just as the rocking-chair had done, and he fell into a large rose-bush, and his hands and face and clothing were torn by the briars.

"I wish I could get a chance to do something myself occasionally," moaned the lazy little boy.

"Oh, you do, do you?" buzzed the Bumble-Bee, who overheard his remark. "Not long ago you wished everything would do itself for you."

"But when I don't do my own work, everything goes wrong."

"You will generally find it that way in this world,"



"THE TONGS RAN ACROSS THE ROOM. . . AND THE OLD BLACK POT HOBBLING BACK ON ITS THREE SHORT LEGS."

remarked the Bee. "Perhaps you begin to realize that work was put into the world for us to do, and not for us to shirk."

"I do."

"Do you wish to go on having things done for you, or will you take them just as they are?"

The little boy said he would take them just as they were.

"Then do you wish to be released from your own wish?" asked the Bee.

"If you please," said the boy.

"You know you will have to work?" said the Bee.

"I think I *want* to work," said the little boy, timidly.

The Bee gave a loud buzz, and disappeared.

And when the little boy found that he could rub his own eyes and scratch his own head in wonderment, and that things did not do themselves any longer, he became the happiest as well as the most industrious little boy in all that great country.

PLEASANT HOURS IN THE GARDEN.

BY GEORGE R. KNAPP.

I.



HO does not love flowers? and who that has tried it does not take pleasure in the cultivation of them? Many of the young delight in growing and caring for them, when once they become familiar with their great beauties, though many of our young people, I am sorry to say, do not take the interest in their flowers that they should. The trouble may not be wholly with the young planters; circumstances may not give them the opportunity, and often from lack of knowledge they think that the work is difficult, and if they attempt it they will only fail.

I will try to show you how very easily flowers may be managed, and how a few hours' work at the beginning, and a few minutes' work daily afterward, will be sufficient to enable

you to enjoy a constant bloom of fragrant and beautiful flowers from early spring until autumn. The beginner will doubtless find some things that will greatly try his patience, but "success is the reward of perseverance," and if the grower will but learn the nature and requirements of his flowers, he will be surprised at his success.

The directions given in these articles I have tried to make so simple that any young flower-grower may take his first lessons in the culture of flowers successfully by following closely what is written. The collection of flowers grown from seed in the open air is so large, and contains so many desirable kinds suited to the tastes of all which are so easy of cultivation, that I shall devote my space to such kinds entirely, knowing that the grower will be much better pleased with the results of his efforts than he would be if he attempted the culture of varieties requiring greater care.

A suitable place and the preparation of the soil are the most serious obstacles the young cultivator finds; yet these difficulties seem more formidable than they really are. Most of the varieties I shall name succeed best in an open, airy situation; some kinds must have such a location if they are to do well at all. The grower should sow such varieties as will do the best in the place and soil he may possess. In our list will be found kinds which will succeed in almost any place not entirely shut out from the rays of the sun; the shade of trees should by all means be avoided.

It is a good plan to form small beds in different parts of the lawn, having but a single large bed; the small beds are always more attractive than larger ones, particularly when the plants are to remain where the seed is sown.

Annuals should be sown in spaces between walks and buildings, or in beds which will not be unsightly after the plants die down. Always bear in mind the contrast of colors, in order that the blending of colors will be attractive when in bloom.

Beds should be laid out in small circles, or attractive designs in other shapes, and nearly level; only plants of dwarf habit should be planted in raised beds.

The soil should be spaded deep and turned over, a good supply of manure or other enriching material being spread over the bed and then spaded in; break all the lumps, making the soil as fine as possible, and remove all sods and stones. The soil must be made mellow, and the whole bed levelled. In forming beds on lawns the sod must be removed, or it will absorb the nourishment provided for and needed by the plants. Almost any soil not wet or entirely barren will answer for flower seeds, but it should be made rich and mellow.

The seasons for planting of course vary considerably in different sections: from March to June, and even later. No better directions for planting can be given in this respect than to prepare the soil as early as it can be worked in the spring, and plant as soon as the soil is warmed by the sun, and all danger from frosts is over.

A common mistake is that of planting the seed *too deep*; more failures result from this one cause than all others, except total neglect. The seeds of many kinds may be sowed on the surface and afterward raked in, though it is better to make the rows with a small stick about an inch wide, making holes not more than two inches deep for most kinds. If straight rows are not desired, the holes



I have made a lovely garden
Come see it if you please,
There's mignonette and candytuft
And pink and white sweet-peas.
There's a row of hardy asters
And gillyflowers and stocks,
Sweet alyssum, portulaca
And the yellow label's phlox.
I've hoed and raked and
watered
And I've pulled up
all the weeds
Oh! I've made a
lovely garden —
But as yet it's
mostly seeds.

ISABEL McDUGAL.

may be made with the fingers, though, as in other planting of seeds, the stick is the best. To direct for the depth of each variety would occupy more space than I can occupy, and I need only say that each packet of seed obtained from the seedsman gives directions regarding the proper depth to plant.

When it is designed that plants shall remain where the seed is sown, it is better to sow the seed thick, and thin out the weaker plants afterward, than to sow too lightly. Care should be taken when ordering seeds or plants to buy from reliable dealers, even though their prices be a little higher than those of other dealers.

The order of plants grown from seed is divided as follows: annuals, biennials, and perennials. Annuals grow, bloom, and die the first year from seed. Biennials bloom the second year from seed, and then die, though many of this class will bloom the first year. Perennials bloom the second year from seed, and continue to grow and bloom for years; some of this class also bloom the first year from seed. Annuals are attracting considerable attention of late even among those who have space and ample means to cultivate the finest and rarest plants grown. They are preferred on account of their exquisite beauty and great variety of colors.

A most charming bed of annuals may be formed with the following varieties: Make a circular bed about twenty feet in circumference (if you have room). Along the outer edge sow phlox—a beautiful flower, with colors ranging from the purest white to deep crimson; sow the seed thickly, afterward thinning out, and leaving the plants about one foot apart. The second circle, about three feet above the first, sow with cleome (spider-flower)—a pretty plant with rose-colored flowers. The rest of the bed may be sown with celosias, one of the finest of annuals, of various colors, the red being the best for the purpose named; the flowers of this sort are of two forms—cockscorn (so called from its resemblance to the comb of that bird), and the feathered varieties, which often grow very large and spreading. The entire expense for seeds for this bed is about fifty cents, and the display is finer than can be obtained from the massing of many plants, costing twenty times the money.

Imagine this beautiful bed coming into bloom—the phlox in early spring, with masses of different-colored blossoms, the peculiar-formed cleome lifting up its dainty head, and, as autumn approaches, the beauty of the celosias becoming more perceptible. In midsummer the beauty of this bed is dazzling, and will give great satisfaction to the owner. All the flowers are hardy, and can easily be grown in nearly all sections of England as well as our own country. The other plants named, except where noted, are also easily grown in both Europe and America.

The first experience of the writer in growing flowers was with a bed of portulacas—to my mind one of the most beautiful of flowering plants. I had a small strip of land about thirty feet long and two feet wide allotted to me for the cultivation of flowers. Acting on the advice of others, I sowed portulaca seeds, and the beauty of that first bed of flowers I shall always remember. In after-years, when I have grown plants of almost every known variety, I have never failed to have a bed of portulacas, and I cherish them among my favorites.

This flower has become very popular, and well deserves the praise it receives. It is a perfectly hardy annual, creeping in habit, a plant covering the space of a foot in diameter. Its flowers are of almost every conceivable color. A warm and rather sandy soil is best suited to its growth and nature, the plant being one of the very few which does not suffer from extreme heat and prolonged drought; everything else may perish from lack of moisture, but the portulaca continues to bloom abundantly, and gives us its choicest and largest flowers, as if to

console us for the loss of others. As a centre bed on a lawn it is very attractive, its many-hued flowers being made the more conspicuous by the background of green grass. The seeds should be sown early in the spring, and always in a sunny location and sandy soil, never in heavy loam. The portulaca is never fully open except in the sunshine, hence shade will not do for it. The flowers of the single varieties are rather small, but very pretty, those of the double kinds nearly as large as roses. Nothing in the entire list of hardy flowers is more beautiful and more easy of cultivation. It is just the thing for those whose space is limited. A packet costing ten or fifteen cents will be enough to sow a bed eight or ten feet square.



ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDERED'S BARGAINS," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS.

THE work at the house at Beachcroft had been so vigorously carried on, and the preparations for opening the "Emporium" were so nearly completed, that the house and its inmates had already assumed a business-like air. It caused very little surprise, therefore, when one morning early in February there appeared, tacked on the dining-room door of the new home, a large sheet of white paper, on which was written the following announcement:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The young lady of this house, Miss Phyllis Rolf, invites you to attend a Grand High and Mighty Council in her room, second story, front, at 2 p.m., to discuss Ways and Means.

A Committee of Household Arrangements will be formed, and Officers appointed to all places of trust.

The special object of the meeting will be to discuss the opening of the Emporium, February 3, 1879.

Alfred Rolf,
Secretary.

The notice, which had evidently been composed with much care, was very creditable to the penmanship of the youthful "secretary."

"I should say as much," said Joan, who came downstairs early enough to be the first reader of this announcement. This was Joan's way of showing her appreciation of the performance. "Where are you, Mr. Secretary?"

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

And seeing Alfred's curly head in the distance, she continued, in a louder key, "Are all the boxes labelled?"

"Every single one of them," answered Alfred from the sales-room, where for an hour he had been busy pasting labels on to the boxes containing the wools and silks to be used in the work the young Rolfs were undertaking.

There had been drawbacks, of course, but the young people found they had an immense reserve force of patience and high spirits, and Nan's practical good sense united with Annie Vandort's steady influence to keep things, as Phyllis said, "at concert pitch" without going too far into the realm of dangerous enthusiasm or expense. They did not know that Dr. Rogers and his sister had, with Annie Vandort's assistance, talked of their scheme in the best way and to the right sort of people. The Doctor, in his daily rounds, had contrived to interest many of his patients in the novel enterprise at Beachcroft without doing or saying anything which Phyllis or Laura or Nan would have considered as asking assistance. It so happened that, as the girls themselves knew, a place of this kind had long been needed; for everything really good in the way of fancy-work materials had to be sent for to Boston or New York, and it was well known also that the work done by both Phyllis and Nan last year far exceeded anything the most skillful "fancy-worker" of Beverley had undertaken. This had naturally influenced Phyllis in her decision, and she knew that among Annie Vandort's friends in New York it would be easy to obtain orders for the finer kinds of work.

The "Emporium," as they still continued to call their parlor, was finished at last. The silks and wools, crashes, cretonnes, burlaps, linens, etc., which were found in the wonderful box, had been disposed of in the drawers and on the shelves, while from the different rooms in College Street and Rolf House at least twenty articles had been gathered—specimens of the girls' skill in fancy needle-work—and as these had been done at a time when expense was no consideration, they furnished very fine evidences of what could be accomplished by order.

The household were in high glee that morning, being too young and enthusiastic, for the most part, to feel that the "council" would have to occupy itself with any very grave considerations of the money spent, and what could be done with the balance on hand. Phyllis had been kept quiet all the morning in view of the afternoon's possible excitement; the dinner-hour brought Annie Vandort from her room for the first time, when she was greeted by a shout of inquiry as to how her patient was feeling.

"Decidedly better," was Annie's answer, "and quite as eager as any of us for the council. Dick," she continued, "I believe you are expected to make up Phyl's fire before the meeting takes place."

Dick would not wait to eat his dessert, so eager was he to perform his special office in Phyllis's room. It touched the elder sister to see the anxiety of the boys to do anything they were allowed for her comfort or convenience. Dick looked after her wood fire, choosing the best pieces for the purpose, and collecting pine cones, which he had been told gave a delightful fragrance if burned against the logs.

Two o'clock saw the council assembled, Phyllis having put on her best wrapper for the occasion, and really, as she reclined against her many pillows, looking quite like her old bright pretty self again. The large low table by her side was littered with different papers, bills, account-books, etc., all of which were supposed to be Nan's special care, but as yet no particular duties had been appointed to any one. When every one was seated there was a breathless pause, each member of the party, it was evident, having something very particular on his or her mind to say, but Phyllis was the first to speak.

Phyl said, to begin with, she wanted to express her satisfaction with the way everything had gone on during the

two weeks they had been at Beachcroft, and anybody who liked might make a complaint, if such a thing was to be found.

"But the next thing to be said," continued Phyl, looking around at the young councillors, who were listening with eager attention, even small Bertie having composed his dimpled cherub face into grave consideration of what she was saying—"the next thing is to realize we are poor people—poor, that is, in money—and setting out on a very venturesome undertaking."

"Oh, are we poor?" said Bertie, with intense interest. Everybody laughed, and Phyl went on:

"Yes, Bertie, I fear we are; but we're not going to be always *very* poor, I hope, only we shall have to consider the pennies as we never have before. So the first calculation is how much we have spent, and what have we left, and as Nan has kept accounts so far, we will have a look at her books."

Joan gave a little shiver, which she afterward explained as having been caused by a dread as to what the account-books might possibly reveal. But they were not very alarming. Nan felt in her element as she turned over the bills, receipts, accounts, etc.

They had started, after their father's friends had settled the "estate," with seven hundred dollars, and the "credit" side of the first book read thus:

To balance on hand January 22	\$700
From sale of furniture, horse and carriage, harness, etc.	350
Sale of pictures	90
	\$1140

The expenditures had been as follows:

To rent of Beachcroft house, six months in advance	\$150
To papering and repairing	85
To carpenter	35
Invested for "Emporium"	65
Moving, etc.	12
Household expenses, as per daily account-book	75
Sundries	8
	\$400

"Now, then," said Phyl, when the books had passed inspection, "you see that leaves in the treasury a balance of seven hundred and forty dollars, and out of that three hundred and fifty must be sent to Lance in Paris. And, oh! won't we be glad to see him home!" A chorus of delight followed this, and she went on. "Then I propose that we keep an emergency fund of one hundred dollars, never to be touched except in case of direct need. Then we shall have exactly two hundred and ninety dollars with which to begin the world."

Dear Phyl! Not one of the group round her knew how, as she tried to speak in a bright, cheerful voice, the little throbbing at her heart grew so painful for a moment that it was hard not to show it in the smiling, peaceful look she tried to keep up. Nan suspected it, and stole her hand into Phyl's.

"I think it is quite a great deal," said Nan. "Just wait till you see the Emporium in working order, Phyllis dear."

"Yes," said Phyl, quickly, "I do feel great faith in that. And now for our family affairs. Laura and all are good enough to say I must be considered housekeeper; but Lollie is to be my chief of staff in that department, I believe." Laura smiled and nodded. "And Nan is to keep all the accounts, and become treasurer-general. I thought we could each have an account-book—even you, Bertie—and see here." Phyllis took out seven little books with the name written on each, and distributed them around. "Now whenever any one has to spend any money, or have it spent for them, it will go down in their books; and every week Nan is going to balance them, if her poor old curly head isn't worn out with figures before Saturday night comes."

"I only hope," put in Nan, "the Emporium will keep it busy."



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE "COUNCIL."

"And every Saturday night we will have a meeting, and then we shall know just how nicely we're getting on, and any new ideas can be talked about on such occasions, and treated with great respect."

"Alfred is bursting with ideas now," laughed Dick.

"Just you hold on," returned "the Great"; "you haven't an idea of all I'm thinking about."

"And next," said Phyl, "we must consider study and work. There is, I hear, a nice school for the boys at Beachcroft; and I am going to have a little class daily with Nan and Joan and Laura up here. They are willing to let me try and teach them, or help them in their lessons."

"I should think we are," said Joan, with emphasis; "we're not such idiots of the mountain as to decline."

"But, Phyl," said Nan, gently, "aren't you planning too much?"

"Dr. Rogers said I could try," Phyl answered, quickly; "and Mademoiselle La Motte is coming twice a week to give us a French lesson in return for an hour's reading and talking English with Laura and Nan. See how busy we all shall be! Then for the Emporium. We may just as well acknowledge first as last that it is a store, and hope it will prove successful. There is the side door for 'customers' to come in by; and as for the 'sales-ladies,'" she added, laughing, "I believe they are to take turns—Laura, Nan, and Joan—half a day at a time, and sit with their books or their work in the room."

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Joan, "I think it's perfectly lovely. If there's anything on earth I've always wanted to do, it was to keep a store; and, Phyl, you must be carried down to see how nice it all looks—the two cupboards full of things, then the counter with its glass case and a few showy articles, your screen at one side of the room, and the sofa cushions and all the things around everywhere, don't you know? Oh," said Joan, screwing her face up very tight, "it's too lovely for anything! How early do you suppose customers will come?" And she opened her eyes widely, and after talking just as fast as possible, was silent again.

"And, Joan," said Phyl, "will you take for your special department the looking after the boys' clothes? I'm afraid, dear girl, it will keep you very busy."

"But isn't it to be a regular bee-hive?" cried Joan; and making a grab at Bertie, she continued, "Come here,

wild child of the desert, and let me see whether you're in order."

And so with much laughter and talk, that made it seem a very easy matter, the little household, as Phyl expressed it, "began the world."

The next day was to be an eventful one: the Emporium to open, their first "orders" of work started, and Annie Vandort to leave them. This was their only cause for regret.

Nan, it had been decided, was to sleep in a little room adjoining Phyl's, and she was glad, for more reasons than one, of this arrangement. Not only did it give her an opportunity of doing anything her cousin needed, but there would be the chance of "last words" over the good-nights.

On this evening, after all the household were in bed, and Phyl made comfortable for the night, Nan put out the lamp, and sat down a few moments in the moonlight at her cousin's side.

"Well," she said, smiling, "we've *begun*, Phyl, haven't we? I've been wondering and wondering if it is what Aunt Letty would like."

"Yes," Phyllis said; "I knew you'd think of that. I am *sure* she would."

"But all our plans!" said Nan, in a low voice. She could scarcely hide her tears. "All I was to do for so many people!"

Phyllis laid her hand very tenderly on the girl's. "Dear Nan," she said, "don't you remember that Christmas night long ago? You wondered then if you might not have to 'bear sorrows.' I have been thinking so much of you, dear, for I know how hard it was for you to give up all you were doing; but then think of what you can do even here! Why, Nan"—and the younger cousin, looking up, saw Phyl's face radiant in the moonlight—"I shouldn't have dared to undertake this without you; and, if you will just consider it, this is the greatest chance of work you've ever had. I think, dear," she added, in a lower voice, "we shall thank God very truly some day."

And long afterward, when Nan, adding to her prayers a humble thanksgiving, remembered that little talk, it was to see Phyllis's face in its new beauty, tender and solemn, shining upon her; but she never knew that, child as she was, and "not clever," it was *her* spirit that had first touched Phyllis's own with a zeal to be "brave and trusting, and in all things to do His will."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"ALWAYS AN APPETITE."

TIED TO THE MAST.

BY DAVID KER.

"TELL us a story, papa," chorussed half a dozen voices. "We must have a story."

"Oh, you've heard all my yarns already," answered Captain Martingale, laughing. "If you want a story, this gentleman will tell you one."

"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner, and had been warmly welcomed by the Captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the fire-light playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face; and Robert, the eldest boy (who was very fond of books of travel and adventure), whispered to his brother Dick that "this man looked just like one of the pirates who used to haunt the Gulf of Mexico."

"Am I to tell you a story?" asked the visitor, in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as piratical as his appearance. "Well, then, listen: There was once a poor boy who had no father or mother, no friends, and no home except the wet, dirty fore-castle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefoot in the cold and rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sail-cloth trousers; and instead of landing on beautiful islands, and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all round, like the folks in the story-books, he got kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's end into the bargain."

Bob's bold face grew very blank as he listened. He had privately a great longing for a sailor's life, and this account of it (given, too, by a man who seemed to know what he was talking about) was very different from what he had dreamed of.

"All the sailors were very rough and ugly to him," went on the speaker, "but the worst of all was the Captain himself. He had been very badly treated himself when he was a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with the pain."

"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I hope he got drowned, or eaten up by savages."

"Or taken for a slave himself, and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick.

"Oh no, Bob," said little Helen, who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet; "I hope he was sorry for being so cruel, and got very good."

The strange guest stooped and lifted the little girl into his lap, and kissed her. Helen nestled close to him, and looked wonderingly up in his face; for, as he bent his head toward her, something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schooner, heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last among the Maldivé Isles, where it's always very dangerous sailing. The coral islands, which lie in great rings or 'atolls' all around, like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the daytime it's not easy to avoid running aground upon them; but at night you might as well try to walk in the dark through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them."

"Of course the Captain had to be always on deck looking out, and that didn't make his temper any the sweeter, as you may think. So that very evening, when the cabin-boy had displeased him in some way, what does he do but tell the men to sling him up into the rigging and tie him hand and foot to the mast."

"But the cowards were soon paid for their cruelty. They were so busy tormenting the poor lad that none of

them had noticed how the sky was darkening to windward; and all at once a squall came down upon them as suddenly as the cut of a whip. In a moment the sea all round was like a boiling pot, and crash went the ship over on her side, and both the masts went by the board (fell down into the sea, that is), carrying the boy with them."

"It was just as well for poor Harry that he had been tied to the mast, otherwise the sea would have swept him away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head. He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous crash and a terrible cry, and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over her, had swept away every man on board."

"But storms in those parts pass away as quickly as they come; and it was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, and the moon broke forth in all its glory. Then Harry, finding that the rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, managed to free one hand and unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him, and Harry recognized his enemy, the cruel Captain."

"There he was, the man who had abused, starved, and beaten him, dying, or just about to die, almost within reach of safety. Though barely twice his own length divided him from the floating mast, so strong was the eddy against which the Captain was battling in vain that he had no more chance of reaching it than if it had been a mile away. A few moments more, and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild, despairing eyes, was too much for Harry. He flung out the rope that he held; the Captain clutched it, and in another minute was safe on the mast, rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."

"O—oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath.

"I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I was so afraid he would let the poor Captain drown."

"About sunrise," continued the guest, "some natives, who were out fishing in a small boat, caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldivé islanders are much better fellows than the Malays, farther east, and they took good care of them both for a month or so, till at last an outward-bound English brig that had been blown out of her course touched at the island where they were, and took them off."

"And what happened to them after that?" asked all the children at once.

"The little cabin-boy," answered the story-teller, "became as smart a seaman as ever walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-by; and now" (laying his hand upon their father's shoulder) "here he sits."

"Papa!" cried the amazed children, "were *you* the poor little boy?"

"But what became of the poor Captain who was so cruel?" asked little Helen, wistfully.

"Why, here *he* sits," said her father, grasping the story-teller's hand, "and he's the best friend I have in the world."

THE ART OF SINGING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

TOWARD the close of the seventeenth century, one October morning a bookseller in Naples, named Porpora, presented himself at the school of singing then established in that city, and inquired for the master, Signor Greco.

Good Porpora had with him a little boy, his son, an eager, restless, though shy lad of seven years old, who for a year had pleaded with his parents to make an application for him to the famous school; but the child's courage failed as he heard the porter bid them follow to the master's

room, and his father left him in an adjoining apartment while he went in alone to make his request.

Greco was in a bad humor that day, as I don't doubt the singing masters of the seventeenth century had every reason to be very often, since people knew almost nothing of the art of singing, and teaching was too often labor thrown away. There was no room for Signor Porpora's boy, Greco declared, loudly; the conservatory was overfull of young "idiots" as it was. But suddenly were heard the sounds of most delicious music. Flinging open the door of the anteroom, Greco stood spell-bound. Lost to all but his own music, the child stood playing on a lute, singing in his sweet soprano one of Caccini's cantatas.

There was no longer any hesitation in Greco's mind. The boy was received at once, and twelve years later was recognized by all Europe as the leading master of singing, besides being a conductor and composer of great celebrity. Wherever he went his services or criticism were eagerly sought, and many amusing stories are told of him. Being in a certain town on one occasion for a few days, the monks of a convent there invited him to a performance by their own organist. Porpora listened in grim silence, and when the playing was over, was told how famous the player was, and how charitable and modest in his almsgiving. "Yes," grunted Porpora, "I can easily believe that his right hand does not know what his left is doing."

To appreciate the power and fame of one good teacher of singing in the eighteenth century we must go back a little, and see what had been done in Italy, the "land of song," a century or more previous, and the first point to remember and consider well is that, in spite of all the ballad, minstrel, chorale, and religious singing throughout the European world, there was no method for training the voice, no idea as to any special solo singing, until the beginning of the seventeenth century, and even then steps were very slow and progress extremely difficult.

Although from the very earliest period of the world there has been among all nations an instinct toward song of some kind, yet of all arts that of singing properly has been slowest to develop. All through the minstrel period, and in England when sight-reading became so popular, there was no thought of the *singer*; the words and the music, the chorus, the union of voices, were all that was considered of importance. But in Italy there was and always has been a keener feeling about the voice itself. There was a good reason why the Italians should have made progress in this direction.

To begin with, the natural disposition, climate, and habits of the Italian people inclined them toward vocal music; but what chiefly led them on was their language. It has always been acknowledged that the Italian language is the very best adapted to vocal sounds, and consequently a singer is encouraged to exercise his voice in singing in a language where every word is musical even when spoken. Just as now, travelling in southern Italy, you rarely find even among the rougher peasants any with discordant voices, so in earlier times their untrained singing was the sweetest, the purest, and most naturally tuneful in all Europe.

Now was it not natural that in a country where a harsh voice was the exception, not the rule, that to some of the composers of the day the idea of writing especially with a view to solos should have occurred? Yet one must remember how hard it is to advance in any science, and except in sacred music there had been no attempt at anything *dramatic*, which would lead at once to solo singing, until the end of the sixteenth century.

I might tell you many interesting and charming things about the religious music of the day—about Palestrina's wonderful work, about the earliest oratorios (so called because of their having been first performed in the oratory of St. Philip Neri, a great patron of music and the other arts); but we must not linger, for we have to see how solo

singing was started, and how it took root, and then return to Master Porpora, the first widely celebrated instructor.

Perhaps some of you may have read or heard of certain musical meetings at the house of one Signor Bardi, in Florence, in the closing years of the sixteenth century. He was a wealthy patron of music, a liberal host, and in every way encouraging to the young musicians of the time, but I think some of their ideas must have sorely puzzled him and his other friends at times; for there were so many brains busy at work with novelties, and the art of singing was so new, that Signor Bardi needed a great deal of patience in ministering to all the wants of his musical friends, and helping them to advance in the right direction.

But of the little band two were specially dear to Bardi, and deserve all honor. These were Peri and Caccini, Florentines by birth, who from their childhood had been not only exquisite vocalists, but musical geniuses of an original order. Together these two friends composed the first opera ever performed in public; and when you reflect that from this step grew the dramatic form of music we have to-day, as well as the cultivation of the human voice, you will appreciate its importance, and fix the date and the occasion in your mind, remembering that at any time a careful study of all the surrounding circumstances, which I have not space to relate, would well repay you; for it was a time of romance in history, a period which must have been charmingly adapted to a musical venture of the kind, and we shall see how enthusiastic the musicians made all the people who flocked to listen.

King Henry of Navarre had wedded Marie de' Medici, and it was to grace this marriage, in the year 1600, that Peri and Caccini produced their opera called *Euridice*. You can readily imagine the splendor of this first great performance. Henry, with his "white plume," is a hero in song and story, and his wedding with a Medici was celebrated with great pomp and gorgeousness. The opera formed the leading feature in these brilliant festivities. Noblemen sued for the honor of taking part, and great ladies sent their satins and laces and jewels to make the costuming more splendid. This was the first true Italian opera ever performed in public.

But notwithstanding the success of this work, Caccini felt there was something lacking, and the result was his suggestion for solo singing such as never before had been attempted. He wrote the first piece of music for a special voice and accompaniment combined, and at Bardi's house delighted a large audience by singing this *cantata*.

From this occasion we trace the rise of the real art of singing, for as soon as the value of special voices and separate accompaniments was known, it became the work of all zealous musicians to find and train singers of both sexes; the growth of the opera in Italy, France, Germany, and England also increased the demand for good voices, and as a natural result the science of teaching was studied carefully.

So by the time honest Porpora took his boy to the Naples school there were conservatories in several cities, and when Porpora the younger was ready to teach, he found many pupils worthy of his art. Among these the most noted was Caterina Gabrielli, the first singer to whom the title of *prima donna*, which simply means "first lady," was applied.

She was the daughter of Prince Gabrielli's cook, and as a child lived in the Prince's palace, though in such obscurity that but for an accident her voice might never have been discovered. The gardens where the Prince walked daily were a sort of enchanted domain to the cook's little daughter, but she dared only enter them at hours when none of the Prince's family would be taking exercise. There, walking up and down the alleys, she was accustomed, at such hours as she felt sure of being alone, to exercise her voice, and of course it chanced, as though it



Do — re — mi — fa — sol — la — si — do !

were a fairy tale, that one day the Prince overheard her. Caterina, as she was called, was warbling like a bird, imitating its notes, and executing a number of flourishes and trills out of sheer enjoyment of the occupation.

Whether the Prince's sudden appearance dismayed her or not is not known; at all events, the result was very brilliant, for immediately Porpora was sent for, the young girl was summoned to the Prince's salon, and there the master pronounced her voice the marvel of the age. He at once commenced her instruction, and in the year 1747, having taken the name of her patron's family, Gabrielli, she made her début in opera. From that hour, in every place she excited great admiration. Stories of her strange acts followed her from town to town. She was beautiful, good-humored, witty, and very charitable, but certainly rather spoiled by success.

A number of amusing stories are told of what we might call her "pranks" in public. On one occasion, when all the court was present, in Sicily, she went through the opera singing her part only in a whisper, and in spite of the remonstrances of all the company, refused to sing loud enough to be heard, whereupon the King of Sicily ordered her to be imprisoned. Gabrielli was reported to be entirely indifferent to her seclusion, and at the end of twelve days the King discovered that she had been amusing herself and all the other prisoners mightily. She had spent her time giving costly banquets to the poor people around her, paying their debts, and every evening gathering the prisoners into the garden of the jail, where she sang for them in a manner such as the paying public had never heard. It is needless to say that the King released her, and that she went on her way acting as strangely as ever. Gabrielli died in Rome in 1796, when the art of singing was beginning to be tolerably well understood.

That is only eighty-nine years ago, and the stride in vocal music since then shows us how much may be done in any art where workers are really earnest, and those who encourage really appreciate what they hear.

Italy has continued to be the first land for musical study. Thither all singers who aim at greatness have gone for the development of the voice, after which Paris, Vienna, and London follow, since it is only during the

last twenty years that good instruction has been possible in America.

When this century fairly set in, the opera, the oratorio, the concert, were all established; by no means in the perfection of to-day, yet fairly complete in form, and bringing before the public year after year singers whose voices and names will always be remembered. During the early part of this century a very artificial style of singing became popular. An old lady, long noted for her exquisite voice, who from childhood had the very best opportunities, told me how indignant she felt on being obliged, as a little girl—about the year 1825—to sing in the *fashionable* way. This was to close the teeth as nearly as possible, and make as little perceptible movement of the lips as she could. Although under one of the best teachers, and about to sing at his concert, little Miss A—determined upon resistance. When alone she practiced as her good common-sense and natural musical instinct taught her was correct; she opened her mouth so that a proper sound was possible. But imagine the surprise of Mr. B—at the concert, when his favorite little pupil stepped forward for her song, parted her lips widely, and sang as though she were a bird, and not an affected little lady of the period!

Whatever is natural is the best in any art; wherever affectation creeps in, there can be no good result. Some twenty-five years ago a few public singers very nearly set a fashion which, had it been adopted widely, would have ruined many voices and injured the standard of taste. This was called the tremolo style of singing. The idea was to let the voice quiver and shake and tremble in a way which I hope we of to-day would consider absurd; and perhaps it would have held ground a long time but for the resolute efforts of Jenny Lind, the most famous singer of this century, whose power at that time was so supreme that she was able to turn the tide in favor of a sensible and reasonable way of singing. Happily, in public at least, the tremolo has long since been abandoned.

Sing as you would read. Try no tricks with the voice; strain after no effect you can not produce naturally. Be satisfied with the slow progress which is sure; and, above all things, keep to good music.



Do — si — la — sol — fa — mi — re — do !

The Baby Spring



"MAKE way! make way!" cried the blithe young Year,

"For me and my bonny prize.
I found her under a snow-drift deep,
Rosy and dimpled, and fast asleep,
With the dew of dreams in her eyes.

"I lifted the folds of her blanket white
And her silken scarf of green;
She put out a wee white hand and sighed,
And drowsily opened her blue eyes wide,
With the smile of a tiny Queen.

"I caught her up from the frozen ground,
And, oh! but she fretted sore,
Till I kissed her a kiss on her dewy mouth,
As sweet as the breath of the blossoming south,
And she laughed in my face once more.

"She clings so close with her baby hands,
She babbles and coos so low,
I care no more for my revels wild;
The innocent breath of the stranger child
Has melted my heart like snow.

"Play low, rude Wind, on your mighty harp;
Shine, Sun, in the wintry skies;
Bloom, Flowers, and weave her a garment sweet;
Be soft, cold Earth, for her tender feet,
And fair for her pretty eyes.

"Make ready a jubilant welcoming
(She sleeps and wakes the while);
And happy he who may kiss her hand
As we go on our journey across the land,
Or catch from her lips a smile.

"Make way! make way!" cried the lordly Year,
"For me and the prize I bring.
I found her under a snow-drift deep;
I caught her out of the arms of Sleep,
The fair little stranger Spring."

MARGARET JOHNSON.





VEXATIOUS.

ELLA (in trouble with the girl in the office): "Oh, dear! I do wish they'd pull the oyster's teeth."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—Fred is a little boy who, although he has never heard a sound—having been born deaf—yet is full of life and fun, and particularly given to caricature drawing. The inclosed is one of his latest efforts—maybe an Easter card. He finds great pleasure in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and knows just when to look for it from the postman. He laughs merrily over the cuts on the back page, and generally succeeds in finding some member of the family who can make plain to him those stories of which the pictures please him most. He was much interested in "The Ice Queen" as it came out, and, when it was completed, resolutely it said to him by a careful speaker by looking at the lips, and is beginning to read quite well from his books. If he considers that he might like to hear something under. Three years and a half ago, when he was still in skirts, he took his first lesson in school under oral instruction, and we hope before very long, through this wonderful way of educating the deaf, to have him equal in speech with his hearing playmates. I thought, if you saw it to publish this letter, it might be interesting to other little boys and girls to hear of a little boy who is not blessed as they are, yet who is very happy, and loves their weekly magazine just as they do.

Mrs. S. S. H.

Dear little Fred! I hope you will tell him that we mean to think about him very often, and that we are glad HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE gives him so much pleasure. The drawing which came with the letter was both clever and spirited, and showed imagination in the little artist.

MCDONOUGH INSTITUTE,
BALTIMORE COUNTY, MARYLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have often sent descriptions of schools in the Post-office Box, and thought that perhaps you might like to hear something of ours. I have been a student here for seven years, and it seems to me like home. I have a bright home with mother, father, sisters, and brothers, and I like very much to go to see them and to have them come to see me; but I always feel very well satisfied to return to school when the holidays are over. But now to describe the Institution itself.

John McDougall, a native of Baltimore, but for the last thirty years of his life a resident of New Orleans, died in 1850, leaving his entire estate of \$1,000,000 to charitable purposes. He divided the bulk of his property between Baltimore and New Orleans, and in accordance with one of the conditions of his will our school, the McDonough Institute, was founded. This foundation is designed primarily for the education of the deaf of Baltimore. Those admitted on the foundation have no fees of any kind to pay, the entire expense of their maintenance being borne by the school. Boys appointed to scholarships in the school must be between the ages of ten and fourteen, must be of good character, of respectable associations in life, and residents of the city of Baltimore. Appointments are made for the current scholastic year only, all of them terminating on the 1st of October. Entrance is by written entrance. Boys who improve their opportunities are eligible at the end of that time to re-appointment. A student who has been in the school that the term a boy might continue in the school should expire when he reached the age of sixteen

years; but to encourage a spirit of excellence and attention to duty, as well as to furnish still further advantages to those who are worthy, they decided to establish special scholarships, which are conferred as prizes at the graduation session on those boys who have reached the age of sixteen, and who have best improved the opportunities offered them at the school. The recipients of these scholarships are entitled to the privileges of the school for an additional year, and are required, in consideration thereof, to perform such extra duties as may be assigned to them.

The school session opens on the second Monday in August, and closes the first of June. It is divided into two terms, the second of which begins on the 1st of February. During the session the boys are required to do a little out-door work, but not enough to interfere with school duties. Almost every afternoon a number of boys are required to work at tasks assigned them for from one to two hours. In addition to this, in busy seasons, such as the time for corn planting and corn gathering, all the pupils are required to do a certain amount of work in the afternoons. This last, however, is considered as extra, and is never imposed on it can be avoided. In June and July school duties are suspended, and the boys are regularly employed out of doors. We then work from seven o'clock in the morning until twelve, and from two until six in the afternoon, often getting in for a game of ball and other games. Care is taken so to vary and arrange the work assigned as to familiarize each boy with all the more important operations on the farm and in the garden.

During the vacation months each boy is given a holiday of from four to twelve days, according to the season of the school. At Christmas a furlough of from eight to ten days is given to all the boys, and its length depends on the general condition of the school. The school closes in April and the first of May in October are set aside for visits to the boys from their relatives and friends.

A large library of over two thousand volumes for the use of the pupils and officers. These have been selected, in great part, with reference to furnishing the boys with pleasant and healthful reading.

A chapel service is held every morning, and the exercises of the school are closed with sacred music. Rev. W. S. Jones holds regular services at the school every Sabbath afternoon; on Sunday forenoon a sermon or other suitable matter is read, and the exercises are closed with prayer. The school is organized into a military company, and regularly drilled, in good weather, about twenty minutes daily. Only the simpler evolutions, such as march and countermarch, are performed without arms. Two lieutenants, four sergeants, and four corporals are appointed each year, who not only have authority over the company, but have considerable power and responsibility in the general management and discipline of the school.

The school is at present, and has been ever since its opening in 1873, under the management of Colonel W. Allan, for whom we all feel the greatest respect and love. Hoping this sketch will interest you, I am Yours truly, W. C. II.

This letter is interesting and well written, and I am glad to have it in the Post-office Box.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

This is the first time I have written to the Post-office Box, although I have taken the paper ever since it has been published. I especially like Jimmy Brown's stories and "Rolf House." This is a roller skating rink, and I like to go there very much. I have two brothers, Charlie and Eddie. Eddie is four years old, and very full of fun; Charlie is nine years old, and he and I both go to school. I have a cat and a canary-bird, of which I think a great deal. I let him out of the cage very often. We send two winter cards to our dear mother and Mrs. Thompson, which is, I think, a very funny name for a cat.

LUCIE C.

SARATOGA SPA, NEW YORK.

My brother has taken this paper for two years, and I am very much interested in it. Not seeing any letters from this place, and knowing that every one likes to hear about winter sports, I have taken the liberty to write you a few lines. Snow-shoeing is the oldest, and therefore claims the first place. The club consists of between two hundred and three hundred members, and they meet once a week, have a walk, come back to supper; then follow dancing and games, and so a very pleasant evening is spent. The rooming place I had very much enjoyed as one looks in at the lights, pretty dances, in which the moving figures are clad in old costumes made of blankets of various colors, and designs. The skating rink is a fine institution here, and is very popular. The Wood-bow Park Toboggan Club is very much larger than the one at Saratoga. The toboggan is a fine ship extends to Troy, Albany, and New York. It is a very picturesque sight which meets your

eyes when you arrive at the slide—the flaming torches on either side, the crash of the toboggan as it leaps down the chute, the bright and varied costumes of the people, the gay laughter and merry shouts, the plunging of the toboggans and sleighs, all lend enchantment to the scene; and when you must the steps, seat yourself on a sled, and plunge through the air so fast that the torches placed at intervals look like one long light, your excitement is at its highest pitch. The slide is not straight, but has two or three curves in it, and if you do not hold on tight you are apt to bring up at very short notice in a snow-bank. From top to bottom the slide is one-half mile long, the chute is but the contour of a foot, and is one hundred and forty feet in length, the decline being one foot in four. It is like a looking-glass, being made of smooth, solid ice, but the rest of the slide is made of wood, and a great deal of fun if you have time, but almost before you have left the top you are at the bottom. The toboggan itself is about a foot and a half to two feet wide, and about ten feet long. One of the members has one fourteen feet long, but it goes no faster than the rest. They are made of strips of light and dark wood, alternately, and run over at the top. Some glide and others paint them. All have thick cushions; some of different colors, others of the same color. On one side of the slide is the club shanty; on the other, two houses for the tobogganers, one for the Saratogians, and the other for the Albany members. A little bridge crosses the slide from the shanty to the path at a sufficient height to enable people to pass under. From this you can get a fine view of the slide, and see how the members have other sports, but these are novelties.

IRMA N. W.

Though winter is over, we will not find Irma's letter dull.

Floy, poor child, sends this sad story of a kitten, which she made up all herself.

MY KITTEN.

A little basket near the sink,
A little saucer filled with drink,
A little band of azure hue,
A little pair of paws so new.

A little lesson fondly taught,
A little mother quickly caught,
A little washing of her face,
A little tearing of Polly's lace.

A little dog looking over the wall;
A little bounding and a little fall,
A little child was wandering near,
A little sob and many a tear.

A little basket on the shelf,
A little saucer made of elf,
A little pair of paws so new,
No little cat with which to play. FLOY.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Have you room for one more little letter-writer? I am ten years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I could read, and think it is just splendid. I am reading "Rolf House," and like it very much. I have two sisters, Kate (we call her Kitten), and Pearl, who is as precious as her name. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, drawing, geography, arithmetic, and history, and I like to read everything with great curiosity to see our Postmaster. I wonder if her eyes are black or blue? Could any of our little letter-writers give me a description of her? I fancy she has a sweet face.

The Postmaster is much obliged for your good opinion, but her eyes happen neither to be black nor blue. They are very useful eyes, however. Of what color are your eyes, dear?

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am a little girl ten years old, and as other children write about their pets, I thought I would write about mine. I have two canaries; their names are Kingford and Queenie. For a short time we called the first Kingbird. The other has six birds—a pair of doves, three thrushes, and a blackbird. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and take it in for my own. I like the Little Folks and The Girl's Own Paper for myself, and like them very much. My little friend and constant reader, MARY A. K.

Where does my little Mary live?

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am a little Scotch girl, and live in Edinburgh. As most of your correspondents write about their pets, I will write something about the beautiful city which is my home. I dare say you know that the principal street is Princes Street, and that it is one of the widest in the world. On one side it is lined with beautiful shops and fine hotels, and on the other are the Princes' Street Gardens. They are very fine. The Castle Rock is a very high rock, and there is a place where the soldier had played in fine days, also a very high fountain and a great many statues. I have been to the city for two years, and I like my brothers and sisters. I am your loving friend, MAY J.



APRIL SHOWERS AND SPRING FLOWERS.

A LITTLE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

SHE had so many children she really did not know what to do. The home was too small or the family too large—she could not tell which. Then there was a good deal of unhappiness about dinners. If there were not quite so many of them, everything would be lovely and the dinners quite delightful.

She pondered this matter long and earnestly in her sober fashion, for she was not a talkative mother. Now the little mother knew there were other houses not far away where there were no children. Perhaps, if she took some of her family to the other houses, the folks would take them in and give them all good homes. She knew the people very well, though she had never really spoken to any of them. What better than to take her babies there, and leave them in the care of these good people? So she started off one day with three of the babies.

They could toddle along after her, and were eager enough to go. She walked just as fast as she could, and when they reached

the next house the poor things were tired out, and lay down on the door-step, as much as to say they really could not go any farther. The little mother seemed to think it was all right, and started to the next house. One of these babies couldn't leave his mother, and though very tired, followed slowly after her.

Presently the little mother reached the next house, and her baby came trotting after, and the moment he reached the place he lay down and fell fast asleep. Poor thing! he was very tired. The folks in the house came out to look at him, and the little mother said, as plainly as she could, "He is a good child, and I will give him to you if you will take good care of him." The people seemed to understand her feelings perfectly, and said the baby could stay. The next day she took two more of her babies, and going down the road in the opposite direction, she left one at a farm-house and one at the cottage of a widow woman.

There were three children left at home, and these she decided to keep. The next day the strangest thing happened—two of the babies who had gone to other homes came back. The little mother was not pleased with this, and carried them back again, as much as to say that she wished them to stay in the nice places she had provided for them. After that she visited all her absent children once a week, and talked to them in her quiet way, and even played with them to keep them contented. She was indeed a wise and thoughtful mother, though only a beautiful setter with eight small pups.

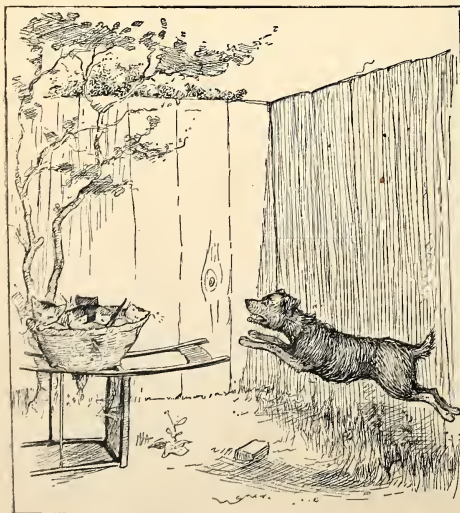
THE DANCING PEA.

BY C. W. MILLER.

PUSH a pin half-way through a green pea, making the two ends as nearly as possible the same weight; *i. e.*, let the point come a little more than half-way through. Then break off the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be complete.

To make the pea dance, put it on top of the pipe stem, the point of the pin sticking down the bore. Throw your head back, so that the stem may be held vertically, and blow gently. This will make the pea rise; keep blowing harder, until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin round and round and turn over and over, all the while bobbing up and down, as long as the current of air is kept up.

The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head. The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe, and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge; or if the blast is a little stronger, it will spin rapidly, unless the blower stops to laugh, when it is apt to fall into the open mouth below.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 286

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE ROMANCE OF M. DE BELLEISLE.

It will surprise some young people of the United States to learn that so late as the last century "a great tract of American territory called Louisiana" was transferred by the French government

to the West India Company, who sent a thousand men, under the command of M. De Belleisle, to people it. They will be still more astonished to learn that St. Bernard's Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico, to which that gentleman's ship was carried by adverse winds, was at that time a region inhabited by cannibals. At this spot, in company with four brother officers, M. De Belleisle, having ventured too far on a shooting excursion, and being given up for lost, had the misfortune to be left behind. The little party suffered great extremities of hunger, and demanded their commander's dog, which, though he refused to be a party to its destruction, he gave up to them. But as they were weakened by their privations, the animal broke away from them as they were about to kill him, and disappeared in the woods.

The four officers all died of hunger under M. De Belleisle's eyes, who dug holes in the sand for their bodies, though near to death himself. The extremities to which he was reduced were such that, "overcoming the natural disgust which they created, he subsisted on the worms he found in rotten wood." A few days after the death of his comrades his faithful dog suddenly re-appeared, and "fawning upon his master, and with great demonstrations of joy," laid an opossum at his feet. Perhaps he was merely performing the natural duties of a retriever, but it is no wonder that M. De Belleisle attributed to the animal a nobler motive; it seemed to him to say, "Here is where-withal to support life, master."

Nevertheless, it was fated that he should lose the dog, though it could hardly be said that they parted company. As he slept one night at the foot of a tree, a tiger came to the spot and seized the poor animal, and though he let go his hold, it was terribly wounded. Fearing lest it should go mad, M. De Belleisle compelled himself to kill the dog, and then—to such lengths can hard necessity drive human nature—he ate it.

After wandering about in solitude for days, he fell into the hands of the Attakapas, an Indian tribe whose name was derived from their practice of drying human flesh before devouring it. M. De Belleisle, however, was so miserably emaciated that the idea of drying *him* did not occur to them. "They took him for a spectre, till he pointed to his mouth and implored for food." They gave him human flesh and fish, and he, of course, confined himself to the latter dish. And then stripping him of his clothes, they divided them among themselves, and carried him to their village to fatten.

It is difficult to imagine a more unpleasant state of affairs than this. Nothing, it is said, used to alarm Lord Byron like the idea of growing fat, but M. De Belleisle was much more alarmed than Lord Byron. "He was consumed with terror at beholding the savages feast upon the fattest of their prisoners of war, and in constant expectation, on attaining the least plumpness, of sharing their fate, and having his brains beaten out with clubs." One would have thought that the mere apprehension of such a fate would have kept him as thin as a lath. But he was reserved for another fate. An ancient Attakapa widow took a fancy to him, and adopted him as her son. From that moment he was set at liberty, and considered one of the nation, "and soon learned the Indian manner of conversing in dumb-show and of using the bow and arrow." Having been so fortunate as to slay a number of some hostile tribe, he was regarded as a warrior, which did not, however, secure him against practical jokes.

On a certain hunting expedition, when he had made, as he flattered himself, a very respectable meal on venison, an Indian said to him: "How feeble is prejudice! Formerly you couldn't touch human flesh, and now you have been unconsciously enjoying it amazingly." Poor M. De Belleisle was thereupon exceedingly unwell.

Two years afterward, certain deputies arrived from a distant tribe, who, "attentively gazing" on the unhappy Frenchman, observed that in the country they came from

(New Mexico) there were white men like him. He had preserved his commission in a box, and having made some ink from soot, he contrived to write at the bottom of the document: "I am the individual above mentioned; I was abandoned in St. Bernard's Bay. My companions died of hunger, and I am captive among the Attakapas." He gave this in private to one of the deputies, informing him that it was "speaking paper," and that if he presented it to the chief of the French in his own country he would be well rewarded.

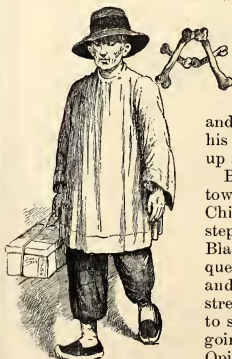
But the deputy was so foolish as to tell the secret, and the other Indians, thinking the paper was something magical and valuable, tried to snatch it from him. He slipped through their fingers, however, by swimming across a river, holding the document, lest it should get wetted, like Cæsar, above his head. "After a journey of four hundred and fifty miles he arrived in the country of the Natches." The French commander there, M. De St. Denis, was an officer of distinction; "he had made the first journey overland, from Louisiana to Mexico, where he married the Spanish Governor's niece, and was greatly respected." Upon receiving his countryman's letter, he was moved with pity for him, and at once dispatched ten mounted Indians, with guns, to his assistance.

The Attakapas had never heard a gun fired, and when these visitors discharged their muskets, took it for portable thunder. Under these circumstances they permitted M. De Belleisle to leave them without the least resistance; otherwise they were very unwilling to lose him, and the poor widow wept bitterly on his departure. Thus he escaped from a captivity which would otherwise certainly have lasted his days.

This brief romance of real life ends very prettily. The Spanish Governor, who had never been able to conquer the Attakapas, sent them presents for their kindness to their prisoner, with an especial gift to the widow; moved by which unexpected generosity, they sent ambassadors in their turn to make alliance, and these were accompanied by the widow herself. "Since that period," our author gravely informs us, "the inhabitants of Louisiana have left off eating human flesh," as indeed my readers may have heard from other sources.

A BROTHER OF CHARITY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



VERY yellow face and a very long pigtail had Chin Fung, and he was dressed in a loose sack and short baggy trousers, and his queer pointed shoes turned up at the toes.

Blankenborough was a large town, but it was not used to Chinamen, and as Chin Fung stepped from the cars at the Blankenborough station, with a queer black box in his hand, and walked quietly up the main street, a great crowd assembled to stare at him. What was he going to do in Blankenborough? Opinions differed. Thad Tompkins thought he had the bones

of his ancestors in that mysterious-looking box, and was seeking a place where he could worship them undisturbed; Elbridge Holman, who was practical, thought he was probably an agent for a tea store; and Natty Philips thought he might be an ambassador from the Emperor

of China in search of a smart Yankee boy to manage his affairs of state.

But all doubts were set at rest when, the next morning, Chin Fung's name appeared on the door of a tiny shop on the main street, and Chin Fung was discovered in the window, attired in a long loose white robe, calmly ironing.

Blankenborough had heard of Chinese laundries, but it was for a while considerably excited by the knowledge that one had come to dwell in the town. At morning, noon, and night the sidewalk before Chin Fung's shop was crowded, and at any hour of the day a row of noses might be seen flattened against the window behind which he calmly carried on his business.

But Blankenborough did not approve of his having come there. People never had thought of the possibility of having washing done outside their own houses, and had no need of this yellow-skinned stranger.

"He'll be aftert'at'n' up all the dogs and cats, the hay-thin rashkill," said Bridget, the cook, when Thad Tompkins told her of the new arrival.

Thad paused in his occupation of cutting up meat for his big dog Rafe's dinner.

"They don't eat cats and dogs, do they?" he said.

"Sure an' isn't yerself after radin' it til me out iv the jography? And says I, thin, say I, good luck it is thin crathurs don't be nixt or near til us, for a foine male they'd be after makin' aff Rafe."

"Rafe! He could chew that little Chinaman all up. I should just like to see him touch Rafe!"

"Don't ye be too sure, now, Masther Thad," said Bridget, with a wise shake of the head. "It's shly odd felles they do be, thin nagurs. Ye'd bether kape Rafe on bread and wather for a while, till he bees liss fat and enticin'-lookin'."

Thad treated Bridget's advice with scorn; but nevertheless he found it difficult to dismiss the subject from his mind, and finally went and talked it over with Don Filmore, his great friend, who lived next door.

Don was of the opinion that Rafe was big enough to take care of himself, but he did feel some anxiety about their cat, Dido, which was young and plump, and might strike the Chinaman as being a choice tidbit.

"Dido never strays far from home," said Thad; "but Rafe, from going everywhere with Aunt Emily to see her poor people, knows his way and goes alone all over the town. I can't watch him all the time, and I can't shut him up, he would howl so fearfully."

"I don't believe there is any danger," said Don, after some reflection. "But we'll keep a sharp lookout, and if that fellow does touch anybody's cat or dog, he'll find this town too hot to hold him."

They did keep a sharp lookout, but they could not discover that the Chinaman even cast a wistful eye on the dogs that trotted by his door or the cats that wandered along his back-yard fence. Indeed, he very seldom raised his eyes from the table where he ironed industriously from morning until night, ironing the same article over and over, for nobody gave him any washing to do. At first some people had done so, chiefly from curiosity, but it was found that he had a very objectionable way of sprinkling clothes—holding the water in his mouth and sending it in a fine spray through his teeth—and this discovery put an end to all hope for Chin Fung as a laundryman in Blankenborough.

Very soon it became tiresome to see him ironing there, and people passed with scarcely a glance, and there were no more noses flattened against his panes. Some people wondered what kind of food he lived on, and whether he had money enough to buy it, but it was known that he sometimes bought rice at a grocery, and so curiosity was satisfied.

One day Chin Fung's window-shade was not raised: he had apparently abandoned his fruitless task. Thad's

Aunt Emily, who was the Lady Bountiful of the town, feared that he was ill or destitute, but Thad's father objected to her going to see him, because he didn't approve of Chinese immigration. Aunt Emily couldn't see how that question would be affected by her showing humanity to this poor lone Chinaman, but her brother felt so strongly on the subject that she yielded, and tried to believe what he said, that the race was so shrewd and thrifty, that Chin Fung was sure to have plenty of money. Thad, too, felt that it would be highly unbecoming in Aunt Emily to encourage a devourer of cats and dogs to remain in Blankenborough, although as yet it did not appear that Chin Fung had dined off anybody's pets.

Thad had relaxed his vigilance in watching over Rafe; the dog was so big and the Chinaman so small that he felt, if it came to a question of eating, Rafe would be likely to be the performer. He felt so until, one day, Rafe disappeared.

However far Rafe might wander, he always returned at night-fall. That night he did not come. Bridget reported that for several mornings he had carried his breakfast off with him; she had seen him trotting down the back lane with a bone or a piece of meat in his mouth, and "the baste was that knowin'," and the hairt iv him was that big," she had no doubt he had gone to share his breakfast with some poor friendless dog.

But Rafe did not come home to breakfast the next morning. Thad rose early, after an almost sleepless night, and prepared for a vigorous search. Before he reached the gate, on his way to summon a council of boys, Don Filmore met him with the sad and startling news that their Dido also had disappeared.

"That Chinaman has got them," said Thad, in a tone of conviction.

They lived on the main street, and the lane that skirted their back yards ran past the Chinaman's back yard. Thad and Don decided to walk down this lane and inspect the Chinaman's premises.

Just before they reached them, hanging from a picket of an adjoining fence they saw a pink ribbon—Dido's necktie! It was still tied in a bow, and looked as if it had but just come off Dido's graceful neck.

Don was almost overcome by the sight, but being a boy, he would not show it.

"My sister Jennie's heart would be broken if she should see that," he said.

"Have you lost your dog?" said a little girl who was passing, and had heard Thad's whistles and calls. "I heard a dog howling in the Chinaman's this morning."

"I think we have proof enough against him," said Thad. "But perhaps he hasn't killed them yet, Don. He may be fattening them."

The boys climbed the Chinaman's high fence, and looked over. The yard was strewn with bones. They looked as if they might be Rafe's bones, and Thad shuddered. Don was in favor of making a complaint to the town authorities, but Thad said that would involve delay, and they might lose a chance of rescuing Rafe if he were still alive. So they organized a force of boys, armed with stones and clubs and any such weapons as came to hand. This force remained behind the fence while Thad and Don climbed over.

Chin Fung's door was ajar, and Thad pushed it open. In the dark entryway a huge black shape rushed upon him, and for an instant his heart stopped beating. But the shape uttered a joyful, ringing bark—Rafe's bark. The dog bounded into an inner room, then came back and tried to draw Thad after him. Thad took the precaution to make a signal to the boys to be ready, and then he and Don followed Rafe.

They would not need all that armed force of boys to protect them. The little Chinaman lay upon the floor, looking like a skeleton, his yellow face ghastly. He look-



RAFE'S DEVOTION.

ed up at the boys with a feeble attempt to smile; then raised his hand with an effort, and patted Rafe's head.

"Chinaman velly sick; no man come near. Doggy he come; he *fiend*."

And then he told them in Chinese English that Rafe had brought him the only food he had had for several days, and since he had become very weak and ill had refused to leave him. And the stolid-looking little Chinaman had tears of gratitude in his melancholy almond-shaped eyes as he looked at Rafe.

It took Thad but a very short time to dismiss his body-guard, and rush home to tell Aunt Emily of the Chinaman's condition, and Don told his mother, and the two ladies immediately prepared baskets of food and delicacies; and even Thad's father set aside his objections to the Chinese and helped, and went with the boys to see poor Chin Fung.

He told them how he had come alone to Blankenborough. He had been robbed by some of his countrymen of almost everything he possessed, and had set out from the town where he lived for a distant city where he had friends, but he discovered on the way that he had not money enough to carry him there, and thinking that Blankenborough looked like a thriving town, he had determined to set up his laundry there. And illness and destitution had come upon him, and he might have died if it had not been for Rafe's charity.

Rafe, of course, was praised and petted, and he looked as if he understood every word.

Don's mother suddenly remembered that she had always wanted a Chinese servant, and as Chin Fung assured her that he had served in a family, and understood the duties perfectly, she immediately engaged him.

Strengthening food and encouragement were all that Chin Fung needed to restore his health, and in less than a week he was able to enter upon his new duties.

Don's mind was ill at ease.

"They're all praising him and thinking he's *beautiful*," he said to Thad, "but I should like to know what has become of poor Dido. I shouldn't wonder if he ate her, and she disagreed with him, and that was what was the matter with him. I know one thing: I shall look out for my white nice."

Chin Fung was given a little room in the attic, adjoining a large unfurnished one which was used as a store-room; but after spending a night there he came downstairs in a state of wild terror and excitement. He rushed about the kitchen with his pigtail flying, and frightened the cook almost out of her senses imitating the terrible noises—wails and shrieks and blows—that he had heard all night long in the room adjoining his.

Mrs. Filmore had him sent into the breakfast-room to relate his strange experience, and there he behaved still more wildly, and made them understand that he could not stay in a house where there were bad spirits that made such terrible noises at night.

In the midst of his recital little Bess, the four year-old daughter of the house, burst into tears.

"Me shutted her up there—in the cedar chest," she said between her sobs, "to keep wicked Chinaman from getting her; and the lock snapped tight, and me couldn't ope it, and me come away; me was fought, and me fought her was dead."

"*Dido!*" cried Don and his sister Jennie in the same instant, and both rushed to the attic store-room.

When they came back, Don had in his arms—could it be their pretty Dido?—a limp, almost lifeless, skeleton-like creature, with glaring, distended eyes. It uttered a faint but awful howl. Chin Fung's eyes rolled wildly, and he shook so with terror that his teeth chattered. When Dido howled, he put his fingers into his ears and rushed out of the room, and he did not stop until he reached the stoop.

And no persuasion would induce him to enter the house again. His little black box, which Don had discovered, to his disappointment, contained only clothing, was handed out to him. Mrs. Filmore gave him money enough to reach his friends in the city for which he had started, and Blankenborough saw him no more.

Don was sure that he had a bad conscience, and had, at some time, eaten a cat, and thought poor Dido was its ghost.

Poor Dido! she had been six days imprisoned in the cedar chest; and if it had not been old and broken so that it had clinks to admit the air, her earthly career would have been ended. But as it was, tender nursing soon restored her health and spirits, and the very next day she sat on the back fence with Rafe, who had always been her friend and ally, and they apparently exchanged confidences about the strange experiences they had had since the Chinaman's appearance in Blankenborough. But whether they were able to agree in their views of Chinese immigration nobody will ever know.

A WEDDING IN LILLIPUT.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

ON Easter-Monday nearly two thousand of the most fashionable people in New York gathered in Holy Trinity Church, on Madison Avenue, to witness the marriage of Mrs. Lavinia Stratton and the Count Primo Magri. It is doubtful if any similar alliance in society circles could have attracted so distinguished an audience. There could hardly be imagined a more charming sight than that which greeted the beholders when the bridal party walked up the aisle. It was like looking at a wedding through the wrong end of an opera-glass. The bride, who is probably known to all the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE,

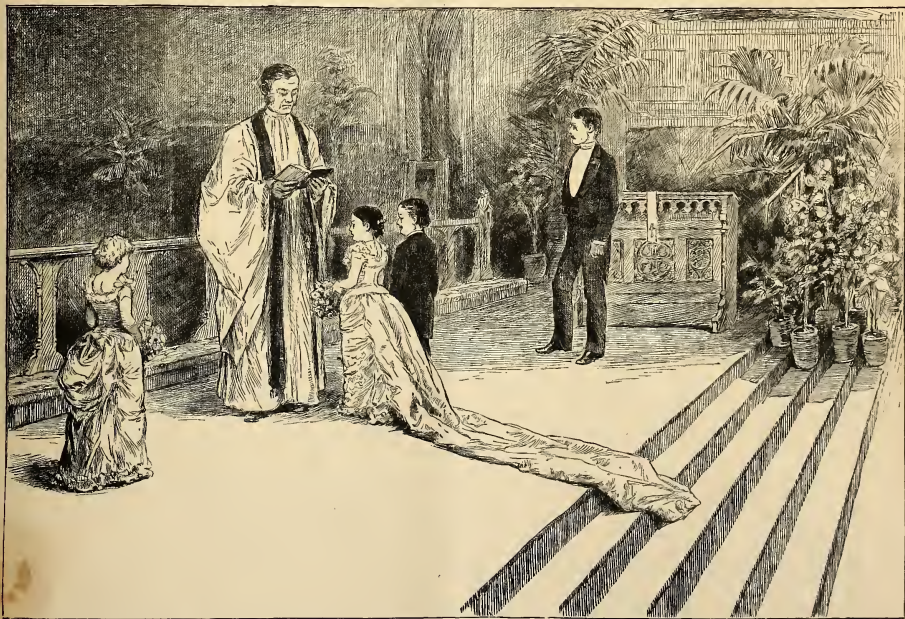
PLE as Mrs. General Tom Thumb, is just thirty-six inches high, and as charming a little lady as ever graced society. The Count Primo Magri, the happy groom, is perhaps two inches taller, and weighs fifty pounds. In the party were Baron Littlefield, Baron Magri, Major Newell, Miss Lucy Adams, and Miss Sarah Adams, all little people, and seeing so many of the little folk together, one almost felt that the minister must be unusually large, rather than that the happy couple were very small.

Twenty-two years ago Mrs. Stratton, now Countess Magri, was married to the famous General Tom Thumb, or, to use his real name, Mr. Charles S. Stratton, in Grace Church. For twenty years she was a devoted wife, and when, two years ago, Mr. Stratton died, she retired from the show business, and went to live quietly at her home in Middleborough, Massachusetts, upon the fortune she had accumulated during her nearly thirty years of professional life. But the public would not thus give up their pet. In her extended travels she had endeared herself to many people, not alone on account of her smallness, which one forgets entirely when talking to her, but through her lovely and womanly character and charming manners. She consented to travel with Mr. Barnum, who had first introduced

There was the same talk when the Countess was married to General Tom Thumb, and I know it pained them both very deeply. General Tom Thumb was a Massachusetts boy, and when twenty years old he had only grown to be about three feet high. He was as well-educated, as warm-hearted, as gentlemanly a young man as any of his age. In Mr. Barnum's museum, where they were both on exhibition, he met and fell in love with Miss Lavinia Warren. Their courtship and engagement were conducted on the same principles which govern ordinary people, and their married life was a happy one. Together they travelled all over Europe, and were received by kings, queens, and emperors.

They were a great curiosity, of course; and not on account of their size alone. Their intelligence and refined manners made them popular and lovable as well. They received many presents, and made a great deal of money. Their house in Middleborough was fitted up in most charming style, with furniture, stairways, and everything in proportion to the size of the occupants. The "General" was a shrewd business man, and invested his money carefully, so that when he died his widow came in for a nice fortune.

The Count Primo Magri is not so well known in this



THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. TOM THUMB AND COUNT MAGRI.

her to the public, for one more season, and then intended to retire into private life. But love is no respecter of persons. Count Primo Magri, whom she had met six years before, and who was an intimate friend of the late General Tom Thumb, wooed, and won her.

There is to me something sad in making one of the solemnest and most holy ceremonies of our religion a matter of curiosity and trivial talk, and I feel sure that the tiny couple feel keenly the anxiety of many people and newspapers to treat the affair as a "show."

country, and some little account of him may not be uninteresting. He was born on his father's estate, between Bologna and Ferrara, Italy, in 1846, so that he is now thirty-nine years of age. He has two brothers and a sister, he being the oldest, and taking the title of Count, which is inherited from his father. His next younger brother is thirty-six years old, and is hardly any larger than the Count. He also inherits a title, that of Baron, from his mother's family. The younger brother and sister are as large as ordinary people.

The Count lived quietly upon his estate, devoting his time to study, until he was thirty years old, when he became acquainted with an American traveller, who induced him to make a tour of this country on exhibition. With his naturally refined instincts he opposed the idea; but the many advantages of travel, of meeting distinguished people, and seeing many new things were presented to him by his American friend, and he finally consented and came to this country in 1875.

Since that time he has been travelling through the South and West under the stage name of Count Rosebud. In 1879 he met and was introduced to General and Mrs. Tom Thumb in the railroad depot at Springfield, Massachusetts, and from that time dated a friendship which the Count regards as one of the pleasantest experiences of his life. After the death of General Tom Thumb, his friendship with the widow continued, and about Christmas-time they became engaged to be married.

The new-made Countess will fulfill a few more professional engagements, which will last until May, when the happy couple will go at once to the Count's estates in Italy. After that they never intend to appear again in public, but to settle down in Italy for life. It is extremely doubtful, however, if this intention will be carried out. They both have made so many friends in this country, and the public always seem so anxious to see them, that managers use every effort to secure their services.

Dwarfs have been known from the beginning of the world, and it is claimed that in certain countries of Africa there are whole nations of these little people. In the Middle Ages it was customary for kings to have one or two dwarfs in their courts to furnish amusement for the courtiers. The story of Peter the Great's famous wedding of the dwarfs, at which all the little people in Russia were ordered to be present, is familiar to most of the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE. It was the custom then to make sport of them, and much of the amusement which they afforded was from their inability to resent insults heaped upon them by those who were larger and ought to have known better. In these days I think the world has grown more civilized, and while dwarfs are regarded as curiosities on account of their size, they are looked upon with a certain feeling of pity, which is not altogether deserved. In many cases they are very bright, intellectually, and are much better ladies and gentlemen than many of larger growth.

I am sure that the many friends they have among the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will join me in wishing them many years of happiness in their married life.

WHY GOD MAKES THE STARS.

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

QUOTH Jack one night: "I left my top
Out yonder on the garden chair.
Come help me seek it now, for nurse
Will scold me if she finds it there."

And I: "My boy, 'tis quite too late
For going to the gate with you;
Tired Day has shut his golden eye,
And will not let the light come through."

"And so you'd have a fellow think"—
Here Jack utters a tiny noise—
"That God could not let in the light
To us in any way He chose."

"His pretty house is all of light.
If Day is tired and makes a fuss,
God makes the holes you call the stars,
And lets His light shine in to us."

Yes! Truths the wise men never knew
To babes revealed are, Johnny mine;
For God can pierce the dullest hearts,
And let His light in darkness shine.

ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDERED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EMPORIUM IS OPENED.



ICK and Joan were Annie Vandort's body-guard when, after a lingering farewell to the little household at Beachcroft, the dear new friend took her departure. She was to start from the Beverley depot on the ten-o'clock train, and a certain John Trueman, whom they had employed on many occasions, brought his two-seated sleigh to drive them over. In spite of its being

the 3d of February, snow lay thick upon the ground, but Nan and Laura, who were in the Emporium window, were thankful the sky was clear and the air fine.

Nan had been allowed the luxury of one of her dearly beloved open fires in the Emporium, and Alfred kept it blazing away finely. Certainly the little sales-room looked very attractive, and the girls felt certain that before mid-day "trade" would begin. The side door, opening on to a little passageway and thence to the street, had a bell, which Phyllis in her room above could hear, and before ten o'clock it jingled. Nan and Laura exchanged quick glances, and for some unaccountable reason the latter darted away, leaving Nan to receive their first customer alone.

It proved to be a German lady whom they had seen in a little cottage not far away. She came in briskly, bringing a breath of fresh air with her, and looking extremely interested in the room and its little occupant, who was standing at one side of the counter, in what she herself considered the right attitude for a "sales-woman."

"I'm so glad you've opened this," said the lady, in a pleasant voice; "I have to match some wools," and she drew forth half a dozen samples of impossible-looking reds and greens, which rather disheartened Nan, who knew well that their stock was all in the new shades, and finer in quality than these brilliant specimens of old-fashioned wool. But she hastened to take out the boxes of crewels and packages of worsted, registering in her mind the fact that in such a place ordinary materials for wool-work ought to be kept in stock. They turned the crewels over, and held up package after package of double and single zephyrs. Only one matched, and Nan made up her first parcel, and received their first payment—fifty cents—which the lady counted out in all sorts of small pieces. Nan longed to ask her how she had heard of their enterprise, but the lady hurried off as soon as the purchase was made, not even hearing Nan's timidly polite suggestion that they could get some wools for her "to order." Laura evidently had listened for the sound of the customer's departure, as she came back the moment the door had closed upon her.

"I felt so queerly," she explained. "Somehow I couldn't stay. It was a ridiculous kind of pride, I know," she added, blushing, and turning away to the window. "I'll try never to feel it again."

"Think of Phyl," Nan said, very quietly, and when the bell tinkled again, and a girl of their own age came in, Laura welcomed her with quite a cordial smile.

She wanted some burlaps, and it surprised both the girls to observe that she seemed to know so much of what they had in stock.

"Where are the new Kensington patterns?" she asked, as Laura measured off the burlaps. "I'd like to see them, please."

And Nan drew out the box containing their choicest patterns, which the young girl turned over with a critical, interested air. Then followed a little talk about stitches. She was evidently an enthusiast in needle-work, and seemed much interested in Nan's suggestions for a "piano scarf" she was doing.

"When are your classes to begin?" she inquired, before leaving.

"I—I'm not sure," said Nan, rather startled by the stranger's evident knowledge of their plans. "But if you'll wait a moment I can let you know."

"Oh, I'll call again," said the young girl, brightly; and as she departed, Nan made note No. 2—to talk with Phyl at once about a class.

Other customers appeared during the morning, all strangers, and some so evidently only curious that there were moments when Nan's patience was a little taxed. When Laura went out to see that Phyllis's dinner was prepared, she had a half-hour's very trying time with a lady whose object seemed to be to inspect everything only for the purpose of finding fault, and in the end she only purchased ten cents' worth of embroidery silk, and that with the air of doing a charity.

Mrs. Travers brought Nan's dinner in to the little room off the store, when this tiresome customer had departed, and while she was eating it with the relish of a hearty appetite, after her half-day's work, Nan gave her a good-humored account of the morning. Mrs. Travers was entirely devoted to the Rolf interests, but by nature she was what Annie Vandort called a "doleful soul," and no little patience was sometimes required to keep her cheered up. During a reading aloud of *David Copperfield* the boys had declared Dickens *might* have known Mrs. Travers when he drew Mrs. Gummidge, and the result was that in spite of all Nan's or Phyl's efforts, the nickname of "Gummy" was applied to her.

That "Gummy" was in good spirits over the enterprise was a decided help. Nan, in the intervals of her report, looked with satisfaction upon Mrs. Travers's constant smile, and if there was a hint of some mystery in it, she felt so pleased that it did not occur to her to question it, and before she had time for a word with Phyllis or the boys, who were intensely anxious for a report of the morning, new customers had arrived—this time a whole sleighful of people from Beverley, Mrs. Apsley, the Presbyterian clergyman's wife, with a party of friends. They seemed, as they came in with their merry voices, their eagerness to hear and see everything, to quite absorb the little room, and Nan, wondering for the twentieth time how so many people had heard of it, darted into the Emporium, with her excitement toned down to something like what she considered "store" manners.

Mrs. Apsley and her friends were in very good spirits. "This is nice, my dear," exclaimed the minister's wife, cheerfully. "It will be sure to do well. But poor Phyllis, I am so anxious about her."

The kind-hearted lady would have occupied all of Nan's attention had not the others in the party needed certain things, and called her away. Nan was so confused she could scarcely attend to their demands for "olive green crewels," "linen threads," "Kensington patterns," etc., etc. But the result was satisfactory. After all questions were asked and answered, and she had turned out a dozen or more boxes, and opened the case of specimens, the Emporium was richer by ten dollars.

"We'll come whenever we need anything of the kind," said Mrs. Apsley in leaving, "and as soon as Phyllis can

see me I'll come over;" and Nan felt ashamed to admit afterward that she stood dazed and awkward while they were taking their leave.

Then she darted up to Phyl's room. Laura was just coming out, and she told her of the last customers, and they wondered together over the entirely unexpected success of the Emporium.

They were standing in the hall window talking and laughing about it, when John Trueman's sleigh stopped at the gate and deposited Dick and Joan.

"Oh, I *wish* Annie Vandort had been able to stay!" was all Nan had time to say before Laura exclaimed:

"What's the matter with Joan? She looks as though she had a great piece of news to tell."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE EMPORIUM IS ADVERTISED.

DICK and Joan had been commissioned to perform certain errands in Beverley, so that, after seeing Annie Vandort off in the train, they went up into the familiar Main Street to Ames & Ames's, where they were to purchase the things upon their list.

Laura wanted some kitchen towelling, Nan had written down a few things for Phyllis's comfort, and Joan revelled in the fact that she was permitted to lay in a supply of sewing materials preparatory to her undertaking the care of the boys' clothes.

It was a little irritating to have to answer Mr. Ames's consolatory remarks, and also to hear him in a very distinct tone inquiring of one of the clerks whether "all those things for Mrs. Farquhar had been sent up to Rolf House," but Joan held her own bravely, and while Dick placed the articles they had purchased in the sleigh, she answered the questions of one or two friends whom they met, with a great deal of sweetness and humility.

A Mrs. Brown, whom they had known only slightly, surprised the girl by congratulating her on her sisters' "pluck" in beginning to teach needle-work and in opening a store.

"How do you suppose," said Joan to Dick, as they were driving home, "those people knew so much about it?"

But if Dick was unable to solve this problem, the experience of the next hour did it most satisfactorily.

"Look at that," Dick said, suddenly, pointing to a tree near the end of Main Street.

Joan looked. As she afterward described it, she "glued her eyes" to what she saw. A large piece of white paper was tacked on to the tree, and upon it, in very black letters, was printed the following announcement:

THE MISS ROLFS OPEN THIS DAY THEIR
EMPORIUM AT BEACHCROFT. ALL KINDS
OF FANCY WORK TO BE DISPLAYED AND
SOLD. AND ALL KINDS OF SILKS AND CRUEL
WORSTIDS AND EVERYTHING OF THAT
KIND AND THEY INVITE INSPECTION.
CLASSES IN WORK WILL SOON BEGIN.
EVERYTHING HAS BEEN SENT FROM NEW
YORK. COME ONE—COME ALL!

Trueman had stopped the sleigh, and they all gazed as if spell-bound upon what they saw. Then Dick said, after a low whistle: "That's what Alfred has been up to the last few days. Goodness! won't Phyl be angry!"

But this was not the end of Alfred's advertisements. He must have been hard at work, for all along the road to Beachcroft Joan and Dick encountered similar hand-bills stuck up in the most conspicuous places, setting forth



"LOOK AT THAT," DICK SAID, SUDDENLY, POINTING TO A TREE."

the glories of the Emporium with equal disregard of spelling or grammar. By the time they reached home the two had made a collection of about twenty of these papers, but, as Joan remarked, no one could tell how many more might be found scattered through Beachcroft.

This was the piece of information which Joan had to bring to her sisters.

"And where do you suppose," she exclaimed, "that miserable boy is keeping himself? Nan," she added, turning

toward her cousin, who had sunk down into the window-seat, overcome by the absurdity of the thing, "how can you laugh? I wish you knew what those things stuck up on the trees and fences looked like."

Phyllis had heard the voices, and called to them to come into her room. So an explanation was made, and the elder sister, although unable to keep from laughing with Nan at the ridiculousness of it, still felt that poor Alfred's intentions might have been of the very best. She



QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER GREAT-GRANDCHILD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL BACKOFEN, DARMSTADT.—SEE PAGE 394.

begged that he should not be received with the torrent of complaint Joan was anxious to pour forth, and the result was that when he did come in, Phyllis saw him first alone, and contrived to make him see just why and how he had been mistaken. It was so very evident that he considered he had done a very fine thing that it took Phyllis some time to make him promise that he would attempt nothing of the kind in future without consulting her.

When he had gone away, Phyllis realized more than ever the responsibility of the life before her. How was she, except by gentle force of influence, to govern her little household? Perhaps, after all, she could not help thinking it was fortunate that she was an invalid: lying on her sofa she might do more for the young people about her than she could ever hope to accomplish in perfect health.

But Alfred was not let off so easily by the party downstairs. Even Nan went into repeated fits of laughter almost as tantalizing as Joan's severity and Laura's disdainful silence, but later in the evening the little party became harmonious in Phyl's room. Laura and Nan had to tell of their first day's experience with the Emporium; Joan and Dick to repeat all of Annie's last sayings and messages.

One good, however, came of Alfred's ill-judged method of advertising. Before a week had gone by, the fact that Phyllis and Nan Rolf had opened a sales-room for fancy-work materials, etc., and that a class was to be formed, was known all over Beachcroft and Beverley. Dr. Rogers, to whom Phyl narrated Alfred's doings, contrived to let a great many people know that the boy had acted entirely upon his own responsibility. His spirits were certainly subdued after this, but he took great comfort in the fact that Dick had not made fun of him, and the result was a closer bond of companionship between the brothers.

Work began in sober earnest after this. Phyllis had her morning class with the girls. Mademoiselle La Motte fulfilled her agreement for French lessons; there were a half-dozen orders from New York for Nan and Phyllis to carry out, and the bell of the Emporium tinkled many times a day.

Three Saturday nights had come and gone, and if the treasurer of the little household had not always a very good story to tell, at least they nearly paid their way, and Nan was able to write in March to Brightwoods that they all felt encouraged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WHENEVER I think of the Queen of England among her children and grandchildren, I recall the story told me by an elderly lady who remembered seeing her Majesty, when the latter was a very small child, at Bath or Tunbridge Wells—I can not exactly remember which. The little Princess Victoria was playing with her doll, and the lady in question happened to be in the same room with her, having been invited to visit some member of the Duchess of Kent's household. The doll, it appears, was naughty, and the young Princess, regarding it very solemnly, said, in the tones of an anxious parent, "If you don't behave well when you are little, you will grow up to be a very naughty princess, whom no one will love, and you will make every one sorry."

Nothing could be more characteristic of the little Princess's nature. From earliest childhood she seems to have appreciated the fact that she must grow up a "good Princess"—not a "naughty" one; that much was expected of her by the people, and that she must never make them "sorry"; and her careful manner in correcting the doll, whom you see she naturally regarded as a royal person-

age, seems to me suggestive of the careful training which in later years she gave her own children, instilling into their minds so much that was useful, and training them so carefully, that, apart from respecting her as the Queen, they one and all are said to regard her with the most loving tenderness as a parent and a friend.

With the Queen's grandchildren and great-grandchildren the young people of to-day will have most to do. Already they are a numerous family; several have been married; the royal nurseries in Berlin and Hesse have no longer any occupants, and the school-rooms are fast sending forth young men and women to take their part in the drama of the history of the world.

Germany has taken to herself most of the Queen's family, so that her grandchildren and great-grandchildren have a strong tinge of the German in their characters, temperaments, and, it is said, in their likes and dislikes; yet the English element is a very strong one, and the constant visits of the young people to England have done much toward making them feel themselves in part Anglo-Saxon.

Some of her Majesty's grandchildren are already married, and she is great-grandmamma to three little ones, two of whom are the sons of Prince William of Prussia (who will one day, it is hoped, be Emperor of Germany), while the other is the daughter of Princess Charlotte of Prussia and her husband, Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen. This latter great-granddaughter is the one who is the Queen's companion in the picture on page 393. Though so small a Princess, she has five Christian names—Feodore Victoria Augustine Marianne Marie.

Most royal personages are obliged to lead such formal and secluded lives that it is always interesting to know how they amuse themselves, and in what they resemble or are different from other people. I think most young people will like to know how the Queen and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren live; how they study and play and visit; whether they are as fond of "spending the day" with their older relations as other children are; and whether the usual "Christmas-box" from Windsor Castle comes hailed with the same delight which a present from an ordinary grandmamma in the every-day world would meet with.

Like many mothers who have disciplined their children very thoroughly, the Queen is said to be a most indulgent grandmother; and if her favorites are among those of the young people whom death has bereft of a parent, this is not to be wondered at; for the Queen, clinging closely to her own children, naturally feels most for those who have been left motherless or fatherless. It is natural, also, that her great-grandchildren should claim a certain amount of her attention and indulgence.

I have heard an amusing story connected with one of the birthdays in the royal family. It seems that the children of the Crown Princess of Prussia and of the Princess Christian (Helena of England) were discussing some fairy tales, and one of them remarked that she wished people could get presents nowadays in the way they used to in "fairy time." This being overheard, it was suggested to surprise the little maiden on her next birthday, and accordingly when the day dawned, and she had breakfasted with her parents, she was informed that the Queen of the Fairies wished to see her. Of course it was one of her cousins, dressed in costume, with a wand and other tokens of her office.

The child, entering into the spirit of the game, welcomed the Fairy Queen, who asked her what she would like for her birthday. A choice of gifts was made. When evening came, the real entertainment began. At one end of the room used for such festivities a stage had been erected, and there a fairy piece was acted, the Fairy Queen summoning one of her band after another to bestow the gifts, appropriate music accompanying each part. Queen Victoria

had, it is said, prepared this little entertainment for her grandchild, and very prettily it was carried out, offering, it seems to me, a charming suggestion for other households on holiday occasions.

The Queen's grandchildren refer to her quite as often as "the Queen" as "Grandmamma," and there is always a certain amount of formality observed in their manner when with her. But she is very fond of having them about her, and seems especially drawn toward the younger ones, perhaps living over again in these little lives the happy days of her own married life when the royal children at Windsor were young. Concerts, dialogues, etc., were often given by the young people at court, and were admirably carried out. Sometimes the young people were—and are—left very much to their own resources, and obliged to use their own pocket-money, so that a zest might be added to what they did.

Birthdays among the second generation in the Queen's family are very numerous, of course; but it is a well-known fact that the presents exchanged are often very simple and of home manufacture, the younger Princesses of Germany being quite noted for their skill in planning and making gifts in fancy-work of all descriptions. A lady told me that she once attended a fair for the wounded soldiers in Berlin, where the Queen's grandchildren had a stall. Turning over some of the articles, she hesitated about purchasing a needle-book, at last laying it down. The little Princess Marguerite had observed her closely, and at this moment exclaimed, in accents of genuine disappointment, "Oh! and I made it all myself!" Needless to say, the needle-book was purchased at once, and will always be kept as a souvenir.

I saw once at an English country house some very pretty specimens of the young Princesses' needle-work, and in the Queen's *Journals* and the *Lives* of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice we read constantly of the simple interchange of souvenirs which are more valuable in such households than in any other, since the very ability to purchase any article with money makes the thought and the care and the love woven into their own work for each other seem more precious.

All the Queen's grandchildren are trained to be attentive students, and the hours in the school-room have to be strictly kept. If play is encouraged, and exercises of all sorts at the same time, the hours for study are never interfered with except on special occasions when a holiday is allowed. In the family of the late Princess Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, the Queen's second daughter, everything was conducted on the simplest principle. The Princess made her children's clothes frequently, taught them many of their lessons, and generally overlooked their day's routine.

The Princess Victoria of Hesse, recently married, has long been one of the Queen's favorite grandchildren, perhaps because she was born in England, Easter-Sunday, April 5, 1863. The child from the very first hour of her birth seems to have been of special interest to the English people, and as the home life of her parents was, as I have said, very simple, she and her sisters and brothers have grown up charming young people, who interest all those who know them.

On May 24, Queen Victoria completes her sixty-sixth year, having been born in 1819. Among all her grandchildren, who will, with all the nation, honor her that day as a wise and virtuous sovereign and a mother whom they may call "blessed," the most prominent of course are the sons of the Prince of Wales, the young sailor lads who have returned from their long cruise in the ship *Bacchante*; yet perhaps dearest to the Queen's woman's heart is the little child of her beloved son Prince Leopold, the tiny Duke of Albany, who was born in January of this year, and whom some one at Windsor called the "snow-drop baby" of the court, so fair and delicate is he.

PLEASANT HOURS IN THE GARDEN.

BY GEORGE R. KNAPP.

II.



FOR years I have devoted a small space, about six feet square, to a bed of mixed flowers, which attracts attention, owing to its great variety of blossoms and its peculiar beauty. I procure one packet each (costing five cents a packet) of zinnia (youth and old age), a well-known annual, with large flowers of different colors, white, red, and scarlet being the best; lupin (sun-dials), with very pretty long blue spikes; collinsia, a beautiful plant with purple, blue, and white flowers; candytuft, hardy and pretty long-blooming plants, flowers crimson, purple, and lilac; petunia, the well-known flower of many colors; and the phlox and portulaca, before described. The seeds are sown in the bed without regard to regularity, and when in blossom the bed is beautiful almost beyond description.

We must not neglect to give the beautiful asters a prominent place in our flower garden; the *Convolvulus minor*, or dwarf morning glory, is also one of the finest hardy annuals. It is of a trailing or creeping habit, like the portulaca, and deserves a place in every garden. As nearly every one is acquainted with the climbing morning-glory, some idea may be formed from it of the beauty of the dwarf species. The flowers are of mixed colors, and the dwarf plant has the same peculiarity of closing in the afternoon as the climbing morning-glory has.

The clarkia is a very fine hardy annual of various colors and shapes; it is very desirable for early blooming, and thrives in a cool, shady situation. It is particularly recommended for planting in England, where the soil seems to just suit its nature. Already it is very popular there, and I trust my young readers in that country will plant a few seeds, as I am sure they will be delighted with it. Space will not permit me to do more than mention a few of the many beautiful flowers grown from seed planted in the garden: mignonette, pansy, calendula, or calendar-flower (of the marigold family), marigolds, and many others are easy of culture, and popular throughout the world.

Plants grown from seed in the open air require but little cultivation and management, and that of the most simple kind. The beds must be kept free from weeds and grass, the soil stirred occasionally to keep it moist and mellow. Regular watering, especially in the hot summer months, is beneficial, and should be done after sunset, or early in the morning. Should the plants appear sickly or of slow growth, they may be helped by an occasional watering with liquid manure, which, however, must be applied sparingly, or it will cause the plants to make a tall spindling growth, which is not desirable.

Among biennials and perennials we have many beautiful flowers, and, as before stated, some of them bloom the first season from seed. Unlike annuals, the majority of them bloom but a short time each season, yet so beautiful are the flowers when in full bloom that the cultivator enjoys them the more on account of their short duration. I find it a good plan to sow seeds of annuals every spring, and with the biennials and perennials I have a continuous bloom through the spring, summer, and autumn months. These kinds are not well adapted to beds on lawns, and should be sown in borders, straight lines, or in beds removed from annuals or other flowering plants. The soil is prepared and the seed planted as directed for annuals.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS (POMPONS) AND MARGUERITES.

The aquilegia (columbine) is one of the best of perennials; the flowers are of almost every imaginable color and of different forms; it blooms early in the spring, and is desirable on that account. It is probably best known by the name of wild honeysuckle. It grows wild in every temperate country in the world. Alyssum (gold-dust), a beautiful plant, growing to the height of ten inches, with small yellow flowers, is one of the best of perennials for massing in beds. *Asperula odorata* (Woodruff) is a pretty little plant growing wild in parts of Great Britain, though cultivated almost everywhere. It is one of the most fragrant of plants, very small in growth, with beautiful white flowers. Its wild state is much improved by cultivation, and I hope some of my young readers will try it.

A beautiful bed may be made by planting carnations. This flower is familiar to most of us, and its fragrance and its beautiful rose-shaped flower are delightful; some of the blossoms, with good care, will measure three inches in diameter. It is one of the easiest plants to cultivate, requiring but little attention beyond an occasional watering and stirring of the soil.

Primula is a beautiful plant, but will not do well with the beginner in this country, requiring a northern expos-

ure or a cold frame in order to succeed well; however, it is very popular in England, and is easily grown there. *Primula vulgaris* is the fragrant and beautiful English wild primrose. *Primula veris* is the well-known English cowslip. Young flower gardeners in America had better not try to cultivate this plant until they become familiar with the process of starting seed under glass.

The chrysanthemum is perhaps the most beautiful of all our autumn flowering plants, though unfortunately it is not entirely hardy much farther north than New York city. But it may be readily taken up on the approach of winter, set in pots, and removed to the house, where it will produce an abundance of beautiful flowers during November and December. Though the plant may be successfully grown from seed planted in the garden bed, for early bloom it is best to procure young plants, which may be bought very cheaply.

The average cost of flower seeds per packet is from five to ten cents, and twenty-five or fifty cents' worth of seed of the varieties I have named and described will furnish you with an abundance of bloom throughout the season, which will repay the grower a hundredfold for time and money spent.

The writer once saw a most beautiful sight near one of our principal watering-places. On the grounds of a gentleman well known for his love of the beautiful in nature were planted three beds of flowers: in the centre a large bed of portulacas, on one side a bed of phlox, and on the other side one of carnation-pinks, the centre bed being about thirty feet around, the others about twenty. They were kept in the best condition, and when in bloom drew attention from far and near. Visitors from the hotels flocked to see these beds of gorgeous blossoms. And, best of all, these beds were planned, planted, and kept in order by the little ten-year-old daughter of the owner, she doing all the work except the heavy labor of preparing the beds. It was pleasant to notice how the visitors passed by without notice beds of rare plants costing many dollars, and even neglecting the contents of the costly conservatories to admire these simple but beautiful flowers, the result of a little girl's loving care.

Many of the plants described may be transplanted from the beds where the seed has been sowed, and thus afford a larger display of plants. In sowing the seed, as I have said, thick, it is necessary to thin out the plants when partly grown, when those taken up may be transplanted into new beds with perfect safety, often, indeed, making the best plants. The roots of some plants are of a tuberous nature—that is, having knobs or tubers, like the potato—and such can not be transplanted.

The flowers I have described are not, as a rule, affected by diseases or insects, and they will remain in good condition and bloom freely if given the simple care required; without it, they will wither and die. So easy is the cultivation of these varieties that I hope every reader of YOUNG PEOPLE will make an effort to have at least one small bed of flowers the coming summer. I know from years of experience among flowers that no better friends, or playmates can be found, and association with them nourishes our love for the good and beautiful, making life more enjoyable and home happier.





FANCY AND FACT.

H! a shepherd and a shepherdess,
They dwelt in Arcadee,
And they were dressed in Watteau dress,
Most charming for to see.

They sat upon the dewy grass,
With buds and blossoms set,
And the shepherd played unto the lass
Upon a flageolet.

It seemed to me as though it was
A very pleasant thing,
Particularly so because
The time of year was spring.

But, oh! the ground was damp, and so
(At least I have been told)
The shepherd caught the lumbago,
The shepherdess a cold.

My darling child! the fact is
That the poets often sing
Of those joys which in the practice
Are another sort of thing.



etry. I have only one pet, and that is a doe rabbit. I read the letters in the Post-office box, and I like them very much. I have four brothers, and two sisters; my oldest brother is at college, and he is coming home at Easter. I like "Archie's Adventures" very much. HENRY C.

BOULDER, COLORADO.

My home is in a very pretty little city, surrounded on three sides by beautiful mountains and hills. The weather here is just what I like all the year round. We can hardly realize that we have had winter, although it has been so severe in almost every other place. Our principal amusement is skating as we have a large pond in the city, besides several lakes in and around the city. I have no pets, but I love my books dearly, and I have just read a number of the "Rolf House" and nine of Charles Dickens's stories and nearly all of Miss Alcott's. These two are my favorite authors. I have just finished *The Mill on the Floss*, and think it is a very beautiful story. I also love to draw, although I have never taken a lesson. In looking up an article on "Drawing from Nature," I found just what I wanted in one of the back numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I do not attend school now, but hope to resume my studies in the fall. M. E. (age thirteen).

A taste for good reading is one of the very best gifts which any one can possess.

Although I have written to you before, I hope my letter will be published. I have taken *YOUR PEOPLE* from its first number, and like every other young man in my town, I have a "Rolf House." I read the Post-office Box with much interest. I would like Edith M. Pye, who writes from Hamilton, Mount Lebanon, Syria, to send me an address or her brother Theodore. I see so many girls and boys writing about the New Orleans Exposition that I thought I would write you something about the North Carolina State Exposition, though that is passed. In the Albemarle Section exhibit was the smoke-stack of the *Albemarle*; it is studded with bullets and shells. In another exhibit were the relics of Marshal Ney, who, tradition asserts, was not executed, but came over to North Carolina and lived in Rowan County. Our county (Forsyth) exhibit took the prize. I have never been out of North Carolina, though I would like to take a trip to New York City, and I would like to see the city of Rome. I am content to stay at home, as I think ours is a delightful old State.

BOX 63, SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.

MOUNT PLEASANT INSTITUTE, PENNSYLVANIA.

My home is in Baltimore. I have lived there all my life, until this fall, when I came here to school. I am to stay until next June. Mount Pleasant is surrounded by coke ovens, and of course that makes it very dirty and smoky, which is quite different from my home. I was very anxious for spring to come, as the time will be getting shorter, and I can feel that I am nearer vacation. I like to have school stop, Mr. May's school and about Young People's Cot. BELLE T.

The Postmistress wishes we might all hear again from Aunt Edna, whose letters about Young People's Cot were so much appreciated by the little readers.

The gentleman who received this letter from a little friend only ten years old very kindly sent it to the Postmistress:

BERGEN POINT, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR MR. D.—Thanks ever so much for the "gator." He is too funny for anything—not much like Jules Verne's "Saurians," though. Such a commotion as there was when he arrived! You would not think so much noise could be caused by one little alligator. Mamma is reading *Facsimile*, and dubbed him "Gator" at once; for, as she says, they both liked to be surrounded by water, and had an absorbing way of welcoming their friends. He has a great many names besides that, however. Baby calls him "that elevator Berius"; Jessie, "the pollywog"; Ethel, "dear little Crook"; Alice, "baby Beery"; and the cook, "that slimy snake." We have a lot of fun with him. One of the children sits by the pan all the time, "so the p-o-l-l-y-w-o-g little won't be lonely," and if any one enters the room, there is immediately a cry of "P-h-a!" When Baby thinks it very strange he don't eat anything, and insists we are "starving" him; she wanted to give him a chop this morning, and was very indignant when she couldn't. He seems to know just when we are talking of him; if asleep, he immediately opens his eyes and winks at us, as to say, "I know what you are saying." He isn't very lively, but I guess that's because it's so cold. What weather for an alligator! I hope when it is so hot he will be all right, however, and when you come out to see us this summer you will find him lively and contented. NELLIE.

BOUNDSMOUTH, HANTS, ENGLAND.

Some young people who read and are fond of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE think that perhaps some

of their little friends may like to hear the account of some little patients' (once had in the Children's Hospital) great R., and beg me to write about "Little Minnie," whom they like the best.

"Little Minnie," as she was called, was nearly eleven years old, and quite an old and experienced F. Ward, which contained twelve tiny cots, and the same number of tiny chairs, and a wee table, just the right size of the little patients, who varied from two to five years old. Some of the older children were taken in the ward, but not often. Both of Minnie's hips were diseased, so she suffered from a great deal of pain, but she never complained of having to lie on her back so long. All the children were very, very fond of her, and one day, when a friend of Joe's, who was two years old, used to sit on the bed beside her, and like a playful kitten, unwind and reveal her wool and cotton that she worked with. Minnie was very clever at fancy work and could read beautifully. Some of the young people used to make scrap-books of colored linen or chintz, and paste pretty cards and pictures from old illustrated papers on them, and they pleased the children immensely. Minnie would help teach the dear little children their spelling and evening hymns. It was very amusing sometimes to see them crowding round the cot where Minnie lay, when she had had a box brought to her, for they knew there was a nice large sponge-cake inside, and one or two nice things, and good little Minnie used to share generously all round. After a few days of more than ordinary care, the dear child was moved, and taken into another ward, where the patients were older. But she did not linger many days; she said she knew she was never to live with Jesus, and would be free from pain; and she passed away, and the little sunbeam of the ward went to be happy in her heavenly home. I wish the readers will be interested in this little story, dear Postmistress, will you be good enough to put it in the Post-office Box for me, and I will be very glad to hear from you, as so many nice, pretty little letters written to you. I send my little sister your paper, she is so fond of it. E. A. B.

Many thanks for this letter, which you were very kind to write.

ROBINSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nine years old, I go to school. I study the Third Reader, arithmetic, writing, spelling, and geography. My mother gave me a present of this delightful paper. I am very much interested in "Rolf House." My father made me a present of a pair of roller skates; don't you think they were nice? K. H. G.

I hope you will meet with no accident on your fascinating skates, my dear.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My papa took me to New York one day last week, and we had a pleasant time. I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge in the car that was used to take the elevated road for Harlem Bridge. I was frightened when I saw how high I was looking out of the window. In the afternoon I spent my time at the Eden Musée. Ugh! how that was policeman frightened me as he stood at the box-office, and told the story of "Rolf House" and "Archie's Adventures." ESSIE W.

How charming it is for a little girl to go off on a journey with her papa! I am glad you had so delightful a time.

PORTLAND, NEW YORK.

We are two little girls, and live up here in the wilds of northern New York, where in the winter it is terribly cold, but where there is nice weather in the month of May. May is our favorite month here, as it is, indeed, through all the summer, and especially when the leaves are changing from green to crimson and yellow in October. We girls are not sisters, but are very close friends. We had a cat named Grover Cleveland, and it got lost, and so now we think Striped Beauty the dearest cat that ever was. VIOLET and PANSY.

COOPER'S PLAINS, NEW YORK.

I am seven years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years. I love to hear the stories and read the letters. I have a sister and brother, both younger than myself. Our grandpa died three years ago, and we went to live with grandpa and grandma. One year ago grandpa died, and we went to live with our father and mother. We do not go to school, but Cousin Annie teaches us at home. I have never written to you before, but hope you will print this. My love to all. HELEN M. C.

EXCHANGES.—I want to remind the young people that we can not accept exchanges which are written in pencil. Please write very plainly, and use black ink. Do not send them on the paper of a letter, but on a separate sheet, and always give the exchange a sheet of its own, with nothing else written upon it.

Be careful to write your exchange out definitely. I will give you an example:

Stamps, curiosities, and relics, for fossils, pressed ferns, and flower seeds. J. C. B. Arcadia, U.S.A.

In this case J. C. B. names in the first place what he has to dispose of, and in the second place, what he wishes to receive in return.

Never, for instance, say that you have stamps, fossils, and curiosities, for *offers*. The rules of the Exchange column will oblige the editor to omit it if you send it in this form. State as precisely as you can what particular things you prefer to obtain.

If you will read with care the notice from the Publishers, which appears every week, in connection with the Exchange columns, you will see that you are addressed to write for particulars in all cases to the address you may select, and wait for a reply before effecting an exchange.

Please be careful to write your post-office address in full—town, county, and State. Make your exchange as brief as possible.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CONCEALED FLOWERS.

One day, when the morning was down to zero, Seth asked me to go up in King's Grove with him. Father said: "No; it is too cold there for you boys now. Ball up this snow on the piazza; that will let her enouch." Seth was quiet. My name is David, but he always calls me Da-Da. He would say, "Da-Da, is your head level today?" Due to the fact that I was a future nurse. He said, "Make some. Get some pans, young Da-Da, and a little molasses; we will freeze some. But what is up?" I saw Emma ride old Elsie in a black bonnet and shawl. Is her old master dead? Tell the admiral the axe is ground. Strike the cymbal, Sam; we are going to march to the wood. I was a boy in the future nurse. I was ahead, my sister Anna next. "Be vigilant, Anna," said Seth, and you may see a snake. There's a cow! Slip and fall, and you can not see you. Sam Wilcox, com' your hair; don't you see girls coming?" "I see the spire and windows of a church. Where are we going?" Oh, we are all right. See that geat? I anticipate some fun. Sir, do you fancy clam entertainments?" "Do you mean clamchowder or bake, and where is it?" "It is a little bit in the future nurse yet," said Sam. "But I see there is plenty of sauce. None of yours, if you please. I would like to dream of a war, and I am so so thinny clad. Ah, ha! you are also a coward," as Seth jumped away from a savage-looking dog, Anna was terribly frightened, but the man smiled at her, and said, "I am a teacher by the name of Viamede don't bite." "Oh," said Seth, "I beg pardon; I was only joking. I see I made a mistake." K. H. G.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am unusual, and am composed of 13 letters. My 8, 5, 3, 1 is an index of time. My 13, 1, 5, 7 is a period of time. My 12, 11, 13 is an attribute of light. My 6, 7, 8, 1, 13 may be brought out of chaos. My 2, 7, 5, 1 is a kind of a teacher. My 3, 4, 5, 13 is an article of service. My 13, 6, 4, 1 is of olden time. My 1, 8, 9, 5, 6, 4 is a teacher by the pen. My 4, 1, 8, 9, 5, 6, 4 is a teacher by the voice. My 3, 5, 2, 1, 13, 9, 5, 10 is necessary, but unpleasant. My 8, 1, 2, 3, 1, 13, 9, 5, 10 is skill and cleverness. My 2, 1, 10, 9, 11 is a city in Ohio. My 1, 2, 9, 3, 10 is to go out. LESTER S. HALE.

No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Not gay. 3. A girl's name. 4. A place in the world. 5. A name of a flower. 2.—1. A letter. 2. A boy's name. 3. Something for measuring time. 4. A great luxury in summer. 5. A letter. CORA AND NELLY S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 283

No. 1.—Pussy-willow. Blue-bell.
No. 2.—Fire—fir. Polka—poik. Cane—can. Song—son. Boat—boa. Home—home. Crow—crow. Lace—lac. Baby—bab. Lichen—line.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Henry and Will Spencer, Maggie Purcell Spencer, Clara W. Williams, Mary and Lottie Sims, Arthur J. S., Theresa R. Hartwell, Frank Niel, Richard L. Johnson, Carrie M. New, Cockade Girl, Lenora V. May, Marjorie Green, Ellen James, Henry Thompson, John R. Thurston, Luella Greene, and Tom Kaspar.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2nd and 3rd pages of cover.]



ROBBED OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

FUR HOUSEKEEPERS IN FEATHER HOMES.

IT was very disappointing, no doubt, to the feathered housekeepers represented in the above picture, on their return from their winter holiday, to find the old homestead in possession of a family of squirrels, but folks who go far away on a jaunt should lock and bar their houses securely, or take the consequences.

An English gentleman relates that a cat belonging to a neighboring farmer attempted to raise her family of five kittens in an unused magpie's nest at the top of a lofty elm-tree. Things went on very well until the little ones began to feel that they would like to see something of the world. Then they ventured on the lofty bough of the tree, and being untaught to climb, they fell to the ground and perished.

One would have thought that the mother would be inconsolable for such a loss, especially as her devotion was such that she had almost stripped herself of fur for the purpose of lining the nest, making herself a pitiable object to behold. But no; she soon returned to her old home at the farm-house, and seemed to have entirely forgotten how she once kept house in an elm-tree, and the sad circumstances connected therewith.

GEOGRAPHY MADE EASY.

THOSE who have to study geography hardly give a thought to the people who have to make it. Indeed, to talk about "making" geography seems absurd. For are not the mountains now where they have been for ages? do not the rivers—most of them, at least—flow in their old courses? But who is it that gives a name to the river and to the mountain?

A very amusing story is told about some explorers whom the French government sent into the country of Kairuan, in Africa. They did not go for the hunting, nor for the renown that attends the fortunate discoverer. They went for the commonplace purpose of making a geography (with maps) of the country.

On their return they exhibited their maps, and when these were examined it was found that mountains and valleys, rivers

and ruins, were named "Ma' arisch." As, in fact, the greater number of names were this unmusical word, the explorers were questioned, and they declared that when they asked the natives, in Arabia, what is the name of that mountain of this river, the reply was nearly always, "Ma' arisch." Alas! the explorers' knowledge of Arabic was very small. They had learned how to ask a question, but they had not learned the Arabic for that common answer, "Don't know." So these mountains and rivers and ruins were all set down in the map with the interesting name "Don't Know"—"Don't Know Mountain," "Don't Know River," etc.

If this system of naming were only carried out to its full extent, how easy it would be to get a perfect geography lesson!

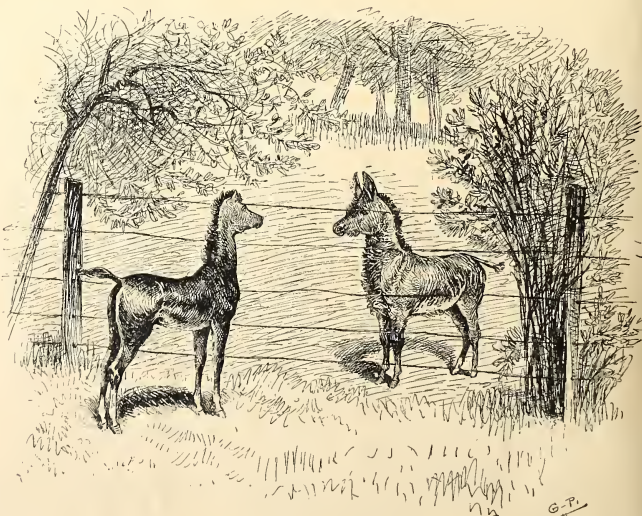
VERY TRUE.

BY M. E.

WHEN she heard the Dandelions and the Daisies were the fashion, The pale pink Rose to crimson turned, she was in such a passion. "Those common things! with nothing fine nor beautiful about them!

Why, I have always thought," she said, "the world could do without them."

"Proud Rose," a Daisy answer made, "though you're so high above us, The world does not agree with you, for many praise and love us. And with all due humility your greater charms confessing, I'll frankly say to have no thorns I think is quite a blessing."



DISTANT RELATIONS.

"Well, you are a queer little chappie, ain't you!—all ears and no legs."
"And you are the quaintest little fellow I ever met—all legs and no ears."

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 287.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1885.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



BEAUTIFUL EYES.—HEAD FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 402.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

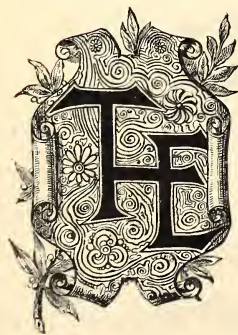
TULIPS, my dear, are a lofty race,
Wearing their honors with haughty grace,
Worth a king's ransom in days of old,
When glitter of jewel and glow of gold
Paled and dimmed at the brilliant eyes
Which likened the tulip to beautiful eyes.

You fancy the tulips a trifle prim,
Gayly arrayed, yet stiff and trim—
Not to be tempted to whim or freak,
Though flecked so richly in tint and streak.
Better, you think, is the errant vine,
Ready to clamber and twist and twine.

Let me whisper a secret in your ear
Before the tulips have time to hear.
Once, I am told, they were seen at court,
Were the fashion, too, though their reign was short.
Perhaps they copied the high-bred air
Of the dainty ladies who quenced it there
In the height of the stately minuet,
When the powdered wig and the patch were met,
When the squire bent low in a bow profound,
And the courtesying maiden swept the ground.

Beautiful eyes, the tulips say,
As I gaze in their painted cups to-day—
Beautiful eyes, where soft dreams dwell,
And witchery weaves its magic spell.
The satin petals are quick to fade,
But the bright eyes beam through sun and shade,
Wondrously winning, sweet, and mild
When they speak the soul of a darling child.

Oh, Kathie dear, with the silken hair,
The innocent brow so pure and fair,
With dimples forever at hide-and-seek
On the merry mouth and the nut-brown cheek,
You are sweeter far than the tulip flower,
Which still reminds of your peerless dower,
For, whether clouded or clear the skies,
There's always light in your beautiful eyes.



ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D",
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

FARQUHARS had decided quite unexpectedly to take up their abode for a few months at Rolf House, and one March afternoon Nan and Joan came back from an expedition into Beverley with the news that they had seen the family arrive: two or three van-loads of trunks and household belongings had

preceded the carriage from the house, and a hack from the depot containing the family, Bob and Betty hanging out of the windows of the hack, with their mischievous countenances full of interest and curiosity in all that they saw.

Jim Powers was also in attendance on one of the vans, and had recognized the two little Rolf's as they passed by, smiling sarcastically upon Nan, who felt herself trembling and coloring scarlet, as she walked by in dignified silence.

Nothing took any of the Beachcroft household into Beverley for some days after this, but David Travers brought news now and then, he having been "kept on"

with the old gardener at Beverley, who was very fond of him, and occasionally having to help at Rolf House, heard and saw more than he cared to tell.

Mrs. Farquhar carried out her intention of "renovating," and before two weeks had gone by the dear old rooms were completely altered: the things that had been so long and comfortably in use stowed away in the garret, and a great deal of expensive although gaudy-looking furniture substituted. Bob and Betty had ransacked the house from top to bottom, before they consented to settle down to anything like a regular life, and Nan would have shivered could she have seen them pulling open closet doors and drawers, sliding down the balusters, and hammering away in the stables and attic. A great longing for a look at the old place so possessed Nan that one day when in Beverley with Joan she persuaded her to walk in that direction, but the result was not what they had expected. Coming around the corner with quickened steps the two girls suddenly encountered Bob and Betty rushing at full speed after a cat they had given chase to from the stable-yard.

"Hello!" was Bob's greeting, and stopping short, he put his hands in his pockets and stared with the old vindictive glare at Nan. Joan returned Betty's glance with the most exasperating smile.

"How do you do?" she said, calmly. "You are the little girl and boy who visited us in College Street once, aren't you? I never shall forget it." And Joan rolled her eyes up as if the recollection was too much for words to express.

The "little girl and boy" looked decidedly angry.

"Guess you won't, Miss Joan Rolf," said Bob. "I remember it too; I never forget anything, as Nan here knows. I remember you shut me up in the coal cellar for a whole hour. I never paid you off, but I can *note*. So we've got your house, Miss Goody," the boy added, in a higher key, "and I tell you we're making a fine place of it. All the old traps are just carted out, and lots of new furniture and fixings all around."

He laughed with delight on seeing the effect of his intelligence upon Nan, but he had no idea that he could not have chosen a way of hurting her more. Tears sprang into her eyes. The dear old house all changed! Nan's was one of those deep warm natures loyal to all loving associations, and as true to the surroundings of a place she had been happy in as to the people who made her so. She had a passionate fondness for everything in Rolf House. Not a chair or a table could she have banished. And she well knew what the Farquhars could do, Bob's few words presented a picture which made her sick at heart.

How they got back into the horse-cars for Beachcroft she scarcely knew, so full of regret and pain was the poor child's heart, and once alone in her own room, she flung herself on her bed, crying as though her heart would break, and ejaculating with every fresh burst of weeping, "Oh, Aunt Letty! Aunt Letty! If *only* she could have left Rolf House in other hands!" But quiet came at last. Nan had to remember that there was a great deal to do here; that, after all, the little house was bright and cheerful. Phyll's voice from her room calling "Nan," startled her, and she bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair, glad of the soft spring twilight that hid her wee-begone looks from Phyllis.

The elder girl was sitting up, as usual, on her lounge; her lap was full of silks, the colors showing even in the dusk, and Nan saw that she had been hard at work.

"This cushion must be off to-morrow, Nan," she said.

"Do you think you can work a little on it this evening?"

Nan answered with unusual briskness, but Phyllis was quick to detect that she had been crying.

"Poor old girl," she said, drawing the little tear-stained face down to her and kissing it tenderly; "don't you sup-

pose I know all that troubles you? Never mind, Nan. Instead of doing for other people merely with money, you can do it now so much better with words and deeds."

Phyllis of late days had seemed to know just what to say to comfort Nan the soonest. She never reproached her little cousin, or seemed surprised that she sometimes found her heart very heavy, but contrived to put her back into a more hopeful frame of mind, and seemed to make duty a genuine pleasure.

By the time Laura came in with Phyl's lamp Nan was talking and laughing gayly over the package of work to be sent the next day to New York, their first "orders," and of which both the workers had good reason to be proud. Nan's brain had been busy devising novelties, or working out hints she had found in books on needle-work. Mrs. Apsley had driven over again from Beverley to "talk up" the class, and on the Wednesday following it was to begin, three pupils having been found in Beverley and two in Beachcroft.

Phyllis was secretly pleased by the thought that their arrangements might be perfected before Lance came home. If he saw things in such good working order, he would be less likely to interfere with the undertaking.

He was expected in about two weeks. How surprised the little party who, as usual, gathered together for an hour in Phyl's room that evening would have been could they have looked in at that moment upon the library at Brightwoods!

Two boys, tall for their sixteen and seventeen years, were standing near the fire-place. They had arrived in New York that morning, and in response to a letter received from Annie Vandort, were to stay all night at Brightwoods before going on to the new home at Beachcroft.

Two boys had wonderfully developed both lads, although in a different direction. Lance had grown brighter, keener, and more self-asserting. The lines of his handsome olive-tinted face, the gleam in his fine dark eyes, the ready smile which took away all sombreness in his expression, were little changed since his more boyish days; but travel and association with boys much older and more advanced than himself had made him manly in advance of his years. Philip seemed to have left behind him much of the rough independence of spirit and manner which had belonged to his life at home. Study and higher associations had developed him into a quiet, thoughtful lad, with rather shy manners, and in spite of his being very tall and well made for his years, his fair face, blue eyes, and curly rings of light hair were as boyish as ever, and it seemed hard to realize that for a whole year he had actually been ahead of Lance in study.

Philip, however, would not have allowed any one to comment upon this. In his eyes Lance Rolf was all that a hero could ever be.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE "KNIGHTS-ERRANT."

ANNIE VANDORT's motive had been a wise one in asking the boys to spend a night at Brightwoods before going home. She and her mother had talked it all over. Annie had told Mrs. Vandort all about the little household, the Emporium, and sketched the different members of the family party so graphically that Mrs. Vandort seemed to see them all before her, and she heartily approved of Annie's letter to Lance.

They had met both boys the year before in Paris, and Annie as well as her mother knew how Lance, with his free, careless belief in the "family" and the future, which he had inherited from his father, and his own quick sensitive pride, would suffer in the present condition of things.

"We can make it so much easier all around by seeing him here first," Annie had said, and Mrs. Vandort fully agreed with her. Therefore a letter from her had brought

them home two weeks earlier, and at Sandy Hook had come the invitation to Brightwoods.

The boys knew only vaguely of the changes at Beverley. Phyllis had insisted that the brightest side of the picture should be presented to the absent ones, yet a strong impression that things were not quite as comfortable as was represented had impressed Philip from the first, and his fears were communicated to Lance.

Annie, coming into the library as bright and cheerful as a May morning, seemed to give the young travellers new courage.

"Well," she said, shaking hands cordially with each, "here are our two knights-errant come back! How glad they will be to see you!"

Lance's dark cheek flushed. "I feel as if there was no time to be lost," he said, quickly; "but it was so good of you to ask us first to come here."

"Oh, of course," said Annie, gayly, "there was so much to tell you about. Now tea will be ready in a few moments, and my father likes us all to be prompt, so suppose you go to your room now, and later we'll have our talk?"

The boys were completely captivated by the kindness of their welcome; by sweet Annie's manner, her way of setting Philip at his ease as no one else ever had, of dispelling Lance's gloomy forebodings, and seeming to brighten the whole future. They followed her upstairs, and were ushered into the large luxurious room made ready for them, and once alone, both broke into praises of Miss Vandort.

"Did you ever see any one half as nice?" Lance exclaimed. Then he added, after an instant's reflection, "That's the sort of girl our Nan will be. And yet she thinks she's nobody because she isn't a great scholar."

The boys were very much brighter when they came down again, meeting Colonel and Mrs. Vandort, and thoroughly enjoying the evening meal, half dinner, half supper, during which conversation was made as pleasant as possible for them, young Dr. Barlow coming in before they left the table, and declaring himself well pleased to be among the first to welcome their return.

After tea Lance sat down with Mrs. Vandort and Annie at one end of the library. He was eager to hear an account of Beachcroft.

"You know how it is," he said. "We boys were just going on at school day after day, and they never told us much of anything in the letters from home. I had a sort of an idea that my father's affairs were getting pretty bad, but I didn't know anything definitely—"

Lance broke off suddenly, with a strained look about his eyes, which his listeners understood. Annie, carefully and with great tact told him the story of the accident; of the investigation into his father's affairs; of the conclusion, after most painstaking search, that Miss Rolf's last existing will was the one made fifteen years before, and which left everything to the Farquhars.

"But," said Lance, "she had always seemed to make it so clear that Nan was to be like her own child."

"I know," said Annie, "and we all think, and so does Mr. Jeness's partner, that she intended making a new will directly after she had bought that property at Ramstollora. Phyllis says that all the time Nan was in New York Miss Rolf had been planning a surprise for her. She intended buying a house and grounds at Ramstollora for a summer house for poor children. Nan had been so interested in the subscriptions for giving a few days or weeks country air to poor children that Miss Rolf thought nothing would please her more than the chance of establishing a permanent place of the kind. She had talked about her will, Mr. Jeness's partner said, and expressed her intention of settling it that day when they went down to look at the place she meant to buy. However, she had destroyed any previous will since she had made up her mind to make a new one."

"I suppose so," Lance said, rather dejectedly. But he



"NAN FLUNG HERSELF ON HER BED, CRYING AS THOUGH HER HEART WOULD BREAK."

brightened up when Annie told him how contented the Beachcroft party seemed, and how Dr. Rogers had decided that the very best thing for Phyllis was the sort of work she had undertaken.

"Don't you see," Annie explained, "if Phyl had nothing to occupy her mind, she would just grieve over the state of things, and make herself much worse. You don't know how lovely she is now, Lance. I declare she is a lesson for every one. And as for our little Nan—well, she is just a darling!"

"Nan!" said Lance; "I should think so. There never was any one just like Nan. She's so full of fun and high spirits, and yet she always has the sweetest temper about everything."

Annie laughed. "Just wait," she said. "You should see what a perfect surprise to every one Laura has been. She told me one day that she had never known what it was to be really happy before."

Philip had meanwhile been talking to Dr. Barlow. Lance was his theme. He told of his companion's successes at school, and how his whole heart was set on studying medicine.

"But of course," said Philip, "he can't make up his mind to anything now."

Dr. Barlow, however, was not so sure of this. He knew how anxious the Vandorts were to do anything they could to promote the Rolfs' interests, and before bedtime he had contrived to have a talk with Lance, which decided him to do all that he could to find the means whereby the boy could begin his medical studies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FERNS.

BY SOPHIA B. HERRICK.

OUT in the pleasant woods, where the shade is so thick that the sun can not manage to get through the leaves to dry up the moisture, the ferns love to grow; they delight in mossy dells and dripping rocks and gently rippling streams, and about such places you will be most likely to find them large and fine.

Did you ever notice the little fern leaf as it lifts its head above the grass? It comes up, all curled up, hugging it-

self up close to keep warm, it would seem. Pretty soon the coil begins to loosen, and the stem to straighten itself out, and the little leaves to unfold and stretch themselves in the sweet air and sunshine (Fig. 1.)

Every child and very nearly every grown person who roams the woods for wild flowers learn to love ferns: their fresh, bright, green and delicate leaves make up for the want of blossoms. Some of them drop and fade very quickly in water, but others stay fresh for a long time, and make a beautiful bouquet of themselves, or with bright autumn leaves. Nothing else that grows is so beautiful and natural when pressed as fern leaves; perhaps that is why every one is tempted to gather them.

Ferns, like the liverworts and mosses, do not bear flowers. Let us take any common fern and examine it. On the back of the leaf, if it is late enough in the season, you will find some patches which look like rust. On some leaves these splotches are spotted regularly over the leaf, or along lines; on others they form a lace-like pattern; on others, again, they are dotted around the edge, as in the maiden-hair fern (Fig. 2). When you look closely at this rust it looks like a sort of powder, but the minute you put it under a magnifying-glass you see how curious it is. Every grain of the dust is a little roundish case full of brown specks. The cases are sacs to hold the spores. These spores, you remember, are a kind of seed, each one capable of producing a new plant. Nearly surrounding the sac is what looks like a necklace of clear beads; these beads are really a row of thick small cells that draw together as the whole case dries, and finally split open the case and let the spores free (Fig. 3 b).

Different ferns have various kinds of spore cases; almost all of them grow in some sort of a pocket. Some fern leaves have shallow pockets on each side of the middle vein or stem that runs through the leaf; others have their edges doubled over to form the pockets. The maiden-hair fern has, as you know, beautiful polished black stems, and shield-shaped leaves. In each scallop at the top of the leaf is a pocket full of spore cases, which looks, to your naked eye, like an ornamental dot to improve the appearance of the leaf.

If you happen to have any of the creeping Hartford fern, which is used so much for decoration, examine it, and you will see that it has all along the stem large leaves with



FIG. 1.—YOUNG FERN LEAF UNCOILING

ocratic members of society in the vegetable world: they are classed with mosses and liverworts and other flowerless plants. But in their own class they stand highest; they are the first, numbering from the lowest upward, which have real roots, roots with a root-cap, and the curious air-vessels running through them, such as we saw in the corn. Some of these air-vessels are wonderfully beautiful.

Did you never notice when you broke a tough green juicy stem of a plant, how some threads seemed to break hardest, and hung out of the broken end of the stem as if they had been stretched longer than the rest of it. These strings are the air-vessels: I would like to show you how beautiful they are when we look at them through a microscope. These fibres help to

no spots on the back, but at the end of each branch are a number of small and slender leaves; turn these over, and you will find the whole leaf covered with the rusty powder. Such ferns as these are sometimes called incorrectly flowering ferns. Correctly speaking, they have two kinds of leaves—one which bears and one which does not bear spores. The flowering plants belong to a higher class of vegetable life.

The fern family are not very aris-

FIG. 2.
LEAF WITH POCKETS;
SPORE CASES ON BACK.

strengthen the plant, as your muscles do your body, and they are at the same time air-passages, muscles, and lungs in one. Every leaf and stem and root in all the plants that have flowers or fruit, in all the forest trees—in fact, in every plant higher (not in size, but in kind) than the mosses—is full of these wonderful and beautiful air-vessels.

Since I can not show you the vessels themselves, I will do the best

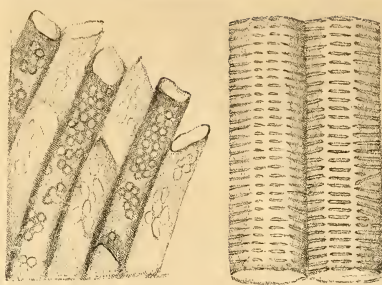
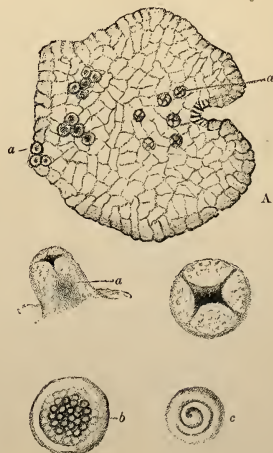


FIG. 4.—AIR VESSELS (MAGNIFIED).

I can, and show the likeness of a bundle of them taken out of a fern leaf some time ago and put under the microscope (Fig. 4). Is not it wonderful that so much beauty should be hidden away in every leaf and stem and blade of grass where no one ever suspected it, until of late years men have found it?

Now let us take one of these tiny spores and drop it on the damp earth and see what happens. The spore swells with soaking up the water, one side cracks open, and after a while a little bit of a white head, something like the end of a white worm, pushes itself out. As this grows it sets up partition walls, making new cells on every side, till finally we have a little thin, flat, pale green leaf lying close against the ground (Fig. 5, A). It holds to the ground, and sucks its moisture by thread-like root hairs growing from the lower side. On the upper side, after a while, little knobs begin to show, dotting the leaf irregularly. Under the magnifying-glass these dots are seen to be of two kinds. One kind has within it a round body (Fig. 5, a), the ovule; the other, a number of little whip-cases, such as the mosses and liverworts have (Fig. 5, b). This leaf, with these tiny knobs, are all the fern has in place of flowers. The ovule is like those inside and beneath the pistil of a geranium or pansy, the whip-cases are the stamens, and the whips are the pollen of this poor little make-shift of a flower.

When the ovule is ripe and the whips completely grown, the knob opens; the opening above the ovule (Fig. 5, a) is filled with mucilage, which catches any of the unwary little whips (Fig. 5, c) lashing about in the water where the leaf is growing. A partnership is formed between the whip and an ovule, and together they grow into a true seed. This seed then acts like any other seed, sprouts, sends out leaves and roots, and we have a fern plant. In ordinary plants

FIG. 5.—a, FIRST LEAF, WITH OVULE CASES;
b, WHIP CASES; c, WHIPS.FIG. 3.—a, SPORE CASE AND SPORES;
b, SPORE CASE SPLIT OPEN.

the roots and stems and leaves grow first, and then comes the flower which bears the seed. In the mosses and ferns the part that stands in the place of a flower grows all by itself and produces its seed; this then grows into a plant, and bears spores, which are rather like tiny slips or buds from the plant than like seed. These, in their turn, produce the little "first leaf," and so it goes on, two distinct and separate growths being necessary to fill out the whole life of every single plant of the fern family.

A GOOD WORD FOR RATTLESNAKES.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"BUT of all *mean* things, I think the meanest is a rattlesnake."

"Do you?"

The boys had been telling each other splendid bear stories, and from those had wandered on into stories about all sorts of animals, till Horace wound up with this criticism on snakes. It was Uncle James who came in quietly and said, "Do you?" in that very quiet tone which the boys knew meant that he did not agree with them.

"Why, Uncle Jim, you don't like rattlesnakes, do you?"

"No," said Uncle Jim, slowly, throwing himself into an arm-chair by the fire, and knocking the ashes from his cigar; "I can't say I am especially fond of rattlesnakes; but you must give everybody his due. And, after all, you know, the rattlesnake is a gentleman."

"Why, Uncle Jim! have you forgotten how near Johnnie was to a rattlesnake once, and how mamma fainted away when she heard it, and how papa hurried out to kill it?"

"No," said Uncle Jim, composedly; "I haven't forgotten how near Johnnie was to the snake; but the rest of you seem to have forgotten how easily he got away from it."

The boys looked at each other silently.

"But that," explained Rob, who was the eldest, and therefore the most logical, "was because Johnnie was so brave and quiet and self-possessed, and didn't scream or poke at the snake, but just crept quietly past him. You said so yourself, Uncle Jim."

"Yes, it was because Johnnie was so self-possessed. But would any of your royal tigers or noble lions or splendid bears have waited quietly to see whether Johnnie was going to be self-possessed or not? I don't believe any of them would have let a little boy creep within a foot of his nose, and waited just to see whether he was going to poke at them first. But the rattlesnake just coiled himself up and waited. Johnnie didn't poke, and so the snake didn't strike. I acknowledge that he is a very sensitive gentleman, and if his honor had been touched—a rattlesnake's honor is his skin, you know—he would have struck back pretty hard without stopping to think whether you meant to hit him. He wouldn't let himself be trampled on, that is very certain. But then neither would you nor I."

Again the boys looked at each other silently.

"Would you like to hear a story about a rattlesnake?"

"Of course we would."

"If it is a true story," added the logical Robert.

"I can't vouch for its being true; but it was told to me as true, and it is not an impossible story. A gentleman out hunting had just raised his gun to his shoulder when he heard a snake's rattle behind him. He waited just a second, he was so anxious to secure his game; but he heard the snake rattle again, and thought it best to step aside. There was the snake, a little distance behind him, coiled and waiting. The man had been in its path. As soon as it saw that he had heard its warning, and stepped politely aside, the snake slowly uncoiled, and glided past him on its way. And the gentleman came, whenever he tells the

story, that he never felt so mean in his life as when he lifted his gun again and shot that snake in the back."

"I should think he would!" exclaimed the boys, indignantly, their sympathies now all enlisted on the other side.

"But, Uncle Jim," said the logical Rob, "wouldn't you have shot him? If you saw a rattlesnake anywhere, even if he wasn't doing anybody any harm, wouldn't you kill him?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that isn't the way you treat a gentleman."

Uncle Jim smiled. "That is true, Rob. Perhaps I should not have said that the rattlesnake is a gentleman, but only that he is more gentlemanly than a lion, or a tiger, or a bear, or a skunk. He is a little too sensitive about his honor, of course. A true gentleman will wait to see whether you meant to strike him before he strikes back. But he never begins an attack; he never runs after you; he can only jump his own length, and he is not very long, and he can't jump at all till he has waited to coil himself all up in a ball. He has very little chance with a man who can walk and throw stones, and he will never take what little chance he has without giving you warning with his rattles that he is going to strike if he can."

"Then why are people so afraid of rattlesnakes, Uncle Jim?"

"Because if they do strike, their poison is so likely to prove fatal, and there is always danger, of course, that you will step upon one in the long grass without seeing him—an insult which the rattlesnake never forgives, however little you may have intended it. But if you are only a foot away from him when you see him, you are safe. Step back a little and you have nothing to fear. I read once in a book of adventure of a man who climbed a tree to escape from a rattlesnake, and had to stay there all night. It was a very effective story, but he was a very foolish man."

"I should think he was!" laughed the boys.

"Oh, you laugh now; but half an hour ago I think very likely some of you boys might have been climbing trees to escape rattlesnakes. All you need really do, if you haven't already offended the snake, when you see him, is to walk quietly down the road, though you had better stop and kill him first. He won't kill you. Don't you remember that Johnnie hadn't space enough to walk away in? that he had to crawl? and still the snake did not touch him."

That night when papa came home, he did not know what to make at first of the chorus of boys that greeted him: "Oh, papa, didn't you feel real mean when you killed that splendid snake that was so kind to Johnnie?"

TOM'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIE," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

I.

"IT'S no use, boys; I can't stand it any longer," and Tom Gibson leaned against the fence in front of four of his most intimate friends, assuming such an attitude as he believed should be taken by a very badly abused boy.

"What is it now?" asked little Dwight Holden, in a very unsympathetic tone, much as if he did not believe Tom's troubles to be so very severe.

"It's the same thing every day, till I'm all worn out," and Tom wiped his dry eyes with his jacket sleeve, more to show how heavy his heart was than from any necessity. "I have to 'tend that ugly baby every time when there's a good case of ball or Igny going on; and if it does

happen that I get out for a day's fun, I have to lug wood an' water after I get home till my arms are just ready to drop off. But I'm through now, an' that's all there is to it."

"What 'll you do?" and Kirk Masters continued to eat a very small and very green apple in a way that showed how much more intent he was upon his limited feast than upon his friend's wrongs.

"I know what I *can* do," said Tom, with a shake of his head that was intended should convey the idea of great mystery, and in this attempt he was remarkably successful. His friends had heard of his troubles before, and it was an old story; but the fact that he had formed some plan which he intended should be kept a secret was sufficient to arouse all their curiosity. Dwight was as eager as he had been apathetic, Kirk's apple seemed suddenly to have lost its flavor, and the entire group of boys gathered around Tom very closely, as if fearful lest they should lose some portion of the wonderful secret they were certain he was about to tell them.

"I am not sure that I dare to tell you," said Tom, in a mysterious whisper, and the boys knew at once that he was ready to tell them all. "You see, if my folks should know what I'm going to do, that would spoil everything."

"But what *are* you going to do?" persisted Kirk, whose interest in his apple was now wholly gone.

"Promise that you won't ever tell."

In an instant every boy had vowed that he would keep the secret, and after assuring himself that there was no other person near who might hear him, Tom began,

"I'm going to run away."

The little circle of listeners gazed at the bold boy in almost breathless astonishment, and Tom, fully enjoying the sensation he had caused, continued his story after first pausing sufficiently long to note the effect which his announcement had upon his hearers.

"Yes, I'm going, and you just better believe that I'll go so far away that nobody 'll ever find me. I've stood this working around home just as long as I can, and I'll show my folks what it is to treat a boy the way they've treated me."

"But where are you going, Tom?"

"That part of it I'm not going to tell," said Tom, with a decided shake of the head, preferring to seem cruel rather than confess that he had no idea as to where he should go to escape the tyranny of his parents. "I'll leave here some night, hide under the bridge at Rankin's brook till morning, and then go to some place where none of the folks around here will ever find me."

"But what makes you hide under Rankin's bridge all night?" asked Dwight Holden, curiously.

"So's I'll be all ready to start just as soon's it's daylight, of course."

"I don't see what you want to do that for," persisted Dwight. "You could sleep at home all night, and then start from there as early as you wanted to. Nobody would think of stopping you, for they'd believe you were just going to the pasture."

Tom was puzzled, just for an instant, as to how he should answer the question, and then realizing that it would never do for a boy who was about to run away from home to confess that he did not fully understand his own plans, he answered, with a great show of dignity:

"Don't you bother. I think I know what I'm about. I've got to sleep under Rankin's bridge the night I run away, or else the thing wouldn't work."

The vagueness of the plan gave it a greater charm in the eyes of Tom's friends. If it had been a simple scheme of running away, and they had understood it in all its details, it would have seemed dull and commonplace compared to what it was when it was so essential that Tom should sleep under the bridge the night previous to his leaving home forever.

Tom Gibson thoroughly enjoyed the sensation he was causing, and was by no means disposed to leave his friends before whom he was posing as a hero. He did his best to be mysterious both in speech and action, and would have continued to throw out vague hints as to his plan all the afternoon had not one of his oppressors—his mother—called him into the house to perform some one of the many tasks which he believed was wearing his young life away.

It is quite possible, if the whole truth could be known, that Tom had not fully made up his mind to run away from his comfortable home when he first broached the subject to his friends; but they had looked upon him as such a hero from the first moment he mentioned it that he decided it was necessary for him to go.

"I'll keep on doing what she tells me to, so that folks will see how hard I have to work," he muttered to himself, as he left the boys and went toward the house, "and then when I'm off so far that nobody knows where I am, mother 'll be sorry she made me work so hard."

As a matter of course, whenever Tom's friends met him after he had announced his determination of leaving home, they made inquiries as to the carrying out of his plan, and this was so pleasant to the dissatisfied and abused young man that he put off taking the final step as long as possible. In fact, he delayed so long that Dwight Holden plainly said one day that he did not believe Tom had ever intended to run away, but that he had said so simply for the purpose of "making himself look big."

From that day he set about making his preparations for departure in earnest, telling his friends that on the following Tuesday he would disappear, never to be seen in Sedgwick again, unless he should decide, many years later, to come back as a wealthy gentleman, to see how much the town had suffered by his absence.

Since he would be obliged to walk a good portion of the distance to the place where his fortune was to be made, he was forced to leave out of the bundle he was making up many of his valuables because of their size and weight. A toy engine, a glass pen and holder, two rubber balls, a large collection of marbles (agates and alleys), a folding kite frame, three odd skates, a loadstone, and two mouth harmonicas made up the list of treasures that could be carried, and these were carefully packed in an old army blanket. He had saved cookies, gingerbread, and choice pieces of pie until he had as much as he believed would suffice as food for a week, and this he intended to carry in a paper parcel in his hand.

Every arrangement had been made. The day Tom had set for his departure came so quickly that it seemed as if there must have been some mistake in the almanac, and two or three days had been lost. Tom met his friends, acted the part of a hero before them until it was so late that each one had been obliged to go home, and then he, having bidden each one in turn a solemn good-by, was compelled to carry out the plan he had laid.

It is certain that at the moment his friends left him Tom was thoroughly sorry he had ever said anything about running away. He had suddenly come to understand what it was to be alone, and he by no means fancied the sensation. At that moment his troubles which were obliging him to leave home did not seem to be nearly so great as they had been a few days before; his home had never appeared so cheerful as now when he was leaving it, and he actually began to hope that some insurmountable obstacle would occur to prevent his running away.

The tears filled his eyes as he crept softly up the back stairs, wishing so much that he could kiss his mother and sister good-by, wishing that he had never thought of going, but fully believing that it would be unmanly not to do so, and that his school-mates would laugh at him if he should abandon the scheme before he had even attempted to carry it into execution.



"THE FRONT DOOR WAS OPENED, AND HE SAW HIS MOTHER."

He hoped the stairs would creak so loudly that his mother would come to see what the matter was, and discover him leaving the house with his bundles; but when he came down there was hardly a sound. He was out of the house without, apparently, having been discovered, and his heart was very heavy as he walked slowly around the yard to the gate, with a long, lonely journey before him, and with no idea as to where would be the end.

He had opened the gate, and was taking a farewell look at the house, when, to his great delight, the front door was opened, and he saw his mother. He would surely be called back now, he thought, and his friends could not accuse him of having been afraid to carry out his plans.

"So you are really going to run away, are you, Tommy?" said his mother, who did not appear in the least surprised by his intended departure.

"Yes'm," replied Tom, in a *very* low tone, feeling foolish, and at the same time wondering whether his secret had been betrayed by his friends.

"Well," continued Mrs. Gibson, speaking in a matter-of-fact way, and as if the subject was an indifferent one to her, "if you feel that you must go, I see no reason why you should not have left the house in the daytime: but

of course you know best. I noticed that you did not pack any of your clothes, so I put the most of them in this satchel, which I think you will find more convenient than that bundle."

Tom didn't want to accept the satchel his mother held out to him; but there seemed to be no other course to pursue, and he took it, feeling as he did so that if his mother had loved him very dearly, she would have boxed his ears severely, ordering him at the same time to come back into the house.

"Your father said he heard that Captain Harrison was ready to sail, and knowing that you have decided to sleep under Rankin's bridge, we concluded that you were going with him, since the vessel is in the river just below there."

Tommy's heart was so full that he could not speak. Instead of being told to come into the house and behave himself, as he would have been only too glad to do, here was his mother actually helping him to run away, and talking as if she thought it was the best course he could pursue.

"I suppose you are in a hurry, Tommy," said Mrs. Gibson, kindly, "so I won't detain you. We shall be glad to see you if you should conclude to come back here. Good-by. I hope you will enjoy yourself better than you ever could at home."

The door was closed, and the almost broken-hearted runaway could do no less than continue his flight, out of which all the romance had been taken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "YOUNG PEOPLE" HUNT CLUB ORGANIZE AN ARTILLERY COMPANY.



JACKKNIFE TOYS.

BY C. W. MILLER.

A WOODEN WINDMILL.

AMONG the most pleasing toys made with the jack-knife is the wooden windmill. Every boy wants to make machines that will "work," and none is more desirable and satisfactory than this.

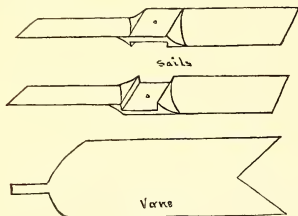
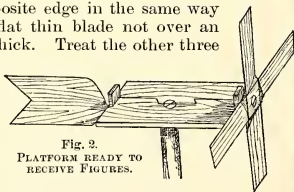


FIG. 1.

to form a Greek cross. Each arm will be five and a quarter inches long and an inch and a half wide (Fig. 1). Next, to make the sails, take one of the pieces and cut down one edge of the arm until you have a smooth flat surface slanting from the upper edge on the left-hand side to the lower edge on the right-hand side. Turn the arm over and cut off the opposite edge in the same way until you have a flat thin blade not over an eighth of an inch thick. Treat the other three

FIG. 2.
PLATFORM READY TO
RECEIVE FIGURES.

arms in a similar manner, and be careful to have them all slant in the same direction, so that when the wind strikes against them they will all tend to turn the wheel the same way. The finished parts are shown in the diagram, so that you will have no trouble in making them correctly. Then put the cross together, and bore a small hole exactly in the centre. Take a piece of half-inch board six inches wide, twelve inches long, for the platform to hold the workers (Fig. 2). At each end screw a small block firmly in position to support the shaft. For the shaft take a piece of stout wire fifteen inches long and bend it into the shape shown in the diagram of the whole. Bore a hole in each block for the shaft, and put it in place; one end should be filed flat and wedged firmly into the

hole in the cross. To prevent the shaft slipping, bend the other end down, or, better yet, get a washer which will just slip over, and then pound the end of the shaft until the washer can not get off. To keep the mill headed to the wind, cut a vane from a thin board and fasten it to the under part of the platform. The diagram shows the mill, shaft, vane, etc., all ready to receive the figures (Fig. 3).

For the figures, get some old cigar boxes and take them to pieces. Whittle out the parts of the chopper, as shown in the diagram, making two bodies and one each of arms and legs. Bore the holes for the pivots, and then put the figure together, being careful that it works easily. To make the figure bend properly, take off one side of the body, put it in the position it should have when the axe strikes the wood, and drive a pin just behind the tongue which projects from the top of its legs, to prevent the body from bending too far forward. Place the figure with the axe raised, and drive a pin just in front of the tongue. These two pins



FIG. 4.—CHOPPER.

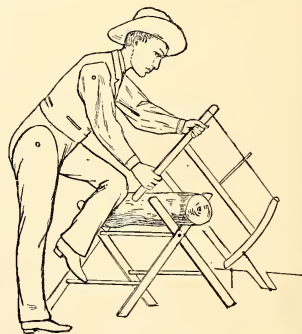


FIG. 5.—SAWYER.

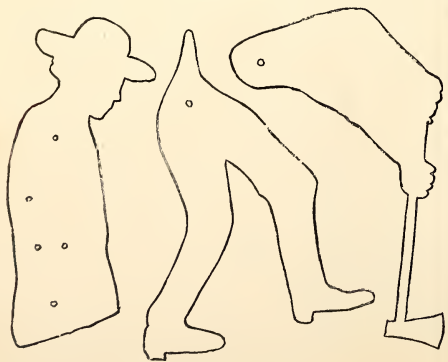


FIG. 3.—PARTS OF CHOPPER.

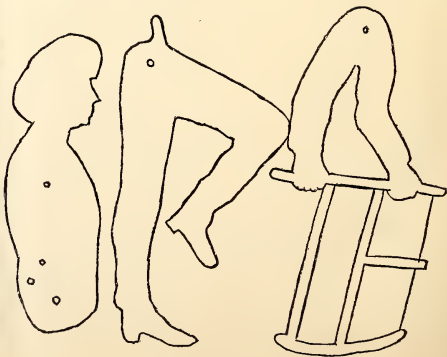


FIG. 6.—PARTS OF SAWYER.

limit its movement at the hips, so that it can not double into a heap, when it strikes a blow, like Grandfather Smallweed.

To finish the chopper, round off the edges of the body, paint it if you like, and fasten it upright to the platform with a piece of wood in front, on which the axe will chop. To connect it to the power take a piece of wire and twist one end around the crank of the shaft so that it can work easily. Then fasten the other end to the arm. This is a nice operation, for if the wire is too close to the shoulder it will strike too far, breaking the axe against the block; if the wire is too far from the shoulder, the axe will not come near the block. By holding the wire against different parts of the arm, and turning the crank, you will discover the place to fasten it. Bore a hole at that point, twist in the wire, and the chopper will be finished (Fig. 4).

For the sawyer (Fig. 5), whittle out the figures (Fig. 6)

as described for the chopper. Put it together, and arrange the movements with pins as in the other case. Then make a small saw-buck holding a stick of wood, upon which the saw will run. Make a wire pitman as before, only in this case no especial adjustment is required, for it makes no difference if the saw moves a little more or a little less.

The windmill may be arranged as a simple weather vane by fastening the cross directly to the guiding vane, and placing the whole on top of a pole. In either case it is important to have the whole contrivance evenly balanced on its turning pivot, so that the vane can swing it around easily. This is accomplished by finishing all the figures, fixing them firmly in their places, and then balancing the whole machine on the top of the pole, moving it around until it stands level. Then bore the hole for the central pivot just over the end of the pole, and the mill will turn easily.



Farmer Griggs's Boggart

BY HOWARD PYLE.



DID you ever hear of a boggart? No? Then I will tell you. A boggart is a small imp that lives in a man's house unseen by any one, doing a little good and much harm. This imp was called a boggart in the old times; now we call such by other names—ill-temper, meanness, uncharitableness, and the like. Even now, they say, you may find a boggart in some houses.

Rap! tap! tap! came a knock at the door.

The wind was piping Jack Frost's, for the time was winter, and it blew from the north. The snow lay all over the ground like soft feathers, and the hay-ricks looked as though each one wore a dunce-cap, like the dull boy in Dame Weeks's school over by the green. The icicles hung down by the thatch, and the little birds crouched shivering in the bare and leafless hedge-rows.

But inside the farm-house all was warm and pleasant; the great logs snapped and crackled and roared in the wide chimney-place, throwing red light up and down the walls, so that the dark night only looked in through the latticed windows. Farmer Griggs sat warming his knees at the blaze, smoking his pipe in great comfort, whilst his crock of ale warmed in the hot ashes.

Dame Griggs's spinning-wheel went hum-m-m-m! hum-m-m-m-m! like a whole hiveful of bees, the cat purred in the warmth, the dog basked in the blaze, and little red sparks danced about the dishes standing all along in a row on the dresser.

But rap! tap! tap! came a knock at the door.

Then Farmer Griggs took his pipe from out his mouth.

"Did 'ee hear 'un, dame?" said he. "Zooks, now, there be somebody outside the door."

"Well, then, thou gert oaf, why don't 'ee let 'un in?" said Dame Griggs.

"Look 'ee, now," said Georgie Griggs to himself, "sure women be of quicker wits than men." So he opened the door.

"Will you let me in out of the cold, Georgie Griggs?" piped a small voice. Farmer Griggs looked down, and saw a little wight no taller than his knee standing in the snow on the door-step. His face was as brown as a berry, and he looked up at the farmer with great eyes as black as those of a toad.

"Who be 'ee, little man?" said Farmer Griggs.

"I'm a boggart, at your service."

"Na, na," said Farmer Griggs, "thee's at na sarvice o' mine. I'll give na room in my house to the likes o' thee;" and he made as though he would have shut the door in the face of the little urchin.

"But listen, Georgie Griggs," said the boggart. "I will do you a good service."

"What sarvice will 'ee do me, then?" said he.

"I'll tend your fires," said the manikin, "I'll bake your bread, I'll wash your dishes, I'll scour your pans, I'll scrub your floors, I'll brew your beer, I'll roast your meat, I'll boil your water, I'll stuff your sausages, I'll skim your milk, I'll make your butter, I'll press your cheese, I'll pluck your geese, I'll spin your thread, I'll knit your stockings, I'll mend your clothes, and do all of the work in your house."

Then Farmer Griggs listened a little longer without shutting the door, and so did Dame Griggs. "What's thy name, boggart?" said he.

"Hardlist," said the boggart; and he came a little farther in at the door, for he saw that Farmer Griggs had a mind to let him in all of the way.

"I don't know," said Georgie Griggs, scratching his head doubtfully; "it's an ill thing lettin' mischief intell the house. Thee's better outside, I doubt."

"Shut the door, Georgie," called out Dame Griggs.

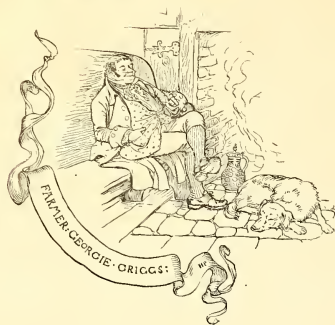
"Thou'rt lettin' the cold air intell th' room."

Then Farmer Griggs shut the door, and the boggart was on the inside.

The boggart came straightway over to the warm fire, and the dog growled "Chur-r-r-r!" and showed his teeth, and the cat spit anger and jumped up on the dresser, with her back arched and her tail on end.

Now imps like this boggart can only be seen as the frost is seen—when it is cold. So, as he grew warmer and warmer, he grew thin, like a jelly-fish, and, at last, when he had become warmed through, Farmer Griggs and the dame could see him no more than thin air.

But he was in the house, and he said there, I can tell



you. For a time everything went as smooth as cream; all of the work of the house was done as though by magic, for the boggart did all that he had promised: he made the fires, he baked the bread, he washed the dishes, he scoured the pans, he scrubbed the floors, he brewed the beer, he roasted the meat, he was everywhere, and did all of the work of the house. When Farmer Griggs saw these things done, and so deftly, he rubbed his hands and chuckled to himself. But after a time the boggart began to show his pranks. The first thing that he did was to scrape the farmer's butter so that it was light of weight, and all of the people of the market-town hooted at him for giving less than he sold. Then he skimmed the children's milk, so that they had nothing but poor watery stuff to pour over their pottage of a morning. He took the milk from the cat, so that it was like to starve; he even pilfered the bones and scrapings of the dishes from the poor house dog, as though he was a very magpie. He blew out the rush-lights so that they were all in the dark after sunset; he made the fires burn cold, and played a hundred and forty other impish tricks of the like kind. As for the poor little children, they were always crying and complaining that the boggart did this and the boggart did that, that he scraped the butter from their bread and pulled the coverlets off of them at night.

Still the boggart did his work well, and so Farmer Griggs put up with his evil ways as long as he could. At last the time came when he could bear it no longer.

"Look 'ee, now, Mally," said he to his dame, "it's all



along o' thee that this trouble's come intull th' house. I'd never let the boggart in with my own good-will!"

"I bade thee do naught but shut the door," answered Dame Griggs.

"Ay, it's easy enough to shut the door after the trouble's come in."

"Then turn it out again."

"Turn 'un out! Odd's bodkins, that's woman's wit! Dost 'ee not see that there's no turnin' o' 'un out? Na, na; there's nothing to do but to go out ourselves."

Yes; there was nothing else to be done. Go they must, if they would be rid of the boggart. So one fine bright day in the blessed spring-time they packed all of their belongings into a great wain, or cart, and set off to find them a new home.

Now, as they came to the bottom of Shooter's Hill, whom should they meet but their good neighbor and gossip Jerry Jinks. "So, Georgie," said he, "you're leavin' th' ould house at last?"

"High, Jerry," quoth Georgie; "we were forced tull it, neighbor, for that black boggart torments us so that there was no rest night nor day for it. The poor bairn's stomachs



are empty, and the good dame's nigh dead for it. So off we go. Like th' fieldfares in th' autumn, we're flittin', we're flittin'!"

Now on the wain was a tall upright churn, and as soon as Georgie had ended his speech, the lid of the churn began to clipper-clapper, and who should speak out of it but the boggart himself. "Ay, Jerry," said he, "we're a-flittin', we're a-flittin', man! Good-day to ye, neighbor; good-day to ye. Come and see us some time."

"High!" cried Georgie Griggs; "art thou there, thou black imp? Then we'll all just go back tull th' ould house, for sure it's better to bear trouble there than in a new place."

So back they went again, boggart and all.

By this you may see, my dear, if you warm an imp by your fire, he will soon turn the whole house topsy-turvy. Likewise, one can not get rid of a boggart by going from here to there, for it is sure to be in the cart with the household things.

But how did Georgie Griggs get rid of his boggart? That I will tell you.

He went to Father Grimes, the wise man, who lived in a little house on the moor. "Father Grimes," said he, "how shall I get rid of my boggart?"

Then Father-Grimes told him to take this and that, and

to do thus and so with them, and see what followed. So Farmer Griggs went to Hugh the tailor's and told him to make a pretty red coat and a neat pair of blue breeches. Then he went to William the hatter's and bade him to make a nice little velvet cap with a bell at the top of it. Then he went to Thomas the shoemaker's and bade him to make a fine little pair of shoes. So they all did as he told them, and after these things were made he took them home with him.

He laid them on a warm spot on the hearth, where the



boggart used to come to sleep at night. Then he and his dame hid in the closet to see what would follow.

Presently came the boggart, whisking here and dancing there, though neither the farmer nor the dame could see him any more than though he had been a puff of wind.



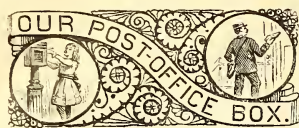
"High-ho!" cried the boggart, "these be fine things for sure." So saying, he tried the hat upon his head, and it fitted exactly. Then he tried the coat on his shoulders, and it fitted like wax. Then he tried the breeches on his legs, and they fitted as though they grew there. Then he tried the shoes on his feet, and there never was such a fit. So he was clad all in his new clothes from top to toe, whereupon he began dancing until he made the ashes on the hearth spin around him as though they had gone mad, and as he danced he sang:

"Cap for the head—alas poor head!
Coat for the back—alas poor back!
Breeks for the legs—alas poor legs!
Shoon for the feet—alas poor feet!
If these be mine, mine can not be
The house of honest man Georgie."

So he went singing and dancing and skipping and leaping out of the house and away. As for Georgie Griggs and his dame, they never heard a squeak from him afterward.

Thus it was that Farmer Griggs got rid of his boggart. All I can say is that if I could get rid of mine as easily (for I have one in my own house), I would make him a suit of clothes of the finest silks and satins, and would hang a bell of pure silver on the point of his cap. But alackaday! there are no more wise men left us, like good Father Grimes, to tell one an easy way to get rid of one's boggart.





THE Postmistress would like her letter correspondents to write her a letter entitled, "What I Saw in a Morning Walk." A long while ago a clever story entitled "Eyes and No Eyes" attracted everybody's attention to the fact that some people see a great many more things in their rambles than others do. It is well to see what is bright, beautiful, and charming in our neighborhood rather than what is ugly and disagreeable. Now let the little pen and brush find out how very pleasant it may be possible for one whole Post-office Box with letters on this subject, would it not, dear children?

DOVER, DELAWARE, April 3, 1885.

In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, recently, was a letter signed "Roscoe." It is a bright, handsome boy of fifteen years. On April 1 he left our home about half past one o'clock, apparently in perfect health, to go to school. His teacher and school mates said they had never known him in better spirits. He recited his speech for an exhibition to be held the following evening, and they told me he had done great credit to himself. He left the school-house, and was running along with his comrades; before he had gone fifty yards he fell over, and expired in a few moments. The doctors pronounced it heart-disease. I imagine our feelings—father, mother, brother Willie (twelve years), and sister Lizzie (ten years)—when his lifeless body was brought to our home. I am sure that in our great bereavement we have the sympathy of your little friends. To us the loss is irreparable, and we find it very hard to say, "They will be dead."

His mother, A. D. D.

All the mothers and all the children who shall read this pathetic letter will feel sad at the loss which has fallen on this home.

One of our boy friends tells us how to make

A BOAT PROPELLED BY RUBBER.

As I presume few boys in this country have heard about such a boat, I think I will tell you a while like to know how to make one. Take a piece of pine board two feet or more in length, about six inches wide, and half an inch thick, and cut it to resemble the keel of a boat. Make the opening about one and a half feet long and about four inches wide. Place rubber bands over and under the board, so that the opening at intervals of three inches. The rubber should be about an eighth of an inch thick. Make paddles of thin board about two inches long. Place a paddle between the upper and lower part of each rubber band. Turn the paddles backward until the rubber bands are twisted as far as can be done without breaking them. Then place the boat in the water, and let go the paddles. This boat will go about thirty feet. It is very easily made and run.

L. E. P.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—What do you do when a great girl of twenty-two comes to your Post-office Box? Chance three HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE into my way, and the result is that my little pen writes you regularly, and I read it for her, enjoying it fully as much as baby Dollie, who sends her love to you. I wish Mr. Dan Marshall would write again. The pleasure of such letters. And dear Mrs. Lillie—how I love to treasure up each word of hers!

M. L. D.

I am very happy to welcome the young ladies into the cozy circle who through the Post-office Box. I wish they would be the dear sisters and cousins.

A dear little girl received this bright letter from a fun-loving uncle, and his mamma was kind enough to say that it might be published in these columns for the benefit of the thousands of little readers who like to laugh.

STRAVANS, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I was pleased to read your goat story. I am not acquainted personally with any goats, but there is a boy who lives around the corner from my house who owns a very remarkable goat. The boy's name is John, and they call him Johnny "for short." I met Johnny this morning, and he told me that his goat's name is Billy, wasn't feeling well, as he ate too much supper last night, and it gave him the stomach-ache. Billy eats anything that comes along, and he likes the hay, grass, corn, of fruit and vegetables, bread and milk, and pie and

cakes. Last night there wasn't anything in the house to eat except a pair of Johnny's rubber overshoes. The overshoes were an old pair, and Johnny hadn't any money to buy some new ones, so he had saved his money on the overshoes. Presents. Johnny put his overshoes by the register in the front hall, and then went upstairs to have his father read to him. He asked Billy to go with him, but Billy said that he didn't care much for reading, and couldn't understand the big words. This, however, was just an excuse, as you will see when I tell you what happened. As Johnny had got upstairs, Billy started in on the overshoes. He was very hungry, and said to himself, "I'll eat 'em." He took one, and he would eat his master's overshoes. "I won't eat but one of 'em," he said, when he began, "for it wouldn't be right to let Johnny have no overshoe at all to make New Year's calls in." But the first overshoe tasted so good to him, and he was so very, very hungry, that, when he had got through with it, he said: "One overshoe won't do Johnny any good. He might catch cold if he wore only one. I'll eat 'em both." He'll think he has lost one, and maybe that's true, but he doesn't seem to be in the dining-room. This morning it was snowing, and Johnny's father asked him to go to the post-office with a letter, and Johnny hunted around for his overshoes. He looked up and down, upstairs and down, in the parlor, the dining-room, the cellar, the library, but couldn't find them. He accused his sister of having hid them. He said he was having stolen them, and all this time, while Johnny was racing up and down stairs, and making a great deal of noise because he couldn't find his overshoes, Billy was sitting in the dining-room floor with a little piece of the last overshoe by his side, and this was all that was left of the overshoe. At last Johnny came up to Billy to see what made him keep so quiet, for Billy generally made things pretty lively by butting against the door, and making Johnny hear him. When he came into the cook's legs when she was coming upstairs with her arms full of dishes, so that she couldn't help herself. Billy couldn't deny it, when he saw Johnny, and tried to hide the piece of overshoe. Johnny saw it, though, and hollered out: "Billy I believe you've eaten my overshoe. Don't you deny it?" Billy didn't deny it, of course, and then Johnny shook him very hard, and that made the overshoe rattle—there were buckles on them, you know, and they made a great deal of noise, and that made Johnny sure; and he called out to his mother that Billy had swallowed his overshoe. For the cook heard the rattle. About this time the overshoes began to make Billy sick, and he felt so bad that when the doctor came and gave him medicine, and used a pump, and he didn't had mustard, and so on, and so on, he was too weak to do anything at all, and only butted the doctor over once. When I met Billy after the doctor had gone, he said that he was a little better, but wouldn't be able to go calling on New Year's.

I haven't seen that boy yet who told me about the giant, but shall probably run across him next week. I wish that you would give my love to your mother and to all suitable persons, in regard to whom your mother will advise you. Your most affectionate

UNCLE WILL.

ALLENSTON, MISSOURI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Our teacher has been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years for the school. He said the pupil who brought the first wild flower to school should write a letter about it. As I was the first one, I will write you a little letter. I went to drive the cows home from the Merence Bottom, about two miles from home, and saw two flowers—blue flowers called pepper-and-salt (*Eryegenia bulbosa*) and bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*). Our teacher taught us the botanical names last spring. We were one year in the botanical garden. I found a name in a book. Spring is very late. We often have flowers here in the beginning of March, but this year it is very late. I will write you a letter about a single flower. In my next letter I expect to give a long list of wild flowers. This is all my own writing.

BENJAMIN E. B.

I shall expect you to keep your promise. Be true, and give not the list only, but some account of the places where you find the flowers.

ALLENSTON, MISSOURI.

This is the first time I have ever written to you, so I would like to see this published. Our teacher has been writing if we write to him, and we are just beginning to bloom. We have to learn the botanical names and put them down in a little book. It has been very hard to learn. This winter, I live at Eureka, a village thirty miles from St. Louis, but I attend school here. We come up on the train—my brother and I—every morning, and go home in the evening.

ANNIE H.

I see that you and Bertie are taught to write very clearly and plainly, as well as to express yourselves well.

BUCKINGHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Lillie, Daisy, and myself are three little English girls—sisters. We should

like very much to correspond with a little American girl or with sisters. We know America on the map, and would like to know more about that big country, and what the American children do. We live in England, and our names are nearly eleven; Birdie is nine; Daisy is six. We all like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Your affectionate friend,

MAX BAILEY CHURCHILL.

UPPER EDDINGTON, ENGLAND.

My sister and I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly six months now, and we like it better than any other magazine. Our Alice is only about four miles from Epping Forest, and though we have not seen much of it yet, we are looking forward to seeing it very much. Besides a garden, we have a splendid orchard at the back of our house, where we keep fowls, and this year I think I shall have some rabbits. The orchard is very nice to play in. We play cricket, football, and all sorts of things. I am making a hammock to hang up in one of the trees.

I read the Post-office Box every week, and I very much want to know how to make straw frames, vases, and umbrella racks, which E. F. D. said she could not send us if it were not for the money, I should be so glad if she would write.

ISABELLA F.

Will E. F. D. please notice this request, and kindly write again?

WATSON, WISCONSIN.

My sisters and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, and when, this year, papa suggested taking something else instead, we could not consent to it, it seemed so like an old friend.

Trailing arbutus grows in the woods around here, and about the first of May it will be in bloom. I hope to see it very early. I don't like it. If the Postmistress or any little sick girl would like to have me send her some of it, and tell her how to know through the paper, I will send her a box.

I have two sisters, one ten and the other fourteen years of age, and mamma calls me "little between."

Perhaps you do not know much about Wausau; it is a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and is growing very fast. It is in the northwestern Wisconsin, and is surrounded by hills. It is a lumbering town. We have two railroads here.

NELLIE A.

Any little invalid, or, for that matter, any little girl who is well, might be glad to receive a box of trailing arbutus, but it would take Nellie too much to send one to all who might enjoy it; so I suggest that she select some dear child among her friends, and gladden her eyes with the sweet, delicate, pink flowers.

SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in for a long time, and we all like it immensely. We began to get it long ago, and we were very much like the new serial story, "Rolf House," very much, and I think the Post-office Box is very interesting. I have been writing to you very much, as some of your little American correspondents, but we have some very nice places here at Sunderland, such as the Winter Gardens, Museum, Art Gallery, park, library, and so on. I would very much like to join the Housekeepers' Club. I go to boarding-school, but I haven't been this quarter because I was very busy with the winter parties at Christmas, all of which I enjoyed very much. I think you must love children very much to take such an interest in them. I am sixteen, so I hope I am not too old to correspond with you. I am crocheting a shawl in pale blue wool, and am going to do an antimacassar next in tricost stuff.

If I can get a letter from you, I will send you a receipt for cream candy the next time I write, if I may write again. Lillie B. asked some of the girls to write to her, and she said, "I will send you a letter." I could send the letter to the Post-office Box or not. I have inclosed you an Easter card, which I hope you will get at Easter. We have a great many eggs dyed here, and then do you? With deepest love, I remain yours lovingly,

EMMIE N.

Had the six parties anything to do with making Emmie ill, I wonder? Thanks for the lovely Easter card, which was much too late. You may write to Lillie B. through the Post-office Box if you choose.

VILLA FABIAN, ALABAMA, ITALY.

I am a boy seven years old. We have been abroad a long time, and now we are in Italy. My brother and I have been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Now it is time to finish.

G. T. F.

WALTON, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in January, 1885. I think it is a very nice paper. I saw a piece in the third month part about a delicate and sickly girl who was very kind. I have written you very much, and afterward visited America to lecture. I think it will prove to be the late

Charles Dickens. I have read his book called *Pickwick Papers*, and was much amused. I am learning to play the violin, and can play some exercises, besides the tunes "Blow ye Wreath of Scotland," "Robin Adair," and the "Hazel Dell." I am eleven years old, and have a brother in Canada. I should think it a great kindness of you to print this letter.

I remain, dear Postmistress,

FRED L. S.

THE CASTLE, DUNDEE, N. B.

I do not think that I have ever seen a letter in the Post-office Box from my home in the Highlands of Scotland. We have begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since it has been published in England; we like it very much.

AGGIE M. B.

UPPER EDMONTON, ENGLAND.

At the back of the house we have a large orchard, and my sister and I have some chickens, and we had our first egg yesterday. Besides the chickens, I have six doves, which are very tame, and will eat out of my hand. I had one pair of them last March, and they laid the others from eggs. Besides which, we have a large tabby cat eleven years old, and my sister has a pair of breeding canaries. I have a little piece of garden all to myself, and in the summer I have a number of pretty flowers in it. I like gardening very much. My sister and I like to read the *Young People* in, we take in *St. Nicholas* and *The English Illustrated Magazine*. We get the paper at breakfast on Friday, and I generally have finished reading it by Monday. I like to read it very much. In the summer father is going to put up a good high swing for us; will it not be nice? I hope there will be room to put it in, as we have never had one printed before. MAGGIE F.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little English girl eleven years of age. I live in Holloway, London. We have a large garden, and my papa raises daisies, chrysanthemums, and a lot of other flowers, but it is very smoky, and grows rather cold. I have three sisters younger than myself—Berrie, Kate, and Maggie. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, singing, and domestic economy. My sister Kate plays the violin, and I study the piano, and she plays Mozart's minuets with me and a number of other things. I am learning to play Beethoven's music. We all look for papa to bring home HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much; but some of the spelling looks funny to us, such as harbor, boulder, honor, parlor, color, elite. My little sister Kate says she does not want the book, for she is learning to read, but would like to play a barrel-organ; then she would only have to turn a handle. Papa says Handel's music is very good, but he would not like so much Handel as all that; so she will have to learn something else some day. DOROTHY J.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I shall be nine in May. I see most of the children who write have some pets, but I have only a very little turtle. I found him one day as I was playing in a swamp last summer. My favorite story in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is "Wakulla." My sister has copied this for me, and I hope you will print it, as it is my first letter to you.

HOWARD D.

POSDAM, NEW YORK.

I have taken your paper almost two years, and enjoy it very much. I enjoy reading letters in the Post-office Box very much. I have two pets, a bird named Dick and a black, white, and brown cat named Tuffy. I have no brothers nor sisters. I am fourteen years old, and attend the Normal School, and am in the Intermediate Department. My teacher's name is Miss R., and we all are very fond of her.

A. LILLIAN B.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I have not taken your nice little magazine very long, but I think it is very nice. I had a lovely tortoise-shell cat, eleven years old, but some boys killed her. I shall be ten next May. I have one sister and one brother, both older than myself. This is a surprise to my papa and mamma. I hope this will be printed, as it is my first letter.

BESSIE E. E.

ELIAE.

A clear crystal spring lay hidden in the deep, dark wood. The moss upon its margin was undisturbed; not even the tiny foot of a pet squirrel had marred its verdure, and Nature seemed listening to the whisper of the leaves; the beams of sunshine that fell upon its surface danced upon its clear surface. Near by stood the stately remains of a forest tree; the bark portrayed its age, and told that storms and age had passed even in this forest glade. At its base stood a tiny harp, a half-open book, and a jeweled necklace; a garland of wood-anemones had seemingly been twined in the early day around

its garlanded edge. There is a breaking of twigs; a horseman peers mysteriously at the pretty scene just one moment, then disappears.

It was a stately mansion; its halls were wide and deep and high. Within one of its beautiful apartments stood a young girl arrayed in spotless white. A tiny golden chain of the finest workmanship encircled her white throat; there hung a black crucifix. Her brown fish eyes were for the moment sad. With clasped hands and parted lips she seemed to be making a petition to the Unseen to guard the barriers of her heart. She hears a foot-fall, a voice; she pauses, listens, vanishes in the dim corridors.

It was a little vine-covered chapel. Strains of sweet music were rendered. A young girl is seen kneeling. A flush has suffused her cheek—not entirely due, she thought, to her white throat. Beside her kneels an elderly mother, clad in habiliments of deep woe. Her eyes wander from her fair charge restlessly; they are filled with anxiety. There are lines deeply imprinted upon her features as she in silence tells her beads. She is high-born and stately even as she kneels in petition.

It was an autumn twilight. In the wood the moss had withered; the leaves fluttered in the autumn breeze. The foliage there, and in its tranquil depths were mirrored two forms. A hasty embrace, a smile, a tear. She then grasps the harp, attunes its chords to love and sorrow, and on that quiet night she hord the strains of sweetest music. She was alone—alone, Oh, Elsie! Her Inglehart was gone.

It was a cold field. The moon cast its cold light upon the dying ones, so far away from home. They dream a last unclear farewell, and all is still. A stone died in the quiet resting-place, and there died sleep her Inglehart.

Oh, Elsie! It was midnight at the spring, and in her dreams she had left her cot and wandered to the wood, her hidden harp to her hand, she grasped her harp; the strains were wild and weird. The spring lay still and bright beneath the trees, and as she fondly gazed, she spies her form. Oh, strange contrast! Oh, sorrow, sorrow! Her Elsie had gone deaf, and wailed her requiem in the forest alone; she, the queen still shines through forest and upon field, and as she glance we see a tombstone white and pure reflected in the crystal spring.

Elsie had been proposed to be the daughter of an Austrian noble. Her lover, Inglehart, was of Scotch origin. He died in Hungary. She died of grief.

KESKO, JOSEPHINE LÄN, SWEDEN.

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

BY BESSIE.

I am seven years old to-day.

With the daisies at my feet;
For the flowers are all around me,
And the birds sing songs so sweet.

The flowers are here at last,
And still the birds sing;
But the dandelions have passed,
And the butterflies have wings.

The bluebirds now have gone,
But the robins still remain
This bright and sunny year.

With the flowers in the lane,
The daisies and the clover,
And the butterflies are here,
With their bright and cheerful yellow,
For it is another year.

MORNING AFTER SNOW.

BY GITY (TEN YEARS OLD).

The beautiful snow has fallen fast;
Came the pure white flakes, like glistening flowers.
Over the ground and the withered grass,
Silent and soft in the midnight hours.

The brook is bound in an icy cell,
The hills and valleys are covered o'er,
The snow lies thick on each field and dell,
And soft and white by the river shore.

The trees are covered with jewels rare,
And every bush has an armor bright;
The sun shines down through the frosty air,
And covers the world in floods of light.

These verses are the unaided work of two little sisters.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

I am a girl nine years old; I shall be ten years old the last of May. The city of Ann Arbor contains about eight thousand inhabitants and about twelve hundred students. The university buildings are situated on forty acres of ground, and the names of the different departments are the Library, Law, Medical, Library, Laboratory, Museum, Homoeopathic College, and Allopathy College. I have two older sisters, one older than myself and one younger; their names are Lois and Gladys; Lois is the oldest, and Gladys is the youngest. We have a number of pets: Naney and Peggy are two lambs; we call our pet pig Percy; Mary

tie, Kitty, and Tabby are cats; and Dick, a pet bird. I have not been at school for two weeks. We have been through our reading-books. The spelling-book is in two parts; we have been through the first part three times, and I have been about half-way through the second part. In geography I have been studying on South America, but have finished now. In arithmetic I have been as far as Fractions.

BERNICE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

My father has seven horses, three colts, two calves, about a hundred fancy chickens, several pigeons, and five dogs. This is the first letter I have ever written to you.

I am of your many 12-year-old boy correspondents.

E. A. S.

Next time tell us whether the chicks are tame, whether the pigeons perch on your shoulder, and something about the dogs.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

We go to the country for three months in summer, and have great fun. We have a pony named Risoto, which my brother and sisters ride, but I do not, as I do not want to. There is a loch where we fish for trout, and where we sail a yacht which my brother has. It is about five feet long; we christened it *Sunbeam*. There are two swans, which we feed every day; their names are Broom and Cob. We once had a canary, but it was killed; we called him Dick. He was very old when he died, and never sang, but when he was young he sang beautifully. We are going to get another when we go to the country in summer.

MAUD C.

KIRKTON-BARA, KIRKIRIE-MITH, SCOTLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old. We live in a cottage a short way out of town. I go to school, and study arithmetic, English lessons, and Latin. I have done at school several pieces of work in cross-stitch. My sister Agnes and I are practicing a duet to town. I am learning to dust, and help mamma in the morning. I like my cousin David very much; he sometimes takes us out into the country for a drive. He has a pony named Bob, and a dog York—he is a very wise animal. When David and Willie go to stay at his farm for a day or two, York guards their bedroom door after Cousin David rises, and allows no one in till he comes. I hope my letter is not too long. With kindest love to the Postmistress and all the little readers.

NETTIE T. J.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A RIDDLE.

In rude, rough hearts I love to dwell;
Of fends I soon make friends;
No rules nor measures me expel;
My title never ends.

No. 2.

PL.

Rehet si tiltle doste woerol,
Ot pbdienvers vee ader,
Ist arrounde al reh hmbule woerb,
Dna atwerde by a

HELEN and GRACE.

No. 3.

AN ACROSTIC.

1. An animal. 2. A Laura. 3. To place. 4. To fasten. 5. To destroy. 6. A small stream. 7. Primals spell the name of a sacred festival.

LAURA W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 284.

No. 1.— C R A P L
A L E R T
E R R O R
T O L E D
R E D A N
No. 2.— E
A
A B A T E
E L A S T I C
E A S I N
E I N
No. 3.—Charles Dickens. Washington.

No. 4.—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lillie M. and Laura S. Davis, Helen and Grace, H. D. Taylor, Jun., C. S. Henry, L. King, Emma L. K., Adlie Y. Lawrence, S. Miller, Helen W. Gardner, and Stella Simon.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2nd and 3rd pages of cover.]



"MAMMA'S GONE OUT."

AN ANT SHOP.

HERE is a new way in which the "sluggard" may "go to the ant" and become industrious.

There is probably no city in the world where persons find so strange ways of making a living as in Paris. French people are diligent and ingenious, but they are very numerous, so that if all would support themselves, they must search far and wide for ways of making a living outside as well as within the customary occupations.

The very strangest business, however, has been found by an independent young woman in the edge of Paris, who some years ago began to keep ants in large quantities, and now carries on

a large business. She began by collecting nests of ants, and rearing them in boxes in her house, but now she procures great quantities every season from the country, while her own are constantly increasing. Thus day and night she is surrounded by thousands of the active little pests of various species, whose habits she has learned sufficiently to keep them in good health.

The ants are ungrateful, however, and, in spite of the close-fitting clothes of leather which she wears, have bitten her until her face and hands are said to be of the color of parchment, and rough with tiny scars, so that she has had by no means a "lovely" time of it.

She cares to keep alive only such ants as are "good layers," for the object of all her care is to procure great quantities of eggs of the ants, which she sells to gamekeepers. The pheasant, which is the principal game-bird of France, and is preserved with great care upon the country estates of wealthy people in order to afford sport to gunners in the autumn, is exceedingly fond of ants' eggs, and thrives upon them. Hence the young woman whom I have described has no difficulty in getting good pay for all the eggs her colonies of ants are able to furnish her, and she is said to be making a fortune.

CHARADE.

MY first may be my second and third,
And 'tis found in every house.

My second and third are always my first;

They harbor the mischievous mouse,
And the relics of years as our goods increase,
And recall the wit and wisdom of Greece.

My whole is the state of the suffering man

Who is daily stretched on the rack.

While confined to my first, he gladly would sell

At a bargain his limbs and his back;

But if he must stay in my second and third,

His misery can't be described by a word.



"WHERE'S THE TOWEL?"



"THIS IS THE FIRST LETTER I EVER WROTE. I AM GOING TO LEAVE IT ON PAPA'S DESK. WON'T HE BE 'STONISHED!'"



